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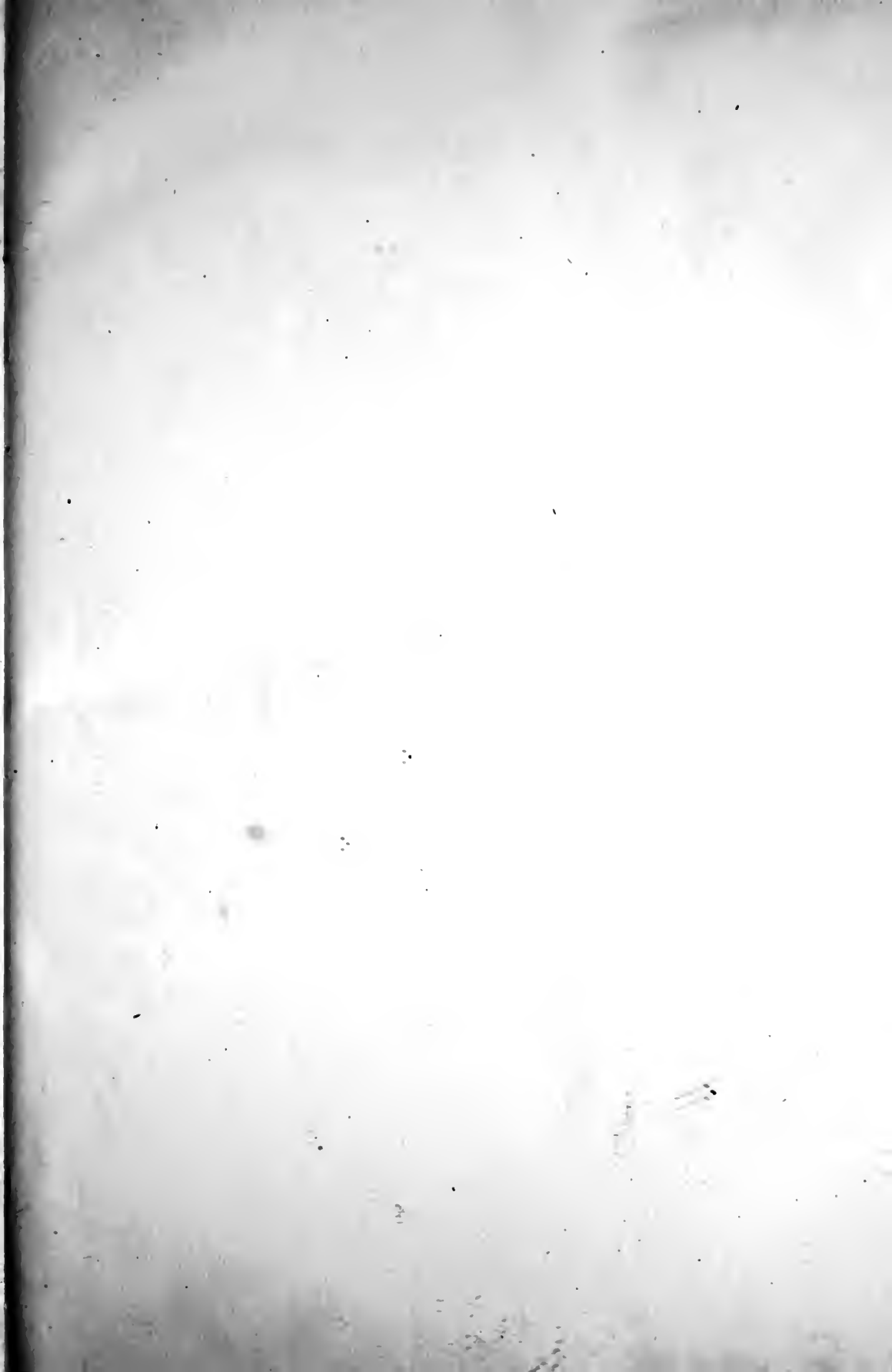
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AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION,

BY THE

MOST REV. M. J. SPALDING, D. D.

ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.



VOLUME I.



PUBLISHED AT NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

1865.



INTRODUCTION.

A weekly Periodical devoted to the Blessed Virgin, successfully established in this cold calculating age of Mammonism, and in these United States of America, in which more, perhaps, than any where else, the interests of this world are held as paramount and those of eternity are kept in the back-ground; this is truly one of the wonders of this wonderful nineteenth century! And it is as hopeful a sign of the times as it is wonderful. The AVE MARIA offers no worldly inducements to its patrons; it promises no profitable returns for the investment, like the gold mining, the Petroleum, and a hundred other speculations of the day; it deals not in the marvelous, and promises no startling developments, like the Spirit-rappings, Table-movings, and modern magical adventures; it merely appeals to a filial sentiment, invites Christians to come back to first principles and first love, to make a spiritual pilgrimage to the first model Christian household, and therein to worship Jesus as Man-God and our Brother, to venerate Joseph as His chosen guardian and foster-father, and to salute and love Mary as His and our sweet Mother: yet it succeeds, and is able, from the very beginning, to reckon its subscribers by thousands!

Who will say, after this, that the spirit of faith and of Christian chivalry is wholly extinct, or that the time has passed, when men will be moved by a sentiment, and will make sacrifices for an idea! No, thank God! This age is not wholly given up to Mammonism; it is not so entirely *metallic* as many would suppose; it has yet a feeling heart beating in its bosom, in response to the living realities of another world revealed by faith. The three great concupiscences have not full and undivided sway over men, and the devil is not wholly "the prince of this world," as he was proclaimed to be by the great Apostle of the Gentiles; happily, there is still some faith, some kindliness, some gentleness, some filial emotion left us, to relieve the cold barrenness of our Paganism! There is yet some light amidst the darkness, there are some flowers blooming amid the desert!

To discover how very reasonable is this feeling of love and devotion to Mary, we have, in fact, only to return to first principles, as we have already intimated. To hear Christians of the modern type talk, one would be tempted to suppose that we have little or nothing to do with the Mother of the Saviour-God; that she is, if not an intruder into the Christian family and fold, at best a dangerous rival of her Son; and that the less we think and speak of her the less we have to do with her, the more acceptable will we become to God and the more enlightened and better Christians! This is the gist of that modern philosophy of Christianity, which claims for itself a greater share of enlightenment and progress than that which falls to the lot of old-fashioned and more simple minded Christians, and which, beginning with disparaging the Mother in order to protect the honor of the Son, has generally ended in denying the Son Himself! The cold and sneering progressive, Evangelical Protestantism, which almost shudders at the very mention of Mary, is generally found in the end tottering over the brink of Universalism and Unitarianism. This is particularly the case with the Calvinistic or Puritan Sects. Unitarianism, and even open Rationalism, is preached from the

very pulpit from which Calvin thundered his invectives against the Pope, and they have always gained the day in the Calvinistic portions of France and Germany.

And we are not at all surprised at this downward tendency and fearful result. There is a certain logic in it, which arrests our attention. The men who disparage Mary, can have but little opinion of Jesus; they have lost sight of first principles; they have evidently forgotten, if they ever knew, the very rudiments of their Catechism. And when men lose sight of their land-marks, there is no telling whither they will drift in their wanderings over the sea of opinion and of doubt.

Who is Jesus? Who is Mary? Jesus is very God in the flesh; Mary is a mere woman indeed, but His MOTHER! She was chosen from all the million daughters of Eve, to become the Mother of God's own Son in the flesh! She was thus brought into intimate, tender, indissoluble relations and union with God Himself, becoming the pure Spouse of the Father, the loving Mother of the Son, the chosen Temple of the Holy Ghost. She becomes a Mother, without detriment to her virginal integrity, a privilege awarded to no other woman, and essentially as unique as her lofty character of MOTHER OF GOD—*Theotokos*—which, by its very nature, could be bestowed on none other. Could God Himself, with all His wonderful power and exhaustless bounty, have possibly honored Mary more than He did actually honor her? Can the loftiest flight of our imagination conceive of a dignity higher than that really bestowed upon her?

Whom God so honored, may not we honor? Can it possibly be displeasing to Him that we venerate, reverence, praise, and love the pure and spotless one upon whom He was pleased to lavish, with a bounty accumulative, the treasures of His favor and grace? Can we err in following His example? Is it not glorious to follow the Lord—*gloriosum sequi Dominum*? On the contrary, do we not fall into dangerous pride and presumption, bordering on positive impiety, if we dare set aside and trample upon this divine precedent, and treat her with cold neglect or disparaging contempt?

Mark with what respect, even reverence, the minister plenipotentiary of God, the great Archangel Gabriel, treats her, in the interview which he held with her by command of God! He does not address her as an inferior, or even as an equal, but as a superior! He measures not his words by the cold canons of modern *enlightened* Christianity, but he deals in language which this sneering philosophy would probably brand as exaggerated and liable to dangerous misinterpretation, trenching on the very brink of Mariolatry, (the name invented by modern Protestant controversialists, to misrepresent the honor paid by Catholics to the Blessed Virgin. It means *worship of Mary*, and is derived from the Greek.) He is courteous in his address to the humble Virgin of the house of David; his words breathe the greatest respect and admiration for her exalted position and pre-eminent merits; he compliments and eulogizes her to her very face, as never was man or woman eulogized and complimented by Almighty God before, neither has been since; his language is simple, reverential, full of meaning: "Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee!" It is something to be complimented by God Himself, through His own special envoy; the words of God are *true*, unexaggerated, and they abide for evermore! Most evidently, the Archangel Gabriel was no *enlightened* modern Protestant, but a plain-going Catholic of the olden type.

And then mark the reverential tone with which Mary is addressed by her more aged, and probably, according to the world's standard, more *respectable* Cousin Elizabeth, whom she had hastened to visit in her hour of need: "And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost

and she cried out with a loud voice, and said: Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb; and whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? For behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe in my womb leaped for joy." (Luke i, 41-44.)

The Holy Ghost, speaking by the lips of Elizabeth, here proclaims, in no cold or measured terms, the excellencies of Mary, whose visit, prompted by charity worked such wonders, and caused so much joy as to call forth sensible expressions of exultation in the babe still reposing in its mother's womb! Elizabeth is stricken with admiration at the wonderful condescension of her younger cousin, "the Mother of her Lord," in coming to see her in her distress. Evidently Elizabeth was not restrained in her words of eulogy by the fear of dealing in exaggeration, and contributing thereby to foster Mariolatry! And yet Elizabeth was "filled with the Holy Ghost"—which cannot surely be said of our Christians of the modern school. Any thing but that!

On occasion of this very visit, MARY was herself filled with the Holy Ghost, and she broke forth with holy exultation and enthusiasm into that beautiful, touching, poetical, sublime *Magnificat*, which has been ringing over the world ever since: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour: because He hath looked down on the lowliness of His handmaid; for BEHOLD, FROM HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED." She exults, she magnifies God, and with prophetic glance, she looks far into the future, and foretells how the Church to be founded by that Son yet unborn would through "all generations proclaim her blessed." She foresaw and foretold it, and it hath been accomplished, precisely as she predicted;—but only in the Catholic Church! Had her prophetic vision rested, for even one moment, on the cold and dreary land of Protestantism, it would have been saddened, and she would have turned away her Seer's eye with a shudder! But her mother's instinctive love prevented her from dwelling on this chilling spectacle, and administering this withering rebuke to erring children, whom she still hoped, with maternal trustfulness, to see reclaimed to the "One Fold of the one Shepherd," and to feel themselves again her children, by re-entering her beautiful household.

Glance we now at another impressive scene, or rather incident, in the life of Jesus and Mary;—for these two were ever inseparable, and from the cradle to the tomb the Mother shared in all the joys and sorrows of the Son. We refer to their presence at the wedding feast of Cana in Galilee, which has been sometimes alleged as against Catholic practice by our modern Christians, who are wont to dole out with scanty and reluctant hand their praises of Mary, for fear they might excite the jealousy of her Son! These poor people of Cana were mortified at the failure of their wine, and knowing well where to seek the tender spot in the heart of Jesus, they at once told their distress to Mary. She contents herself with barely stating the fact to her Son: "They have no wine." Jesus lovingly rebukes her for asking Him to work a miracle before His hour had come; yet He does it so tenderly, that the Mother, whose quick eye marked His manner while her ear heard His words, and whose heart could not be deceived, merely spoke to the waiters, and commanded them in these words: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye."

They obeyed, and water was turned into wine, Jesus working a brilliant miracle, out of time, at a bare hint from His Mother. Evidently those inhabitants of Cana were filled with the feeling which animates simple, good Catholics; they relied on Mary's influence with her Son, and were well repaid for their beautiful confidence; had they been more

enlightened, they would probably have passed Mary by with neglect, if not contempt, and would have gone at once to Jesus! For do we not hear it daily and hourly rung into our ears: "Why not go directly to Jesus?"

As we have already said, the fortunes of Jesus and Mary, whether in weal or in woe, were one and inseparable. How could it be otherwise? Was she not His dear and devoted Mother? And would she not therefore share to the full in all His joys and in all His sorrows, in all His sufferings and in all His glory, in His Cross and in His Resurrection and Ascension? God the Father had joined them together in the most binding and tender of all relations, that of Mother and Son—of such a Mother and such a Son—and would we wish ever to separate them? And dare man separate what God hath so joined together?

From His first Conception in her Virgin womb to His last sigh on the Cross, she was with Him, always His tender and devoted Mother. She gave freely of her own chaste flesh and blood, to form and nourish His infant body; He lived of her life, breathed of her breath, she fed Him lovingly at her maternal breasts; she watched over His childhood with a mother's tender solicitude and doating interest; she followed Him through the various phases of His eventful life, both private and public. Almost the only preserved record of the first thirty years of His life consists in the simple but significant statement, that He returned to and lived at Nazareth and "was subject" to her and to Joseph; and when at last His public ministry drew to a close, she stood at the foot of the Cross, drank in His every sigh, felt His every pang, and then and there "the sword of grief transpierced her loving heart," according to the prophecy of holy Simeon.

Witness now the affecting scene, which occurred while Mary was standing, a monument of maternal grief, at the foot of the Cross. She thought only of her Son, upon whose agonizing face her eyes and her heart were riveted. And did He, the affectionate and dutiful Son, who had so long loved and obeyed her, forget her at that trying moment of His separation from her? No, but He remembered her with His last breath. He had a disciple, whom He loved above all the rest, because, as Saint Jerome says, this disciple having been called to follow Him while a virgin, had ever since preserved His virginal purity unstained. John had been privileged to lean upon His bosom at the Last Supper, and had there been intrusted with secrets not communicated to the others. Turning His loving eyes, now fast closing in death, upon this beloved disciple and still more beloved Mother, Jesus intrusted her to his guardianship, and bade him take her for his own mother. "When therefore Jesus had seen His Mother and the disciple whom He loved standing, He saith to His Mother; 'Woman, behold thy Son;' after that, He saith to the disciple; 'Behold thy Mother:—and from that hour the disciple took her to his own home.'" (St. John xix, 26, 27.)

Could any thing be more simple and touching than this parting scene! He tenderly calls her *woman*, probably not to inflict an additional pang by reminding her, at that trying hour, of her maternal relation to Him; He bequeaths her, as a priceless legacy, to the disciple whom He most loved and most trusted; and this disciple, proud of and faithful to the trust, takes her to his filial heart as a most beloved Mother, seeks to soothe her sorrows and to bind up the wounds of her riven heart, and he undertakes to protect and comfort her in her declining years.

This beloved disciple of Jesus, this chosen protector of His Mother, in the very last verse of his Gospel—the last inspired lines which were ever written—says: "But there are also many other things which Jesus did; which, if they were written every one, the world

itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written." (St. John xxi, 25.) As there are unwritten Chapters in the life of Jesus, so there are doubtless in that of His inseparable Companion, His tender and immaculate Mother. It was the economy and will of God thus to leave much of the history of His Son and of His Son's Mother to be supplied by the pious thoughts and tender meditations of His disciples in all ages of the Church.

Among these unwritten Chapters, the most interesting and touching, perhaps, would be that which would treat of the life of the Virgin Mother during the twelve years of her weary pilgrimage on earth, after His Ascension into Heaven. During this sad period of her declining years, we may well conceive how her thoughts lived in Heaven where her Son was sitting at the right hand of His Father, awaiting her coming and preparing a place for her at His side; how fondly she clung to her appointed guardian and to the other Apostles, who had been the pupils of her dear Son; how she was still the Mother of the household, and how devotedly all that had followed and loved Jesus looked up to her in her bereavement; how they hung upon her lips, while she recounted, with a Mother's graphic eloquence, inspired by love, the various incidents in the childhood, youth, and manhood of Jesus, all His sacred words and life-giving deeds—words and deeds which she had so long treasured up in her maternal heart;—and how, having lost their divine Preceptor according to His natural presence, they revered and loved Mary the more as His Mother, and as His best visible representative on earth. There can be no doubt, that she was looked upon and revered by them all, as their own sweet Mother, and that they thus claimed a portion of that blessed privilege which had been awarded to John.

And when she at last is about to leave the dreary land of her pilgrimage—now a hundred-fold more dreary since her Son, the idol of her heart, has left her alone in it—this faithful adopted son bequeathed her by Jesus, smooths her pillow of death, and tenderly and lovingly lays her in the tomb; whence, on the the third day, by angelic bands, chanting angelic canticles of triumph, she is to be assumed, body and soul, into Heaven, to be there received into the filial embrace of her Divine Son, and to be, by His willing hands, crowned Queen of Angels and of men. According to the received tradition, the Apostles were present with John on the occasion of her death and burial; and they were witnesses of the disappearance of her sacred body, through its glorious Assumption into Heaven.

Her sorrows are now over, her tears are now dried up for evermore. The night hath passed, the day hath dawned, which is to know no clouds, no storms, no sunset, no darkness any more. Her Son is King of Kings and Lord of Lords; and she is His—Mother;—this one word tells all,—her position in Heaven, and her tender relations to men whom her Son shed His blood to redeem.

Can she in Heaven, placed so near to her Son and having so much influence with Him, forget those on earth whom He so loved, and for whom He died? Will she not pray for them, and will not Jesus hear her prayer? Can He, who refused her nothing on earth deny her aught in Heaven? If, as Saint Paul says, "While faith and hope shall be swallowed up in the living reality, charity never faileth" even in Heaven, how can we for a moment think that Mary's heart has grown callous and indifferent to our spiritual welfare and salvation, now that she looks constantly upon the face—aye into the loving heart—of her Son, whose Mother she still is, as much in Heaven as she was on earth? For she is in Heaven, body and soul, like her Son; and therefore her maternal relation to Him is still complete, though purified, exalted, and consummated in bliss.

If Mary be, and will ever be, truly the Mother of Jesus, in Heaven as she was on earth, and if Jesus be still our Brother, is not she, in so far, our Mother? All our hopes for grace here and glory hereafter are bound up in the consoling fact, that to save us from sin and hell the Son of God vouchsafed to lower Himself, to make Himself of no account, and to become man, our Brother: could He occupy this tender relation to us without having been born of woman, and by the fact made that woman our Mother? And can it be, that He will be jealous of the honors we pay to His own Mother, prompted thereto precisely by the fact that she was and is His Mother? Could such a Son begrudge honor to such a Mother? The idea is preposterous. As well might the sun be jealous of the moon, which borrows all her mild beauty from his reflected rays. As the praises bestowed on the moon are reflected on the sun, so those given to Mary are directed to Jesus, who is the Sun of Justice, while she is "beautiful as the moon."

The bequeathing of His Mother to His beloved disciple, at the foot of the Cross, was not an isolated fact; it was a precedent, and the fountain-head of many other kindred facts legitimately flowing from it. In the person of the beloved John, Christ bequeathed His Mother to all His disciples, even unto the end of time, who would seek, like John, to become His favorites. Such was the doctrine, and such was the practice of our fathers in the faith. From Saint John in the first century to Saint Alphonso in the eighteenth, all who have aspired to superior sanctity have sought to increase and signalize it by tender devotion and filial love toward Mary. This devotion increased precisely in proportion to the growth of their sanctity, of which it was the chief ornament and the brightest flower. The idea of a Christian seeking to belong to the household of Christ, and even lean on Jesus' bosom, while feeling coldly toward the Mother of that household, and neglecting her or treating her with only the merest courtesy or the coldest civility, is one of modern growth; it did not originate with the apostolic days; it grates harshly on our feelings of propriety; it was unheard of in the early Churches, whether these were Latin or Greek, orthodox or heretical. Whatever else they may have lost of the ancient faith and practice, the oriental sectaries—excepting perhaps the Nestorians—still maintain inviolate this devotion to the Mother of God; and when, in the fifth century, Nestorius denied to her the title of Mother of God, all Christendom rang with indignation; and when the title was vindicated by the Council of Ephesus, in 431, the enthusiasm of the people was unbounded, and the walls of the church, where the decision was rendered, resounded with the plaudits of the delighted multitude.

With all these Scriptural truths and facts before our eyes, and with so many precious reminiscences and precedents of Church History to guide us, may we not feel fully warranted to nurture a spirit of tender love and devotion to Mary, as our Mother? May we not, in this country particularly, which has chosen her as a special Patroness, and which has so often had occasion to experience the wonderful potency of her intercession, well break forth into the strains of her own grand *Magnificat*, and on bended knees recite with the Archangel Gabriel, God's special envoy, and with the inspired Elizabeth, the glorious salutation of the

AVE MARIA!

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY. 1, 1865.

No. 1.

THE AVE MARIA.

BUFFALO, April 5th, 1865.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: I rejoice at your pious thought of the AVE MARIA. It must succeed. In the pardoning judgment upon fallen man, and in the merciful promise to our guilty first parents, cursing the hellish serpent, God said: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed. She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." He thus designated a woman, Mary, the second Eve, to be the dawn of our hope, and her Son to be our Saviour-God. This "oracle of oracles," as the ancients, whether Jews or Gentiles, called it, was in some form treasured up in every nation; and what the prophet Isaiah said: "Behold the Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son," the Emmanuel or God with us, for, as had been promised, "God Himself did come to save us," and He sent His fishermen to convert the world to the faith of His human and divine natures, in the one person of the Eternal Word, *made flesh for us*. And these fishermen, His Apostles, had to speak of Mary when they preached Jesus the God-Man. Hence, from the first judgment and sacred promise of redeeming mercy, down to the redemption: at the angel's salutation; at the sacred birth; at His first miracle; even at the foot of the Cross, Mary was present, wonderfully associated with the divine Victim. A woman and a man thus became associated in the history of redemption, as a woman and a man were in that of the fall.

And now, when the great rebellion against "the Church of the living God, which is the body of Christ, and the fullness of Him," is crumbling away in multiplied divisions, the sweet and bright "AVE MARIA" of the archangel is the harbinger of many conversions. *Gaude Maria Virgo, cunctas hæreses sola interemisti in universo mundo*; it is also the harbinger of that restored unity for which the Saviour-God so touchingly prayed, in the 17th chapter of Saint John's Gospel. Hence, I rejoice at your enterprise, and request you to put me down as a subscriber, and accept for the good work the inclosed sum, which I would wish that my means would permit me to increase a hundred fold. With great respect and esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.

VERY REV. E. SORIN.

AVE MARIA.

The AVE MARIA is, in the true and widest sense of the word, a *Family Newspaper*, in which we intend to speak exclusively of our own family affairs. It is published to meet the wants, and interest the heart of every Catholic, from the grey-haired grandsire who tells his beads at eventide, to the prattling child who kisses his medal as he falls asleep in his downy cradle, with rosy dreams in which the loved images of his mother on earth and his Mother in Heaven are sweetly blended.

It is our family chronicle, wherein is emblazoned, in glorious heraldic characters, the glorious deeds of our ancestors. In these chronicles our brave soldier-brothers and fathers will find that the practice of religious duties and devotion to our Blessed Mother are not incompatible with the true military spirit. Here they will meet a brilliant array of noble warriors, commencing with the brave Centurion, who, converted at the foot of the Cross, feared not to proclaim, in the midst of the Roman legions, Mary's Son as his God; and ending with our gallant Garesche and Mulligan. One of whom invoked the Mother of God to pray for him, in that his hour of death, with the same dying breath in which he besought his comrades to lay him down and save the flag he loved so well. And the other one prepared for his last battle by devoutly assisting at Mass and receiving Holy Communion. In the thickest of the fight, when the tide of victory seemed turning against his standard, he was seen to leave the scene of action for a time, and prostrating himself in prayer, he renewed the offering he had already made, at Mass, of his own life, in order that his country might be preserved. Another instant he was in the front rank, battling as the "bravest of the brave," and when his sacrifice was accepted and the victory won, his noble, mutilated body was found bearing on its breast the insignia of the same sweet Mother.

Between these two epochs, how many noble warriors do our family chronicles recount as loyal sons of the Church and of our Lady Mother? Constantine testified his veneration for Mary by solemnly dedicating Constantinople to her. William the Conqueror was no sooner attacked by fever than he humbly clasped his hands and recommended himself to the Mother of God. "Blessed Lady Mary," said the Norman hero, "to you I commend my soul. May you reconcile me to your Son, my Lord Jesus!" and with these words

he expired. Among the Crusaders we have the Godfreys and the Tancreds, devoted clients of the Blessed Virgin. Richard the Lion-hearted, the mighty champion of the Cross, built, before his departure for the Crusades, Our Lady of Good Haven, and assisted with his brilliant chivalry at the dedication of that monastery; and in his last will, he decreed that his heart should be borne to Our Lady of Rouen. Saint Louis, whom the Saracens themselves called "the bravest they had ever known," distinguished himself by his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin; he recited her office every day, and fasted on bread and water on the eve of her festivals. The illustrious Sobieski, no less admired by nations for his piety than for his valor, likewise did homage to the Mother of God for his famous victory over the Turks; and he sent the Magnificent standard taken from the Mahometans to Our Lady of Loretto. Duguesclin, continually at the head of armies, and always victorious, took Mary's name for his war-cry, and the troops that followed the red flag of Albion were scattered like straw before the wind at the cry of "Our Lady of Guesclin." The warriors of Spain freed their country from the yoke of the Moors; their first war-cry of independence was *Mary!* and on their banners was inscribed *Ave Maria!*

Our chronicles contain a host of warriors, equally great, brave and good, all of whom, with those we mention, loved and honored the same sweet Mother that we do. Our archives are indeed glorious, containing on our genealogical tree of the Cross the names of the great and distinguished in all ranks, in all ages, and in all professions; in all arts and in all sciences; and yet, with each and every one of them, all earthly fame grew dim at the one common title, son of the Church and child of Mary.

And for the daughters of the Blessed Mother the chronicles are equally glorious. Here they find Isabella the Catholic, who, when kings drew doubtfully back from the hazards of the enterprise, sold her private jewels to give Columbus the means to discover our Land of the Immaculate Conception. Well may they rejoice in such ancestors as the Empress Helena, who covered Palestine with sacred monuments, in which Mary had her full share; the queens Elizabeth, of Hungary and Portugal; Blanche and Clotilde of France; the Roman ladies Cecilia and Francesca. And well may they thank God that these virtues did not pass away with the olden time, for our chronicles recount the same praises in our own age, of a saintly daughter of the house of Shrewsbury, whose last days, as Princess Borghese, were passed in Rome, in the performance of good works that surmounted her youthful head with the halo of sanctity; to her heart, child of Mary was her dearest title.

To little Catholic children, our chronicles speak true and wonderful things of our *child* ancestors. They tell the little boys of a Saint Aloysius and a Saint Stanislaus; of a youthful army of mere children who wished to fight the infidels, and what became of them; of boys so pure and inno-

cent that angels and our Blessed Mother came on earth and conversed with them.

To little girls, they tell of a Saint Agnes, who, at *thirteen*, had not only vowed herself to chastity, but maintained her choice at the price of life. Whose praise the greatest Doctor of the Church records in these words: "To-day is the birth-day of a virgin; let us cultivate purity. It is the birth-day of a martyr; let us offer up sacrifices. It is the birth-day of Saint Agnes; let men wonder, and little ones not despair; let the married be amazed; let the unmarried imitate." They tell of Saint Eulalia, also remarkable for her love of the Blessed Virgin, who, at the age of twelve, consecrated her virginity to God and sealed it by the crown of martyrdom; and how the Christians honored *both* these children by building sumptuous churches over their remains. What archives save our own can claim such illustrious children, whose memories are preserved through ages by grand, magnificent churches?

Our country is flooded with "Family Newspapers," and of what are they composed? With the exception of our few good Catholic papers, they are filled with "Sensation Tales and Romances," the best of which are only calculated to give the youthful mind false views of life, and the affairs of eternity are either distorted or ignored. Love, mere human love, is made an *idol*, which all *adore*. With such reading constantly before the eye, how can the love of God or of His Blessed Mother touch the heart?

This is why the AVE MARIA comes to speak of family affairs. It is entirely for Catholics. Those outside of the Church could not understand it; they would cavil at many things and dispute many points, which their eye cannot see neither can their heart comprehend; and as the AVE MARIA will not dispute with any one, its pages are evidently for Catholics alone. It wishes to speak to hearts that love the Blessed Virgin; and it would be a pain for such hearts to be constantly reading discussions or apologies for their Mother, or vindications of her honor.

Imagine a family of children seated around a cheerful fireside—Albert speaks, "well, dear brothers and sisters, I am convinced that you love our mother very much, and that we all firmly believe she is as perfect as can be, but yet we need not talk *too much* about her, even among ourselves, for Mrs. Grundy may overhear us, and we all know that she and her family maintain that mother, after all, is only an ordinary sort of woman."

Hannah Jane—"That is very true, and although we are well aware how much she loves us, of what sleepless nights she passes watching over our sick beds, how she gratifies our every wish, and labors day and night for our happiness, yet, as you justly observe, Albert, it would not be well on our part to show her so many outward demonstrations of affection, for Mrs. Smith assures me that she knows mother much better than we do ourselves, and she positively declares that she has no particular affection for any of us, and that it is very silly on our part to be so frequently talking

about her; of course this is an absurd, ridiculous falsehood; yet, still, the Smiths are very rich people, move in the best society, and are quite sociable with us, so I think it will be as well to act as though we do not care anything about mother while we are visiting them."

Jemima Matilda—"Yes, that is a very good plan, but I have one still better. Mr. White said, the other day, that he does not even believe *she is our mother*, for we seem so much superior to her; now, you are aware that the Whites are even richer than the Smiths, they are much more intellectual and learned, they understand all the philosophical questions of the age, besides metaphysics; you perceive that it is quite a compliment to be considered persons of superior merit by them, so, if we wish to retain their good opinion, it will be better, I think, to say—that—we have no mother. Of course, when we are here at home, just among ourselves, we will endeavor to show her all love and respect, and as she never visits the Smiths and Whites we may very easily pass with them as having no mother, particularly as the Whites have circulated the report, and seem to believe it themselves."

Giles—"No, indeed, sister, I shall do no such a thing! Such conduct would be shameful! outrageous! No, but we'll go to work and contradict all that the Whites, Smiths and Grundies say; I'll quarrel with them wherever I meet them, and, if necessary, I'll even make use of knock-down arguments to vindicate our mother's fair fame."

John—"Softly, softly, good brother Giles. Reflect a moment, and I am sure you would do nothing of the sort, you have too much good sense. Who, after all, are the Whites, the Smiths and Grundies? Three families of yesterday, who sprang up in our neighborhood like mushrooms. Think of our princely domain, of our glorious ancestors, of all our other noble brothers and fair sisters, living and dead, who have, with us, the love of our sweet mother. Let us seek those of our own household, and united with them, testify our love for our dear mother! and we will think very little, and care still less, for the slanders of the Smiths, the Whites and the Grundies."

Now, would not any child who loves his mother heartily coincide with John? We will do the same; and, as with St. John, the beloved disciple, we received our Mother as a gift from her Divine Son at the foot of the Cross, we will endeavor, with the beloved disciple, to show ourselves her children; and as to-day we commence to celebrate her Feast, which lasts an entire month, let us again refer to our chronicles to see how our ancestors prepared themselves to celebrate the festivals of our Mother. We find that some of them redoubled their prayers, others, after a strict examination of conscience, made a general confession of all their faults, and multiplied their penitential works, as did Saint Edward of England, and Saint Radegunde of France. And how happy would those saints have been if, in place of one festival day in honor of the Mother of God, the Church had invited them, as it does us, to cele-

brate a festival during an entire month?—Happier than those holy persons, we will participate in this long, sweet triumph of Mary. In the fields and in the woods, by the side of running waters, in the vallies, on the hill-side and in our gardens, thousands of flowers are springing into bloom. The air is filled with the melody of birds; the forest trees crown their lofty heads with the brightest foliage, and all nature, awakening from her winter sleep, prepares for the beautiful Month of Mary. All created things salute thee, Oh Mary, as Queen of earth, and we, thy children, join our voices to the universal concert of praises which ascend to thy throne! Again we will have recourse to our chronicles to learn how our ancestors praised Mary, and here we find that the angel who brought from heaven the first festival of the Annunciation, inclined with respect before her, saluting her, as, full of grace, *Ave gratia plena*; and all generations have bowed as did the Angel Gabriel before the maternity of this Blessed Mother of God, who pressed a God to her heart, carried Him in her arms, and covered Him with kisses. All earthly honors fade before her; and our Mother appeared upon the earth as great, as pure and as beautiful as the prophets had foretold her; beautiful as the moon, *pulchra ut luna*; brilliant as the sun, *electa ut sol*. Then came the demonstration of the love of the Holy Fathers, and the cry of the Church militant in the midst of its perils and dangers—*Salve, Regina, Mater misericordie, vita, dulcedo, spes nostra salve*—Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope.

The Apostles prepared for the work of preaching the Gospel, by prayer and devotion to our Blessed Mother. Everywhere we find traces of the great love they had for her. The antique and venerable Sanctuary of our Lady *del Pilar*, in Spain, owes its origin to Saint James. At Antioch, Saint Peter erected an oratory in her honor. Saint John placed under the invocation of his adopted Mother the beautiful church of Lydda; and the first church in Milan was dedicated to Mary, by Saint Barnabas, Apostle. (Orsini). The Council of Ephesus declared that this renowned city drew its greatest luster from Saint John the Evangelist and the Blessed Virgin.

Every one has heard of the famous images of Edessa, Didimi and Sosopolis. Before these images lights were constantly burning. Here the great Bishops, Doctors and Saints of the first ages of the Church came to obtain aid and strength. Saint Basil lived at the feet of our Lady of Didimi; Saint Germain related to the Fathers of the Council of Ephesus the precious favors which it had pleased God to bestow upon Asia Minor through the intercession of our Lady of Sosopolis.

To the fervor and inspiration of the Jesuits' College in Rome, we are indebted for the now universal practice of dedicating the sweet month of May to the particular honor of our spotless Mother. "This beautiful devotion soon crossed the snowy Alps, and burst over Mary's own sunny land; the Spaniard's guitar woke to new anthems for the Queen of May, while on the banks of the

Rhine many a garland was cast on the crag which her chapel overtopped, or hung on the vine branch that sheltered her niche. England and the Isle of Saints have received the devotion. All that is Catholic in Europe unites in hailing our Blessed Mother the Queen of May." (Guido Torres). And the roll of the Atlantic sends the full chorus of "Amen" from the altars of Mary in our Western World. To increase the devotion to our Mother, and to propagate *her* honor and praises among her children, is then the mission of the AVE MARIA.

We cannot close this article without first fulfilling a duty which is no ordinary gratification to our heart, viz: not only to submit in advance, and with perfect obedience, to the judgment of the Church every line the AVE MARIA may ever publish, but to assure our Venerable Prelates who may notice it, that every remark or correction they may see fit to address us, will be received with due deference.

Ave Maria from Protestant Lips;

OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

Although we bring our AVE MARIA to our Mother's shrine, for the opening of May, yet we blush to say that our Protestant neighbors are before us. A professor of the famous University of Halle has just published a little work entitled "The Evangelical Ave Maria." It is an effort to re-establish devotion to the Blessed Virgin, among Protestants. The author deplores the prejudices of his co-religionists who refuse to address to Mary that "Ave" which the celestial Father transmitted by the voice of an angel, when he announced to her that she would be the Mother of the Saviour.

But after all, these sentiments, in the hearts of Protestants, are not so rare as we may at first imagine. Throughout all the writings of non Catholic poets we will find, as pearls scattered upon silken tissue, beautiful gems in honor of Mary. In Mrs. Browning we find the following:

"THE VIRGIN MARY TO THE CHILD JESUS.

Sleep, sleep, mine Holy One!

My flesh, my Lord!—what name? I do not know
A name that seemeth not too high or low,

Too far from me or heaven:

My Jesus, *that* is best! that word being given

By the majestic angel whose command

Was softly as a man's beseeching said,

When I and all the earth appeared to stand

In the great overflow

Of light celestial from his wings and head.

Sleep, sleep, my saving One!"

And the finest words ever written in praise of Holy Mary, are found in a sonnet of Wordsworth, full of lofty thought:

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrust
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified.

Our tainted nature's solitary boast;

Purer than foam on central ocean tost;

Brighter than Eastern skies at daybreak strewn

With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Yet some, I ween, the suppliant knee might bend
As to a visible power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of Mother's love, with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!"

This devotion of the poet to Mary, has lately been rewarded by the gift of faith, in the case of the authoress of the "Mystical Rose," published by Appleton. As a Protestant, she knew nothing of Mary, but as a poetess, she could not fail to see the unique beauty of the Virgin Mother of a God, as portrayed by the Evangelists. Hence her poem on the Mystical Rose, and its happy sequel—her conversion to the Church. The following lines have been received from her for the AVE MARIA:

Our First Annunciation Day.

"*Junua cali, ora pro nobis!*"

THE ANNUNCIATION.—It is a beautiful day! a very beautiful day! The feast days of our Blessed Mother are always bright days. They come to us as the days of Spring after the Winter. Many great favors has she granted, miraculous favors, on these days. Our crucified Lord likewise loves and blesses these day very much for His dear Mother's sake—loves to grant special favors in them. Precious days to all in the true fold! Saving days oft-times to some souls without the true fold! Days in which the whole Church together prays in a special manner for all such. The Annunciation day and Good Friday fell together last year, (1864), how precious together. In grateful, the most grateful possible commemoration of this double holy day, for one who dates from thence the commencement of her true Catholic life, we would tell how—

Wandering leftward through the desert, very dreary,

Wandering guideless through the wilderness till Often flitting near, a vision, sweet as angel,

Almost from her very childhood, bright evangel,

She had come of whom we tell,—

Lifting up her reverent voice,

Pause, O heavens and rejoice!

Prays from the enchanted dell,

"Mary-Mother! Mary-Mother!

And no other,

Take me for thy daughter, weakest mortal!

Open, Mother, to my feet thy portal!"

And the Virgin heard and led her on

Kindly toward the Garden of her Son.

Gloria, Pater!

Alma Mater,

Gently guiding this poor wanderer on

Toward the Garden of her Son.

Looking upward through the Garden, glorious Garden!

Saints and angels! Not all human, keeping Sees confessionals and font—wants an absolution, Fain would enter, fain would lose the soul's pollution;

Could not enter! Could not enter!

Dare not venture!

Of the altar-path too wary,
Near a crucifix stands Mary;
Could not enter! Could not enter!
Dare not venture!
Mary-Mother mourning for her Son;
Mary sighing, her doth beckon.
Gloria, Pater!
Alma Mater,
Tender mourning for her Son,
Mary weeping, her doth beckon.

Smiled the warden, softly serious, smiled upon her,
Waited she to enter; O, the welcome almost won
O, the bliss to those within! but the getting in; [her!
But the severing of a heart's besetting sin!
Looking backward to the apple—Sodom apple,
Fruitage shining, very shining, fair as fatal,
Could not leave the gate of Mary—*Gate of Heaven*.
Could not enter; grace to enter not yet given;—
Poor sinner! Poor sinner!
Who will win her?
How her yearnings drift and vary—
Who will have her, earth or Mary?
Gloria, Pater!
Alma Mater,
Working for her suffering Son,
Leaves His Passion-time, no work undone.

Day of her Annunciation, shall the wiles of sense
prevail?
Lo! the world and flesh and Satan, fell assail;
But the Virgin's arm is stronger, sure in saving,
And her child is kneeling, potent blessing craven;
Grace is melting! Grace is melting!
Mary sheltering—
Soft, soft-falling as a cloud of love,—
The earth as flooded from above;—
She who knelt in craving sadness,
Rising, all round touched with gladness.
Gloria, Pater!
Alma Mater,
Mary-Mother, working for her Son,
Mary never leaves her work undone.
LUDLOW, VT., 2nd Lent day, 1865.

THE MONTH OF MARY AND PIO NONO.

[We commence, and we will continue during the Month of Mary, this admirable work so well known and so justly admired in France. The following extracts, from letters written by the most illustrious French Bishops, are the best introduction we can give to our American readers.]

BORDEAUX, May, 1862.

Dear Sir:—I cannot praise too highly the devotedness to the Holy See, which inspired you in "The Temporal Power of the Pope," and "The Month of Mary and Pio Nono." The latter is a pious and rich idea; it brings to the attention of all the development of an important point of Christian truth, namely; the union of Jesus and Mary, in all times, with all men, and above all with the head of the Church. A union more intimate, even in sufferings, than in joy and glory. The pious faithful during this blessed month, will love to follow daily with you Pius IX and Mary during their lives. It is not given to all to

appreciate this touching narrative; it is rather the portion of the humble and simple, than of the proud and learned; to the first your Month of Mary will do great good.

Accept Sir, the assurance, etc.,
FERDINAND CARDINAL DONET,
Archbishop of Bordeaux.

The Bishop of Arras writes: "You have connected two lives very dear to Catholic hearts; in one rests our sweetest hope, *spes nostra salve*; in the other our most lively solicitudes, *compatiuntur omnia membra*."

Bishop Dupanloup writes: "What I have read interests me exceedingly, and I hope that my occupations will permit me to enjoy the conclusion. Testimonials from sources so high, of the fame this work has received, convinces us that the author has fulfilled a task doubly pious, doubly holy, to make Pius IX known and loved, by making Mary known and loved."

FIRST DAY.

Mary predestined to Crush the Serpent's Head.—Pius the Ninth predestined to Establish the Crowning Glory of Mary.

After the serpent had deceived the woman, Almighty God said to him: "Because thou hast done this, behold thou art cursed among all animals, and amongst all the beasts of the earth; upon thy breast shalt thou go, and thou shalt eat earth all the days of thy life. I will place enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel."

These words of the Lord, which, from the beginning of the world, predicted the coming of an atoning Messiah; these words, which, from the first days of creation, thundered by God's own mouth the same loud praises that the present century, (happy rival of past ages), continues with so much enthusiasm in honor of Mary, have taken possession of the world and govern it.

Adam not far from the shades of Eden, Jacob in the land of exile. Moses crossing the desert, Solomon surrounded with gold and with glory, Isaiah and all the prophets were raised up one after another in the lapse of ages, and, each in his turn, sang either the ruin of the old serpent, or the fall of the scepter of Juda, when the Expected of Nations should come, or the Star whose light was about to shine upon Jacob, or the mighty Woman, to whom nothing upon earth could be compared, or the Virgin who was to bring forth a Son, the Emmanuel, that is to say God with us.

For four thousand years, the Virgin of Juda, thus seen by glimpses in the indistinct light of the future, was the spiritual life of the world; for four thousand years, she was the desired of patriarchs, the inspiration of prophets, the pillar of faith, the rainbow of our deliverance; for four thousand years God raised up extraordinary men, to sing His coming and prepare His path.

But the Lord not only kept up the expectation of this august Virgin—not only proved the recollection of the promise in the midst of nations: He wished, also, that she appear on earth as a child

privileged by her own right, illuminated with holiness unsullied, sublime, perfect. This is why the Church, who received in inspirations direct from God, and who, led by this Infallible Guide, can never suffer shipwreck on the shoals of error, the Church, after having recognized Mary in the pages of Holy Writ, recognizes equally and every where, in the same book, her innocence without spot: she recognizes her in that miraculous Ark which survived the destruction of nearly the whole human race; in that fair Dove that, sent forth by the patriarch upon the waters of the Deluge, fearing to soil her plumage in the unclean vapors exhaled around her, hastened to turn her flight again toward her master; in that mysterious Bush, which Moses, in the desert of Madian, saw enveloped in burning flames, without the fire ever abating or the Bush being ever consumed; in that Garden walled in; in that Fountain sealed up, by which the spouse of the canticle typifies in his praise, the exceeding virtues of his chaste companion; and above all, in these words when he says, with all the effusion of his tenderness, and in the holy ecstasy with which her charms inspire him: "Thou art all fair, O my sister, my beloved spouse! thou art all fair, and there is not a spot in thee!"

Yes, the Church has recognized in these various marvels an incontestable image of the spotless innocence of Mary: she had acknowledged it thus, she had taught it, she had practiced it, and nevertheless she left her children free to question this belief—free to reject it, thus rendering the triumph of Mary incomplete, and fully justifying the words addressed to the serpent: "She shall crush thy head, but thou shalt not seek the less to lie in wait for her heel."

An angel had saluted the Virgin, full of grace; St. Elizabeth had proclaimed her, blessed among all women; Mary had prophesied herself that all generations should call her blessed; still was there not some thing wanting to that beauty—that excellence—that transcendence of her glory, as long as the world was permitted to raise a doubt that the august Mother of Jesus might not have received from Heaven a complete and inalienable sanctity? It seemed, then, that God still owed to the earth another manifestation of truth; but to announce this new marvel to humble mortals, where should He go this time to choose His herald? The adorable Trinity had sent already its Second Person,—the angelic host had deputed also its Archangel Gabriel; this time, then, it was humanity's turn, this time the lips were mortal, (in honor of the humanity of His Son), that God selected to proclaim the final revelation which He has designed to make.

A man, then, was chosen from all eternity to place the crown on Mary's earthly glory, as Abraham was chosen to be the father of believers, Moses to rescue Israel from the tyranny of Pharaoh, Josue to lead the holy people into the promised land, Samuel to consecrate the first king of Juda, Solomon to build the first temple to the Eternal, Booz to recompense the piety of Ruth, Daniel to exalt the innocence, of the chaste Susanna, Mardochai to procure the elevation and

the reign of Esther, Saint Joseph to be the guardian and the protector of the virginity of the humble daughter of Joachim and Ann, and this man is the Sovereign Pontiff who now fills so gloriously the chair of Saint Peter: this man is Pius the Ninth.

Admire the love with which God has loved him, and his happiness in the choice that has been made of him. It is eighteen hundred years since the Church of Jesus Christ began to extend over the universe her pacific sway. For three hundred years, her generous and fruitful blood flowed freely for the defense of the Gospel everywhere: in Rome, Italy, Gaul, Spain, Great Britain, in short, throughout all Europe, whilst Africa and Asia sent the army of the faith myriads of confessors and legions of martyrs; and yet amongst them all, the Lord did not select one to tell the world to what degree His Blessed Mother was the object of His eternal complacency.

Two hundred and fifty-eight Popes have come in their turns to take their seats on the indestructible throne of the chief of the Apostles. Sixty-seven of them have merited, by their virtue and by their sanctity, to have their names inscribed upon the roll of Saints whom the Church invokes and honors. God also marks with the seal of His election those whom the future will see crowned with the same tiara, elevated upon the same throne. He is delighted in anticipation with their knowledge, with their piety, with their courage, with their zeal, and yet among them all He chose no one to proclaim the dogma which elevates Mary so high, and which so rejoices our faith.

Besides the Roman Pontiff, magnificent in merits of every kind, we see exalted a multitude of persons according to the Heart of God. Great cities, small villages, country places and deserts, each has had the honor to furnish its glorious contingent; kings, princes, subjects, priests, doctors, religious seculars, all have gloriously advanced to form the sacred battalions of the immortal phalanx; and yet, among them all, there was none whom the Most High would graciously select to honor Mary as He had decreed that she should one day be honored. To Pius the Ninth alone belongs the singular privilege of having been designed in the Eternal Counsels to realize in Mary what four thousand years had first manifested by every type, and under every figure—what eighteen centuries had then pondered, meditated, praised, glorified, without ever daring to affirm as an eternal truth! To Pius the Ninth belongs the distinguished praise of having brought down to our times the long chain of those patriarchs and prophets whose predictions and prayers made Mary the love and the hope of the world, even before her actual appearance. Finally, alone to Pius the Ninth belongs the honor of having set the future at rest in regard to the Immaculate Conception, as the great Jehovah formerly set the past at rest by His power, as Jesus obliterated it in the Redemption.

Let us say no more to-day, Children of Mary; but so disposing ourselves, all in the best feelings

of our hearts, as to profit by the lessons which will continue to be offered us in this holy place during this blessed month, let us place ourselves on our knees and say to God:

"Lord, Thou hast given us Mary for our Mother; it is her virtues which we come to study, which we desire to put into practice, which Thou dost will to make our course here below, that we may participate in her merits before Thee. They say, O Lord, that Thy holy servant, Pius the Ninth, our spiritual Father, affords us a glorious example of the love we owe to that well-beloved Queen; we would study under his teachings; vouchsafe to prepare in us a docile heart; bless our intentions, we beg of Thee, O Lord!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

FROM CARDINAL WISEMAN'S "SERMONS ON OUR LORD AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER."

You come and tell me that it is folly to think more of them [the saints], that they are dead, and for ever gone, whose bones are crumbled to dust, whose souls have forgotten men. And I ask in return, is it your opinion that Heaven is a place in which whatever is honorable to man, whatever is most precious to his soul, whatever is most beautiful in his nature, after the corruption of sin has defiled it, that love, in short, which is the very nature of God, is a thing not only unknown there, banished thence and never to be admitted? Tell me, then, that you consider Heaven to be a place in which the soul is to be employed for eternity in looking or diving into the unfathomable abyss of love which God is, and seeing that that love is a love not merely sleeping and inactive, but exercising itself in ten thousand ways, with all the resources of infinite power; and yet believe that in that ocean you must not love what God loves.—(p. 297).

And now you will understand that there must be a scale of love. * * * And the rule is one simple and obvious enough to all who have ever considered the prerogatives of God's Saints. We honor them, we esteem them, we love them, we believe them to have influence, in proportion as they are nearer to God. The martyr who has done the utmost that man can do, who, by giving his life for Christ, has shown the greatest love that man can bear, must be placed far above those who have not attained this privilege, and who consequently plead not that same intensity of love. The Apostles, who were the immediate followers and companions of the Son of God in life, whom He chose to be with Him in His trials, to whom He committed His full power on earth, who, in addition to martyrdom like others, had also the glory of being His messengers over the whole world—they are naturally placed in a higher sphere, nearer the throne of God, more closely approaching Him, more vividly beholding Him, enjoying greater familiarity and more intimate union with the affections of their Divine Master. Then what shall we say of her whom God chose to adhere in every time and place to the Redeemer of the world, His own Word in-

caruate; so that never, for a moment, was she allowed to be willingly separated from Him? * *

* If the closeness with which any one was privileged to stand by our Lord on earth is the criterion of the place occupied in Heaven, and of the prerogatives there granted, who can doubt that she, the most Blessed Virgin Mary, has a place in the court of her Son, such as is granted to none other?—(pp. 299, 300).

Another beautiful passage is found in the Sermon on the veneration of the Blessed Virgin:

Our blessed Redeemer is the real Sun of Justice, who alone can shine in our hearts with that saving power and grace, through which alone we can attain our reward; and it is only He, that brilliant Sun in the firmament of Heaven and the Church, who can enlighten our faith, warm our hope, and enkindle our charity; for from Him alone comes grace, from Him alone is light, from Him alone is life. But tell me, is it less that same Sun, or is He less to you when, instead of being viewed directly in all His dazzling brilliancy, He comes on you mellowed, as it were, through the storied window, bearing imprinted on His own rays the effigies of saints and angels who would have no existence there but for His light; for all was dark, shapeless, colorless, until His rays came; and then on a sudden He gave them light and color, and He shaped them into form, and He softened His own radiance as He shone through them; but without Him they had no existence. And so the Church contemplates through the saints the glory of the Son of God. In their own nature they were sinful, frail and helpless; but they have been the medium through which the rays of divine grace have passed, and as they so shone, they have had their brilliancy made enduring.—(p. 304).

The contemplation of the glory of the saints and of their dignity and joy, so far from drawing away our thoughts and hopes from God, doth rather raise them up more gently from the earth, to fly toward Him. For one who should wish to contemplate the beauty of a glorious summer's day would not go forth and boldly raise his eyes, and fix them upon the burning luminary, from which all its radiance and warmth proceeds, well knowing that he would thereby only dazzle and afflict his sight; but rather, casting them lower, he would let them wander over the milder diversity of nature's face. Or, if possible, he would rest them upon a well-tilled garden; and as he there observed the rich variety of shape, and hue, and fragrance, and loveliness in the flowers that surround him, remembering that all these diverse forms and qualities are but the reflection and production of that source of light which brings them into being, he would thereby conceive a sweeter and livelier idea of that day's splendor, and of that luminary's benefits, than if he had at once gazed upon his brightness. And in like manner, when we wish to meditate upon the glories of God's eternal day, we will not at once dart our glance on that Father of lights, who dwelleth in light inaccessible, but rather will pause to meditate upon the beauties of His heavenly Eden;

and when we contemplate assembled together the unstained Virgin and the empurpled martyr, and the triumphant apostle, and all the other orders of heavenly being, with one rising above the rest, and uniting in herself the excellencies of them all; and when, moreover, we remember that all these charms are but emanations and reflections of His effulgence, we shall assuredly form a truer and more consoling estimate of His beauty and beneficence and mighty power, than if we had awed and overwhelmed our minds by sternly gazing upon His splendor.—(p. 310).

In the Sermon on devotion to the Blessed Virgin occur these words:

We may imagine how, then, the whole of Heaven was moved at seeing her approach, and how the angels and saints may indeed have said: "Who is this so wonderfully favored, now coming up from that desert below, flowing with delights, flowing with graces, with majesty and beauty?" If to others have been granted these gifts to the fullness of the cup, her fullness is that of the fountain overflowing ever, and yet ever at the full. And she is introduced not as others might be, led by guardian angel or patron saint through the opening ranks of the celestial host to the throne of God, and there kneeling before the faithful Rewarder of His servants, hear those words spoken, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," but from the door of Heaven, leaning, in the full confidence of love, on her beloved, as a bride on her bridegroom, as a mother may lean on her son—(p. 291).

A similar passage is found in another sermon

If the saints in heaven have golden vials given them, as we are told in the Apocalypse, filled with our prayers, as with sweet odors, which they pour out before the throne of God, with what fragrance must those be endowed which are shed from hers? * * * And if the Word of God has told us that Jesus, ascending into heaven, has prepared corresponding emblems of reward for every state of holiness, golden harps for the patriarchs, and robes of whiteness for the virgins, and palms for the martyrs, and seats of judgment for the Apostles, and crowns of glory for all that love Him, by what emblem shall we describe the reward which must have been bestowed upon her, who closed the line of patriarchal holiness, forming, as it were, the wall of separation between the two covenants; who, though a mother, was pure as no other virgin was ever pure; whose martyrdom of inward grief was deemed by the Spirit of God fit matter of holy prophecy; who with the Apostles received the unction of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, and who alone of all mankind could say that she had loved Jesus with a mother's love.—(p. 321).

"We do wrong to speak of affection as if its treasure-houses were this world, and as if it expired here. The spirit land, wheresoever it may be, is full of love. The millions of loving souls who have removed thither, with hearts bursting with tenderness for those they have left behind—have they changed their nature? Do they not love us

still? How much richer, purer—more disinterested—than any this world contains, is the love of the departed! They died loving, and their love is unchanged—unchanging—no passing cloud can dim it—no misapprehension can shade it—no coldness can deaden it. It ever looks on us with the same tender eyes, and ever waits for a reunion. The condition of the soul—its affections—its impulses—death hath fixed them all for eternity."

Mother Most Admirable.

Nearly three centuries ago there lived a Religious named James Rhem, in a University of Ingolstadt, in Germany, directed by the Society of Jesus. This Religious was illustrious for his eminent virtues, and the extraordinary favors he had received from Heaven, but, above all, for his devotion to Mary, and zeal to procure her glory. To advance this design, he instituted a society or sodality of young men called "*Colloquium Marianum*," literally, conversations or entertainments on Mary, because the associates bound themselves, on entering the Society, always to say something in their conversation about Mary. The name had conduced to the success of the work; fervor reigned among the youth, and they rejoiced and edified their master and fellow-students by their regularity and virtue.

Now, their institutor and guide felt within himself a pious curiosity. Filial love is often jealous to penetrate a mother's secret to please that mother more; and the saints are men of desires, as the archangels said in their praise to Daniel.

This curiosity, this desire of Father Rhem, was to know which of the titles accorded by the Church to Mary, in the Litany of Loretto, was the most agreeable to the Mother of Jesus.

It happened one day, when the sodalists of the *Colloquium Marianum* were assembled in the chapel, chanting the Litany of the most holy Virgin, according to their custom, a touching prodigy took place at the invocation *Mater Admirabilis, ora pro nobis*;—the Queen of Heaven, appearing to them in a living, gentle light, and saying in a divinely maternal voice: "The title which most of all pleases me is that of *Mater Admirabilis*."

"*Mater Admirabilis!*" exclaimed the Father, penetrated with gratitude and love, and, as it were, plunged in ecstasy: "*Mater Admirabilis!* My children, repeat this invocation three times."

And all sang in transport, "*Mater Admirabilis, ora pro nobis; Mater Admirabilis, ora pro nobis; Mater Admirabilis, ora pro nobis.*" God alone knows the choice graces which then inundated these young souls; but under the prolonged charm of this marvelous apparition and precious revelation, the *Colloquium Marianum* began to produce new fruits of sanctification and zeal, and the remembrance of this favor, carefully registered in the annals of the University of Ingolstadt, is also preserved with gratitude and delight in those of the Society of Jesus.—*Mater Admirabilis*.

OUR LADY'S LILIES.

You wonder why my tropic lilies thrive
In this small room, this crowded busy hive
I call my home.

More freely than beneath thy marble dome,
And then declare

Some charm lies in my touch or in the air,
And this is why my lilies bloom so fair.

Sweet friend—the mystery I will frankly tell;
Upon it let thy heart one moment dwell;
The lilies know

As well as you and I where they will go,
And from the root

Their snow-white arrows ever duly shoot,
Our Lady's feasts with gladness to salute.

Our Lady's place, her own Son beside,
Is where her lilies ever choose to bide,
And there adore

In ecstasy of silence ever more :
Their perfumes plead

For us, poor pilgrims, in our sorest need,
And Jesus must His Mother's lilies heed.

THE LEGENDS OF THE LITANIES OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN.

Such is the title of a touching work, published in France, by L. d'Appilly. In our first number we republish one of these interesting legends, and during the year we will give the entire series to the readers of the AVE MARIA.

"The Legend is the poetry of faith; a gracious Rambler, she passes through all ages, gleaning with careful hand, the souvenir of pilgrimages, the flowers of piety and traditionary lore.

"Nothing limits her boundary; she embraces all events wherein she recognizes the action of God. Sometimes her voice is heard in the wild, shrill sound of the clarion, chanting in martial tunes the wars and revolutions whose tumult has shaken the earth. Sometimes she descends, chaste messenger, into the Virgin's cell; or again, folding her wings she seats herself by the fireside of the poor, and keeps watch over the cradle of the orphan. She mingles in the mighty roar of the multitude; and again, she is counting the pious beatings of the hearts of the Saints. She is not abashed by the majesty of kings, but her delight is to dwell among the poor, among those whose simple and innocent hearts render them worthy the society of Angels."

Such is the definition of the legend as given by d'Appilly at the commencement of the preface of his charming work. It is in this manner the author understands this *poetry* of faith, this gracious rambler who goes through cities and countries, into lofty palaces and lowly huts, through vallies and forests, into superb temples, enriched with gold, and into simple oratories ornamented with freshly-blown flowers. The Legend reads prayer and virtue in pure hearts. She suspects keen remorse has deepened the furrows upon the forehead of the guilty; she seeks the tear of repentance in the depths of the soul, and with these

rich and fruitful gleanings she composes a garland in which every flower is a magnificent and supernatural recompense for purity, faith and repentance, but she crowns the guilty with the rigor of justice.

Composed and understood in this manner, the legend is not only exceedingly entertaining but infinitely useful; for should not every writer consecrate his pen and talents to praising what is good and blaming what is bad? We have many ways of doing this, but no form seems better to us than the legend, because it interests and captivates the attention, it is an aid to history, and it fixes in the mind a moral lesson which would not otherwise be retained.

The end then which we propose, in giving these legends to the readers of the AVE MARIA, is to awaken and nourish a tender devotion to the Mother of God, and to prove that her assistance never fails her servants, it matters not how desperate their cause may seem. Notwithstanding the skeptical and mocking tone of the philosophers of the nineteenth century, Mr. d'Appilly goes frankly toward the end he has in view. United to the charms of a pure and concise diction, each legend presents a skilfully constructed scene, artistically arranged, upon which the actors are brought in the most natural manner, and perform their parts to the very life. The style of Mr. d'Appilly seems formed to give us in all the artless simplicity and beauty of truth, life-like pictures of the faith of our fathers, and as such we recommend them to our readers.

How Saint Francis of Sales disliked Praise.

Saint Gregory has aptly remarked that when praise is bestowed on a wise man in his presence, his heart is wounded and his ears afflicted. Such was our Saint. He who lovingly embraced those who insulted, would willingly have rebuked those who praised him.

Preaching one day at Annecy, in his presence, I recalled the words which the Bishop of Solnes had addressed him: *Tu sal es, ego vero neque sal neque lux*. I took the liberty of making a slight allusion to his name, and to say that he was the salt (*sal es*) which seasoned the whole mass of this congregation. He was so disedified at this praise, that he reprov'd me in a manner that would have, been severe, could he have been capable of severity.

"You were doing so well, you were sailing so fairly, what possessed you to take such a freak? Do you know that single word has destroyed all the merit of your sermon? Is it not alloying the pure gold of the word of God by introducing the word of man, and is not the praise of the living the word of man? Is it not written: 'Praise no man before his death?' I am a fine salt, indeed; without flavor, and only fit to be thrown in the street and to be trampled under foot by the passers-by. How I regret that so much good seed has been choked by a handful of cockle! Surely, if your intention was to humble me, you have certainly succeeded."

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 1.—The Prisoner of War.

CHAPTER THE FIRST—GOD WILLS IT.

It was the heroic age of Christianity; the Spirit of God had made the nations of Western Europe His chosen people. In the heart of these nations, still young and full of vitality, the noble fire of heroism was kindled, and faith covering the earth with miracles, had changed the savage hardihood of barbarians into that admirable Christian valor which is the ornament of modern history.

Europe was agitated to its very foundations. Saint Bernard was summoning the brave for a second time to the Crusade. His eloquence renewed, so it is said, the prodigy which accompanied the first preaching of the Gospel; Belgians, Germans, natives of Provence and of Normandy, inhabiting, as they did, different lands, and speaking different dialects, each one of his auditors understood clearly the language of the Holy Abbot. From the banks of the Danube to the foot of the Pyrenees, but one sole cry was to be heard, a cry flying from mouth to mouth, and repeated by the answering echoes: "God wills it."

Yes, God willed it, for Asia and Africa were groaning under the yoke of the Koran, and the foul creed of Mahomet menaced the Empire of Christ on the south, and on the west; for the Christians were exhausting their own strength in fratricidal war; for the nobility, who were the only land-owners, were crushing their vassals, and thereby ultimately impoverishing themselves. Communities must be multiplied, to purchase back with money their own rights and liberties. The serf must be made the companion in arms, and the friend of his lord, he must lie beneath the same tent, and drink the water of the same torrent from the same cup. The Crusader must bring back from beyond the sea, that taste for the arts and for poetry, which the West, since the dissolution of the Roman Empire, had lost. Chivalry, in fine, must establish a new right, more powerful than the blind right of arms, and of brute force, that weakness and infancy may have their champions and protectors.

The spirit of adventure boiled in the blood of Europeans. The warriors who fought and bled with Godfrey de Bouillon, and founded the kingdom of Jerusalem, had, on their return, vaunted the marvels of Oriental cities, and the charms of the delightful climes they had visited.

Their tales, embellished by the poetry of romance, had inflamed the fancy of all; besides, a religious motive prompted every baron to take the cross. Was there one, who, looking sincerely into his conscience, found there no crimes to be expiated? Multitudes, therefore, armed themselves for these warlike pilgrimages. The emperor of Germany led the van; the king of France wore the cross as his proudest insignia. Dukes, earls and barons, published the Crusade through their territories. The peasants rallied round their feudal lords, and the towns-people contributed their money toward the expenses of the holy expedition.

Berenger de Montier could not stay shut up in

the gloomy walls of his ancestral castle, whilst his neighbors were flocking to Palestine to earn glory, indulgences, and perhaps kingdoms. But spurred as he was to emulation by the glorious examples around, his heart could scarce consent to part from his beloved wife, Etienne. He could not bring himself to mention the subject to her; but the courageous lady herself took the initiative. She had early suspected the design of her husband; he was constrained and embarrassed in her presence. She saw him make, in secret, preparations for war, buying horses, accumulating resources, and she would not stop the warrior by her unworthy tears, but summoning all her courage, she addressed him thus:

"My lord, I know that you have formed the design of going to fight the infidels. Although to part with you will grieve my inmost heart, it would be a sin for me to be an obstacle in your way. Depart then! If your absence exposes me to danger, I shall look to the Church for refuge and aid. I am too weak to follow you; but whilst you serve God by your valor, I shall pray Saint Hubert and the Blessed Virgin to guard you from wounds and captivity; and when you return covered with glory, the Baroness of Montier will be proud to call you husband!"

She embroidered with her own hands the silken cross upon her husband's shoulder; and when the day of departure arrived, after having received with firmness his last farewell kisses at the castle gate, she ascended a turret to watch him gallop over the plain at the head of his esquires and men-at-arms, until he was completely out of sight.

Berenger was one of the hardest warriors of his time. He was tall in stature, and possessed of prodigious bodily strength. His coat of steel-ringed mail was no weight upon his robust frame. His mighty arm was equally skillful in the use of the battle-axe, the sword and the lance. Among all the most redoubtable heroes of Provence, there were very few that would dare to enter the lists against him, for he had never been overcome.

He had raised his visor and the sun shone full upon his noble countenance, embrowned by the toils of war; his forehead and his raven locks were hidden by his helmet, but the lightnings flashed from his black and sparkling eyes. A rough beard covered the lower part of his face, but did not conceal his firm-set mouth; and such was the martial appearance of his whole figure, that the most phlegmatic could not contemplate it without admiration, and his very look was sufficient to inspire terror.

His was a fierce and still half-savage nature. The energetic passions of his barbaric ancestors were not entirely stifled within his breast. The politeness of a court had not enervated his character. The science of arms had been the sole study of his life, and constant practice had continually increased his natural courage.

But, nevertheless among these savage instincts his heart was truly noble; hatred and resentment found no place in his bosom. Terrible and implacable during the strife, when he had overcome

he raised his fallen foe, and forgot his anger. Danger had an irresistible attraction for him, and he felt continually impelled by an interior force to attempt the impossible; he disdained an easy triumph, and the weak had nothing to fear from him. He loved to wander, as a knight-errant, in search of adventures, to avenge the oppressed, to humble tyrants, and to sustain his honor against all who presumed to defy him. Obstinate and intrepid, when he had resolved upon any enterprise, nothing could turn him aside from it. He despised all fraud or stratagem, and met every obstacle face to face, preferring to die rather than to surrender.

There was but one person in the world capable of ruling this indomitable spirit: it was the Lady Etienne; she was fragile and delicate, but she could make this giant tremble. Docile to her as a slave, he bowed to her will in every event; he read his duty in the eyes of his wife, ashamed when she found any thing to blame, proud and happy where she thought fit to praise. During the winter festivities when the lady Etienne, appeared in the banquet hall, drunkenness itself became mute; she raised her finger to command and the most insolent dare not disobey. The devotion of the soldiers to her bordered on fanaticism; there was not one of her husband's vassals but would have leaped from the topmost tower upon upturned pikes, at the slightest nod of her head.

It was to her weakness that the Baroness owed her power. Still young, lovely and graceful, she was all the world in the eyes of her husband. He set but a low value on the strength and manly virtues with which he was himself so largely endowed, but he carried to idolatry his worship of modesty and grace.

The same sentiments ruled his faith. He adored God because he believed Him more powerful than himself, and he feared Him, although he could not understand how He could have permitted His Only Son to have been murdered by despicable Jews. He laughed at hell, and the devils; but the image of our Blessed Lady was to him the symbol of all his faith. He desired Heaven because it was blessed with her sweet presence. He cared not for the society of angels, whose incorporeal shapes were beyond his comprehension; Paradise was to him the vision and the presence of the Holy Virgin. He loved to recommend himself to her: God appeared so much above him, and he had but slender confidence in the celestial credit of the saints. It is true that Mary had never been deaf to his prayers. When any one mentioned her name, his usual sternness gave way to a more tender air. He would have joyfully shed every drop of his blood for her, and perhaps it was because he recognized her form under that of Etienne, that he submitted so completely to the dominion of his wife.

These two affections, the only ones rooted in his heart since the death of his mother, had taken entire possession of the bosom of Berenger, no other creature had discovered the way to inspire him with attachment. He did not love his esquire

Rayboul, in spite of many services received from him. Rayboul was brave, but cunning and sly, and the blackest treachery would have cost him but little remorse, if he could gain any thing by it. Berenger had frequently owed both his success and his safety to the stratagems of his esquire; but he despised him, even for the very craft that contrived them.

He had more regard for the noble courser upon which he rode. This fiery animal, the companion of all his labors, coated with mail like his master, but galloping as if untrammelled, inhaling the free air with dilated nostril, and curveting nobly, dashed on in advance of the other horses, which he took pride in keeping in the rear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Terrible Example.

Cartegena, of the Order of Saint Francis, relates the following: "While the venerable Sprenger and his Religious were laboring with great zeal to re-establish the devotion of the Rosary in Cologne, two priests [how different from those whose presence blesses our dear land, so jealous of the rapid progress of this holy Confraternity,] sought, by every means in their power, to check it. As they possessed a good deal of influence, they prevented many from joining, and cooled the devotion of many who had inscribed their names, by saying it was an abuse, that there were many other ways of honoring Mary, etc., so that the devotion sensibly diminished, and the faithful of Cologne scarcely dared to say their beads.

"One of those two priests resolved to preach from the pulpit against the Rosary. An eloquent sermon was consequently announced for the following Sunday. When the moment for delivering the oration arrived, the orator did not appear. After waiting some time, they sent for him, but he could not be found. The crowd finally became impatient, and commenced to murmur. At that moment a messenger appeared, announcing that the preacher no longer belonged to this world; he was found dead, with the pen in his hand; dead without the Sacraments, without any spiritual or human aid; dead while writing against the Rosary of Mary.

"The second priest, in his blindness, saw in this nothing but a natural accident, and he resolved to carry out the intention of his colleague. Therefore he announced a second sermon, but when he ascended the pulpit his tongue became paralyzed and his body powerless. He was forced to undergo one of the most shameful humiliations that could possibly happen to him. Recognizing, then, the finger of God, and understanding that this affliction, as well as the sad death of his companion, was the chastisement of their impiety, he invoked Mary in his heart, deeply contrite for having wished to prevent her praises. He besought her to obtain his cure, promising to do all in his power to extend the devotion of the Rosary. Scarcely had he made the vow when he was entirely cured. Then, rising like a second Saul, he became the panegyrist and ardent missionary of the devotion of the Rosary.

Comfortress of the Afflicted.

Softly on the bending blossoms,
The lengthening shadows fall :—
Shadows weigh on thousand blossoms,
Heavier on mine than all,
Heavy as some trailing pall,
To think this sweet sky is bending
Over a blood-trampled plain!
And to fear a heart is spending
All its cherished life in pain,
While I weep and weep in vain!

How can I soothe my heart's asking
Of things which I cannot know?
How strive, human power o'ertasking,
Human bonds to burst and go,
Where, perchance, *he* lieth low.
Oh! skill, that draws down the lightning
Your messages sweet to bear,
Science, whom there is no fright'ning
From searching earth, sea and air,
Find a way to take me *there*!

There, where all my thoughts are flying,
Where all my heart burns to be,
Ah! vain my soul's frantic crying,
Science here must pow'rless be,
There can be no help for me!
Beyond, beyond all human power
I dare to lift my sad eyes,
In the agony of this hour
Swiftly up my thoughts arise
To the gates of Paradise.

All my fears intensely human,
Vanish at His great white throne;
One stands there intensely woman,
Who has woman's sorrows known,
And now makes my cause her own.
By the Cross I see her standing
Powerless to aid or save,
Not so much as water handing
That thorn-pierced brow to lave,
Ere she gives him to the grave.

Her's the land that *He* is shielding,—
Sweetest land beneath the sun!
So to her His dear life yielding,
Though it should be lost or won,
My repinings all are done.
Her's from high mount to far prairie,
Forest, river, land and sea,
Consecrate are to thee, Mary,
America belongs to thee;
Oh, keep thy land pure and free!

Bend down thine eyes, tender, loving,
As a queen upon her knights;
From all hearts all stains removing,
Raise them to the Christian's highs,
Where no foe but sin affrights,
That if the shadows lengthening,
Our all of earth life must take,
In thine thus true hearts strengthening,
Will not feel that all forsake,
And sleep, in thy home to wake.

THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST;

Or, The New Month of Mary.

PREFACE.

The first time that there appeared to my young soul the possibility of being a Priest, in other words, of exercising here upon earth the functions of ambassador of Christ, of appearing as another Word, a messenger of the divine will, chief of a faithful people, defender of the truth, father of the poor and of those who suffer, official mediator between the guilty creature and the angered Creator; of being the guardian of the mystic keys which open so that no one can shut, and which shut so that no one can open; of enjoying the ineffable right of approaching God, of confining Him in an humble symbol by uttering words of consecration. * * * I was conscious of my vocation.

Another thought influenced me, and I confess that it influences me still; it was to fulfill a mission which, under a multitude of considerations, coincided with that of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The choice of this Virgin of Israel, among the obscure ranks of the people, her retreat to the temple, her vow of virginity, her divine maternity, the part she has taken in the redemption of men, the ideal of Christian perfection which she has realized and which she desires to see realized in others, all this existence, finally, was for me the anticipated picture of what the Priest of the New Law should be. We need not reflect long to see, in fact, the similitude of these two destinies; the one is nothing but the reproduction of the other, they have the same point of departure and the same point of arrival, and in their mysterious courses they always keep side by side, and sometimes unite.

This thought, which the Immaculate Virgin has caused to arise in my heart, has appeared to me grand, beautiful and productive, and for the first time I have experienced regret for not having the profound genius which comprehends, and the brilliant eloquence which compels to understand, in order to attract the attention of my brethren in the priesthood with respect to the admirable relations between the Mother of God and ourselves, her devoted servants.

I do not present the work to those who search after, even in their meditations, beauty of style and elevation of thought, but rather to those who tenderly love the good Virgin, and take delight in contemplating the grandeur of their own destiny, in order to conform their own conduct to it.

From the first page the reader will perceive that I have endeavored to give only the opinion of the Holy Fathers. You are witness to me Holy Virgin, that I do seek neither glory of originality, nor the praises of men, but the extension of your veneration, of your love among the sacerdotal orders, for myself a smile of your compassion now and at the hour of my death.

CHAPTER I.

General relations of similitude between Mary and the Priest.

"There are three things," says Saint Thomas

Aquinas, "which derive from infinite good a sort of *infinite* dignity, namely: the holy humanity by this alone that it is united to the Word of God; the Blessed Virgin by this alone that she is the Mother of God; the created beatitude by this alone that it is the immediate intuition of God. So that nothing can be better or more *excellent* than these things."

As is seen, the question here is concerning the supernatural world and the three *chefs-d'œuvre* that the creation of the new world embraces. Christ Mary, Heaven, constitute then the sacred hierarchy established by an angelic mouth; to the two extremities of the mysterious scale, God giving Himself to be known and enjoyed; in the middle, an incomparable being, surpassing all created nature, and enrapturing by her supernatural beauty the enthusiasm and love of mortals.

But the Priest, also, is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the New Law; and if the angelic Doctor does not mention him in the quotation we have given above, it is because he wished to designate the great and last manifestation of God by these culminating points. But in not naming him, he has not pretended to exclude him; for these three words, Jesus Christ, Mary, the intuitive vision, express all; the Church, the dogma, the sacraments, the beginning, the means and the end, the primordial cause and the final term the consequence of all the rest. Now, the Church, in one sense, is the Priest, *ubi Petrus ibi ecclesia*,—"where Peter is, there is the Church;" the dogma is the Priest, *fides ex auditu*,—"faith from hearing;" the Sacraments are the Priest, *dispensatores mysteriorum Dei*,—"dispensers of the mysteries of God."

The Priest was as necessary to spread the knowledge of Jesus Christ as Mary to give birth to Him. He is, then, included in the grand Christian epopee, and he there acts with the Blessed Virgin a principal part. This truth could not have escaped the penetrating look of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church; and they have expressed it in a thousand circumstances and in a thousand manners. We can even say that if they have had enthusiasm, it is principally for these two privileged creatures, the Mother and the Priest of Jesus Christ. They have accumulated in some degree around these two august characters all that was exalted in their language, brilliant in their imagination, sweet and tender in their piety!

Let us listen to Saint Peter Damian speaking of the Immaculate Virgin: *Taceat et contremiscat omnis creatura et vix audeat aspiciere tantæ dignitatis immensitatem*, (Serm. de Nat. Virg.) "Let every creature be silent and tremble and scarcely dare to gaze upon the immensity of such dignity."

The picture of a woman exercising power over God, and of a God submissive to a woman, astounds Saint Bernard: *Utrinque stupor, utrinque miraculum!* (Super Miss.) "Everywhere amazement and wonder!"

"If I call you Heaven," says Saint Jerome, "you are still higher; if I call you *Mother of nations*, you are more than that: *Living form of God*, you are worthy of it; *Queen of Angels*, you will verify it!" (Feast of the Assumption).

In a word, according to the Holy Fathers, Mary is not God, but she is, after God, superior to all others.

Is the question concerning the Priest? They use the same ideas and almost the same expressions: *Sacerdos est miraculum stupendum!* (Saint Ephrem de Sacerd.) "The priest is an amazing wonder!"

O Sacerdos Dei, si altitudinem cæli contemplaris, altior es . . . si discretionem angelorum, discretior es; si omnium Dominorum sublimitatem, sublimior es. (Cassian, in Catal glor.) "O Priest of God, if you you contemplate the height of heaven, you are higher . . . if the discretion of angels, you are more discreet; if the sublimity of all the earthly rulers, you are more sublime."

"God has elevated you," says Saint Bernard to the Priests, "over the angels and archangels, thrones and dominations." (Ad past in Syn.)

And Pope Saint Clement has said all by this word: *Post Duem, terrenus Deus.* (Constit. Apost.) "After God, God terrene."

These comparisons which we could have multiplied *ad infinitum*, already astonish by singularity; they will astonish us much more if we remark that their reason of being consists in their identity of motives. Why, in fact, this immense enthusiasm for the Blessed Virgin? Because all her existence relates to our redemption, because she has personally contributed to it by giving birth to Jesus Christ, and because such privileges have given her a power an authority unlimited, and because she has devoted this power and influence to the service of the Church militant, and the whole human race; in other terms, because "in the holy and admirable purchase, which God came to make upon earth," as Saint Augustin says, "she has been His principal instrument." Now, all this can be said of the Priest. In ascending to Heaven, Christ has not interrupted His purchase, His ransom of sinners upon earth. He has deposited among us the cause of our safety; He has left to us His blood, the price of our redemption; individuals and nations can invoke Him to the end of time, and they should invoke Him even because He alone possesses the reparative and redemptive power of original sin.

Therefore, it was necessary for God to have some agents to represent Him among men, to gather together souls from all parts of the universe and communicate to them the benefit of divine mercy and love. The Priests are these divine agents, these intendants of Jesus Christ. While Christ near His Father in Heaven is transacting the affairs of men, the Priests among men transact those of God; they continue his work, or rather, as Saint Thomas says, it is Jesus Christ who continues to act in making use of the Priests.

As well as Mary, the Priest is, then, the instrument of God, *instrumentum Dei tanquam principalis agentis*; he is the arm of God, the mouth of God, the heart of God, His representative, His vicar, the *Vice-God*, according to the bold translation of Father Ventura, *sacerdotes sui ipsius vicarios reliquit.* (Council of Trent).

Besides, the life of the Priest, similar to that

of the august Virgin, gravitates only around the same center, Jesus. It is for Jesus that he is in the world; it is in view of Him that he crosses the threshold of the Sanctuary. His mission is also to implant Him in souls, to erect for Him a throne in every heart, and cause Him to be adored in the manger, to bring Him to Egypt, to follow Him to Golgotha.

By her sublime functions, Mary, already great in the eyes of God, is exalted and becomes elevated in the eyes of men. Her countenance appears in the Church of Christ as a vivifying sun; the generations of men become civilized under her influence; she becomes the Queen of all hearts; France, in particular, glories in being her country, *Regnum Gallie, regnum Marie*.—"The Kingdom of Gaul is the Kingdom of Mary." By his functions, not less sublime, the Priest, already great in the eyes of God, grows equally great in the eyes of men. The people, dazzled by the halo of glory with which his divine character surrounds him, come to throw themselves into his arms. At the contact of his heart the ferocity of barbarians makes room for evangelical mildness; he produces civilization as the rose-bush produces the rose; and an English Protestant, in other words, a man a double enemy to France, is compelled by the force of evidence to confess that France is the work of the Priests as the hive is the work of the swarm.

In whatever light we view Mary, either in a moral, dogmatic, or historic point of view, in the divine plan or in herself, in her privileges or her destiny, the same phenomena are reproduced by an analogy in the Priest, and almost identically. One could say they are as two rivers issuing from the hollow of the same rock, Christ Jesus, *Petra autem erat Christus*.—"But the rock was Christ," and whose abundant waters carry to mankind life and fecundity. It is from Mary and the Priest, that we possess every spiritual blessing that we have; from Mary, as the primitive channel of every grace; from the Priest, as actual dispenser of the same favors. So that we can apply to the Priest as well as to Mary, these words of Saint Bernard: *Qui (Deus) totius boni plenitudinem posuit in Maria; ut proinde, si quid spei in nobis est, si quid gratiæ, si quid salutis, ab ea non verimur redundare.* (Serm. de Aqueductu). "Who (God) placed the plenitude of every good in Mary; that therefore, if there is any hope in us, if any grace, if any safety, we may know that it abounds through her."

O, Virgin! our pride takes delight in setting forth the sublimity of the sacerdotal character with which we are invested; with ardor we cull the amplifications of piety, in order to elevate ourselves, to magnify ourselves, and we leave in the shade that which would humiliate us. It is just that, before showing in their details the mysterious relations of our mission and of yours, we resume our place. We are only ashes, dust, nothingness, sin; to you, honor, praise, virtue and glory belong: *tibi virtus, honor et gloria!*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The power of Our Lady at the hour of death.

It has ever been a holy custom with the saints and devout servants of God to piously invoke the Mother of Sorrows, who stood at the foot of the Cross and received the last sigh of her Divine Son, to assist them (and those for whom they offered their prayers) at the supreme hour of death. Many wonderful conversions have been obtained by such petitions. Permit us to relate one that came under our observation.

Among the crowd of wounded that was brought to a military hospital in the Mississippi Valley, after one of the bloody battles of the late war, was one whom all the surgeons declared could not live twenty-four hours. The poor man knew nothing of God, and seemed to care little for that eternity toward which he was fast hastening. The Sisters in the hospital in vain tried to produce some impression upon him, he ever turned a deaf ear to all they said; but they were not discouraged. Too often had they seen the wonderful effects of Mary's intercession and God's grace to be so easily repulsed, and in proportion to the near approach of death and the soldier's dislike to speak of the affairs of his soul, so did they redouble their prayers and devoutly recite their Beads of the Seven Dolours in their little chapel, beseeching the Mother of Sorrows to save his poor soul and enable him to love God through all eternity.

The next day the man was still alive, and, contrary to all expectations, remained in the same state for over two weeks; the surgeon in his daily visits expressed his astonishment to see him living, but the Sisters in their hearts felt that he must live until the waters of baptism should open for him the gates of Heaven, and so they redoubled their prayers for him to the Mother of Sorrows.

While he still lingered, a great flood in our Western rivers inundated all the lower floors of the hospital, and the patients who occupied them were obliged to be hastily removed, and sent to St. Louis, our soldier among the rest. The doctors observed, as he was carried out: "It is really most wonderful how that man can live in such a dreadful condition!" Several of the Sisters accompanied these poor wounded men to the St. Louis hospital. A few hours after the steamboat had left the wharf with its sad, heavy freight of human suffering, this soldier called to one of the Sisters who had watched over him so anxiously, and prayed for him, fervently recommending him to our Mother of Sorrows.

"Sister," said he, "I am dying, and I want you to baptize me." You may imagine her joy. He listened eagerly to what she told him was necessary to believe, and told her that from the first day at the hospital he would not listen to any thing the Sisters said because his father had made him promise when a boy never to become a Catholic, and he had feared to break his word, "but now," he continued, "I'll do just what you tell me is right." We all know what must have been the Sisters answer. She baptized him, and a few hours after, with the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips, he expired.

MAY.

Arise ye, O my brothers, for the dawning of the
morn

Calls us to the feast of flowers, of the joyous
spring-time born,

Heaven is smiling sweetly o'er us; earth, beneath
our gladsome tread,

Yields her wealth of floral jewels over vale and
upland spread.

Let us twine the brightest blossoms for our
Mother Mary's shrine,

From the woodland and the homestead whereso-
e'er their beauties shine;

Here the pure majestic lily with her chalices of
snow,

There the sweet and lowly violet doth her
choicest virtues show.

Then the rose, of all the fairest, we will twine
amidst our wreath,

And the fragile little harebell, and the many-
colored heath,—

Lend your beauty and your fragrance, O coy lily
of the vale,

Showing forth our Mother's sweetness, modest
flow'ret, fair and pale.

All the thousand blossoms round us, in their va-
ried form and hue,

Mirror forth the sweet perfections that her chil-
dren love to view—

As the little drops of ocean faintly image to our
sight,

In their tiny, changeful sparkle, all its glory and
its light.

But the welcome call is sounding from the sweet-
voiced belfry towers—

To our Holy Mother's altar go, ye lovely radiant
flowers;

Let your little perfumed censers, as ye nestle at
her feet,

Mingle with our loving worship, her Immaculate
to greet.

Devotion of Sailors to Mary, Star of the Sea.

CAUDEBEC AND GREENWICH.

One of the most favorite of the resorts of aged
seamen, after having passed a toilsome and weary
life on the stormy ocean, is the town of Caudebec,
in Normandy, situate on the banks of the Seine,
the river which flows through the French capital.
The gem of this town is the Church, which Henry
IV declared to be "the most beautiful chapel he
had ever seen." This church is a rich specimen
of French decorated gothic, and is covered with
beautiful sculpture, and delicate lace-like carving.
Its parapet is composed of letters, forming the
hymn "*Salve Regina*," and it is surmounted by a
lovely crocheted spire, which forms one of the
most striking objects seen by the traveler sailing
up the Seine. The chapel of our Blessed Lady,
in this Church, is dedicated to her under the in-
vocation of "*Star of the Sea*," and great is the de-
votion of the old sailors of Caudebec to their
sweet guide. Here, when tempestuous weather

threatens, they flock in crowds, to pray to her to
calm the waves; here come wives to pray for the
safe return of their husbands—mothers, to beg her
to guard their sons—and blushing maidens to
pray for the constancy and safety of their lovers.

No country in the world ever gave a nobler re-
treat to her old seaman than England. Situated
on the Thames, the river which flows past Lon-
don, stands Greenwich, and towering over the
domes of its splendid palace hospital, may be
seen a spire, with a crown-surmounted star, which
rises from the side of Greenwich park. The spire
belongs to the "Church of our Lady, Star of the
Sea," justly esteemed one of the most beautiful
of modern Churches erected after the style of old
merry Catholic England. It is also of the second
pointed, or decorated period, with a noble tower
and graceful spire, with a lovely figure of our
Lady, star-crowned, smiling sweetly down upon
all who enter her sanctuary, while amid rich fo-
liage, boldly stands forth many an "*Ave Maria
Stella*"—

"Hail! Queen of Heaven! the ocean Star?"

This Church is destined to be the house of
prayer for the Catholic seamen of England and
Ireland, who have fought Britannia's foes and
won the victory, and now are laid by to spend
the remainder of their days in working to secure
a safe and sure passage to the haven of their
hopes, through Mary's intercession:

"Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea!

Pray for the seamen, pray for me!"

Review of European Journals in Honor of the
Blessed Virgin.

LE ROSIER DE MARIE.

1. *Correspondence from Rome.*
2. *Association of Families Consecrated to the
Holy Family of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.*
The character of Saint Joseph is beautifully
portrayed as being in the design and by the
choice of God the head of the holy family. In
our next number we will give the translation of
this admirable article.
3. *The Glory of the Immaculate Mary—The fu-
ture Triumphs of the Church*, (continued). Mo-
tives for Hope. Motives for Hope in the Social
Order. The Depravity of Morals.
4. *The Month of St. Joseph*, (conclusion).
5. *Antiquity of Devotion to Mary*, (continued).
Evangelical Devotion. Mary honored by her Di-
vine Son.
6. *News from the Departments.*
7. *Historical account of the Sanctuary of St. Jo-
seph of Valence.*
8. *Foreign News.*
9. *Oriental Missions.*
10. *The Parterre of Jesus*, (poetry).
11. *Religious Record.*

IL GIARDINETTO DI MARIA.

1. *The Annunciation*, (a pastoral dialogue).
2. *Glories of Mary in the First and Second Ages
of the Church*, (continued).

In this number is commenced the list of the
Fathers and Doctors of the Church, whose writ-

ings and lives have praised the Mother of God. The first names given are St. Ignatius of Antioch, who is so eloquent on the subject of the divine maternity of Mary, and St. Denis the Areopagite, who had the happiness of seeing the Blessed Virgin. The appearance of Mary to this illustrious convert, the first time he saw her, caused him to write the following sentence, which has since become so celebrated: "The sight of Mary produced such an impression upon me that I would have taken her for a God, and adored her as such, if I had not known by faith that she was not God."

3. *Miraculous Image of the Greek Madonna at Ravenna.*

4. *Account of the Statue of our Lady of Fire.*

5. *Religious Record.*

IL SERTO DI MARIA.

1. *One Word more upon the First Paragraph, (continuation of the Refutation of Pantheism).* Absurd consequences which would result from the false principles upon which Pantheism rests.

2. *Glories of Mary in the Bible.* The Garden of Delights. Symbolism applied to Mary in the Moral and Mystical sense.

3. *A Lesson upon the Sad End of the Impious.*

4. *Poetry.*

5. *Eliza Desprez, or, Novel Reading, (continued).*

6. *Religious Record.*

THE VIRGIN.

1. *Lisette and the Virgin Mary; imitated from the German, by Father Cüenza.*

An idyl in strophes and prose, wherein is poetically depicted the piety of a young girl toward the Blessed Virgin.

2. *The Holy Mountain of Varallo; or the New Jerusalem Founded by Father Caimo.*

3. *Devotion of the Learned to the Blessed Virgin, (continued).* Bocacio, author of very obscene writings, finally converted. He himself attributed his return to God to the mercy of Mary, and proclaims it in famous satire on woman."

LE MESSENGER DU SACRE CŒUR DE JESUS.

A Monthly Bulletin of the Apostleship of Prayer.

1. *The Heart of Jesus.*

2. *The Friends of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.*

The life of Blessed Nicholas of Flue, the heroic Swiss patriot and servant of God, who defended his country with his arms, and saved it by his counsels. In turn, shepherd, soldier and statesman, engaged in the bonds of marriage, then a penitent and anchorite; he gave brilliant proof that religion accepts and purifies all the noble affections of life, and that no devotedness is strange to the heart that loves Jesus Christ.

3. *Progress of the Catholic Religion in England.*

4. *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.*

5. *Foreign Correspondence.*

6. *Conversions, Fruits and Progress of the Apostleship.* Chronicles of the Heart of Jesus.

7. *The Benediction of Pius IX.*

This striking incident has been repeated by so many Roman correspondents that we cannot refrain from giving it in detail to our readers.

"It is rumored and believed in Rome that a miracle has just been operated by the prayers of Pius IX,—the instantaneous cure of the princess Sophia Odescalchi. The princess, who is one of the most pious and charitable ladies of Rome, suffered from a most complicated and dangerous sickness. The medical faculty were unanimous in their opinion that she could not possibly live. When her agony commenced, her friends sent to the Holy Father to ask for her the benediction *in articulo mortis*. Pius IX immediately knelt down to pray for her, and the effect of his prayers was instantaneous and wonderful; the princess, in the midst of the general stupefaction, arose, dressed herself and walked to the Church of the Holy Apostles, opposite to her palace, in order to return thanks to God; then, without any delay, accompanied by her husband, she repaired to the Vatican, in order to thank the Pope for the striking miracle, which she attributed entirely to him. The Princess Odescalchi is greatly esteemed by His Holiness on account of her eminent virtues, and her boundless devotedness to the Holy See. We may, therefore, imagine the joy of Pius IX on seeing her. The princess relates that during the sleep which preceded her miraculous cure, she saw the Pope approach and touch her, saying to her, 'Arise.'"

Saint Francis of Sales Talent for Encouraging.

In 1609, on the 30th of August, I was consecrated, in the Cathedral of Belley, by our Saint, having previously obtained a dispensation, which was granted me by the Pope on account of the destitute condition of the church, which had been for four years deprived of a Bishop, caused me considerable uneasiness, and I manifested my scruple to the blessed director of my soul, who comforted and strengthened me by the following reasons: "The necessity of the Diocese, the favorable testimony of so many persons of piety and learning, the opinion of the great Henry, and, in, fine, the order of His Holiness,—after these you ought not to look behind you, but, according to the advice of the Apostles, endeavor to stretch forward to that which is before you. You have come to the vineyard at the first hour of your day. Be careful not to labor so slothfully that those who come at the last surpass you, both in labor and reward."

One day I said to him: "Father, although I deem you very holy and very exemplary, nevertheless you have been guilty of the fault of having consecrated me too soon." He replied: "It is true I am guilty of that sin, and I fear God will not forgive it me, for up to the present hour I have not repented of it; but I conjure you, by the charity of our common Master, to live in such a manner that you may cause me never to regret the deed. I have frequently assisted at the consecration of other Bishops, but I never consecrated any one but you; you are my unique—my apprenticeship and my master-piece. Keep up your courage, God will help us; He is our aid and our salvation, what have we to fear? He is the protector of our lives, what have we to dread?"

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 13, 1865.

No. 2

DEVOTION TO MARY.

[We take pleasure in offering to the readers of the AVE MARIA almost an entire chapter from the valuable addition made to Orsini's Life of the Blessed Virgin, by Rev. X. D. Macleod. We have a two-fold object in giving this interesting chapter. First, we wish to draw the attention of Catholics to this exquisite edition of the Life of the Blessed Virgin. Too much praise cannot be given the author for his zeal in collecting the accounts of "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America." It is the only record of the kind ever given to American Catholics, consequently it should be read by all; but the elegant and necessarily expensive style in which the volume is issued from the press, prevents it from being accessible to the multitude; we shall, therefore, endeavor to make all familiar with the work by frequently giving extracts from it in the columns of the AVE MARIA. Second, it embodies, to the letter, *our idea*, which is not only to exhibit our Blessed Mother as we know she is, "all fairness and perfection," not only to fill the mind with love for her, but to go one step further and to *pray to her*,—at the end of the chapter we will define our ground, and say for *what* we desire her clients to pray.]

A history of the devotion to Blessed Mary is after all but a chapter of Church history. Where the Church goes, there goes the devotion; they grow together, they stand or fall together. There is no possible separation of Mary and the Church. The Mother of the Bridegroom is the Mother of the Mystical Bride. But still every century can furnish new illustrations; every generation of men will find novel expressions of the perpetual idea, and the accumulation of such illustrations and expressions will constitute each age's history of the devotion.

For instance, the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God is an old and endless truth; but its dogmatic definition by the glorious Pontiff who now wears the signet of the Fisherman, is a part of the history of this century. Note now the example of this fact, in our little book here. On pages 609 and 612 you have descriptions of two churches of the Immaculate Conception in North America, as early as 1666 and 1675; on page 564 you have the life of the heroic discoverer of the Northern Mississippi, a life wholly given to the worship of this sublime mystery from early childhood. And in the sketch of the oblates of Mary Immaculate, the Mariasts, and other new

Orders, you have to-day's manner of expressing the old idea. The historic truth stands immutable, and even the utterance of it by the varying generations is less remarkable for variety than for religious fervor and consistency.

So then, the collation of such facts as church dedications, founding of Orders, sayings of men; acts of men and women, directly referring themselves to Mary, make up, with the known devotion of all Catholics, what we have to offer as our best attempt at a History of the Devotion in North America. But there is something else to be added. Not merely what is peculiar to North America makes it history, but that also which it has in common with the rest of the Catholic world. The extreme proportion of Churches which seek the benediction of Mary's name, is more remarkable by its publicity, but not by its popularity, than the Sodalties, Confraternities, medal-wearing, saying of Rosaries, and other devout forms of showing love for the Mother of God. We have already alluded to the, so far as we know, *universality* among all classes of Catholics, of carrying, and, we naturally presume, of *saying* the beads. Furthermore, not to judge, but simply to offer an individual observation, it is the American, and not the old Catholic emigrant, who is most prone to this devotion. Catholics of the oldest European fidelities, will say to you, when you speak of the beads: "Oh, I can read." Americans of two centuries of American-born, educated ancestors, of names world-revered in science and art, show what Protestants would call a superstition about saying their chaplet. Generals and admirals, shipping merchants of New York, prominent lawyers, favorite and most successful physicians, known to this writer as fervently particular about that simplest, most child-like and sweetest of devotions to our gentle Mother. Of course, in these remarks we do not speak of converts to the faith, for the zeal of a convert is generally excessive.

Another point is the observable piety during the month of May—the month of Mary. There is scarcely a missionary parish so small as not to celebrate it. Every cathedral, college, chapel, parish, church, and convent chapel, has an altar especially decorated for those thirty-one days. The month is opened and closed by especial solemnities. A preacher is audible at least once a week; the sunset devotions are nearly invariable throughout the land, and the large number of worshipers is surprising. The immense majority of Catholics wear the scapular; you will, with

difficulty, find here and there one without the medal of the Immaculate Conception.

Then, again, many thousands belong to an Association, established in 1858, lately approved by the Sovereign Pontiff, and recommended by several Prelates, which has for its object the conversion of souls; an object so holy that the Eternal Son of God became man, and remained on earth thirty-three years, to seek the strayed sheep and redeem them with His Precious Blood. How consoling for us to be able, by means of prayer and other good works, to co-operate with God in the salvation of souls—the most divine, as Saint Denis calls it, of all employments. Saint Chrysostom assures us that there is nothing more pleasing to God than the salvation of souls. "Though your riches should be ever so great," says he, "yet, by converting one soul, you would do far more than by giving all you have to the poor."

Now, to co-operate in this glorious work, prayer is one of the most efficacious means. "Pray for one another, that you may be saved; for the continual prayer of a just man availeth much. (Saint James, v, 16).

"There is nothing more powerful than a man who prays, because such a one is made partaker of the power of God." (Saint Chrysostom).

The members are most earnestly recommended to offer up frequently their good works for the end of the Association; and also for the conversion of some of their friends, chiefly for those already favorably disposed. It is much to be desired that the members prepare themselves for the reception of the Sacraments on all those Festivals on which a plenary indulgence is granted. When any member dies, he shall be recommended to the prayers of the Association in the place where he resided; and every member there residing shall say three times "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," for the repose of the deceased. All priests, members of the Association, are requested to say two Masses a year, one for the deceased members, and the other for the conversion of America.

PRAYERS FOR THE CONVERSION OF AMERICA.

First Prayer, with indulgence.—"Almighty and Eternal God, who wishesth to save all, and wilt have none to perish, have regard to those souls who are led astray by the deceits of the devil, that the hearts of those who err, rejecting all errors, may be converted, and return to the Unity of Thy Truth, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Second Prayer.—Memorare. (300 day's indulgence every time, if said with contrite heart).

"Remember, Mary, tenderest hearted Virgin, how from of old the ear hath never heard that he who ran to thee for refuge, implored thy help, and sought thy prayers, was forsaken of God. Virgin of virgins, Mother, emboldened by this confidence, I fly to thee; to thee I come, and in thy presence, I, a weeping sinner stand, Mother of the Word Incarnate, Oh, cast not away my prayer; but, in thy pity, hear and answer me. Amen."

"O Mary, Mother of Mercy, Help of Christians, Refuge of Sinners, lest I perish, take upon thyself the care of my salvation, and the salva-

tion of all those in whose behalf I implore thy powerful mediation, in order that all may be brought to the One True Fold, in which Jesus Christ, thy Son, wishes us all to live and die. Amen."

"O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for the conversion of this country."

"Queen of Apostles, conceived without sin, pray the Lord of the harvest, that He send laborers into His harvest." "Our Father," "Hail Mary," "Glory be to the Father," etc.

To become a member of the Association, nothing more is required than to have the name registered in a book by a priest of the Diocese in which it is established, and to say daily, in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, for the conversion of America, one "Hail Mary," with this ejaculation: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for the conversion of this country." No special meeting is requisite; but it will be sufficient, wherever the Association is established, that the prayers appointed by the Archbishop, or Bishop of the Diocese, be said by the pastor, either immediately before or after high Mass, vespers, or any public service on Sundays. It is most ardently desired that once every month, every member go to confession and Communion, for the conversion of America. Should, however, any member receive the Holy Sacraments monthly in compliance with the regulations of any other Society or Confraternity, he may by such reception, comply with the rule, by adding the intention of the Association to the intention or intentions he may have already formed.

A plenary indulgence has been granted, 1st. On the day of admission. 2nd. On the 16th of May, the day on which the association was established. 3rd. Once a month, to those who confess and receive Holy Communion. 4th. On the Nativity of our Lord, the feast of Saint Joseph, (19th of March), on the feasts of the Purification, Annunciation, Assumption, Nativity, and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. One hundred days indulgence to members who assist at the weekly meetings, provided they say the prayers appointed by the Archbishop or Bishop of the Diocese. The prayers of the Diocese of Cincinnati are three "Hail Mary's." One hundred days indulgence in the Archdiocese of Cincinnati only, are granted to those who bring a member into the association; and a hundred days to those who say the ejaculatory prayer: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for the conversion of this country." The propagation of this good work is most earnestly recommended to the zeal of every one, and especially to those charged with the care of souls.

We do not know positively but that the discouragement of writers who might furnish American books of devotion, may be from the zeal for her honor in the hearts of older and better informed Catholics. It may be from a spirit of nationality; it may be from the wisdom attained by authority; it may be from charity, lest the humility of the Christian should be injured by some notice of

the writer; but the consistent discouragement, although generally negative, is a fact. And, so far as I know, this is a fact: that, while prayer, praise, alms, private feeling, public religious honor, are faithful in acts of devotion to Mary, art is most silent of all forms of expression.

But for all that, the land is Mary's. Why shall I not advance thus modestly her claim to it, when nations have battled and are battling for it?

Who then has the true claim to the ownership of North America? The red Indian steps noiselessly forward and says: "It is I! For ages immemorial my fathers fished these waters, or struck down the game in these yet undesecrated forests." But all the strong officers of civilization, all the remorseless, onward-sweeping children of the Caucasus, laugh at the savage, and he steps backward and disappears, haughty, mindful, and silent, as he came. "I claim the land," saith the Spaniard; "I, who redeemed those Southern pampas, and first taught the Gulf and the lagoon the sounds of Christian praise." "It is mine," says the fiery Gaul. "The snow-wastes of Canada were crimsoned with French blood; it was a French sword which tamed the fierce Iroquois, and tribes of every tongue, the roaming Algonquin, from the mighty ocean to the mysterious great lakes." "The land is mine," says the English Puritan from Berks or Huntingdon; or the English Cavalier from Derbyshire, York, and Cumberland. The Highlander, in gutturals deep as those with which he turned away from the red, red field of Culloden, demands at least the mountains of the Carolinas and Georgia, the cold coasts of Nova Scotia, and part of the shores of St. Lawrence. The later immigration puts in no feeble demand; the Irishman and the German assert, if not a freehold title, at least, a very strong claim to the improvements.

But we cannot grant to any one of these the fullness of his claim. Wherever they are found as agents acting subversively to the fullness of our own claim; wherever they shall seem to have advanced and aided that, we will give them the praise of worthy servants. Where they have retarded it, we will debar their asserted right, asking our own by a higher power and in a loftier name than theirs.

Reverence, then, for the silent Indian! Though the brick-built city stands where the forest once echoed to the war-cry of his fathers,—though his red skin fades fast, off westward, like the glories of the sunset till the pale twilight bids them sink in the Pacific,—bids the Indian sink there until God's judgment day shall put the pale-face, eye to eye with his victim,—reverence, deep as justice, mute as himself, for the olden lord of this land! Honor to the swarthy Iberian, who planted the yellow standard of Castile on the shores of the Mexican Gulf; honor to the chivalric Frank who swung the lilies out to the icy air of Canada; honor to the broad-chested Briton, for he named his first town St. Mary's; honor to the sinewy son of the green old Island of Erin; honor to the patient toiler who came singing harmonious choruses, from the arrowy rush of the Rhine,—but glory

supreme to the Lord of Hosts from whom all blessings are! For whom and for His Mother, we claim as Theirs by right of first discovery and seizure, this North American Continent.—Glory to God, the Eternal, and honor perpetual to Immaculate Mary.

We have seen in 1600, the noble Champlain declaring to his king, that the salvation of one soul was worth more than the conquest of an Empire. Thirty years later we watched the works of the Ursuline and Hospital Sister of Charity. We have learned not to be surprised that the first far Northern names, which the sailor learns is Saint Mary's Isle, Saint Mary's Bay, Saint Mary's River. We know that the first town built there was Ville Marie, or Mary's City; that the first grant of land from the Due de Ventadour, was the Seigneurie of Our Lady of Angels. And, therefore, we are prepared to pass westward by Joseph's Isle and Mary's Lake, and Stations of Assumption and Annunciation to that grand river now known by its Indian name Mississippi, but called by the Christian discover, Immaculate Conception.

Let us make the sign of the Cross over North America, the land of the Holy Cross; let us make the United Cross of Saint Andrew and Saint George. Begin with Saint Andrew from Northwest to Southeast. Your line will start from the Oregon Archbishopric; and, illustrated by the names of Badin, Bruté, Henni, Blanchet, Demers, De Smet, will pass through the old and new Carolina Missions of Saint Augustin and Pensacola, where the first grand statue of Our Lady was erected by the Spaniards of old, on to the sources of Saint Mary's river in green Florida. Then the transecting line shall leave the coasts of Labrador and pass through Mary's City, Montreal, to Loretto, on the Gulf of California, or through the land of Our Lady of Guadalupe to the Mission of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the Vineyard of God, on the edge of the blue Pacific.

Then draw the Latin Cross. Take upon the map, for the downward stroke, the source of the Mississippi, from its very head-waters, from Slave Lake and the chill-blue waters of Athabaska, where Bishop Tasché and his oblates of Mary have their central Mission of the Immaculate Conception. Thence down the yet clear waters, until we meet, stealing out from the reeds of two centuries ago, at the mouth of the Illinois, the birch-bark canoe of Father Marquette. Sail with him down Red river in Arkansas, while he consecrates every stretch of the Father of Waters, by Mass on shore, by the divine office, by beads and litanies and chanted hymns to the mystery he had sworn to honor. Then for the cross line leave the old Spanish Missions on the Pacific, pass through the territory of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and reach that cradle of the Church of the Northern States, which we call Baltimore, and which Baltimore called Saint Mary's.

This beautiful chapter embodies to the letter, one of our most cherished ideas, namely: to unite pious souls in prayer. In union is strength, or as we say now-a-days, is power. It is the same thought that pervades our opening article in the first num-

ber of the AVE MARIA, from the pen of the venerable Bishop of Buffalo. We therefore gladly take this opportunity to congratulate our fervent associates who, since 1858, pray for the conversion of America. We love to think that they zealously fulfill the few and easy conditions of their admission. We say *our* associates, for as early as 1853, we had the same association established at Notre Dame. But upon hearing of the wonders which the apostleship of prayer was working in Europe, we entered into communication with its pious founder, and with our Rt. Rev. Bishop's permission, we merged our little association into the great army of fervent souls praying for the conversion of the world, making however, the *conversion of America* our first object, our first intention.

Nearly a year has elapsed since we received from its pious founder, Rev. H. Ramière, S. J., a number of Diplomas of Association for the Apostleship of Prayer, with a long letter urging us to establish it among and around us, but we postponed until we had a regular medium not only to make it known, but to keep it before the associates.

We will be happy to distribute the diplomas already signed by Father Ramière, and to propagate this admirable Apostleship of Prayer. All it requires is the permission of the Ordinary.

We copy the following article on the Apostleship of Prayer, from the *Dublin Review*, January, 1865.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER: a Holy League of Christian hearts united with the Heart of Jesus, to obtain the Triumph of the Church and the Salvation of Souls; preceded by a Brief of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX. By the Rev. H. Ramière, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the latest French edition.

It is now twenty years since this "league of Christian hearts" was first formed in a religious seminary, in order to assist, by united intercession, in the conversion of souls and the promotion of Christ's Kingdom. For some time the Association was little known, being almost confined to religious communities. Within the last few years, however, it has been rapidly and widely extended, owing much to an improved organization, to the spiritual privileges conferred upon it, and to its being made known through a monthly periodical, *Le Messager du Sacré Cœur*. It is now spread through the whole Church, and in every quarter of the world. In the first six months of the year 1864, half a million of certificates of association were distributed beyond the limits of France.

The treatise now translated has doubtless contributed much to this great development. Its circulation has been extensive. Three large editions have been sold almost as soon as published; it is from the fourth and most complete edition that the English translation has been made. It has also been translated into the German and Italian.

The design of the treatise is simple and unpretending, but, in the hands of a writer of philosophical mind, deeply imbued with Catholic theology, it has assumed the character of a complete and solid work on intercessory prayer. Father

Ramière was not content without treating the subject thoroughly, and grounding the sentiments and practices he recommends, on a basis of sound reasoning and Catholic dogma.

In a very valuable and thoughtful Introduction, he dwells on that great mystery, the actual spiritual condition of the world, as contrasted with the known will of God and the infinite efficacy of the Saviour's Passion. How is this seeming contradiction to be accounted for? An answer sufficient to silence our objections is, indeed, supplied by the consideration of the unsearchableness of God's judgments. But there is another, which is, at least, the true practical answer, suggested by the words of the Apostle which form the ground-work of the treatise. Saint Paul desires that Christians should pray for all men, and gives, as a reason for their doing so, that God wills the salvation of all, and that Christ died for all. That is, God has made the carrying out of His own work dependent on our co-operation. This, indeed, is but in accordance with a law that pervades the whole of His dispensations of nature and grace. God would have all men to be saved, but their salvation is to be brought about by the instrumentality of His Church; not only by the Apostolic ministry and Sacraments, but by means which are within the reach of all, and in which all ought to take a part—prayer.

On this foundation the treatise proceeds: showing first the assured efficacy of the Apostleship of Prayer from the power of intercession, especially as connected with the doctrine of grace and the promises of Christ; from the influence of association in the supernatural, as well as the natural order; and especially from the power obtained by union with the Heart of Jesus. A second part treats of the advantages of such united prayer to the individuals who practice it, to the Church, and to the world, the peculiar need for it which exists at the present time. The mode of carrying out these principles, in our devotions and by the intention given to all the actions of our daily life, with some account of the organization of this particular Association, concludes the work.

Two features strike us particularly in this work: its thoroughly dogmatic character, and the tone of confident hope which pervades it. As a specimen of the former, we would refer to the manner in which the doctrine of our union with Christ is treated: His dwelling in us and making Himself one with us by the Blessed Sacrament, so that our prayers are His prayers, while the Holy Spirit ever prays and intercedes in us. The questions of the efficacy of the prayers of those who are not in a state of grace, and of the causes of the inefficacy of our prayers, whether existing in ourselves, or in those for whom we pray, are also treated with great theological exactness. But this dogmatic character is combined with a most practical and devout spirit. The treatise recalls those words of Father Faber, where he speaks of "certain sunniness and light-heartedness observable in those who devote themselves to intercession." The hopefulness of the author with

respect to the future of the Church is in entire accordance with faith in the unlimited power of prayer. His views on this subject have been developed more at large in an important treatise on the hopes of the Church.

We will not venture to cite the letter of the Abbé Gratry in recommendation of the Apostleship of Prayer, lest, as he himself fears, his expressions of admiration should seem exaggerated. But we concur in the substance of his judgment, as to the great value of the work, its appropriateness at the present time, its comprehensive reasoning, and its theological solidity.

The Love of Poverty.

Piety, which is content with sufficiency, is a great revenue, say the Scriptures. Saint Francis of Sales was satisfied with the little that remained to him of the income of his Bishopric.

"Are not twelve hundred crowns a large amount, and very considerable remnants? The Apostles, who were far better Bishops than we, had not so much. We do not deserve to be so liberally paid in the service of God. Would to God that we were deprived of this remnant of revenue, and that the Catholic religion had as many entrances into Geneva as at Rochelle; that we had there a little chapel, as in the latter place (this was several years before it was taken), then would our holy religion rapidly extend itself. The people are better disposed than is supposed. Reason of State, under the cloak of an imaginary Liberty, reigns there more than Reason of Religion."

He resided at Annecy, in a fine large house which he rented. His chief apartment was very elegant, but he had a small dark room in which he slept; this he called Francis' room, and the former, in which he received visitors, the chamber of the Bishop. This reminds one of Saint Charles Borromeo, who, in imitation of Judith, had a small cell in the attic of his palace. Here he prayed, and slept on straw, calling this cell the room of Charles, and the audience-room the apartment of the Cardinal.

He told me one day, showing me a garment that had been made for him, and which he wore under his cassock: "My servants work little miracles; for out of an old gown they have wrought a new garment. See how fine they have made me!" "This miracle," said I, "surpasses that of the children of Israel, whose garments did not wear out during the forty years of their stay in the desert. Your servants change old ones into new."

Sometimes his treasurer complained he had no money. "Do not be displeased at this," he would say, "since we are more conformable to our Divine Master, who had not a stone on which to rest His head."

"But," retorted the poor steward, "where am I to find funds?"

"My son," replied the holy Bishop, "we must economize."

"Truly," said the other, "it is high time to economize when there is nothing left."

"You do not understand me. I mean we must

sell or pawn some article of furniture to live. Is not that, my friend, living on economy?"

I often wondered how he could maintain an establishment like his with so little income;

"It is God," said he, "who multiplies the five loaves." As I pressed him to tell me in what way: "It would no longer be a miracle if it could be explained," replied he, in his usual gracious manner. "Are we not truly blessed thus to live by miracle! It is the mercy of God, if we are not consumed."

"You destroy my prudence," said I, "in referring me to that source."

"You see," resumed he, "riches are real thorns, as the Gospel teaches; they wound in a thousand ways whilst acquiring them, cause still more disquietude to preserve or to spend them, and a thousand regrets when we lose them. In truth, we are only farmers and stewards, particularly if the goods belong to the Church and are the patrimony of the poor; the important point is to find faithful stewards. Having wherewith to live and to clothe ourselves, what can we desire more? *Quod amplius est, a malo est.* To be candid with you, I know very well what I will do. My pieces are cut rather short. Had I more, I might have some anxiety as to their proper employment. Am I not happy to be able to live like a little child, without any earthly solicitude? "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." He who has most, greater will be the account he will have to render."

To Our Blessed Lady.

Mother of Mercy, day by day

My love of thee grows more and more;

Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,

Like sands upon the great sea shore.

Though poverty and work and woe,

The masters of my life may be,

When times are worst, who dost not know

Darkness is light with love of thee?

But scornful men have coldly said

Thy love was leading me from God;

And yet in this I did but tread

The very path my Saviour trod.

They know but little of thy worth

Who speak these heartless words to me;

For what did Jesus love on earth

One-half so tenderly as thee?

Get me the grace to love thee more,

Jesus will give if thou wilt plead.

And Mother! when life's cares are o'er,

Oh, I shall love thee then indeed!

Jesus, when His three hours were run,

Bequeath'd thee from His Cross to me;

And Oh, how can I love thy Son,

Sweet Mother, if I love not thee?

SUFFER me not to judge according to the sight of the outward eyes, nor to give sentence according to the hearing of the ears of men, that know not what they are about; but to determine both of visible and spiritual matters with true judgment, and above all things over to seek thy good will and pleasure.

"Incepe, parve puer, risu Cognoscere Matrem."

Every Latin scholar knows by heart this beautiful verse, and readily pronounces it one of the happiest lines of the immortal poet. The picture it presents is one of exquisite beauty; it depicts nature herself to perfection in one of her loveliest moods. We see the young babe recognizing its mother by her smile, or, as the text also admits, testifying by its own smile that it acknowledges and knows its mother. "Begin, sweet boy, to acknowledge thy mother by smiling upon her."

Will not the Christian parent be allowed to transfer the same scene to a loftier stage, where a mysterious and far more entrancing recognition takes place, and unites in an unspeakable embrace, a frail child of sorrow to his heavenly Mother,—a Mother whom generations have called Blessed, nay, the Mother of God Himself!

Thus sang the poet of Mantua: "Begin, sweet boy, to recognize thy mother by her own smile." In nature, such is the first dawn of reason, when the babe begins to recognize its mother. The teachings of our holy faith allow the same process. Hence, how important for those dear little ones, whom Jesus so tenderly loved, early to commence their life of faith and grace!

Would to God they were all favored with the means to know first of all their glorious Mother by her own smile; to know her as she is full of grace and perfection, loving and devoted beyond all conception! How enrapturing the smile of such a Mother upon the innocent, the artless, the evangelical soul of a child! Oh, Christian mothers, did you but know, or rather, did you not forget what may be the result of a first image, or of a first sentiment on your child's memory, how solicitous your own tenderness would make you in shielding your darling from even a shadow of peril! See how admirably nature has fitted you to protect his frail existence of a day against all imaginable dangers. Will not your faith enable you to do at least as much for his immortal soul? But you sometimes forget that on your knees you form the man; you forget that under that beautiful little form lies concealed a heaven-born soul, far more deserving your care and devotedness. That child whom you press to your bosom, has another Mother in Heaven, who also loves him, and yet, you allow your claims to be set aside, and the result of this is, that even in a Christian family, far from *beginning* by the recognition of his glorious Mother *as she is*, he will for years see her and hear her reviled, mocked and despised. * * * Poor earthly mother, how much you will regret the chance you lost! Tardy tears will scarcely wipe away those baneful impressions. They were the first, and there they will remain, unless a miracle takes place, until life departs.

When we first thought of the AVE MARIA, we expected comparatively but little from its influence on the present generation. God alone can change the heart of man. But our most sanguine hopes rested upon the little ones to whom we desired to offer the best means of preservation we knew. Our first ambition was to see the messenger of Mary in the spotless hands of children;

to know that it was read by pure eyes, heard by chaste ears, and its sweet teachings treasured in hearts as yet unpolluted, nay, the living tabernacles of the Holy Ghost. We fancied that many a pious mother, having at heart the salvation of her child, would rejoice at the appearance of the AVE MARIA in her family as a token of benediction, peace and security against all dangers. We fancied that as soon as the child could read, he would find the messenger of Mary coming in his own name, and therefore claiming the first fruits of his learning. We imagined that we saw the child growing in years and in virtue, and making his AVE MARIA the daily companion, the mentor, the treasure of his youth. Was all this a dream, or a just appreciation of a Christian mother's true character?

But even if we are forced to admit that many disregard or ignore their responsibilities as parents, we must not, on this account, despair of society; it is written that, even should a mother forsake her child, God would not forsake His people. In the actual state of society, we see this loving declaration receiving every day a progressive fulfillment; more generally, indeed, than in any previous age. Parents place their children, at an early age, in schools, and when they have made a conscientious choice of an institution of learning, they rest in peace, fully convinced that their religious training is in safe hands,—perhaps even more so than in their own. Hence a transfer of responsibilities from parents to those whom they invest with their rights and duties. To these, therefore the above remarks apply with as much force as to parents themselves.

We would delight to dwell a while upon the other version of our poetic text, had we not already rested so long upon the first.

A mother, perceiving for the first time, by the smile of her babe, that it recognizes her, is a sweet tableau. "Begin, Oh little boy, to acknowledge thy mother by thy smile."

Among human joys, we imagine none that can fill the human heart more delightfully than the one to which we have just alluded. But it is not for us to attempt a description of sentiments which probably no language can adequately express. We can give a more correct idea of what we mean by an example which will be found equally interesting and to the point.

In the summer of 1863, immediately after "the annual distribution of our premiums," a little boy, whose name we do not feel at liberty to publish, left Notre Dame, where he had spent one year, and in company with his mother, sister, and youngest brother, went down to the camp near Vicksburg, where his father, General —, was vigorously pushing the siege of the city. Soon after the fall of Vicksburg, the child fell sick, and after an illness of two weeks grew worse and died. He had not yet completed his ninth year, and upon him had already been centered all the affections of his illustrious father. Although the impression made upon the General by this heavy blow, was no secret, yet very few, probably, knew to what an extent it preyed upon him.

More than a year after the sad event, a letter, written by the General himself, in perfect intimacy, was kindly handed us for perusal. A more touching monument of parental love we have never seen. It was all on the loss of his dear boy, whose image was not even dimmed in his memory either by time or by the absorbing care of a great army, or the fatigues of incessant engagements with the enemy, or even by the brilliancy of his great exploits. We read the letter with deep emotion, and tears filled our eyes at the words, "I would give all my fame and all I possess, for one smile from Willy.*

Brave hero! history will tell remote generations your unparalleled achievements, and place upon your brow the wreath of glory which the heart of a nation has awarded you. Let this hidden gem adorn it; time will never dim its éclat. And we fervently pray that when your noble career shall close upon earth, you may meet the smile of your dear little angel above.

We most cordially thank the illustrious General for so touchingly expressing such noble sentiments, not only because it makes their author an honor to humanity, but because it has aided us not a little to form an estimate of the love which must be overflowing in the heart of Mary for every one of us.

If a warrior, admits the horrors of war, like ours, where for years he has battled for our nation, and where victory has crowned his every step, values above all fame and all glory, the smile of his child, may we not judge of the delight which the heart of our Heavenly Mother will realize from the smile of her beloved children?

Hasten then, Oh dear children, hasten to cheer your Mother's heart by your own smile. Hitherto, perhaps, she has been anxiously waiting for a sign of recognition; and up to the present she has not received it. Perhaps many do not even know what it is to smile, from their dreary and sorrowful path in a life of exile. The smile she loves above all, is to see her Divine Son acknowledged, adored, and served with devotedness and unfaltering fidelity. The next is, to see her children turn and run to her in all their wants and dangers and sorrows; to see them strive for her maternal protection by the reproduction of her own virtues; to behold their desires and their earnest efforts to procure her glory; from such loving children every step is a smile, bringing joy to the heart of the best of Mothers.

Happy indeed the parents and teachers who direct the first attention of their beloved ones to these saving doctrines; we say saving, for such they are; even if they are for a while forgotten, they can scarcely ever be lost. Youth may deviate, but, as Count de Maistre has so well expressed it, they may describe a curve, but "*une courbe rentrante*."

In the article on the next page, the great Bishop of Orleans furnishes us with a most interesting

proof of this *courbe rentrante*, even after the tangent had gone far, far away from the curve; the grace of early impressions, the power of the *Patet* and the *Ave Maria*, flashed across more than half a century, and brought it back to its center, the Holy Catholic Church.

Sacrifice of Human Respect.

In the year 1649, some soldiers who were quartered at Novian, in France, having drunk to excess, began to gamble. One of them, losing heavily, suddenly rose in a rage, and seeing an image of the holy Virgin near by, he turned upon it, as though it had been the cause of his losses, and struck it several blows, uttering the most horrible blasphemies. Scarcely had he done so when he fell to the floor, convulsed with such violent torture, that for four or five days he could take no nourishment. The troops being ordered to march, the wretched soldier was fastened on a horse, that he might go with the rest; but it was afterward known that, having thrown himself down in his torments, he died on the road, biting the ground and foaming with rage. Two years after the event, a missionary persuaded the inhabitants to repair the horrible sacrilege; but when the procession arrived at the place of profanation, no one presented himself to carry the holy image, although the pastor made signs to several persons to fill that office. The Marquis of Novian, indignant at such coolness for the service of the Queen of Heaven, was moved interiorly to take the image himself; and although the spirit of vanity, and the fear of appearing simple in the eyes of the world, made him shrink from doing so, he, nevertheless, bore it to the chapel of the castle, where it was honorably placed; that triumph obtained over human respect, was followed, as the Marquis himself confessed, by an abundance of extraordinary graces. He was converted, became a Religious, and died in the odor of sanctity, a model of devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

The Just Man.

The just man, like Saint Joseph the foster-father of Christ upon earth, flourishes in splendor like the palm tree, and raises his majestic head to heaven like the lofty cedar of Libanus. He has within him impulses too celestial to permit him to be deceived by the flowery pæans sung to immorality, by the praises, enriched with a halo of romance, which the world lavishes on pride; he has within him strength of God and power of grace to withstand temptation, and though in the midst of where sin is taught and iniquity abounds, with God dwelling in his bosom, the meek and faithful follower of Joseph stands up a noble hero.

He knows his origin, and he is not proud; he knows that man was made for God, and he is just; he knows that man is weakness of intellect and will as to his immortal soul, dust and ashes as to his body. Emphatic words are these written on every grave, "dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return." "Why is dust and ashes proud?"

* We regret that circumstances beyond our control have prevented us from completing a short biography we are preparing for our "Dear little Willy." But we hope before long to give it to the public, as an accomplished model for young children.

The Power of the Pater and Ave Maria.

Extract from an instruction to the Pontifical Zouaves.

In 1836, while connected with the Church of Saint Roch, I was for a long time engaged in giving catechetical instruction to the children; not only the ordinary catechism, but what we called, and what is still called, catechism of perseverance, at which young persons of both sexes attended until their marriage. One day I was called upon to solemnize the marriage of one of these young persons, who was very pious; she had most assiduously followed our instructions until the hour of this great engagement; her betrothed was a practical Catholic, so that it was one of those marriages which we can bless with hope and consolation.

Ordinarily an exhortation is given on these occasions; I said a few words according to the custom, and I still remember that while speaking I had a distraction; it was caused by a tall man, at least six feet high, who stood erect while every one else was seated, looking at me with a fixed, intense gaze, and as he was one of the first witnesses at the ceremony, he stood scarcely three steps from me. This proximity, his great height, his original manner, and his fixed look, had, as you may readily understand, attracted my attention, for a moment, and then I cast the impression aside. After the ceremony all retired, and I thought all was finished; far from it. At five o'clock the next morning my bell was rung by the bridegroom, who came in great haste to summon me to a dying man, his uncle, the same tall man who had so singularly distracted me the previous evening. He was quite aged, seventy-four years old; he had taken cold at the wedding ceremony, and the physician declared that he could not live. I started immediately, and as we went along the street I asked, "Was your uncle a good Christian?" "He was a good man, but we fear that he has greatly neglected his religious duties." "Has he any idea of his dangerous condition?" "Yes, he is fully sensible of it." "Does he wish to see me?" "Yes, when we saw that he was struck by death, we asked him if he would not like to see a priest, and he did not refuse. After a moment he said, 'bring me the one I heard yesterday; he pleased me, and he will arrange my affairs.'"

The bridegroom also informed me that his uncle had come from the country to attend his wedding, and he was then at a hotel in a cross street. (I have never since passed that hotel without emotion). We entered, and I was left alone with him. Before me lay this poor old man dying. I approached, and he immediately held out his hand. There was something very frank and noble in his manner. "I am going to die," he said, "and I wish to do whatever is done at such a time. I am seventy-four years old, and for sixty years I have not been to confession. At fourteen I enlisted; I have been in all the wars of the Revolution and the Empire; I never thought of God during all that time, and I know not why. I now feel that I ought not to leave

the world before being reconciled to Him, just as if I had always known Him." Touched by his frankness and his extraordinarily sincere expression, I replied, "I will aid you to know Him, and God will aid us; such things are easy for those of an upright, candid heart." But it was not so very easy after all, as you will readily perceive. When, by the assistance of many questions, I had finished his confession for him, "Now," I said, "I'll give you a penance." "A penance," he replied, looking intently at me, "What is that. I have not the least idea of it." And in truth he had not the first idea of religion, of the Sacrament of Penance, or of any other Sacrament. * * * A poor dying man, whose hairs were bleached by the snow of almost four-score winters, was passing from earth without having a single idea of Christianity; merely an instinct prompted him to wish for a reconciliation with God before his death.

I explained the meaning of penance, and said: "You suffer very much; offer your suffering to our Blessed Lord, and that will enable me to give you an easy penance; you need only say the *Our Father* and the *Hail Mary*." He looked at me for a moment with the most intent and piercing gaze, for although so exhausted by age and sickness, he had a most extraordinary energy in his eye, and then said, "*Our Father, Hail Mary!* What do they mean? I have never heard anything about them." Yes, this was the state which the poor miserable man had reached; seventy-four years old, and he had forgotten even the prayers that infants in their mother's arms lisp in childish accents. Religion was utterly obliterated from this soul! There remained absolutely nothing! nothing! I cast a look toward Heaven, and I felt that a miracle was needed to bring back the past, or to enlighten his darkened soul.

"You ought to know," I said, "that those prayers are the most beautiful in religion. I will assist you; I will say them myself; you will say them afterward with me, and then we will find all you have lost."

Kneeling down by his bedside, and holding his hand in both of mine, I commenced. He let me say the two or three first invocations of the *Our Father*, but when I said *forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us*, he suddenly pressed my hand, and as one arousing from a long sleep, he exclaimed: "Oh! I remember that. Yes! I think when I was a little boy my mother taught me something like that. Will you please commence it again?" I recommenced, and then, instantaneously, from the depths of his soul, across his darkened mind, and from far away in his early childhood—across seventy-four years—across all those wars and all those battle-fields which had passed over his life, and effaced from his soul all ideas of religion, came back to this old soldier the remembrance of his mother, and the prayers she had taught him when he was a little boy, and he commenced unaided to recall the words. One by one, I saw them leave his soul, as if they had all been engulfed and were now rising to the surface. At each sen-

tence he interrupted himself: "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I remember—*Our Father who art in Heaven*—yes, indeed, that is it—*hallowed be Thy name*—that is it again!—I remember it all now—*Thy kingdom come*. Yes, yes, I remember I used to say all that—Oh! isn't that prayer beautiful! And when he came to the words *forgive us our trespasses*—Ah!" he cried, "above all the rest, I remember that—those are the words that brought all the rest back to me; my mother used to make me say that, whenever I did any thing wrong." And in this manner he finished the "Our Father," then he asked to say it with me, and learned never to tire in repeating it.

"But," he exclaimed, "is there not another? Oh! yes, now I remember my mother said there was a Blessed Virgin—stop—*I must find that prayer also!* Say it to me so I can remember all about it." And when I repeated the first words, he interrupted me with a joyful cry: "Oh! yes, that is it! *Hail Mary.*" And then, without waiting for me to take the lead, he continued, "*Full of grace, the Lord is with thee,*" and all the words seemed to flow miraculously from his soul—and with tears flowing down his cheeks, he repeated, "*Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us poor sinners now and at the hour of our death.*"

Behold in this old man the power of the prayers which a pious mother had taught him in his childhood! Precious germs deposited in his soul, and a long time buried there—but thank God, *they were there*—and at the supreme moment, under a favorable ray of Divine grace, they burst forth to support him in his last hours, and to open for him the gates of a happy eternity! He never wearied in saying them, but continued constantly repeating them.

Finally, seeing that he was fatigued, I left him, promising to return as soon as he had taken some repose. And I did return very soon, for I was most anxious to give him Holy Communion. He received the Viaticum with the most lively faith; all had been revealed to him with those two prayers. I had nothing more to teach him.

Saint Charles Borromeo had the most lively and tender devotion for the holy Virgin. Besides daily reciting on his knees the beads and office of that glorious Virgin, he also fasted on bread and water on the eves of our Lady's festivals. Never was any one more exact than he in saluting her when the bell gave notice to say the *Angelus*. In his Cathedral, he had a chapel and confraternity of the Rosary. On the first Sunday in every month he caused a solemn procession to be made, in which was carried, in great pomp, a picture of the Blessed Virgin. He placed under her protection all his foundations; he ordered that throughout his entire Diocese the name of Mary, as often as it was heard pronounced, should be honored with much respect; he caused to be placed over the portal of every parish church within his jurisdiction a picture of the Mother of God, in order to impress upon the people that we cannot enter the temple of eternal glory without the favor of her whom the Church has called the Gate of Heaven.

We have just received a beautiful letter from the Very Rev. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

Doubtless, ere long, we will be able to present the readers of the AVE MARIA with another poem from the classic pen of this eminently gifted Divine. The lines we give below, he kindly sent us, with the accompanying remark that they were written in his early days. Among the warm works of encouragement which he writes, are the following:

"With hearty congratulations I hail your enterprise in establishing the AVE MARIA, and trust that your most sanguine expectations may be realized."

Benedicite Omnia Opera Domini Domino.

Go, ask the flow'ret of the dale,
When in its bloom arrayed,
Who bade its cup such sweets exhale,
Who all its charms displayed?
Go, ask the dew that glistens bright
Upon the scented grass,
Who bids them drop, like tears of night,
And with the morning pass?
Go, ask the brook that ripples by,
Where reeds and rushes grow,
Whose hands their gentle streams supply,
Who bids them always flow?
Go, ask the zephyr, as it sings
Among the blooming bowers,
Who bade it trim its vernal wings
And fan the rising flowers?
Go, wander forth, when heaven's blue arch
With stars is studded bright;
Who guides them in their silent march,
Who gives them all their light?
The flower, the zephyr, and the stream,
The dew, the starry skies,
All join in concert to proclaim
Their Author, great and wise.

We learn from the life of Saint Mechtilde, that while this great Saint was one day reading the divine words of the dying Saviour: "Woman, behold thy Son," she felt inspired to ask God to grant her the same favor that he bestowed upon St. John, for whom these words were pronounced upon Calvary, and she sought Him to say again in her behalf, "Woman, behold thy daughter!" She had no sooner uttered the prayer than it was granted. She heard the adorable Saviour Himself recommend her in a special manner to the care of His holy Mother, in consideration of the blood He had shed and the death He had suffered for the soul of that virgin, who was His spouse in virtue of the holy vows she had made to Him. Mechtilde, filled with joy and confidence after such a favor, was encouraged to ask of our Lord the same grace for those who should sincerely pray for it, and the divine Saviour graciously replied that He would never refuse it.

Let us, then, beseech Him to grant it to us, and let us pray Him to give us to Mary for her children, we ourselves choosing her for our Mother.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 1--The Prisoner of War.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—THE SURPRISE.

Conrad, Emperor of Germany, would not wait for the French Crusaders, but had arrived in Asia before them. Betrayed, however, by the perfidious and designing policy of the Greeks, he had beheld his army scattered to the winds, and had only reached Jerusalem with the greatest difficulty. Louis, King of France, surnamed *Le Jeune*, or "The Young," collected the remnant of his troops and advanced by another road toward the Holy City.

The Moslems were entrenched upon the steep banks of the Meander, and in their defense of this pass there was much bloodshed. On arriving within view of them, a Provençal knight spurred his foaming steed into the river. The enemy assailed him with masses of rock, arrows and javelins; he mocked their fury, while his horse, swimming with an effort, brought him safely at last to the bank.

The infidels rushed upon him and opposed a barrier of closely-serried pikes to his further progress. The Crusader, invulnerable in his armor, flourished his heavy sword, cut down all that opposed him, and made a bloody road for his war-horse, which bounded on ferociously, crushing the dying and wounded under his hoofs. The Saracens would not flee; in vain the Provençal rang upon their ear, they had not yet learned to know the Baron de Montier, and they allowed themselves to be massacred with intrepidity.

Following in the steps of Berenger, the whole Christian army advanced. It was not a battle—it was a frightful carnage, which raged with increasing fury till it covered all the plain. The Europeans penetrated to the center of their foes, and the field was covered with the slain. Routed and dispersed, the Saracens rallied at the voice of their chiefs and arranged themselves again in line of battle, until the lances and battle-axes of the Western warriors put them to flight anew.

The Crusaders lost but a small number of soldiers, who were either slaughtered from ambush, or lost in the fray. But the Moslem force was annihilated, and a century would not suffice the burning wind of the South to devour the multitude of bones.

Still, Islamism repaired its losses. Profiting by the confidence with which this victory had inspired the Franks, the Saracens surprised their rear guard and massacred them. The Christian columns who marched in front, turned back, avenged the death of their comrades and changed into defeat this ephemeral triumph of the infidels; but when night came, and the Crusaders, scattered over the country in pursuit of the vanquished, re-assembled in their camp, they perceived, to their utter confusion, that the king was no longer amongst them.

Louis had, in fact, allowed himself to be carried away by the impetuosity of his horse; when the infidels perceived him separated from his own troops, they turned upon him and at once assailed

him on every side; the prince returned their blows, without losing courage for a moment, and was even confident of victory, until, while he was spreading death around him, a Saracen slipped under his horse and plunged his poignard into the animal's entrails.

Louis disengaged himself from the dying body of his noble charger, seized his sword and prepared to defend himself to the last. A circle of iron surrounded him, but he broke through it, and took refuge beneath a palm tree. Placing his back against the trunk of the tree, so that he need not fear an attack from behind, he fought manfully against the troop of Saracens, who were dazzled by his golden accoutrements, and who exhausted themselves in the furious assault, without being able either to wound or subdue him.

These titanic combats of a single man against entire armies, would deserve to be ranked among the fairy tales which are at once the delight and the terror of children, were it not that history, more marvelous in this case than fable, attests their indubitable truth; however, these prodigious feats will not astonish any one who has measured and weighed the coats of mail to be found in our museums of arms; the massive cuirasses and the swords of that age. These colossal panoplies, which would weigh down our feebleness to the earth, must have been the armor of giants. Covered from head to foot with plates or rings of iron, which broke in pieces the fine Moslem sabers, the vigor of their arms, and the effect of their blows must have been redoubled by the consciousness that they were almost invulnerable.

The king bravely held his ground. On a sudden there appeared in the distance a knight who, like himself, had lost his way; he stopped, and gazed around him on the plain, when he perceived Louis defending himself against the party of infidels; he turned his horse's head toward the fray, and flourishing his sword, precipitated himself upon the assailants, shouting:

"A Montier to the rescue! Slay! slay the miscreants!"

The Moslems, taken by surprise by his sudden arrival, hesitated and made a movement to flee. Louis profited by their confusion, jumped upon a horse, made good his retreat and gained the camp, where Berenger rejoined him on the morrow.

These two victories opened to the crusaders the way to Jerusalem. Berenger prayed in the garden of Gethsemane, and in the church of the Holy Sepulcher; performed barefoot, with a rope about his neck, all the stations of the *Via Dolorosa*, and swore, as he arose from his knees, to kill as many Saracens as our Blessed Redeemer took steps in going from the pretorium to Calvary.

Louis of France found Conrad at Jerusalem. They resolved to besiege Damascus, which was the most powerful city of the Moslems. The entrenchments were made without difficulty. The Caliph had assembled the flower of his army within the walls, but still he could not contemplate the future without anxiety. The besieging force in a short time had prepared their engines

of war; they made, almost daily, terrible assaults upon the city, and appeared several times on the very point of entering.

While the Christian camp was plunged in sleep one night, after a laborious day's strife, the Saracens made a quiet descent upon them. A profound midnight darkness veiled their approach. They surprised the sentinels and cut their throats, and penetrated to the very tents of the soldiers. It was the side upon which the Provençaux were encamped. Berenger, exhausted by the fatigues of the previous day, was sleeping heavily; but one of his soldiers, who had been wounded in the side, was lying awake in his bed, a prey to fever, he heard the infidels, and gave the alarm.

Montier sprang from his couch, seized his armor, put it on in haste, and rushed from his tent. Already a party of Crusaders, panic-stricken, are flying in disorder; already the infidels begin to apply their incendiary torches. The cries of the wounded and dying increase the horrors of the panic.

After having listened an instant to this tumult, Berenger comprehended the danger, and rushed to stop the way of the Saracen host, crying, in his resounding tones: "Provence to arms! The enemy is upon us!"

His well-known voice arrested the fugitives. The Crusaders regained courage, and facing the enemy, followed their indomitable leader. And then followed a terrible conflict in the dark, a mere handful of Crusaders trying to repel that vast invading force, already flushed with their early success.

There is always a tragic harmony in the mortal shock of arms. When the sun shines upon a battle-field, and his beams are reflected from the flashing rapiers, and burnished shields; when the soldier can behold his enemy face to face, and follow with his eyes the murderous movements of his arm; when adversaries poignard each other locked in deadly embrace; when brothers fall before the face of brothers who are unable to defend them; then the scene is terrible, and neither the excitement of the strife nor the ardor of victory can diminish its horror. But how much more frightful is war when carried on in the darkness of night, when the combatants strike at hazard, and know not where their blows may fall.

The Provençaux, surrounded by Saracens, resisted the aggressors with heroic intrepidity. Rallying around the Baron de Montier, they made an onslaught which their assailants could not withstand. The infidels recoiled from the shock like some vast projectile hurled from a catapult with irresistible violence, leaving the ground strewn with corpses as they fled. But receiving a continual increase of numbers from without, they returned repeatedly to the strife.

From time to time an arrow or the point of a lance thrown at hazard would find some weak spot in the Christian armor, and pierce the flesh of a warrior. Some of the Crusaders tottered and fell to the earth, when the infidels would butcher them without mercy. The Christians were now becoming weary, and the wounds they inflicted

less deep. They suffered an exhausting perspiration, while a burning thirst consumed their bowels. The Saracens, on the contrary, appeared to gain vigor as they saw the strength of their opponents diminish. Their number had now increased so much, that it seemed as though their whole army had united to overwhelm the Provençaux, and to subdue them by fatigue.

Berenger had expected that the Franks, after having freed their own camp from the enemy, would come to the assistance of the Provençaux. He now began to hear loud acclamations from behind. He stopped, and covering himself with his shield, took breath, and rested for a moment.

Just then, the noise becoming greater; and the party from behind coming up nearer, he could distinguish the voice of Christians shouting:

"On! on! Drive them out! The battle is won!"

Montier could not contain himself any longer. He lifted his mace and struck right and left, without knowing whether his companions were following or not; he strode forward into the midst of the flying horde of Saracens, which was pouring down the way. The sun had not yet risen; he knew not where he was going; he rushed on and entered the gates of the city with the fugitives.

He discovered at last where he was by the lights in the windows, and he ran through the streets exclaiming:

"The city is ours; pillage! slay—no mercy!"

The Saracens, terror-stricken, precipitately closed the gates, leaving outside half of their comrades, whom the Crusaders massacred, without their friends daring to save them by letting them in.

But Berenger was accompanied by only three esquires. When the Saracens, recovering from their fright, perceived that they were the only enemies they had to fight, they took courage, and attacked them with fury.

The Christians set their backs against the wall of a palace, and immovable, put their assailants at defiance. Already the heap of slain formed a bleeding rampart around them. It is not possible to say what might have been the issue of this desperate struggle. But the occupants of the palace cast stones and heavy pieces of furniture from above upon their heads. Two of Montier's companions fell in their turn upon the heap of corpses that they had made, and finally the hero himself began to totter, and at last fell to the ground, stunned, and vomiting gore. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

There is in the heart of every human being, whether born a beggar in some lowly hut, or springing into life beneath a regal palace, a heaven-born principle which prompts him to admire that which is meritorious and just, a noble and Christian feeling that incites him to emulate whatever is commendable, honorable and good. Generous attempts to attain worthy objects should never be abandoned, though failure stare us in the face a thousand times; we should never be discouraged and despair of final success.

Ave Maria from Protestant Lips;

OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

The following beautiful verses are from an English poet, Cowley, who seems to have been one of those whose sense of beauty and noble feeling lead them to the Church, though unhappily they fail of grace to enter it. His words may be regarded as an involuntary homage to Catholic truth:

"Fair angels passed by next in seemly bands,
All gilt with gilded baskets in their hands.
Some as they went the blue-eyed violet strew,
Some spotless lilies in loose order threw.
Some did the way with full-blown roses spread,
Their smell divine and color strangely red,
Not such as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom weathers taint and winds rude kisses tear.
Such, I believe, was the first rose's hue,
Which at God's word in beauteous Eden grew,
Queen of the flowers which made that orchard gay,
The morning blushes of the spring's new day.
With sober face a heavenly maid walks in,
Her looks all fair, no sign of native sin
Through her whole body writ; immoderate grace
Spoke things far more than human in her face.
It cast a dusky gloom o'er all the flowers,
And with full beams their mingled light devours.
An angel straight broke from the shining cloud,
And prest his wings and with much reverence bow'd,

Again he bow'd and grave approach he made,
And thus his sacred message sweetly said:
'Hail, full of grace! thee the whole world shall call

Above all blest; thee who shall bless them all.
The virgin womb in wondrous sort shall shroud
Jesus the God,' (and then again he bow'd).
'Conception the great Spirit shall breathe on thee,
Hail thou who must God's Spouse, God's Mother be'

With that his seeming form to Heaven he rear'd,
She low obeisance made, and disappear'd."

Ora Pro Me.

Ave Maria! bright and pure,
Hear, O hear me when I pray!
Pains and pleasures try the pilgrim
On his long and dreary way,
Tears and perils are around me—

Ora pro me.

Mary, see, my heart is burdened;
Take, O take the weight away.
Or help me, that I may not murmur
If it is a cross you lay
On my weak and trembling heart—but

Ora pro me.

Mary, Mary, Queen of Heaven!
Teach, O teach me to obey;
Lead me on through fierce temptations
Stand and meet me in the way;—
When I fail and faint, my Mother,

Ora pro me.

When my eyes are slowly closing,
And I fade from earth away,

And when death, the stern destroyer,
Claims my body as his prey,—
Claim my soul, and then, sweet Mary,
Ora pro me.

THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST;

Or, The New Month of Mary.

CHAPTER II.

THE NAME OF MARY AND THE NAME OF THE PRIEST.

Philosophy does not permit us to ignore the importance of names in the human language; it is by means of names, in fact, that the first and clearest notion of persons and things reaches our perceptions. Therefore Tertullian, ridiculing the Pagans because they had given to men the name of God, accuses them of wanting logic, and departing from the rules defined by good sense; for, said he to them, it would have been necessary for the name to coincide with the quality, in order that the name appropriate to the divinity could be given to artificial gods, (*debebat, qualitatibus inter illas esse consortem, ut jure consistat collegium nominis communione substantiæ*, (Lib. 1, adv. Marc., 1). The name, in fact, does not constitute the nature of things; it declares only the nature in which things are constituted.

This logic, which consists in giving to persons and to things names expressing their proper individuality, is especially the merit of Shemitic languages, and in particular the languages of which God avails Himself in order to communicate His thoughts and will. Wherefore, in the Hebrew language the history of certain persons is entirely in their names, as we may judge by the names of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and that forever-adorable name of Jesus.

Now, such is the character of the august name of Mary, that to pronounce it is sufficient to embrace in one view all the phases of her glorious destiny. "This name," says Richard of Saint Lawrence, "has been given to her expressly by the Holy Trinity, and, as that of Jesus, it has the privilege of making every knee bend, in Heaven, on earth and in hell." (*De Laud. Mar., lib. 5*).

In so far as it determines the august creature destined to give birth to the Saviour of the world, this name is the summary of the beauty, the grace, the treasures of divine wisdom, and eclipses by its splendor the most illustrious names that man can give. But Christian philology finds other significations of it which express certain particularities of her mission here upon earth, and of her supernatural action in souls, and it is in these significations that the analogy which exists between the name of the Priest and that of Mary especially shines forth. Thus the name of Mary signifies at the same time *illuminator* and *illuminated*. Already some prophets had saluted her as a brilliant aurora. The aurora precedes the sun, it seems to produce it, it causes it to rise up from its luminous bosom, and yet it is by the sun that it exists, it is from the sun that it receives the magnificence of its blazing sheaves and beams. Even so, the mystic aurora, Mary, exists by the Sun of Justice; from Him she receives her raiment of glory and

her transplendent brightness, but at the same time she announces Him, she brings Him forth, and inundates thus by His divine light the physical as well as the moral world, *illuminator* and *illuminated*.

Her proximity to Christ, the source of this received light, was at once the principle of the light that her name diffused in souls. She was, then, as a mirror on which the sun darted his rays in order to illuminate by reverberation all those who would place themselves in the angle of its focus. Now, without any doubt, the first who approached this luminous focus, who surrounded this Teacher, in order to receive from Him His sublime and sacred instructions, were the faithful Apostles of the nascent Church. This tradition, constant in the Church, can be read on a picture drawn upon the walls of the Catacombs of Rome. The imperfection of the painter's brush only shows off better the grandeur of the religious idea. The scene represents the assembly of the Apostles in the cenaculum, presided over by Mary, at the moment when the Holy Ghost, promised by the Saviour, descends upon them. The first sheaf of fire appears over the head of the Virgin, then from this sheaf are detached rays in the form of tongues which immediately are placed over the head of every member of the assembly. Striking symbol of the double quality of illuminated and illuminator signified by the name of Mary, of the mission which she fulfilled during her terrestrial existence, and which she continues through centuries from the beginning of her reign in Heaven.

Therefore, Saint Anselm, asking himself the motive cause of her long sojourn at Jerusalem after the death of her Son, daringly affirms that it was in order to be "the instructress of the Apostles." (*De Excell. Virg. Cap.*) And Saint Ambrose admits that Saint John, whose Gospel is superior to any of the three others by the elevation and particularly of details, was directed in many things by Mary. "I do not wonder," says he "that Saint John has spoken more admirably concerning divine mysteries; he was near the Court of the celestial Sacraments." It is thus that he calls her who had lodged in her chaste bosom the King of kings, the Holy and the Sanctifier par excellence. Never has there been a court so noble or so brilliant. It was the court of Heaven inclosed in a human heart, that is to say, the supreme wisdom, the supreme science, the most sublime theology, the dogma itself in all its clearness. The Gospel seems to give confirmation to this traditional opinion that the Holy Fathers have embraced with so much ardor concerning the blessed Virgin; for it says that Mary treasured in her heart all that had been done by the Saviour or for his sake, *Maria autem conservabat omnia verba hæc, conferens in corde suo.* (S. Luc, chap. 8, v. 19). Without doubt she retained His deeds and words, because she delighted in remembering them, but also in order to communicate them to the Apostles, to the Church universal and convince our intelligences by her powerful testimony.

If now we turn our eyes to the Priest, if we re-

member that he bears in his character "the sum of all the blessings that humanity can reach; *Sacerdotum est summa bonorum omnium quæ in hominibus consistunt.*" (Saint Ignatius of Smyrna): if we think, with Saint Prosper, that he is the honor of the Church, for it is through him that the Church shines the most; that he is the gate of the Eternal City, causing all those to pass to Christ who believe in him * * * and that finally he exercises the functions of steward of the royal mansion, we shall be compelled to acknowledge that the name which designates and determines him, sums up, as the name of Mary, all the treasures of divine grace, and wisdom, and effaces by its effulgence all that is gorgeous and illustrious here upon earth. But his similitude with the august Mother of God does not break off here. The Priest also justifies this double quality of the Virgin figured by her name, *illuminator* and *illuminated*. He is illumined by the eternal science, and his lips, says the prophet Malachi, shall be the faithful guardians of this luminous science in order to transmit and to spread it around him; *labia sacerdotis custodient scientiam et legem requirunt ex ore ejus.* (Malch., 2, v. 7). "The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge; and they shall seek the law at his mouth."

The lights which the Apostles received from the Holy Ghost through Mary, the Priests also receive through Mary, from the Church which is in incessant communication with the same spirit of science and of truth. They receive them from the first order, gradually, insensibly, until the priesthood, completing in their soul the work of grace, fills them with Divine light, and concentrates in them the resplendent beauty of the doctrines taught to the world by revelation, *illuminated*. After the absorption of the light there is its reflection; *quia luci adhæserunt, lux esse meruerunt.* (Saint Chrys., in *Epist. ad Philen.*) It is reflected from the Priest, in sheaves and in sparks, in order to give light to the multitude seated in the shadow of death. "They shall shine, says the prophet Daniel, as the brightness of the firmament, and they that instruct many to justice, as stars for all eternity." (Daniel 12, v. 3). And John Chrysostom adds: *Intuere astra et illorum splendorem obstupescere.* (Homil. de S. And).

The Priest is, then, a light-ship of humanity, the illuminator of souls, *illuminator*. The Saviour promoted the realization of that which the prophet announced. One day, in fact, addressing the Apostles, and in their person all Priests, he said to them: *Vos estis lux mundi.* You are the light of the world. * * * Go then and teach all nations, *euntes docete omnes gentes*, that it is to say, since you are light, it is not fitting that you remain under the bushel for light does not light itself, but that you ascend the candelabrum in order to spread your rays afar off and dispel darkness. And ever since that moment the sacerdotal light displays itself like the sparkling waves of the aurora. It never dazzles, for it is as serene as the visage of Mary; but it never vacillates, for it is sure as God the Father, who is the source of it; it is true as the Word, which is the sole object of

it; it is vivifying as the Spirit of Grace, which vivifies it; it is this amplex, this immobility, this infallibility of the sacerdotal light which renders his science the queen of sciences, the most beautiful, the most profound, the only one which satisfies in man his immense desire for research, his insatiable thirst for knowledge. Apart from this light, chaos reigns. Philosophy, blinded by its pride, gropes in the night of the various systems, and whether it deceives or simply loses its way in its own labyrinths, it makes humanity the dupe of its errors or its illusions, while the priest, even the most humble among all Priests, similar to a lighthouse placed on the seashore of life, will throw light afar off on the tenebrous surges, and will never be mistaken in the choice of the way leading to the port; *illuminator*. Under this view, the Priest realizes the second signification of the name of Mary, which is "Star of the Sea, *Stella Maris*." Saint Bernard indicates it in the terms: *Nomen Virginis Mariae, quod interpretatum Maris Stella dicitur, ipsa est præclara et eximia stella super hoc mare magnum et spatiosum sublevata, micans meritis, illustrans exemplis*. That the world is an ocean full of tempests and abounding in shipwrecks, is an experimental truth which obtrudes itself on our belief by the noise of the falls that we can hear every day, and by the frightful traces that these falls produce in the Church. But why these daily disasters? Because the people shut their eyes to the light of the priest, to the light of his science, of his word, of his council. They turn away from him in order to attach themselves to vain things, and they come in collision with every reef. Darkness will not flee from the earth and happiness will not return to it until it responds to this appeal of Saint Bernard. In the name of Mary and of the priest, *O tu quis intelligis, te in hujus sæculi profluvio magis inter procellus et tempestates fluctuare, quam per terram ambulare, ne accertas oculos a fulgore hujus sideris si non vis obrui procellis, respice stellam, voca Mariam*. The name of Mary also signifies myrrh, *myrrha*. Myrrh is a resinous and odoriferous substance which preserves from corruption. Accordingly the Orientals used it to embalm their dead, and as an emblem of sepulture.

Mary, in becoming the natural Mother of Jesus Christ and the adoptive Mother of men, becomes, in truth, the myrrh of humanity, that is to say, the element incorruptible and at the same time the principle of incorruptibility. Her name invoked will be the infallible antidote against the venomous bites of the infernal serpent; at hearing it, the demon flees, temptation loses its power, and the human heart, about to fall into dissolution, raises itself up full of youth and strength, *renovabitur ut aquila juvenus tua*. (Ps. 102, v. 5). "Thy youth shall be renewed like the eagle's."

A name analogous and possessing the same properties has been given also the Priest by the Saviour. *Vos estis sal terræ*, said He to them: "You are the salt of the earth;" in other words, the element preservative from the corruption of sin. To

deliver man from the corruption of sin is the characteristic of the power of Jesus Christ: *liberare quippe a putredine peccatorum, Christi virtutis est*. (Homil. Chrys. 15, in Matt.) But to prevent its return is the province of the Priest, of his cares and of his labors: *Ut autem ad illa iterum non revertantur, apostolorum curæ est et laboris*. (Ibid.) The salt of which Jesus Christ speaks is, then, purity, zeal, charity, and if this is wanting what will prevent the earth from becoming corrupted and growing mouldy? *Quod si sal evanuerit in quo salietur?* In fine, the name of Mary signifies "a bitter sea,"—*amarum mare*, because the Lord, wishing to make the august Virgin the Queen of Martyrs, collected in her bosom the most poignant bitterness, in making her a witness of His suffering and death, and in exhibiting to her view, through centuries, the abuse that men would make of the Redemption.

Is not the heart of the good Priest also very often an ocean of bitterness when he thinks of the rejection of grace, of the blasphemies, of all the vices that reign upon earth, in seeing his ministration seized with sterility by the proselytism of evil, in seeing his name devoted to the anathemas of impiety? But if Providence permits that he partakes of the dolors of Mary, it also wills that he partake of her unalterable joy. At the side of vice, there is virtue; at the side of those who hate him, there are those who love him; and for these last his name, like that of the Virgin, is blessed, praised, loved, *oleum effusum tuum*, (Cant. 1, v. 3). It diffuses itself through their souls as an odoriferous oil which sanctifies and exhilarates.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Happy Death.

Saint Bernadine of Sienna relates that a pious gentleman, whose heart was full of love for Jesus Christ, resolved to make a pilgrimage to the sacred places in the Holy Land. After visiting Nazareth, Bethelhem and Bethany, he repaired to the Garden of Olives, where his heart was pierced with sorrow as he represented to himself his dear Lord's sweat of blood and bitter Agony. Following the traces of the way of the cross, he seemed to see Him dragged through the streets of Jerusalem, buffeted, spit upon, scourged, crowned with thorns and condemned to death. On Mount Calvary he recalled the cross lying on the ground, and our Lord's sacred body extended upon it, while sharp nails pierced His tender hands and feet, fastening them to that rough wood. Then the instrument of torture raised in the air, while the blood, gushing from those adorable wounds, fell upon His Holy Mother, who, broken-hearted, stood at the foot of the cross. He heard the consoling words of his crucified Lord; and while his own heart seemed bursting with grief and love at the sight, there passed before his eyes the death, the stroke of the lance, the opening of the wound in the divine side, the descent from the cross when the body was placed in the arms of the most affectionate Mother. Then, with tears flowing like rain, he followed the traces of that mournful procession to the Sepulchre. There he

entered, placing his heart by the side of his dead Saviour. Then rising with Him, he journeyed to Emmaus, reviewing in mind all that passed between the Lord and His two disciples. Finally, returning to Mount Olivet, he lingered with love around the vestiges of his Saviour's last steps upon earth. Falling on the ground, he kissed a thousand and a thousand times those loved traces. Then raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he exclaimed: "O Jesus, sweet Jesus, where else can I seek Thy traces on earth? O Jesus, my love; permit this poor heart now to follow Thee and rest near Thee on high!"

At these words his attendants, seeing him fall prostrate on the earth, ran to him, but their services were useless. Life had fled. They ran in haste to find a doctor, who, anxious to ascertain the cause of so sudden a death, made a most careful examination of the body, and carefully questioned his attendants on his general dispositions and habits. They answered that he was most amiable, gentle, and characterized by an ardent love for God. "Then," replied the physician, "his heart has broken with excess of love." In order to decide whether his opinion was correct, the body was dissected, and this brave heart was found open, with the sacred words *Jesus, my love*, engraven upon it. What a happy death, and what a glorious ascension must have followed it! If such can be the effect of the love of God in hearts that never saw Jesus in His adorable humanity, what must have been the love that Mary's heart felt for her Son and her God, in whose visible presence she dwelt three and thirty years, and then followed Him through all the reality of that dread agony!

Devotion of Mozart and Hayden to the Rosary.

Hayden and Mozart were sincere Christians. In their lives as well as in their music, we find that order, nobility, sweetness, and purity which characterize true religious music. The great Hayden did not fear to declare that he considered the Rosary as the principal secret of his serene and happy inspiration. When he felt cold, or retarded by insurmountable difficulties, he arose from the piano and recited his beads, and received through his prayers the gift which he wished to present to God. At the commencement of all his compositions he wrote, *In nomine Domini*, and at the end of each, *Lauds Deo*.

Mozart, the Raphael of music, from his childhood until his death, wonderful in his incomparable *chefs-d'œuvre*;—Mozart, bearing the triple burden of humiliations, poverty and genius, at Salzburg under the servitude of a tyrannical patron, at Paris in the society of Grimm, at Vienna amid the seductions of brilliant success, ceased not for a moment, amid his joys and sorrows, to be an humble and fervent Catholic. He prayed, received the Sacraments and said his beads. After his greatest triumphs at the opera, he invariably recited his beads in thanksgiving for his success. As an evidence of his admirable religious sentiments, we extract the following letter to his father,

from his correspondence published by the Abbe Goschel:

"As death, after all, is but the end of this life, I have for many years been so familiar with this true friend of man, that far from finding any thing sad or appalling in the thought, to me there is nothing sweeter or more consoling. I thank God for having granted me the grace of recognizing death as the key of our true beatitude. I never retire at night without thinking that as young as I am, I may never see the coming day. And nevertheless, not one of my friends can say, there is any thing sad or mournful about me. I return thanks to my Creator every day for this happiness, and I wish that all mankind could enjoy it as I do."

The coming day which Mozart awaited with such manly courage, was not long delayed, and it found him as grand and noble in his faith as in his genius. He received the last Sacrament with the greatest fervor, and with his beads on his pillow, passed from life with a smile on his face, without giving one sigh of regret to the world or the brilliant future it held out to him.

Such was the man of whom Hayden said: "I declare before God, and as an honest man, that I regard Wolfgang Mozart as the greatest composer that ever lived."

Devotion of Crowned Heads to Mary.

The first Kings of Denmark were fervent servants of Mary. Saint Canute dedicated to her three superb churches. Vlademar II had her image placed upon his shield. It was under the influence of the most tender devotion to Mary that Prussia, and all the Baltic coast, received the light of the Gospel. Saint Stephen, the first Christian King of Hungary, dedicated his kingdom to the Blessed Virgin, whom he declared Sovereign of his dominions. The Palatinate princes ever carried her image with them in battle, and erected oratories for it in their tents. Long before Casimir renewed the dedication, Mary was solemnly invoked under the title of Queen of Poland, and her banner guided its warlike legions.

It was by devotion to Mary that Saint Clotilda obtained the conversion of Clovis, first Christian King of France; the royal consort of Clovis II, Bathilda, that fair and saintly Princess, founded the superb Abbey of Our Lady of Chelles, whither she retired when her glorious regency was ended. Pepin was distinguished for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Charlemagne enriched Gaul with magnificent churches dedicated to Mary. The chapel which he built adjoining his vast palace, equaled, in extent, the basilicas of the age. It was so frequented that often more than a hundred thousand pilgrims visited it in a day. Louis the Good always carried about him an image of the holy Virgin. It is well known that there is no practice of devotion to the Mother of God which the glorious Saint Louis did not practice; he never let a day pass without devoutly reciting her office; and Louis XIII solemnly dedicated France to the Blessed Virgin.

In Spain the work was begun by Pelayo, under

the auspices of Mary, to deliver the kingdom from the Moors, and completed under her banner by Ferdinand, "who had engraved in gold upon his Toledo blade the figure of our Lady, and inscribed upon his banner AVE MARIA." The crowned heads of Germany vied with the rest of Europe in their devotion to the *Queen of Angels*, and Portugal trod in the same path with equal piety.

The English kings were distinguished for their devotion to the Blessed Virgin. They covered England with those fine Gothic churches and cathedrals, which still remain as her brightest gems of architectural glory. Her great law-giver, Edward the Confessor, fasted every Saturday in her honor, and daily implored her assistance. Alfred the Great placed himself under her especial protection. Richard Cœur de Lion built the Shrine of Our Lady of Good Haven, before departing for the Crusades; when mortally wounded and death was drawing nigh, he directed in his last will that his heart should be placed at our Lady's shrine.

All the thrones of Europe have been made illustrious by sovereigns even more distinguished by their love for the service of the Blessed Virgin than by the lofty, kingly qualities whereby they added luster to their diadem. In this list let us add Columbus, whose title is even greater than king, since he added a new world to the nations of the earth. It was under the auspices of the Blessed Virgin that he undertook the discovery of a new continent. During the discovery he recited daily, on board his vessel, her beads and the Little Office, from a precious manuscript which Pope Alexander VI had given him at his departure, and which he bequeathed at his death to the Republic of Genoa.

THE JOURNEY TO BETHLEHEM.

A little group is seen to advance slowly from the mean and obscure village of Nazareth, on its way to Bethlehem, the regal city. None of the pride and circumstances of Oriental traveling distinguishes its progress; no swelling retinue of menials and dependents surround it, to anticipate the wants and administer to the gratification of their masters; no well appointed train of camels follow, to convey the provisions and conveniences, almost indispensable in such a journey.

A poor artisan with affectionate solicitude, alone guides the steps of the humble beast, whereon rides a tender female, apparently unfit, by her situation, to undertake so long and fatiguing a pilgrimage. When they arrive for the night's repose, no greeting hails them, no curiosity gazes on them; when they depart to renew their toil, no good wishes are heard to cheer and encourage them on their way. Humble, meek, and unpretending; they are passed unsaluted at every step, by the crowds, who, boasting the same descent, scorn to acknowledge them as members of the royal stock, and hasten forward to secure accommodation till they leave this tender maid and her coming offspring, no roof but a stable, and no cradle but a manger.

And yet not even the Ark of the Covenant

when it marched forth to victory over the enemies of God, escorted by the array of the Levites, and greeted by the plaudits of the assembled nation: not even *it* moved with half that interest to heaven, or half that promise to earth with which this humble virgin advances bearing within her bosom in silence and neglect, the richest work which the Almighty had yet made, and the most miraculous benefit which His wisdom had yet devised. Upon this little group, the angels attended with care more tender than they had for the ordinary just, lest they should dash their foot against a stone, for on its safety depends the fulfillment of prophecy, the consummation of the law, the manifestation of God's truth, and the redemption of the world. In it are centered all the counsels of Heaven since the creation of man: for *it* the whole land had been put in movement, and the Roman Emperor issued his mandate from the throne of the world, solely that this maid might be brought to Bethlehem of Judea, in order that from it might come forth, in fulfillment of prophecy, the Ruler who should govern the people of God.—CARDINAL WISEMAN.

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THE MONTH OF MARY, FOR ECCLESIASTICS. Translated from the French. Approved by the Most Reverend Archbishop Spalding.

The highest encomium this most valuable little work could obtain, is contained in the following approbation:

"We have examined, and we cordially approve the publication, in an English translation, of '*The Month of Mary, for the use of Ecclesiastics*,' and we recommend it to the Clergy and Seminary students of the Arch-diocese."

MARTIN J. SPALDING, *Archbishop of Balt.*

THE LOVE OF RELIGIOUS PERFECTION; or, how to awaken, increase, and preserve it in the religious soul. From the latin of Father Joseph Bayma, S. J. With the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding.

No one can read in the proper spirit, this valuable treatise without perceiving it well deserves the reputation it has won. Learning, wisdom, and piety unite to recommend it to all who wish to advance in that best and purest of all sciences, the Science of Salvation. Like two other similar works—the Imitation of Christ, and the Spiritual Combat—which have helped to enlighten and encourage thousands on their way to our only true home, you may open this little book at almost any chapter, and find something to turn your thoughts heavenward; to raise your heart to God, to purify its affections, to warn you against the deceitfulness of sin, and the allurements of the world in the midst of which we live, and must, nevertheless, by all means, work out our salvation.

Since 1851, when this treatise first appeared in Rome, it has passed through many editions, in different places, and has been translated into several languages.—*Preface to the American Edition.*

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 20, 1865.

No. 3.

THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST.

OR,
The New Month of Mary.

CHAPTER III.

Prophecies of the Old Testament relating to Mary, and which may be applied to the Priest.

Saint Thomas, in a dissertation concerning the fall of the angels, thinks that their crime was a want of faith. According to his theory, a summary of which we give, God presented to the immortal legions which he had created an image of the Word made flesh, and demanded their adoration. The greater part of the spirits acknowledged the mystery, and therefore they were established in happiness. But the others, humiliated at having to bow down before human nature inferior to their own, rebelled at the sight of the Incomprehensible, uttering the cry of insubordination, *Non serviam*: "I will not serve." No, we will not believe that God becomes incarnate! And hell was hollowed. This doctrine of the Angelic Doctor is quite reasonable, and has since been universally adopted. Now, however little we reflect upon it, we very soon perceive that the revolt of Lucifer must spread out to all the mysteries which have an essential connexion with our Saviour's humanity; consequently to the Immaculate Virgin destined to give birth to Him who was presented for their homage and adoration. Certainly, since these intelligences, so perfect, were disconcerted at the possible fact of the hypostatic union of the divine and human nature in the person of the Son of God, they should also be disconcerted—and even more so—at the idea of a mortal, of an humble woman, exempt from the general corruption of humanity; of a woman who should be virgin and mother at the same time; of a woman who should be called the Mother of God, and whom they should honor as their sovereign Queen. Their act of incredulity and impiety went still further; it reached all the institutions which Redemption was going to produce; consequently the Church, the Sacraments, and especially the Priest, the official continuator of the divine work. This is merely logic and simple common sense. Mary was, then, prophetically announced to the angels at the same time that the Messiah was. Now, this first prophecy throws a bright light on the original fall; it is the key of it. We understand the temptation of the one who was "malicious and false from the beginning," near our first parents in the terrestrial paradise. The woman will succumb to him, but she will be avenged by her own sex. The name of another woman will come to smite Satan in the

intoxication of his triumph. In fact, no sooner had the demon made Adam yield through Eve, than the voice of the Lord was heard, and, addressing the lost archangel, said to him: "The woman shall crush thy head"—*Ipse conteret caput tuum*. (Gen. iii, 15.) Who is this woman so powerful who shall vanquish the ablest and proudest of the damned spirits? The Virgin Mary. And how will she vanquish him? By her virtue at first, and by her divine maternity afterward. This is what the Church proclaims in the sublime accents of the liturgy: *Cunctas hæreses interemisti in universo mundo*.

Now, what Mary was to accomplish by her ministry, the Priest accomplishes by his own. The virtuous Priest keeps the infernal serpent at a distance. He knows not his bites: humble, he crushes his pride; chaste, he crushes his impure efforts; devoted and mortified, he crushes his egotism. The virtuous priest, absorbed in his divine mission, pursues the infernal enemy, and drives him from the souls entrusted to his solicitude. He crushes him by causing vice to be abhorred; he crushes him by causing virtue to be loved: *Ipse conteret caput tuum*.

Since this prophecy of the terrestrial paradise, Mary, closely connected with her Divine Son, becomes with Him the object of all the prophets and of all the servants of God. All looks are fixed upon her; and, after having saluted her by their homage, *A longe aspicientes et adorantes*, they announce her to the people attentive to their preachings. Sometimes they describe her power over the heart of God by prayer: "I will bring my cause before her; I will importune, and she will answer me words of mercy and clemency." (Job, xxiii, 3—Comment of Albert the Great.) Sometimes they speak of her ascendancy over hell: "At the sudden appearance of the Aurora (that is to say, Mary at her entrance into the world in order to bring forth the Sun of Justice, or her entrance into Heaven on the day of her Assumption, to intercede for us) the demons will be struck with terror, and will flee as before the shadow of death." (Job, xxiv, 17.)

What Priest is there, considering his character in the light of faith, who will not see himself, as in a mirror, in this portraiture of the destiny of Mary. The prayer of the Priest ascends immediately toward the heart of God, when it is offered in his capacity as Priest, because then it is the Church that prays by his mouth, and God has promised to hear His beloved Spouse: "Ask all that you will from me, be it half of my kingdom,

and I will give it to you." (Words of Assuerus to Esther.) King David spoke of Mary when he chanted these words, "Our earth has given its fruit"—*Terra nostra dedit fructum suum*. This earth, says Saint Jerome, is the Blessed Virgin; she is our earth, because she is of our race—she proceeds from the same head. Daughter of Adam, she is formed out of the same earth, of the same dust; one can say to her as to our first parents: *Pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris* (Gen.).—"Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return." She is our earth; as mother of men, men have their abode in her; they are at home in her heart. We belong to her, but she also belongs to us. Finally, this earth has given its fruit: *Aperiatur terra et germinet Salvatorem*. Its fruit is the Saviour of the world; it gives it to us to make of it our food and our drink: *Caro enim mea vere est cibus: et sanguis meus vere est potus*. (Saint John.) The priest is also our earth; he has been made of the same clay as ourselves: *Et hominibus assumptus* (Saint Paul); proceeding from the same beginning, he returns to the same end. As far as Priest of the Church, he exists only for us—*pro populo* (Ibid); he is at our service; he is our possession; we have the right to use him; and we use him in order to be born, to live and to die, to instruct ourselves, to sanctify ourselves, and to attain to glory. Therefore it is of the Priest, after the august Mary, that the prophet speaks when he says "Reunite us, and let us go to the city strong and surrounded with walls." For Mary is very often called the City, because the Son of God dwelt in her: *Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, Civitas Dei*. (Ps.) This appellation also becomes the Priest, as in him also the Lord dwells, and the Doctors of the Church have said glorious things of him: *Gloriosa dicta sunt de te*. The most glorious thing that has been said of the Immaculate Virgin is that she would conceive and bring forth the Emmanuel or God with us. *Ecce virgo concipiet et pariet filium et nomen ejus Emmanuel*. (Isaïs.) The most glorious thing we can say of the Priest is that he, equally with her, does not cease from bringing God into the world; through him we have Emmanuel or God with us.

This biblical expression is also applied to the Virgin: "What seest thou, Jeremias? I see, said he, a rod watching." Eighteen centuries of Christianity have proved that Mary is truly the faithful guardian of the Church; that she is attentive even to her least wants and her least dangers. She not only watches over the Church as a tender mother to prevent hell from prevailing against her, from depriving her of her crown and contaminating her dazzlingly white nuptial robe, but she will watch over each one of us. *Sicut gallina congregavit pullos suos*. She shelters us under her maternal wing as the hen shelters her little ones. From the bottom of our conscience she sends forth the alarm-cry; in the midst of the moral tempests which assail us on every side, whether through our indifference or our crimes we have permitted Jesus to fall asleep in the vessel which carries us toward eternity, she is always ready to awake Him, crying, *Salva nos, perimus!*

"Lord, arise, they are going to perish." Mary is the true rod watching. And the Priest, then! The word "bishop" means overseeing: *episkopein*, to watch over. The Pope, who is the Bishop of Bishops, watches over the entire Church; he has his eye upon the shepherds and the flock, and he points out the peril even to the extremities of the earth. The diocesan Bishop, subject to the jurisdiction of the successor of Saint Peter, exercises supervision within the limits of his Diocese; the Priest, subject to the jurisdiction of both, exercises it within the sphere which is to him assigned. And all return to each other these words: *Custos quid de nocte? Custos quid de nocte?* Sentinel, what say you of the night? What is taking place? Watch and pray—*Vigilate et orate*. Therefore the Priest is always on the alert, watching the movements of the enemy, carefully examining his proceedings and his doctrines; he watches. He is responsible for the soul of his brothers; he unveils hypocrisy; he points out the poison and warns innocence. *Virga vigilans*—the rod watching. We must limit ourselves; for the chain of prophetic oracles which relate to Christ at first, and in concomitancy to Mary and the Priest, embraces all the Bible. It is in seeing it displaying itself to the eyes of their faith that the just of ancient days sweetened the bitterness of their exile and of their forfeiture. Enraptured by the beauty of these future mysteries, they breathed forth in sweet lamentations, sighing after the coming of the Great Initiator: *mitte Domine, quem missurus es!*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Eve and Mary.

Eve and Mary will live forever in the annals of all nations. Eve brought ruin which Mary repaired. To Eve we are indebted for our terrestrial life; to Mary we owe our celestial life. Children of Eve, we sigh and weep, while waiting for death; children of Mary, we shall say one day "Oh death, where is thy victory?" A fallen angel negotiated with Eve our ruin; a faithful angel negotiated with Mary our salvation. In order to destroy innocence, peace, happiness, and to make man an eternal slave, Satan spoke of independence and greatness: "you will be as Gods." To re-establish all, and place man upon the road of life, glory and happiness, a God descends from heaven and becomes our brother. Eve believed a lie brought from hell; Mary believed a truth brought from Heaven. In great sorrow Eve gave birth to Cain; without sorrow Mary gave birth to God. The name of Eve recalls malediction, the name of Mary is blessed among all women. Eve has been called the gate of death, Mary the gate of life. In the terrestrial paradise, Eve opened her heart to Satan, the foot of Mary crushed eternally the head of this first murderer of souls. Eve fallen, presents the fruit of death, Mary faithful, presents the fruit of life. "O Adam," exclaims Saint Bernard, "change thy excuse into thanksgivings and say to the Lord: the woman whom thou hast given me presented me with the fruit of life and I have been regenerated by it." In imitating Eve woman

descends very low, in imitating Mary she ascends to Heaven.

Festival Gifts.

Why do you look sad, my Minnie?
Tell me darling,—for to-day
Is the birthday of our Lady,
And her children should be gay.
What?—You say that all the others,
Alice, Cyril, Effie, Paul,
All had got a gift to give her;
Only you had none at all.

Well, dear, that does seem a pity;
Tell me how it came about,
That the others bring a present,
And my Minnie comes without.
Alice has a lovely banner,
All embroidered blue and gold:—
Then you know that sister Alice
Is so clever and so old.

Cyril has his two camelias;
One deep red, and one pure white;
They will stand at Benediction
On the altar steps to-night.
Effie, steady little Effie,
Stitching many an hour away,
She has clothed a little orphan
All in honor of to-day.

With the skill the good Nuns taught her,
Angela herself has made
Two tall stems of such real lilies,
They do all but smell—and fade.
Then with look of grave importance
Comes our quiet little Paul,
With the myrtle from his garden:—
He himself is not as tall.

Even baby Agnes, kneeling
With half shy, half solemn air,
Held up one sweet rose to Mary,
Lispings out her tiny prayer.
Well, my Minnie, say, how was it?
Shall I guess? I think I know
All the griefs. Well, I will count them:—
First, your rose-tree would not blow;

Then the fines have been so many,
All the pennies melt away;
Then for work—I know my Minnie
Cares so very much for play,
That these little clumsy fingers
Scarcely yet have learnt to sew,
Still less all the skillful fancies
Angela and Alice know.

Well, my darling, there are many
Who have neither time nor skill,
Gold nor silver, yet they offer
Gifts to Mary if they will.
There are ways—our Lady knows them,
And her children all should know
How to find a flower for Mary
Underneath the deepest snow.

How to make a lovely garland,
Winter though it be and cold;

How to buy the rarest offering,
Costing—something—but not gold;
How to buy, and buy it dearly,
Gifts that she will love to take;
Nor to grudge the cost, but give it
Cheerfully for Mary's sake.

Does that seem so strange, my darling?
Nay, dear, it is nothing new;
All can give her noble presents,—
Shall I tell you of a few?
What were those the Magi offered,
Frankincense and gold and myrrh;
Minnie thinks that saints and monarchs
Are quite different from her!

Sometimes it is hard to listen
To a word unkind or cold
And to smile a loving answer:
Do it—and you give her gold.
Thoughts of her in work or playtime,
Those small grains of incense rare,
Cast upon a burning censer,
Rise in perfumed clouds of prayer.

There are sometimes bitter fancies,
Little murmurs that will stir
Even a loving heart:—but crush them
And you give our Lady myrrh.
There are souls—alas! too many—
Who forget that Jesus died,
Who forget that sin forever
Is the lance to pierce His side.

Hearts that turn away from Jesus;
Sins that scourge Him and betray;
Cold and cruel souls that even
Crucify Him day by day.
Ah! poor sinners! Mary loves them,
And she knows no royal gem
Half so noble or so precious
As the prayer you say for them;

Or resign some little pleasure,
Give it her instead, to win
Help for some poor soul in peril,
Grace for some poor heart in sin,
Mercy for poor sinners,—pleading
For their souls as for your own;—
So you make a crown of jewels
Fit to lay before her throne.

Well, my Minnie, can you tell me
You have still no gift to lay
At the feet of your dear Mother,
Any hour, any day?
Give her now—to-day—forever,
One great gift,—the first, the best,—
Give your heart to her, and ask her
How to give her all the rest.

Many unstable and weak men are apt to say:
behold how well such a one lives, how rich, how
great, how mighty and powerful! But attend to
heavenly goods, and thou wilt see that all these
temporal things are nothing, but very uncertain,
and rather burdensome; because they are never
possessed without care and fear.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 1.—The Prisoner of War.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.—THE TEMPTATION.

The Saracens did not know their prisoners' names, but on account of the bravery they had seen them display, they took them to be persons of high rank. Some inconsiderate words that Rayboul let fall, made them even think they had taken captive the king of France. The rumor was repeated throughout the whole city, and made amends for the check which the late attempt on the Christian camp had met.

The Christians were stripped and bound. They were carried in triumph upon hurdles through the principal streets. Their arms, arranged as a trophy, were borne before them. The infidels danced around their captives with a wild mirth, and insulted them by songs of defiance and derision.

Wakened from his agony by the noise of their shouts, Berenger raised his bleeding head. His eyes still retained so terrible an expression, that the startled mob fell back, unable to sustain that unearthly fire.

Having been made aware of his mighty deeds, and struck with admiration for his valor, the caliph received the baron into his own palace, and sent surgeons to attend to his wounds. Thanks to their skill, and to the beverages they gave him, the lord of Montier was, at the end of a few days, out of danger.

The Moslem prince was too anxious to make the acquaintance of his captive, to allow him to rest long. As soon as Berenger was able to speak, an imaum, one of the caliph's favorites, was sent to him with an interpreter, to question him.

"Allah is God," said he, "and Mahoment is his true prophet; may he obtain for me the grace of salvation! Who art thou?"

"Berenger, Baron of Montier."

"May Allah renew the blossoms of thy youth. What rank didst thou hold in the armies of France?"

"The one nearest to the enemy."

"After piety, courage is the first virtue of a warrior. How many soldiers didst thou command?"

"I had no command. I led the way, and the most valiant followed me."

"Deceit is fruitless as dew upon the desert. Do not attempt to conceal thy rank; we shall not offer thee to be ransomed."

"Miscreant! Am I a knave, that I should lie?"

"Oh ho! for a private soldier methinks thou art haughty!—Hunger subdues the panther. Captivity will bring down thy pride. At least thou wert spoken of as a warrior of renown?"

"I do not pretend to be more valiant than the noble Franks, my companions; I flatter myself, however, that I have earned a little glory."

"Modesty is a gracious and beautiful veil that enhances the splendor of great deeds. We have seen thee accomplish actions of marvelous heroism."

"Your soldiers know only how to use their heels. Among the Franks who know how to use their

arms, there is nothing extraordinary in what I have done."

"Let truth ever bloom upon thy lips! What is the number of the Crusaders?"

"If you count by the men, there are fifty thousand—if you compare them with the infidels they fight, there are two hundred thousand."

"The edge of our scimitars is sharp. It has devoured the soul of many Franks."

"If your pestilences and the heat of your sun had not been more murderous than your arms, we should have overwhelmed you."

"The world is wide, and Allah is powerful. Your country is now deserted. If the Saracens of Africa were to invade it, who would defend it in your absence?"

"Who would defend it? Our wives and our children would drive them back. But our country is not quite deserted yet. When the king publishes another call to arms in his provinces, you will behold rushing upon you another army more numerous than the first."

"Avarice opens a yawning gulph in the heart of man! What do you come to seek in this burning land that is so fatal to you? Are your own domains barren? Is it hunger that thus exiles you, and makes you insensible to mortal danger?"

"Our valleys are fertile, and yield a hundred-fold; our fields support ten times as many inhabitants. We came here to avenge the crimes which infidels have committed against our brothers, the pilgrims; we come to punish them for having polluted those places which were hallowed by the footsteps of Jesus Christ."

"May Mahomet enlighten your eyes with the splendor of his divine religion! Do all the Crusaders obey the same chief?"

"In the camp, they do. But in our own dominions,—dukes, margraves, earls and barons,—we acknowledge no master but God, no right but our sword."

"The law of the prophet is terrible. Knowest thou the fate that the Koran assigns to a vanquished foe?"

"No, but I know that the Christians besiege your walls, and that the moon will not fill her horns, before they will call you to account here for our lives. I know that then thou wilt beseech me in my turn to save thy head from the extermination and the carnage."

The haughty mien of the prisoner astonished the imaum and inspired him with involuntary respect. He dared not insult his misfortune, and he was taking his departure to report this interview to the caliph, when Berenger asked of him:

"Where are my esquires?"

"The shadow of Allah has encompassed them, and they have not perished."

"Remember that they are my soldiers, and that their lives are as precious to me as my own!"

These words, being carried to the caliph, increased more than ever the desire he entertained of attaching the Christian knight to himself.

"Would it not be a work agreeable to Allah to convert to Islam so haughty a soldier?"

"He who has brought an accursed infidel to the

true faith," replied the imaum, "shall be placed after death in the third heaven. But pride has darkened his understanding, and covered his eyes with a leaden veil."

"But is not the undertaking at least worth a trial?"

"Allah is God. The word of the prophet has shone throughout the world with more brightness than the sun. Woe to those who do not receive it."

"The enemy is at our gates: resolute, numerous, blood-thirsty. Death is in their lances, and slaughter in their heart. If the bravest of the Franks were to fight in our ranks against his own countrymen, their fury would seem to be less to be dreaded."

"The cause of the Believers is sacred. Allah will dash his hands in the mouths of the impious, and break their teeth."

"Return to the captive: explain to him the Koran with its most seductive passages,—dazzle his fancy with offers and promises. Tell him that he will become the champion of the prophet, and the mainstay of my power."

The exhortations of the Moslem made but a weak impression on the bold and hardy spirit of Berenger. Perhaps, in translating them, the interpreters spoiled the effect of his eloquence. They left the baron stern and frigid—he scarcely listened to them.

"I wish I had my chaplain here," he said. "He would confute your arguments, and in a few words, completely silence you."

The soldier was but poorly instructed in the dogmas of Christianity; but the faith instilled into him from infancy had become incorporated with his existence. It coursed with his blood through his veins, and was united to him by ties so powerful that death itself would not sever them.

"Thy religion," pursued the Saracen, "imposes painful mortifications—sacrifices that is almost impossible to accomplish. What does it promise in return for so many sufferings and privations? A dry and barren happiness which it is impossible to fancy. The prophet promises to believers more substantial pleasures. When we have passed the bridge of souls, the angels leads us by roads covered with silken carpets, into the hall of eternal festivities. There, all the senses at once are inundated with the plenitude of happiness. Rivulets of perfumes, flowing melodiously through amber channels, fill the air with a balmy freshness. A light, pure and soft like that of the moon, rejoices the eyes without dazzling them. Divine voices, mingled with the sounds of the most agreeable instruments, make sweet enchanting harmony. Houris with bewitching smiles, join the charms of the dance to those of music, or place the most delicious viands upon tables of agate, and fill brimming goblets with the nectar of pleasure."

"But," asked Berenger, "is there any chaste and prudent lady presiding at these festivities, to maintain order and decency? Otherwise your repasts would be drunken orgies. In my castle, I must have my baroness, Etiennette, and in heav-

en, our Blessed Lady must occupy the throne of grace and beauty."

"Listen now to the torments reserved for those who do not believe. At the gate of paradise the angel of Azrael stops them: he seizes them and casts them bodily into—"

"If he is the conqueror!" interrupted the warrior. "As for me, if I can have my spear, I will attack him boldly, and perhaps I shall succeed in making him feel the force of my arm."

"Canst thou hope to strive against an angel whose loins are girded with the breath of Allah?"

"The patriarch Jacob did, and gained the advantage—"

"He will seize thee by the hair, and lift thee as easily from the earth, as thou canst lift a pigeon's feather. He will cast thee into the well of darkness, which is so deep that the fall lasts a hundred years. At the bottom of this—"

"And," again asked Berenger, "are all Christians cast into this well?"

"Unless they are converted to Mahometanism, for it is written in the first chapter of the Koran—"

"Very well," continued the Crusader, "I do not wish to go any where else. I am very sure that our Lady, the Mother of God, was never a Saracen, and I do not want to be separated from her for all eternity."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ave Maria from Protestant Lips;

OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

Even the stubborn heart of the infidel sometimes brings its rose-bud to Mary's shrine. Here we have the testimony of the talented leader of modern unbelief, Mr. Holyoake:

"Of all the religious devices, the worship [devotion] of the Virgin is to my mind the most graceful and enchanting. In all the literature of sentimental piety there is nothing so full of true pathos as the evening prayer of the Catholic maiden,—

'Oh, Mother of Christ! Star of the Sea!

Pray for the wanderer—pray for me.'

Why did Protestantism, by the brutal hand of Luther, cut off from human worship the sweetest element of half human nature. * * * * * Compared with the old religion, whose antiquity, glory and splendor, fill the soul, enchant the senses, gratify the affections, and call forth heroisms stronger than death, what is our cold heartless Protestantism, with its scant tradition, without dominion, divorced from art, barren and bare? What charms have new opinions and reformed religions compared to those ages crowned with glories."

A more exquisite hymn to our Blessed Mother we have scarcely ever hear than the following from Edgar A. Poe:—

"At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—

Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!

In joy and wo—in good and ill—

Mother of God, be with me still!

When the hours flew brightly by,

And not a cloud obscured the sky,

My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present and Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!"

PROPHECY.

Among the predictions received with disbelief by men, because they seem to revolt their reason and challenge their faith, is one which the human race heard with especial surprise, and regarded as a scandal, so extravagant were its ideas and unheard of were its provisions.

From a summit of a mountain of Judea, a maiden of fifteen years, inspired by the Divine breath, and piercing the veil of the future, announces to the astonished world that her glory shall increase through all ages, and make its way amidst all nations. This maiden came from Galilee, one of those provinces whence nothing great arises. Her early years had been passed in a solitary cell of the temple at Jerusalem; there she had dwelt by the silent hearth of an obscure cottage, built among the mountains, lavishing her tender cares on a poor aged couple, charming the weariness and infirmities of parents on the verge of the tomb. At length she quitted that lonely dwelling, ascending into the hill-country, and when she saw the world at her feet, and the nations attentive to her voice, she entered, and more even with her heart than her lips, that song of rapture which she sent forth upon the winds: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour, for the Lord hath regarded the humility of His hand-maid, and all generations shall call me blessed." Luke i, 46.

Yes! the world heard and was astonished. What! such exaltation promised to such weakness! So great glory to so great obscurity! Ah! pride still makes victims. Satan had seduced Eve still in life's morning, and the hour of redemption is yet far distant. Ten centuries before Mary chanted the *Magnificat*, Solomon, that great king of Israel, who ruled over a powerful nation—Solomon the admiration of the universe by his wisdom and magnificence—Solomon, at the height of splendor, treated his glory as nothingness, and said of all that surrounded him: "Vanity, O vanity of vanities!" and whilst a monarch condemned his renown to the silence and forgetfulness of the tomb, a poor virgin promises triumph to her unknown name!

Thus spoke the world; but whilst it reasoned thus in the secret of its thoughts, the young virgin chanted still and said in the face of heaven and earth: "The Almighty hath cast down the proud and He hath exalted the humble!"

Two thousand years will soon have passed away since that prophetic hour; and if we ascend the tide of time who do we behold on the majestic front of all these ages, forming, as it were, the splendid sun of their victory? The accomplishment of the hopes conceived by the Virgin of Juda, the complete realization of her inspired canticle!

Mary spoke truly. All generations proclaim her blessed. Solomon and his glory have passed away, leaving scarcely a murmur in the night of time, not a handful of dust in the yawning cemetery of death. And the nations have forgotten Solomon, or only repeat his words, "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity." Gigantic revolutions have been heaped on revolutions; nations have arisen and become extinct, like passing meteors which spring from nothingness, increase, and relapse into nothingness again. The ages, like a terrible storm, have swept away all things with their breath—all save a vain remembrance.

But the cry of the servant of the Lord, do you hear it—do you hear it still resound? In our unhappy times impiety respects nothing. It denies all, it doubts all, even the truth which burns in the heaven of evidence; but who ever had the heart to deny that before our eyes to-day, as yesterday, as five hundred years, as eight hundred years ago, the prophecy of Mary is entirely accomplished? *Beatam me dicent omnes generationes*—"All generations shall call me blessed."

Daily, in fact, do millions of human voices celebrate her glory. The entire world beholds her seated upon her exalted throne, crowned with her aureole of glory; it uplifts its drooping eyes the better to gaze upon her, and beholding her, it pours forth the song of praise, the while it erects everywhere monuments to her name. Everywhere humble chapels nestle in the valleys—portals of salvation—or crown the hill-tops like beacons of hope.

Beautiful are the foot-prints of a Christian people when, on the slopes of the hills, guided by the spotted banner floating in the breeze, their long files mount upward, mount still, mount ever; and pious pilgrims, women and children, the old and the vigorous, bend the knee in venerated sanctuaries. They carry with them miseries of the soul, infirmities of the body, but they descend delivered from their evils, with joy in their hearts, and canticles of praise upon their lips.

Beautiful is it to behold the human race, when, as one man, with hands and eyes upraised to Heaven, they send forth the cry, repeated by every echo of the earth, "O my Mother!" The child who, leaving the cradle, is supported lovingly on the knees of its mother, joining its little hands, beholds the fair cloud floating in the blue heavens, and cries out: "O my Mother!" The youth, far from the domestic roof, hidden under the wing of the sacerdotal seminary, to console himself for the absence of his mother, goes to contemplate the image of Mary, and says to her: "O my Mother!" The soldier, expiring in a foreign land, thinks of his distant country, and his desolate mother seated by her solitary hearth, and weeps; but suddenly his tears are checked, his brow becomes calm and pure, he sinks to the tomb in peace, he has felt on his burning breast the immaculate medal, and, pressing it to his lips, he cries out: "O my Mother!"

What do I behold in the midst of that perverse world whose infectious breath withers what it does not corrupt? Shining lilies of purity,

planted in hearts which they embalm with their perfume. Christians of every age, still clothed in the white robe of innocence, and walking, with unfaltering steps, amidst a thousand pitfalls, passing through corruption without tarnishing the whiteness of their garments—these are the children of Mary.

I transport myself to the heart of the countries of China, three thousand leagues away. I perceive on his silent path a traveler journeying furtively onward, clothed in the garments of mourning such as are worn in that land. A thick veil envelops him, an immense hat conceals his emaciated countenance—it is the Priest of Mary—the Mariast Missionary. To conquer souls and preach the name of his Blessed Mother, he has set the ocean between himself and home and all that he loves upon earth; he supports fatigue,—he braves even death itself!

Thus the love of Mary circulates in the veins of humanity—thus Catholicism causes it to overflow lips and hearts. Fervent invocations, beloved pilgrimages, heroic virtues, sublime devotedness, resound in an immense concert echoing from north to south, from east to west, to accomplish the strange prophecy which came from the lips of a simple maiden, speaking of herself, so many ages ago: *Beati me dicunt omnes generationes*,—"All generations shall call me blessed."

Saint Philip Neri's Vision.

Saint Philip was very ill. The inmates of the house, all spiritual children of the Saint, were overwhelmed with grief at hearing of the approaching death of their beloved Father. They gradually became silent, and had remained so for some little time, when suddenly the Saint began to cry out with a loud voice, "He who desires any other than God deceives himself utterly; he who loves any other than God shall fall shamefully. Ah, my Madonna, my beautiful Madonna, my blessed Madonna!" He said this with such earnestness and vehemence of spirit that he made the whole bed tremble. At hearing his voice, the medical men ran to his bed, and one of them drew the side-curtains, while the others who were in the room drew aside the curtains in front; and there they saw the holy Father with his hands lifted up toward Heaven, and his body raised up in the air about a foot above the bed. He kept stretching out his arms, and seemed to be embracing some one with great affection, and continued to repeat the same words, and weeping most tenderly he added, "I am not worthy; for who am I, my dear Madonna, that you should come to see me and take away my pain? and what shall I do if I get well, I who have never yet done any good?" Those who stood by were astonished, some began to weep, others had a feeling of dread come over them, while the rest looked on attentively to see what would be the end of this sudden change. The medical men now inquired of him what the matter was, on which Philip, lying down again on his bed, answered, "Did you not see the Blessed Virgin, who came to free me from my pain?" Having said these words, he seemed

to return to himself, and looking round and seeing so many persons present he covered his face with the sheet and burst into tears. He remained weeping in this way for a long time, till the medical men, fearing that it might injure him seriously, besought him to stop, saying, "No more, Father, no more." Then the Saint spoke to them openly and said, "I have no longer any need of your services; the Madonna has come and healed me." On this the medical men felt his pulse, and found that the fever had quite left him, and that he was cured; and the next morning he got up from his bed.

Although Philip had earnestly besought the physicians not to tell any one what had occurred, they were no sooner out of the house than they began to spread the news of it abroad. It soon came to the ears of the Cardinals Cusano and Borromeo, who came immediately to congratulate the holy Father, as well on having recovered his health, as on having received, as they had heard, a visit from the Madonna. They were both very urgent that he should relate his vision to them, and after much entreaty, Philip, who loved them tenderly, was prevailed on to recount it to them exactly as it had happened. Cardinal Borromeo, knowing what a consolation it would be to his Holiness, Clement VIII, immediately wrote an account of it and sent it to him. During the whole of that evening Philip did nothing else but recommend, not only the two Cardinals, but all who came into his room, to have a great devotion toward the Blessed Virgin, and he did this with the greatest earnestness and tenderness, saying: "Know, my children, and believe me who know it, that there is no way more powerful to obtain favors from God than through the prayers of the Blessed Virgin: and he exhorted them to say frequently those words we have already mentioned, "Virgin Mary, Mother of God, pray to Jesus for me."

THE ASTRONOMER AND THE ATHEIST.—The famous Astronomer, Athanasius Kircher, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error upon his own principles. Expecting him upon a visit, he procured a very handsome globe of the starry heavens and placed it in one corner of the room where it could not escape his friend's observation; the latter seized the first occasion to ask whence it came, and to whom it belonged. "Not to me," said Kircher, "nor was it made by any person, but came here by mere chance." "That," replied his sceptical friend, "is absolutely impossible; surely you are jesting." Kircher, however, seriously persisted in his assertion. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated by mere chance; and yet you will contend that those heavenly bodies, of which it is only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order or design." Pursuing this chain of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, in the next place convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God.

THE MONTH OF MARY AND PIOUS NONO.

SECOND DAY.

The Family of Pius IX—How it emerged from obscurity—How God has glorified the Ancestors of the Holy Virgin.

The Pope who now occupies the pontifical throne, is one of the most eminent and holy personages that adorn Europe and the entire world at the present day. Indeed, to be truly just and impartial toward him, we should not place him in comparison with any one, so much is he elevated above all other men of the age in which he lives.

It is he of whom we spoke yesterday: it is Pius the Ninth.

He is descended from the family of the Counts of Mastai-Ferretti, one of the most ancient, and, what is assuredly much better, one of the most honorable of all Italy. In tracing the history of this family through the ages that have rolled away, we find that its genealogy is recorded as far back as the thirteenth century. But, like all that God destines to greatness in this world, this august house appears to have arisen from a very humble origin, for history tells us scarcely anything of their first years, except their departure, toward the end of the fourteenth century, from Crema, a city of Lombardy, to Sinigaglia, in the States of the Church, where they took up a permanent residence, and where they have remained ever since. The long period of six hundred years has been for this family a magnificent chain of public and private virtues. In the seventeenth century the name of Ferretti was added to the family name, on account of a marriage between Count Mastai and the last of the Ferretti family. Almighty God designed that all these treasures of hereditary glory in the house of our illustrious Pontiff, should emerge from their sacred retirement, and shine, all united in one halo, around the head of him who is himself its most dazzling ray—Pius the Ninth.

Divine Providence, having destined Pius IX for great things, assigned his birth to a period at which great things were passing in the world, so that he might learn, from his very infancy, by the force of events, both that superior power of intellect and that indomitable fortitude of heart, to which alone is due that honor and justice have not, in our days, been banished from the face of the earth. It was in 1792, (at the beginning of the career of that extraordinary man who shook the European powers, and those of Italy in particular, from foundation to center,) on the 13th of May, at Sinigaglia, that the Countess Mastai brought into the world that child of blessing, who is at present our venerated and much-beloved Father in Jesus Christ.

And the birth of Mary also, dear children of the faith, was environed by storm and tempests. Mary also, like the sublime apostle of her glory, was given to the earth, when the earth was about to pass under the yoke of the first Roman Emperor! In his cradle Pius IX felt the grasp of an iron hand, and brazen feet were beginning to

tread the world—shaking it—crushing it. From her cradle Mary heard the cries that oppression forced from her brethren subdued beneath the scepter of Augustus. From her cradle she contemplated in spirit the heroic land of Gaul, her future country of adoption, occupied in stanching the wounds which the ambitious Cæsar, conqueror of the illustrious Vercingetorix, had multiplied within her bosom. From her cradle she saw the throne of Egypt, her future place of refuge, broken in pieces by the recoil from the shock of the rival waves at Actium! From her cradle she beheld Rome the invincible—Rome, which, from the height of the eternal citadel should one day crown her Immaculate bosom all nations—she beheld Rome weeping inconsolably, like sad Rachel of old—weeping for the multitude of her children butchered by the sword of civil war.

But it was not only a cradle surrounded with dangers that the Holy Virgin prepared, by her own birth, for our illustrious Pontiff; we must observe that in her family may be found an admirable parallel to the obscurity and subsequent elevation of that of Pius IX. Let us refer to the Holy Scriptures on this subject:

“The Lord said to Samuel: ‘Why dost thou still lament Saul, since I have rejected him as king of Israel? Take the holy oil, and go to the house of the Bethlehemite Jesse, for I have chosen one of his sons to be king.’

“And the prophet having made the journey, entered the dwelling of Jesse, and seeing the eldest of his sons, who was named Eliab: ‘Lord,’ he asked in spirit, ‘is this thine anointed?’

“And the Lord answered Samuel: ‘Consider not the beauty of his countenance, nor his tall stature; I have cast him aside, for I do not judge of a man by his look; man hath regard to appearances, but the Lord to the heart.’

“Then Jesse brought Aminadab into the presence of Samuel: ‘No,’ said he again, ‘this is not the elect of the Most High.’

“Lamma, the third son of Jesse, and each of his brethren in turn were brought before the messenger of God: ‘No, Jesse,’ cried the prophet as before, ‘none among these seven of the children is honored by the choice of Jehovah.’

“‘But are they all present here?’ ‘There still remaineth one, very young, who is now employed in keeping my sheep,’ answered the father. ‘It is good—send for him, and hasten to bring him hither, for we will not sit down to table, until he come.’

“Jesse sent his servants, and the young man appeared: his mien was full of majesty, his face beamed with perfect beauty. ‘Arise,’ said then the Lord to Samuel, ‘pour the holy oil upon his head, for it is he!’

“And the prophet letting fall, drop by drop, the precious ointment on the forehead of the young shepherd, consecrated him with the royal unction in the very midst of his brethren.”

A poor keeper of flocks, whose family had been until this time unknown in Israel—see! children of Mary, whom Almighty God called to be the

forefather of that woman who was to bring forth the Son of the Eternal!

Finally, the birthplace of Mary also furnishes us with a striking parallel, and causes our hearts to proclaim that truly the finger of God has been with Pius IX from his very entrance into the world, by reason of the ineffable mission reserved for him in the service of God's Holy Mother: for Bethlehem, the native place of the Blessed Virgin, was a small and poor city of Palestine; but situated in the most noble tribe of the children of Israel, the tribe of Juda, the one that had received the promise that the Saviour should be born from its bosom; and in like manner, Sinigaglia, the birthplace of the Sovereign Pontiff, although it is only an humble city of Italy, yet is also a part of the most noble territory of that celebrated land, since it belongs to the States of the Church.

What lesson shall we take from this second page in the life of Pius IX, so conformable to that of Mary, O true children of the faith? It is that an Eternal God watches over our birth, no matter how rich or how poor we be—it is that the Immortal King of Ages has chosen us and has made us Catholics, that we may follow the path which the Catholic religion points out to us. Therefore, humbly bowing our heads, let us lift up our voices, and breathe the following prayer:

"O Lord, after the pious examples which Mary, our Mother in God, and Pius IX, our Father in Jesus Christ, have set before us, keep us from being ungrateful and rebellious children; we are glad to remember that we are all born, like them, to be governed, it is true, by the princes of the earth, but above all, to live pure and holy under the Law of the great Monarch of Heaven. Lord, grant that we may serve Thee, as Mary has served Thee before! Grant that we may glorify Mary as Pius IX has glorified her!" (To be continued.)

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

How useful is it to keep continually before our eyes the virtues, the heroic struggles, and the glorious victories of the saints and martyrs of God! How the thought stimulates us to resist temptation, and to imitate examples so bright! And then how cheering to us, in our dreary earthly pilgrimage, to cast our eyes heavenward, and to catch a glimpse of that immortal glory which has already crowned the trials and sufferings of the saints, who were once pilgrims, like ourselves, encompassed with infirmity, but who are now shining, like the stars, in the glorious firmament of God! How the splendid vista encourages us to imitate their virtues on earth, that we may share their crowns in Heaven! How powerful and how eloquently it appeals to the noblest feelings of our nature! How strongly it attracts us to Heaven! How it consoles us amidst all our tribulations! How many additional motives does it not give us "to praise God in His saints," and to love that heavenly Father, who, in crowning His servants, crowns only His own mercies! And how strongly, and with what dramatic effect, does not the Catholic Church call forth all those noble

feelings, by her perpetual round of festivals and anniversaries! Is there, in the cold and dreary land of Protestantism, any thing half so stimulating or ennobling,—any thing at all calculated to elicit such feelings, or to prompt to such noble emulation of saintly virtue? Protestantism has, alas! virtually abolished, if it has not wholly stricken from the Apostles' Creed, the beautiful article which professes to believe in the "communion of saints!"

The communion of saints! how sublime the idea it unfolds! How it annihilates time, annihilates distance, and causes the hearts of all the friends of Christ and favorites of Heaven to beat in unison of hallowed feeling! How it reaches, like a golden chain, from earth to heaven, and binds both together in indissoluble love and unity! How it make us, poor exiles on earth, already "fellow-citizens of the saints, and the domestics of God!" Eph. ii, 19. How it makes the strong succor the weak, the rich succor the poor, those who abound in merits succor those who are needy, and those who are in glory succor those who are in tribulation! How beautifully it carries out the scriptural ideas, that "God is love," that "love is the fulfillment of the law," and that "charity never faileth!" How it lifts us up from this dull earth, and binds us all together, by binding us strongly to God! How, in fine, it irradiates the earth with the smiles of Heaven,—with those of the saints, of the angels, of the pure and spotless Mother of God, of God Himself! "*Fingant quid tale heretici!*"—Let heretics produce any thing like this." (Tertullian.)

Can there be aught of idolatry in a doctrine which thus plainly elevates human nature, adorns and ennobles Christianity, give new and more expansive views of the Divine goodness, and redounds to the honor and glory of God Himself? Can there be idolatry in a doctrine which thus plainly leads us to God, the bestower "of every good gift," whether in heaven or earth, and causes us to fall down reverently at the footstool of His heavenly throne? Can He be offended with the honor which we pay to His own servants and favorites? Will the Son be jealous to the honor paid to His Blessed Mother, and paid of her only because she is His Mother? Can He who was obedient to her, and who refused her nothing on earth, refuse her any thing in Heaven? Can He be unmindful of her sufferings on earth for the love of Him, and of the sword of grief which transpierced her soul on His account? No, no. The Catholic doctrine is as reasonable and scriptural, as it is ennobling and sublime,

Thanks be to Thee, O thou Creator and Redeemer of men, who, to manifest Thy love to the whole world, hast prepared a great supper, wherein Thou hast set before us to be eaten not the typical lamb, but Thy most sacred holy body and blood; rejoicing all the faithful with Thy holy banquet, and replenishing them with the cup of salvation, in which are all the delights of paradise; and the holy angels do feast with us, but with a more happy sweetness.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

From the very foundation of the Church, religious life took its rise. It has but developed itself as time went on, and adapted itself, as it were, to the want of each successive century; for all its essentials were to be found in Jerusalem and in the heathen cities, among the "little flock" who were hidden here and there amid the throng of a busy and lawless world. The fervent love of the first Christians led them on, beyond the keeping of the commandments, to the councils of perfection; and as the community of our Blessed Lord and His Apostles, or the austere life of the Baptist, became the type for men to follow, so did the religious life for women spring from our Blessed Lady and the Magdalen. Standing beneath the Cross of Jesus, the spotless and the penitent, they have left examples for ever after for women to follow.

Saint Mary Magdalen, says tradition, retired into Provence, and there lived a life of solitude and penance. Our Blessed Lady had another path to pursue; she had to be the support and help of the infant Church. The rest of her life on earth, from the parting on Mount Olivet, was to be spent in consoling, enlightening, and aiding others. She lived in the house of Saint John, and to the eyes of the world seemed as she had ever done, nothing more than an ordinary Jewish woman; bearing, doubtless, the marks of a more than common sorrow on that meek pale face—which painters have loved to picture as belonging to the Mother of Dolours—and influencing others in a way that awed those who could not understand whence her power sprang; and revered most tenderly by her children in the Church, whose devotion was yet so deep that they spoke only amongst themselves of what she was to them. And after she was gone from her weary exile to her throne on high, the example she had left was diligently followed, and the state of holy virginity was chosen by many. There are traditions of communities at this period, but, of course, these are very obscure; and the fall of Jerusalem, and the persecutions of the Church, must necessarily have dispersed them.

CANONESSES OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

If we were to take tradition for our guide, the religious of this order would claim the first place; and although the line of descent cannot be authenticated, there is nothing which would render it impossible or absurd. They call Saint James of Jerusalem their founder, and say that "near the tomb of Christ, the Lord has established a convent of women, in memory and honor of St. Mary Magdalen." The tradition further adds, that the religious spent their time in meditation on the Death and Passion of our Lord; they made the necessary articles for the use of the altar, and "had all things in common." It is certain that at the same time when Saint Paula lived at Bethlehem, under the direction of Saint Jerome, the high-born Melania "founded a convent at Jerusalem, and collected there fifty virgins. In this house she died; her

granddaughter, also named Melania, built a church and monastery for ninety penitents upon one of the sites where our Lord rested when bearing His Cross." (Montalembert.)

The fall of Jerusalem must, of course, have broken up the first community; but as the practice of leading the religious life in their own homes was so common, it is probable this was their lot till they were allowed to assemble again. About the time of Saint Helen, writers mention this convent at Jerusalem: and it is further stated that Saint Helen herself joined them, and received from Macarius, the thirty-ninth Bishop of Jerusalem, the linen surplice and double red cross worn by the Canonesses of this Order. But when Jerusalem finally fell into the hands of the infidels, all traces of these religious were lost; when their first monasteries were founded—when their rule grew into form, we know not; but this very ignorance proves their antiquity. They were spoken of in Rome, in 1394, as having numerous houses; and Pere Helyot says, although they were not known in France till 1620, for a long time there had been monasteries in Spain, Germany, and other countries. In 1620, the Canoness de Chaligny and Princess de Lorraine founded a monastery of the Order in Charleville, France. The Countess entered the Order, and was professed as Sister Mary of Saint Francis, March 25th, 1625. She died in the second year of her profession, leaving a reputation for great sanctity. Her daughter, Princess Louise, became a Franciscan nun, and her eldest son entered the Society of Jesus. At the time of the entrance of the Countess de Chaligny, the Order of the Holy Sepulcher was little known; the houses then established were at Aix-la-Chapelle, Saint Leonard near Ruremonde, Saint Croix near Lymbach, and at Cavee; there were two houses in Liege, and one at Visen near that town. But the example of the holy Countess drew many subjects to the Order, and the monasteries rapidly increased in number. The Paris house received a very valuable subject in 1651, in Renee de Livernede Verdille, a daughter of one of the most ancient and noble houses in Poitou. Her father and mother died in her childhood, and Renee became sole heiress to their great wealth. Endowed with remarkable beauty and talent, life opened before her in its brightest aspects; but resolutely she turned away from the world, and gave up all things to follow Christ. She took the habit of the Canonesses of the Holy Sepulcher on January 7th, 1651.

As a votive offering to our Heavenly Queen for her gracious assistance in wafting her own AVES over our fair land, we have sought to portray the first "Ave," that of Gabriel, upon our title-page. The delay necessarily occasioned by the toilet of our sweet Queen—the transplanting of the palm and cedar trees, the roses and lilies of the vallies which surround her—the formation of the mountains of Judea, (from which she rises as the morning star,) with the stream of life flowing for them—all these necessarily occasioned a delay in our third issue.

The Honor of His Mother.

The honor of His Mother. This is another chief interest of Jesus, and the whole history of the Church shows how near it lies to His Sacred Heart. It was the love of her that specially drew Him down from Heaven, and it was she who merited the time of the Incarnation. She was the chosen one of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity, the elected daughter of the Father, the predestined Mother of the Son, and the chosen Spouse of the Holy Ghost. The right doctrine of Jesus has in all ages been wrapped up with the true devotion to Mary, and the Mother can be wounded only through the Son. Thus Mary is the heritage of humble and obedient Catholics. As devotion to her increases, so does holiness increase. The saints are moulded on the love of her. Sin has no greater enemy than Mary, for the thought of her is a charm against it, and the devils tremble at her name. No one can love the Son, but the love of the Mother grows in Him also; no one can love the Mother, without his heart melting with tenderness toward the Son. Thus has Jesus put her in the front of His Church, that she should be the token of all good, and the stumbling-block of His enemies. What wonder, then, that His interests are deeply concerned with her honor. Every heretical blasphemy against her dignity, for which you make reparation by an act of love, or an act of thanksgiving for her Immaculate Conception and her Perpetual Virginity, gives you opportunity of advancing the interests of Jesus. Every thing you can do to spread devotion to her, and especially to make Catholics feel more tenderly toward her, is a distinct work for Jesus, and one which He will most lovingly repay. To get people to go to Communion on her feasts, to be enrolled in her Confraternities, to have a picture of her, to gain indulgences for the souls in purgatory that in lifetime were most devoted to her, to say one-third of the Rosary every day,—every body has an opportunity of doing one or the other of these things, and they are all for the interests of Jesus. Ah! there is one devotion I will mention! I wish we were all inspired with it. We should do well then, for the interests of Jesus, and our dear Lord would get such abundance of new love all the world over! It is,—to have more confidence in our Blessed Mother's prayers, more undoubting trust, more bold petition, more real faith in her. There would be more love for Mary, if there were more faith in Mary. But we are in a heretical country; and it is hard to live among icebergs, and not be cold. O Jesus! animate our confidence in Mary, not only that we may work the more for Thy sweet interests, but that we may work in the way Thou wouldst have us work, letting no creature be dearer to us than the one who was dearer to Thee than all other creatures put together!

Thanks be to Thee, O Lord Jesus, light of eternal light, for the table of HOLY DOCTRINE which Thou hast afforded us by the ministry of Thy servants, the Prophets and Apostles, and their lawful successors.

A Merchant Assisting at His Own Requiem.

Peter Vellio, a pleasant man, a free liver, though not a profligate, was a great alms-giver, and was affectionately attached to Saint Francis Xavier, whom he became acquainted with in Japan, and the two had sailed together from thence to the Indies. Xavier had often exhorted him to clear off some of his accounts with God; in other words, to expiate the sins of his past life, especially by an occasional use of the discipline; but Vellio excused himself, under the plea of delicate health, saying, too, that he really had not the courage to ill-treat his own body. The saint, therefore, undertook to do it for him, though without telling him so, and accordingly used to withdraw to a private part of the ship and there scourge himself in atonement for the sins of his friend. Vellio once caught him in the act; and, moved by his generous charity, he promised the saint alms enough to assist all his poor.

Some time afterward, a poor orphan's case seemed one well deserving of Vellio's benevolence, and Francis set out in search of him, and found him at a friend's house, engaged in a game either of draughts or chess. Advancing, Xavier asked an alms for the love of God. The other, who loved a joke, said to him: "What! Father Francis, come to ask money from a poor gambler when he is not at home! Is this a time to expect cash from me, when I am doing my best to win money from others?" The saint quietly rejoined that it was well to do good at all times, and that the best time for bestowing an alms was when the money was actually in one's hand. "Well, well," said Vellio, pretending to be vexed, "here, take my key," (giving the key of his money-chest, containing forty-five thousand ducats): "you will find money in my chest, and you may take it all if you like." But Xavier only took out three hundred scudi, the sum required for his purpose. When Vellio next visited his chest, he found not a penny of his money gone, and went off to Xavier to quarrel with him, as he said, for not having made use of his key. The saint assured him he had taken three hundred ducats. "If you did," said Vellio, "there is not a farthing missing from my store, so God forgive you, Father Francis! When I gave you my key, it was with the intention that the money in the chest should have been equally divided between you and me." He spoke from his heart; and so Xavier saw. Fixing his eyes upon him, he said, with great warmth and feeling, and with a beaming countenance, "Peter, in the sight of God, who measures the intention of the heart, your offering is as grateful as the gift would have been; in due time he will himself repay you; and I now promise you, in his name, that never in this life shall you be without the means of comfortable subsistence; you will often be on the verge of poverty and bankruptcy, but friends will always be at hand to assist you; moreover, you will not die without being first warned of the day." Wonderful to relate, from that day Vellio was changed into another man,—attending only to the welfare of his soul and to works of piety; so that, whilst still in the profession of a merchant, he led the

life of a religious. The promises of Francis were a source of continual satisfaction to him, more especially that one relating to his forewarning of death. As the saint gave him no specific idea as to *what* the indication would consist in, he one day plainly asked him the question. Without a moment's hesitation, Xavier answered: "When your wine tastes bitter, then prepare for death, for it will be close at hand." Now let us see how accurately the prediction was verified. Vellio lived to a venerable old age, prosperous to the end; yet he was more than once all-but ruined: his friends, however, no sooner heard of his embarrassments than they promptly came forward with their purses and saved him from insolvency. Finally, one day, as he was seated at table at a grand banquet, he called for wine: on tasting it, he found it bitter, and, with a start, he remembered the words of the saint. To avoid all danger of mistake, he requested several guests to taste the wine in his cup: they did so, and unanimously pronounced it exquisite. Not satisfied with this, he called for other wines and other cups; but to him all alike were bitter. No vestige of doubt remained on his mind: raising his eyes to heaven, he at once made an offering of his life to God, and then related the peculiar circumstances of his case to his surrounding friends: he made his final arrangements, giving a considerable part of his property to the poor, providing suitably for his children with the rest. He then took leave of his friends, many of whom, seeing him so hale and well, thought that old age was weakening his mind, and therefore did their best to divert him from what they called depression of spirits. They proposed parties of pleasure to him, which he declined, requesting them to favor him with their company at church on the following morning. Here, preparations had been made for a solemn funeral-service: he received the holy viaticum and extreme unction, and then stretched himself on the bier during the celebration of a requiem Mass. The church was crowded with spectators, some attracted by the novelty of the thing and others by curiosity to watch the event, whilst some few went to ridicule the folly of poor old Vellio. At the conclusion of the Mass, the officiating priest and his assistants chanted the last *responsary*, he being still alive: they passed round the bier, making the usual absolution; and, when all was over, Vellio's servant approached the bier to assist his aged master to rise from it. He found him dead! Subdued voices of awe and surprise ran through the building; tears of devotion streamed from many an eye; whilst loud were the benedictions invoked on the memory of holy Father Francis, who had then been many years at rest. As the report of this remarkable event spread through the Indies, devotion to the saint became greatly increased; whilst many who before had cared little for the poor, taught by the happy example of Vellio, became munificent in alms-deeds.

Be content with the light of TRUE FAITH, and walk therein till the day of eternal brightness breaks forth, and then the shades of figures shall pass away.

SAINT MARY MAJOR.

Saint Mary Major, the dear Basilica where I made that communion which it is so sweet to call my First Communion, is a vast and magnificent temple, whose touching history, when I heard it, seemed to me to have a sweet and mysterious analogy with the solemn act which God had permitted me to accomplish therein.

It is related that in the fourth century of the Christian era, under Pope Liberius, a nobleman and his wife, both of distinguished family and exalted piety, despairing of having any children, besought the Blessed Virgin to intercede for them, and begged her at the same time to enlighten them as to what manner they should testify their gratitude to her; for, after having invoked so powerful a protectress, they did not for an instant doubt that their request would be denied. The Blessed Virgin made known to them that their prayer was heard on the night of August 4th, A. D. 352. They were told in a dream, as was also Pope Liberius, to build a church in her honor on the spot which they would the next morning find covered with snow, notwithstanding the excessive heat of the season.

At the break of day they found that a great quantity of snow had in reality fallen upon the Esquiline Mount. The news of this miraculous event was soon spread through the entire city, and Saint Liberius, followed by the clergy and an immense crowd of people, repaired to the spot. Scarcely had they reached it, when the entire multitude was witness of a new prodigy. The snow divided itself into lines which traced upon the ground the entire plan of an edifice. The lively faith of these Christians required nothing more. The work was commenced and the church was promptly built,—thanks to the generosity of the pious couple,—and as it was found to be, at the time, the largest and the most beautiful in Rome, it was dedicated to the Most Holy Mother of God, and by common consent named Saint Mary Major; but it was also called Saint Mary of the Snow, in commemoration of the miracle of the pure white mantle which had fallen from Heaven on the spot where it was erected, and Basilica of Saint Liberius, in memory of the Pope, who had consecrated it and taken so active an interest in its construction. And at a later period, when it was enriched with the precious remains of the crib in which our Saviour was born, it was called Saint Mary of the Crib.

And do I not also owe to the friends who adopted me, my spiritual birth? Did they not earnestly implore it from the heavenly compassion of Mary? Was it not upon the hills of Rome and in the arid summer of my youth, when the fire of all my passions burned and laid waste my heart, that a veil of purity, falling suddenly upon this miserable heart, marked therein the foundation of a new edifice, on which faith built the temple where I adore God and tenderly honor and venerate Mary?

Mother of Christians, my aid, my hope and my refuge! How often have I prayed to thee in my falls and in my anguish, and thou didst never for-

get me. For, notwithstanding all, I felt my love and confidence in thee increase! Alas! why is not my heart always pure enough, generous enough, devoted enough, and great enough in love, for thee to rest there ever as Saint Mary of Snow—Saint Mary Major!

Many of the Sovereign Pontiffs had the most pious and loving predilection for Saint Mary Major, and while it always retained the grave and venerable appearance, most becoming to sacred places, their care adorned it with wonderful richness and elegance.

Saint Sixtus III embellished it on the occasion of the Œcumenical Council of Ephesus, when Nestorius, that impious detractor of the Most Holy Virgin's merits, was condemned. He ornamented it with a great number of mosaics, representing different events in the Old Testament, and the life of the Blessed Mother of God; he covered the great altar with silver and endowed it with the most costly sacred vessels. After this Pontiff, Symmachus, Gregory III, Adrain I, Leo III, Pascal I, testified their devotion by the richness of their presents. Nicholas IV, of the Order of Saint Francis, placed there the magnificent mosaic tribune which is so much admired. Clement VIII, Paul V, Sixtus V, Benedict XIV, and Leo XII employed the richest metals and the most skillful artists to adorn it. It would be an almost endless task to describe the master-piece of works which it contains. Silver, gold, diamonds, jasper, porphyry, glitter in every part—each having its own history as well as its own brilliancy.

The exterior of the dear Basilica is no less admirable. Here we find the *chef-d'œuvre* of Piranesi, the inspired poet of Roman architecture, to which his chisel had preserved the majesty that the age, the sky of Rome and its souvenirs gave to him. Saint Mary Major has two fronts; before the principal, in the center of one of those vast squares, where the monuments of art seem to breathe at ease, and to rise like a city in the midst of a desert, the statue in bronze of the Blessed Virgin, holding the Infant Jesus, is elevated on a column of white marble, seventy feet high—it is the only column remaining of the ancient Temple of Peace, and is a master-piece of grace, elegance and beauty, a type of perfection probably unique in the world, and one of the wonders of Rome which my eyes have always contemplated with the greatest delight. The second is decorated with one of the obelisks which Pope Sixtus V, took pleasure in multiplying through his city, not for the pleasure of erecting them, but to make them pedestals for the Cross. So that, having seen the persecutions of the Church, they might serve as witnesses and instruments of her triumph.

But it is not its richness nor the arts that have made the Basilica of Saint Mary Major so dear to so many Pontiffs, to the Roman people and to all the faithful; it is the great number of relics of which she is the venerable and august depot. There are some of the stones which formed the Crib of the Infant God in the stable of Bethlehem, the linens which enveloped Him, the *culla* made by Saint Joseph, which is carried in pro-

cession during the holy night of Christmas, and exposed the following day to public veneration. There are the relics of Saint Jerome, Saint Mathias Apostle, of Saint Pius V, and of a great number of other saints, virgins and martyrs. There is seen, and particularly honored, one of the miraculous portraits of the Blessed Virgin, which tradition attributes to the pencil of Saint Luke. During the first centuries this image was so generally venerated in Rome, that during the plague which made such great ravages in A. D. 590, the holy Pope Gregory the Great, who then governed the Church, made use of it in this extremity to implore the mercy of the Lord. Easter morning, accompanied by the clergy and people, in penitential procession, he repaired to the Liberian Basilica and taking in his hands the image of the Blessed Virgin, went in the direction of Saint Peter's Basilica, when the procession reached the mole of Adrian, where the Castle of Saint Angelo now stands, a voice in the air was distinctly heard by the entire crowd chanting *Regina celi letare, Alleluia: qui quem meruisti portare, Alleluia: resurrexit sicut dixit, Alleluia*. Penetrated with the tenderest and most pious affection for the sweet Mother, and already filled with hope in the midst of their common affliction, the Pontiff and the people immediately responded in the same tone to that celestial voice, *Oru pro nobis Deum, Alleluia*, and suddenly the plague ceased throughout the entire city. But not, as we may well imagine, did the special devotion cease which they had in Rome for this pious image and for the sanctuary where it remained.

Of all the Popes who loved Saint Mary Major, not one exhibited more than did Clement VII the ardor of his tenderness and the immensity of his confidence. In the great needs of the Church and of Christianity, this Pontiff would leave his palace before daybreak and walk bare-footed to celebrate Mass at the altar of Mary. More than once he was seen upon his knees ascending the hill, and when he arrived too soon, patiently waiting outside for the moment of opening the doors of the Basilica. It was this same Clement who gave the holy image its crown of precious stones, and to the illustrious chapter of Saint Mary the pontifical palace near the church.

Here I conclude with sweet complacency these details, because Saint Mary Major is also my beloved church, and there is no place in the world which I would so much love to see again, to cover with my kisses, and to water with my tears, not even the tomb of my parents. I have also developed these details, because they offer to the mind at least some idea of that generous, expansive and charming faith which characterizes the Catholicity of the Romans. Setting aside my own belief and love, I most profoundly respect this prodigality in adorning altars and embellishing holy images. When one has given his *whole soul* to God, and all good that He may increase it, and all evil that He may destroy it, it does not seem too much to offer to the material representations, which we make of Him and His saints all that the genius of art can ennoble and all that the inex-

haustible bosom of the earth produces of the rare and precious. Yes, my God, all things to Thee—our thoughts, our dreams, our labors; to Thee the perfume of souls and the perfume of flowers; and to Thee the blood of our veins, the fruits of the earth, and the works of our hands, and all that we can offer, even to others as well as to Thee, for in Thy saints and even in Thy dearest, most beloved and most miraculous Mother, it is still Thee, O Lord, whom we honor.

May Musings.

Warm month of May, sweet theme for simple song!
Well pleased, with thy soft scenes I'd linger long,
And joy to bask beneath the balmy rays
Of thy mild sun, in all his sleepy haze.
O, blest the clime that gives each year to please
This softest month of oriental ease;
Nor summer's blasting heat to scorch the ground,
Nor winter's biting winds to rage around,
But mingling—each so dreadful when alone—
The blazing torrid with the frigid zone,
Forth sends all her beauty, fresh and gay,
This languid, lovely month of charming May.
Now daily grows the giant forest green,
And now the tender blooms of spring are seen:
Throughout the months of long and dreary cold
The beauteous bud was froze beneath the mould;
But now the warm and genial rays of Heaven
The frosty clods and binding chains have riven,
And, lo! the tiny flow'rets, laughing, peeping!
How glad those eyes to wake from such a sleeping!
The snowy lambkins, gay in life's new pride,
Now leap in gamboling sport from side to side;
The lazy herd is basking on the hill,
Well pleased these May-born rays of heat to feel;
The airy warblers' merry, myriad throng
Enliven hill and dale with merry song;
Nor need the cooling grove to hide the gleam,
The livid heat of noonday's scorching beam;
But in the glancing sunlight's sparkling wave
Their spirit forms in thousand circles lave.
Alike in warming sun or morning dawn,
Alike where'er we turn, where'er we gaze,
Behold, the birdlings sing their Maker's praise!
The sleek and harnessed team are ready now,
And prancing stand before the well-worn plow;
And as the plowman gives his knowing nod,
See, graceful over rolls the glistening sod.
The farmer, following, plants his golden grain,
With hopeful heart of bounteous harvest gain.
Most blessed month of all the blessed year!
Most full of waking joy and sinless cheer!
How glad with promise—balmy, soft and airy;
And, oh! how good to love and honor Mary!
For now the leafy trees and fragrant flowers,
The warming sunshine and the gentle showers,
The opening furrows and the sowing grain,
The basking herds, the flocks upon the plain—
These hope within the breast of man do nurture,
And tell of gifts received and gifts in future.
What fitter time to plant within the breast
A love for her with whom God's blessings rest,
A love for her, of every hope the Star,
Which fondly guides to her bright home afar?
Her love will pierce the scales that clod our eyes,

And we shall see the distant glories rise,
Where Mary, Mother of our blessed Hope,
In Jesus' light our risen eyes shall ope.
Ah! let us well these happy days employ,
And fill our souls with such a tender joy,
That worldly joys, fantastic, false and dreary,
May ne'er forgotten make the month of Mary.

A May Song for 1865.

Come, weave the bright garland, and sing the glad
For brightness and gladness to Mary belong; [song,
To Mary as decked in her gorgeous array.—
She greets us with "Peace" on this festival day:
The Queen to whom homage so loving ascends,
From hearts in which duty with tenderness blends.
O Mary! our hearts were delivered to thee,
When St. Peter invoked thee!—"Star of the Sea!"
As Queen of that land which Columbus the brave
Had won by devotion from o'er the dark wave.

Immaculate Mother! The land of the free
Delights to surrender that freedom to thee!
The poor man rejoices thy livery to wear
Thy fetters, sweet Mother, 'tis rapture to share.
Immaculate Mother! A prince's gemmed throne
Is dim to that cot where thy tenderness shone:
And the star-spangled banner, breathed on by thee:
True herald of hope is, and trust of the free!

The triumph o'er sin, the pure, bright, hallowed
peace [storm cease;
Which stills the dark passions—which bids the
Such blessings, O Lady, we crave at thy hands,—
These triumphs we ask, as with glittering bands
In joyful procession to honor thy day,
With songs and with garlands our homage we pay.

A COURTEOUS RECEPTION.—The Archbishop of Conza, Mgr. Nicolai, being at Calabritto, a few miles off, Saint Alphonsus once went to visit him. Mounted on a mule, he arrived at the house of the family del Plato, where the Archbishop was staying. Hearing he was at dinner, he went into a small chapel in a wing of the palace, to say his office. While there, the eldest son came to shut the door, and seeing a man covered with rags, and with an unshorn beard, he took him for a vagabond, who was waiting to beg from the Archbishop, and told him to go out, as he was about to shut the door. "Would you have the goodness to wait until I finish vespers," said Alphonsus. "Go out instantly," said the young man, "it is only yesterday we had a napkin stolen; it would be too much to have another stolen to-day." Alphonsus was forced to go out, and finish his vespers in the street. After some time, he presented himself at the palace, and the Archbishop, hearing of his arrival, came out and received him with every mark of esteem. The young del Plato looked confounded, and his confusion increased, when he found Alphonsus was a noble Neapolitan gentleman, and Superior of a Religious Order. Alphonsus appeared not to notice the young man's confusion, but continued the conversation, and after having arranged a meeting at Caposele, he returned in time for the evening sermon.

Weekly Chronicle.

The last number of *La Voix de Notre Dame de Chartres* contains the following interesting extract from a letter written by an eminent priest of the Diocese of Bayonne:

"The Blessed Virgin has recently appeared to a religious of great sanctity, and said to her: 'The predictions of La Sallette are about being accomplished; have many prayers offered to appease the anger of God.' The Religious replied, 'Thou art all-powerful; beg of God to protect His Church. Who would believe me?' The Blessed Virgin answered, 'God will listen favorably to the prayers addressed to me; the more they are multiplied the more abundantly will He recompense. I shall come with legions of angels to save the Church.'

"Mary then dictated the following prayer, and recommended its gratuitous distribution. A pious lady, whose daughter has lately been miraculously cured, has published many thousand copies for distribution:

PRAYER.

Approved by the Archbishop of Tours and the Bishops of Bayonne, Nantes and Luçon.

"August Queen of Heaven! Sovereign Mistress of Angels! Thou who from the commencement didst receive from God power and mission to crush the head of Satan, we humbly beseech thee to send thy holy legions; that by thy orders and through Thy power they may pursue the demons, assail them everywhere, punish their audacity and plunge them into the infernal abyss.

"Who is like unto God?

"Holy Angels and Archangels defend us!

"Oh, good and tender Mother! Forever wilt thou be our love and hope."

Commendatory Notices.

We are much gratified by the encouraging words daily received with regard to the "AVE MARIA." We make the following extracts from some of the many letters of which we are in daily receipt from our Rev. confreres, Superiors of Religious Orders, and devout clients of Mary in every station of life:

"I am working for your paper. The leaf from Paradise; the sound brought from Heaven by Gabriel, caught by Elizabeth, and continued ever since by multitudes of children of Mary; echoed and re-echoed, chorused fully by Church triumphant 'AVE MARIA.'"

Another writes:

"'AVE MARIA!' Beautiful name! It won me the moment my eye rested upon its Circular. For a project that so commends itself at once to my heart, my services as wanted will be cheerfully bestowed."

From another we received the following:

"Inclosed find my subscription for the sweet AVE MARIA. Upon me has devolved the pleasing duty of giving the instructions to the Cathedral congregation every evening during the month of

May. I am glad of the office intrusted to me for many reasons; among others, because I hope I will have an opportunity to further the circulation of the AVE MARIA. I trust, dear Father, for the honor of our beloved Mother, and to cheer your own generous and devoted heart, as well as a reward for your noble undertaking, that the AVE MARIA may, under God, find its way to every nook and corner in the land."

Again the following:

"I, the undersigned, Founder of the first Catholic Church in Chicago, in 1833, and who, in 1836, visited, in company with the most amiable, the most erudite, and, above all, the most saintly Bishop Bruté, the very spot on which now stands your noble *Institution*, rejoice at your heavenlike enterprise, and hasten to request you to put me down as a subscriber to the sweet AVE MARIA. Accept the inclosed mite of a poor Priest—meanwhile, wishing you a happy success,—*Auspice Maria*."

Again, another greets us—

"It affords me much joy to be allowed, under Divine Providence, the high privilege of affiliation in the glorious Catholic work of adding my mite in promoting the glories of Mary, our Mother and Queen. May you succeed in your efforts to increase more and more devotion and love toward this Queen of Heaven, and may every Christian heart receive the sweet AVE MARIA."

And again:

"With the greatest joy we greet the first number of the AVE MARIA, and beg of you to accept the inclosed sum for a life subscription. It will afford us much pleasure to co-operate with you in promoting the honor of our Holy Mother, by endeavoring to obtain subscribers for your journal. We trust it will have a wide-spread circulation. The various Mission Houses of our Congregation will be happy to subscribe as soon as they receive notice."

Another Superior writes:

"Oblige me by sending the AVE MARIA to my address. We will do all in our power to have this *gem* circulated among our scholars and friends."

Again, we receive:

"Please accept the inclosed from our Infant Sodality. We rejoice at the glorious news that the love and praise of our sweet Mother Mary will be propagated."

Other clients of Mary write:

"I received your prospectus for a new publication entitled AVE MARIA, and the thought immediately occurred, why was not such a paper published before in honor and vindication of our Blessed Lady? Still it is better late than never! Only proceed with the good and laudible work and do not cease to work *against* the adversary and his agents, who would gladly tear her down with them into the abyss. The more they try, the more we shall have to use our weapons, which are adoration to Jesus—honor to Mary; *Loué soi*

Jésus Christ et Honneur à Marie, is the motto of every good Catholic Frenchman."

"May 10th.—Please find draft, my life subscription to your AVE MARIA, which I hope will increase in the hearts of all true and sincere devotion to our good Mother, who has deigned to take our country under her powerful patronage. Accept, Very Rev. Father, my sincere thanks for this monument of yours, erected in honor of Mary."

"May 9th.—Inclosed find my subscription for the AVE MARIA. I do not consider myself able to take periodicals, but I wish to subscribe to this, partly as a thanksgiving—our Blessed Lady will know for what—and partly on speculation. For since I am sure that the Mother of so great a King cannot be ungenerous, I hope in taking a work established in her honor, merely because *it is in her honor*, to secure her interest in plans which I have much at heart."

"May 8th.—The first number of the well-inspired AVE MARIA I have thankfully received. Under a modest cover, in a suitable form and style, like the humble violet of the vernal season, it must diffuse a sweet fragrance of genuine piety. Many will be delighted to read its chaste and well written articles. I congratulate you upon the bold enterprise. The precious gems it contains promise a magnificent result of spiritual riches. Rejoice! a most abundant harvest is in prospect. I feel well pleased and cherish the hope of an early and continued success for the Christian family's new and chaste visitor. Be of good courage! Mary will foster an undertaking so praise-worthily devoted to her honor. May God prolong your useful efforts—*ad multos annos*—if not in *eternum*."

"May 19.—Last evening a friend gave me No. 2 of the AVE MARIA. I read the contents aloud to my mother, and the result is that at her solicitation, and my own desire, I send my subscription,——. I never expected to see, in the United States, such a precious journal, for I did not believe the devotion of Mary was lively enough in this country to originate or sustain such a work as you have begun. I am not long in America; it is only three years since I left the southern capital of faithful old Ireland, and I have always considered that here devotion to Mary was not so earnest and lively as in my own country. But I have discovered that there is one spot more in the Union where Mary is honored, and I believe the State of Indiana can claim the merit of having originated a work that will win more children to Her than any that has yet been commenced in America—and she will not forget Indiana. Very Rev. Sir, your work will have the prayers of *one more child of Mary* for its success, in the person of my mother, who has been a member of the Order of Mount Carmel as long as I can remember. Thank God, I have a mother who has always impressed on my mind, by word and example, the duty of love and reverence of our Holy Mother Mary."

"May 13th.—I am in bed with a fresh attack of fever. By my side lie the numbers of the AVE MARIA. Your journal charms and consoles me."

The limits of our unpretending little journal force us unwillingly to close our extracts. We return our most heartfelt thanks to the clients and children of our Blessed Mother, for their generous appreciation of our humble labors. The original letters from which we have taken the above extracts, we shall most carefully preserve.

The Heroism of Charity.

In the beginning of the year 1823, the Curé of Ars was called upon to take part in a mission at Trévoux, by the priests of the Society of the Chartreux, at Lyons. Mr. Vianney would set off on foot, with his surplice over his arm, in the severe cold of a winter's night, when his Sunday labors were over, and return to his post on Saturday evening, in time to hear the confessions of his parishioners. He took up his quarters with Mr. Morel, an old friend, who had been his fellow-student at Verrières. "I can be more at my ease with you," said he, "and I shall not be pressed to eat, as I should be elsewhere."

This mission lasted for six weeks, and he was nearly weighed down by the labor which fell to his share. So great was the press which surrounded him, that on one occasion the confessional, which was not very firmly fixed, gave way.

He was always the first in the church in the morning and the last at night, and on one occasion was so completely exhausted by his labors, that Mr. Morel was obliged to take him on his shoulders and carry him half dead to his room. He could hardly be persuaded even then to take a restorative, till Madame Morel bethought herself to say to him:

"M. le Curé, you give other people penances, and expect them to perform them. Well, now let me give you one to-day, and drink what I bring you."

"Ah, well," said he, with a smile, "what woman wills, God wills;" and he accepted his penance.

On the eve of the general Communion, at the close of the mission, Mr. Morel went at nine, at twelve and at two o'clock, in the vain hope of extricating his guest from the dense crowd which surrounded him. He at last made his way to the confessional, to drag him away by force, when he was assailed by the unanimous exclamation:

"If you take M. le Curé away, we shall not return, and you will have to answer for it before God!"

"What!" cried he indignantly; "yesterday M. Vianney did not leave the church till midnight, and was at his post again at four o'clock in the morning. How much time has he had for sleep? His bed has not even been touched. To-day, as yesterday, he has his office to say, and at four o'clock, as usual, he will be here again. Tell me, you who grumble, would you do as much?"

And having thus put the murmurers to silence, Mr. Morel took the good curé by the hand, who was too much worn out to offer any resistance, and led him away to his house.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 3, 1865.

No. 4.

JOHN HENRY,

*By the grace of God, and favor of the Holy See,
Bishop of Fort Wayne:*

TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE,
HEALTH AND BENEDICTION:

Dearly Beloved in Christ: Ever since we entered upon our pastoral duties in this newly-erected Diocese, it has been our constant thought to establish a home for the orphans in which they might be brought up and educated for that position in life for which God has destined them. But during several years this ardent desire remained only a pious wish. The churches, schools, and pastoral residences which had everywhere to be erected, put the commencement of this work out of the question for the time being. But since, in a great part at least, these difficulties no longer exist, money also being plenty, and the affairs of the Diocese both temporally and spiritually placed upon a better footing, we call your attention to this favorite institution of Christian charity, and think that its erection should be no longer deferred. What especially induces us to commence this work at present, are the sad effects occasioned by the bloody and fratricidal strife which lately raged with such unrelenting fury in this happy land of ours. Thousands upon thousands—especially of the needy and laboring classes—as if by a devastating pestilence, were swept away by the all-destroying angel of war; and the South particularly was turned into a vast battle-field, upon which heads of families, far away from their own, fighting for their country, breathed their last, and dying, recommended their dear little ones—their hearts' blood—to the protection of the first daughter of Heaven—Charity. Under these circumstances the graves, humanity, religion, the Church, the angels, the saints, and Jesus Christ Himself, cry out to us: "Provide for the orphans." Shall they call in vain?

Who among us could approach the death-bed of a departing father or mother, whose last petition, last care, is to provide for his or her dear children, and say: "Your children shall be thrown upon a heartless world; no one will care for them." If any one were so hard-hearted, could he one day hope for mercy? Listen to the last prayer of the Eternal Son of God: "Father, those whom Thou gavest me I have kept." (John xvii, 12). And again, to His Apostles, He said: "I will not leave you orphans!" (John xiv, 18). Even He felt what it is to be left an orphan.

When, through devastating diseases, or merciless death, father and mother are called away out of

life, and their children, their darling ones, stand around the death-bed, wringing their innocent hands, and, weeping and sobbing, look the dying father and the pallid mother for the last time in the eyes—for the last time pronounce the sweet names "Father!" "Mother!" and the broken voice faintly answers: "Farewell! my dear child—son, daughter—God protect and preserve you, that we may see each other again, and be together in a happy eternity!" and then the weary head, bedewed with the cold clammy sweat of death, sinks down into eternal rest;—tell us, what is to become of such children, especially their eternal salvation, if they do not fall into proper hands?

Parents, if Christ the Lord were to come Himself to you, and demand your *only* child, would you not beseech Him to leave it to you? Would you not rather give up all that you possess than lose your child? Your neighbor loves his as dearly as you do your own, and God loves them still more dearly than either you or your neighbor does, for He Himself instilled this love into your breasts, and gave His only begotten Son for them, who died for them the bitter and most cruel death of the Cross. He loves them more than the whole world, because the Son would not even pray for the world, but He prayed to the Father for them because they belong to Him. (John xvii, 9). The world cost the Son only the words "*Let it be!*" but your soul, those of your children and of the children of your neighbor, cost Him His life and all His blood. (John iii, 16). If then He loves man with such an infinite love, you can offer Him in return no greater love and gratitude than by supporting, educating, and conducting to Him those whom He has purchased at so dear a rate. Listen to His own words, which He caused His Apostles to write for you in the great letter, His Gospel: "And when the Son of man shall come in His majesty, and all the angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His majesty: and all the nations will be gathered together before Him, and He will separate the one from the other, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats: and He will set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on His left. Then will the King say to those on His right hand: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and ye gave Me to eat; I was thirsting, and ye gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in." (Mat. xxv, 31, etc.) Then He will answer them, saying: "Truly, I say to you, as long as ye did it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye

did it to Me." (Mat. xxv, 40). If Christ were to ask of you a night's lodging, and you knew Him, no doubt you would receive Him with open arms, entertain Him at any cost, and beg of Him to remain with you always. You would feel proud, and never forget the high honor conferred upon you. But Christ, by sending the orphans in His place, offers you such a desirable opportunity, and promises you the same reward as if you had received Himself. Here, perhaps, the thought arises: Is it really true that in a poor, abandoned orphan I can entertain Christ Himself. It is; do not doubt it, for He Himself has said it: "And he who shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me." (Matt. xviii, 5). What more do you desire? Give the tempter, who lies in wait for their immortal souls, no room in your hearts; but cast his vile and avaricious suggestions from you, and make a firm and resolute resolve to support the fatherless who have no home. The prayers, which these little ones will daily offer up, will pierce the clouds; God will hear them and abundantly reward you for your charity. Perhaps also the evil one will tell you, that you are rich; that you will leave your children abundance of wealth and large estates; that, therefore, they will need no asylum. If so, thank God for it; but remember that from the light of prosperity to the abode of poverty there is but a step, as we see every day; and perhaps no one will follow your corpse to the grave but orphans, sending their prayers to Heaven, like incense, for your soul. Granting that your course will be one of perpetual sunshine and prosperity, is it not incumbent upon you, and an imperative duty, to give alms? "He, who hath the substance of this world, and seeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his bowels against him, how doth the love of God abide in him?" (1 John iii, 17). "He who loveth not abideth in death." (1 John iii, 14). Remember likewise the fearful end of the rich glutton. (Luke xvi, 22, etc). But if, according to your ability, you have assisted the orphans, and redeemed your sins with alms, (Tob. xii, 9, and iv, 7, 11; Eccli. iii, 33; Dan. iv, 24; Matt. v, 7, and xvi, 9); and the last tremendous day having dawned, and with the entire human race, from Adam down to the last born, you are standing before the judgment seat of your Lord and Judge, and Christ shall point out to you the Saints—offsprings of the orphans whom you have supported, perhaps thousands in number, clothed in white garments, with palms in their hands, stepping out before you, in sight of the whole human race and all the angels and heavenly hosts, to salute you as their benefactor and rescuer, and their parents also thanking you—what joy and consolation! Yes, all the saints and angels will then praise you, and God will fulfill the promises which He has made you.

But why are we compelled to raise our voice in behalf of so noble a cause? Why do not alms flow abundantly of themselves? Alas! hateful indifference and the spirit of the age, which look only after the things of this world, make men forget or be insensible to the love which they owe their neighbor. But beware of this so-called spirit of

the age, so highly extolled by many. Its very name shows whence this spirit is; it belongs to time; it is evidently not the Holy Spirit of Truth, who proceeds from eternity and not out of time. It is, therefore, the evil one, the prince and ruler of this world. (John xii, 31). With many it is the want of a firm and lively faith. Why were our Christian forefathers able to accomplish so much; and comparatively, why do we accomplish so little? This lively faith is wanting in our day, which animated them. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith." (1 John v, 4). Others imagine if they do not speak against religion, say their prayers, attend Mass on Sundays, and approach the Sacraments, that they are excellent Christians, and do quite sufficient; but the Holy Ghost lays down as a characteristic sign of true and genuine piety: "To support orphans and widows in their tribulations, [and] to keep one's self unspotted from the world." (James i, 27). Both should be done; like accomplished artisans, Christians should be perfect in every respect, and not perform a part, leaving the rest undone.

Avarice, this inordinate desire after temporal goods which St. Paul calls the root of all evil, (1 Tim. vi, 10), is another powerful cause. Avarice is idolatry; for it is the same whether an image is adored or gold. But the covetous man pays divine honor to his gold, because he has a firmer faith in it, he hopes more from it, and loves it more than God. Money, not God, is the standard by which he weighs all things. His fundamental idea and standard of value and worth is *earth*! His mode of expression even is characteristic of this. As many dollars as he has, so much is he worth—no more. His fellow-men also he estimates according to their money, not according to their virtues, good qualities, or moral worth. Does he ask in all his actions, "Is it lawful?—just?—what does God say?" No! but "How much does it pay!" In his eyes the rich man is the only true Christian. He alone has sense and reason. He values churches, schools, asylums and other religious institutions according to the *per cent.* which they bring; and as he is wholly earthly in his inclinations and views—numbers being his standard, and his heart a multiplication-table—he cannot understand their utility and necessity, consequently he never contributes more toward them than he is absolutely compelled. He looks upon all such gifts as money nearly thrown away. What low and debasing sentiments in an image of God, destined to live during all eternity, not among the perishable treasures of this earth, but imperishable and celestial ones in Heaven. "Nothing, therefore," says the Bible, "is more wicked, than the covetous man." (Eccli. x, 9). Listen to what all money and property are for: they are traveling money which the Heavenly Father has placed in your hands, with which to accomplish the journey from the cradle to the grave. If you possess more than you need for yourself and your own, you have but a burden more and also a responsibility more: because if you make any other use of it than that for which God has given it to you,

you are dishonest—a thief—since He is the owner, not you; you are only the steward. If really these means belonged to you, you would take them with you into eternity, as you do your good and bad actions; but you must leave them behind you for others, who, according to the will of God, must employ them in the same legitimate manner as yourself. All riches are for men—for you and others. If you have more than you need, out of the surplus you can make yourselves friends, who will accompany you on your journey and prepare your mansions in the next life. In doing so, you do not lose them, but secure them forever; for God looks upon what you give to the orphans, the poor, the Church and for other religious purposes, as so much given to Him. He says so Himself: "He that hath mercy on the poor, lendeth to the Lord; and He will repay him." (Prov. xix, 17). He is not avaricious. Men give at most but ten per cent.; He, on the contrary, gives a hundred for one. If, therefore, you make frequent deposits with Him, during ten, twenty, fifty years, you are immensely rich—a millionaire—as soon as you will arrive in the other world. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where rust and moth consume, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through, nor steal." (Matthew vi, 19, 20). This is true practical wisdom, and common sense.

Dear! Beloved: Reflect earnestly upon this. In doing so, it will also become evident why those who always generously contribute toward churches, schools, asylums and other charitable objects, never miss it. God finds them such faithful stewards that He makes it up to them, giving them besides joy and consolation for their charitable deeds here, life eternal hereafter. "But we are constantly called upon and compelled to give; of begging there is no end!" Certainly not; why should there be? Do you not receive continually from God, and does He not increase your wealth and substance every day? And will you not pay interest, at least, in return? If the state, for its little assistance and the insecure protection which it affords, demands continually such heavy taxes, has not God, from whom you have all that you possess, the right constantly to require something also in return? Neither anxiously inquire for whose children this institution shall be. It shall be for all those who may need it. Wherever you, or your fellow-man was born, was it not the will of God, that "there" you should first behold the light, where His wisdom ordained it! There to learn the language in which, in your childhood, you piously and reverentially said: "*Our Father, who art in Heaven.*" We, all over the world, are one great family, which has God for its Father, and therefore Christ says: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Luke x, 27). He has beautifully illustrated "who is our neighbor," in the example of the good Samaritan, which instruction he concludes by saying: "*Go, thou and do in like manner.*" (Ibid. ver. 37). Those who want to restrict their benefits to nation and kindred he calls

heathens. (Matt. v, 47). "Be ye therefore perfect, as also your Heavenly Father is perfect." (Matt. v, 48). Make only the distinction which He makes, *i. e.* between the good and the bad; and like our Holy Mother the Church, "*be One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic.*"

For the charitable offerings which for his favorites, the orphans, you place in the treasury of the Lord, He will most abundantly reward you, upon your death-bed. When, then, every earthly object shall disappear, and hell make its last assaults upon your souls, then especially will the Lord keep His promise: "I will not leave you orphans." The angel which He sent the young Tobias as a faithful companion for the journey, will also accompany you, to conduct you safely on the narrow path which leads to eternal life. What a consolation for the last hour.

We design placing the Orphan Asylum under the patronage of Saint Joseph, the foster-father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It will be erected on a beautifully situated farm, of twenty-six acres, immediately adjoining this city. In the name of the orphans, therefore, we not only knock at the door of your hearts for contributions to this institution, but we also request that both Pastors and flock look upon this noble enterprise of charity as being especially their work, and that therefore they labor with zeal and energy to put it into execution. For this reason we also order—

1. That a subscription shall be taken up by the Pastor, or other clergyman invited by him, in each congregation and station throughout the Diocese during the months of May, June and July, and the amount contributed will test the zeal and interest that both Pastor and congregation take in this noble work.

2. Every Pastor will endeavor to obtain as much of the subscription down as possible, so that the building may be commenced at once, and also that the land which cost \$7,000, may be paid for. For larger sums, terms of one, two, and even three years may be given. In such cases, where it can be done, notes should be taken, payable to us or order.

3. We also request, that the names of the subscribers and the amount which they promise to contribute be registered by each collector in a proper book, and a copy sent to us, that we may publish the same in due time in each place, and also have their names, and what they have paid, entered in a book for that purpose, to be kept in the Asylum for the inspection of future generations, and likewise that the orphans may offer up their daily prayers and other good works for their generous benefactors or their departed souls.

4. As soon as the subscription shall have been taken up, the amount subscribed must be sent in, so that we may make the plans accordingly.

This Pastoral Letter shall be read in all the churches and stations, as soon after it shall have been received as practicable. The Pastors will likewise make suitable comments upon it, to inflame their flocks with zeal and liberality for this work of love—not only the heads of families but

also the unmarried, of whom many, although they receive excellent wages, give but little alms and otherwise do nothing to atone for their sins. An excellent opportunity is also offered to hold up to the faithful, the beautiful example of their pious and zealous ancestors, who by generous donations and rich legacies, founded and maintained such and similar charitable and religious institutions. Comparatively little has as yet been done by them in this Diocese in this respect; several expressed their intentions, but most of them died before they were carried into execution. How much better would it be if, after mature deliberation, they would make their last wills during health; which will only go into execution after death, and can be changed as they may seem proper.

We also take this occasion to promulgate the Jubilee of 1865. Each Pastor can take any month during the year which he sees fit for his congregation; the same also for each station. The conditions for gaining the plenary indulgence, are—

1. A sincere sorrow for sin, with a firm purpose of amendment; confession and Holy Communion. For children, confession.

2. Fasting on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of one week, during the month assigned.

3. In cities where there are two churches, one visit to each of them; in places where there is but one, two visits, with prayers offered up at each visit according to the intentions of the Holy Father. No particular form of prayer is prescribed; the fervent recitation of five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys will do.

4. The giving of some alms to the poor. In the present case, we request that it be employed in the erection of the Asylum; wherefore it must be sent in by the Pastors. Parents may give alms for their children. In favor of those who cannot fast or visit the church, the confessor may commute these conditions into some other good work.

Given at Fort Wayne, on the Feast of the Ascension of our Lord, A. D. 1865.

† JOHN HENRY, *Bishop of Fort Wayne.*

Priestly Model of Devotion to Mary.

St. Charles Borromeo had the most lively and tender devotion for the Holy Virgin. Besides daily reciting on his knees the beads and office of that glorious Virgin, he also fasted on bread and water on the eves of our Lady's festivals. Never was any one more exact than he in saluting her when the bell gave notice to say the *Angelus*. In his Cathedral, he had a chapel and confraternity of the Rosary. On the first Sunday in every month he caused a solemn procession to be made, in which was carried, in great pomp, a picture of the Blessed Virgin. He placed under her protection all his foundations; he ordered that throughout his entire Diocese the name of Mary, as often as it was heard pronounced, should we honored with much respect; he caused to be placed over the portal of every parish church within his jurisdiction a picture of the Mother of God, in order to impress upon the people that we cannot enter the temple of eternal glory without the favor of her whom the Church has called the Gate of Heaven.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 1.—The Prisoner of War.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER IV.—THE ASSAULT.

The caliph hoped that time would weaken the attachment of the Crusader to the religion of his fathers. He flattered himself that he could seduce him from his loyalty by caresses and favors, and bring him, through gratitude, to that apostasy whose sophisms he so steadily refused.

Berenger was therefore treated with great regard and attention. His wounds were healed in a short time by the care of physicians, and still more effectually, by the vigor of his constitution; and if it were not that his scars made his countenance even more stern and terrible than before, he arose from his bed very soon, completely cured.

They did not put him in irons. They made him swear upon the Gospel not to escape; and upon this promise, he had no prison but his own good faith, and was at liberty to walk through the city wherever he pleased.

The caliph assigned him a palace for his dwelling, and slaves to wait upon him. Often invited to the table of the prince, loaded with distinctions and honors, the prisoner began to excite the jealousy of the Moslem officers.

In the feasts that were given him daily, nothing was forgotten that could inflame the sensual appetites. They studied to excite his passions, that they might lead him by means of licentiousness to a religion, whose pliable and corrupted morality legitimizes and fosters the base instincts which disturb the darkest recesses of the human heart.

Temperance did not always hold control in the soul of the Crusader. Idleness and the want of excitement laid him open to the suggestions of vice and the snares of the Moslems. The nights were too short for his long banquets. The wine of Asia is perfumed, and in its rosy drops dance sylphs, and peris, and dreams of gold. Berenger indulged in it without stint. His Moslem friends, forgetting the injunctions of the Koran, incited and provoked him to drink deeply.

And all the solicitations of vice were mingled with the praises of Islam and the derision of the Gospel. Berenger did not answer; but he sometimes reflected that the cross adorned his shoulder. Blushes of shame would cover his face in the midst of the festivities. He would rise from table with trembling steps, and motioning off his attendants, and the companions of the feasts, he would hide himself in his private apartments.

When these means, therefore, had failed, they had recourse to magic. They mixed philters and drugs with his drink that plunged him into delicious lethargies, full of ecstasies and the wild visions of opium and hemp-seed. While he was sleeping in his chamber, transported during his slumbers by mysterious phantoms, he would awaken in enchanted gardens, where he was afforded a foretaste of the delights of the Mohometan paradise.

They raised before him the vision of Etienne. She pressed him to embrace the religion of the

prophet, which she said she had already made her own. Then he was carried back again to his bed, and the remembrance of these hallucinations worked upon his spirit in solitude, and bewildered it.

When they thought they had shaken his faith, the caliph sent for him, and making him sit on his right upon a rich divan, he spoke to him, by an interpreter, as follows :

"May Allah crown thy brows with glory and prosperity! Does not inaction lie heavy on thy heart, and art thou not impatient to use the lance again?"

Berenger sighed, and answered :

"Alas! tell what are my brethren, the Crusaders, doing all this time? Are their engines of war still far from the ramparts? Why do they not begin the assault?"

"Deceive thyself no longer with that vain hope. Discord prevails in their camp; they will never enter Damascus. Separate thyself from them entirely; receive from my hands a well-tempered scimitar and fight on my side."

"I have made a vow to wage war until death against the Saracens."

"I will heap honors and dignities upon thee. My favor will elevate thee above all my ministers in time of peace, and above all my captains in war. My treasures shall be thine. Thou hast only to choose the most sumptuous of my palaces, and my eldest daughter shall be thy bride."

"I am a Christian!"

"Can the cross outweigh advantages like these? Even when you return to the land of France, what will you find there? A miserable barony, exhausted of men and resources; a castle ready to fall into ruins; a wife grown old and perhaps faithless. But do not hope ever to leave here. Before four days have passed, the right hand of Allah shall be laid upon the enemies of his law, and the exterminating angel shall disperse their cohorts."

"Thy soldiers will quail before the glance of the Crusaders."

"I have a defence more powerful than the maces of the Franks. It will bear the iron of their cuirasses and halberds, and overthrow their towers and balistas. This defence, this auxiliary—is gold. The soldiers of Christ have stretched forth their hands and their helmets to me to obtain it. I have scattered it abroad, but I have not succeeded in satiating them yet. They have sold me their friends and their brethren; they would have sold themselves if I had been rich enough to buy them."

"If such is the case, shame upon them! I will not imitate their disloyalty. I will remain faithful to my oath! But you wish to try me; what you say is impossible. Christians do not sell their brethren."

Just at that moment, a deformed and hideous dwarf approached, and spoke to the caliph in Arabic. The Saracen immediately took Berenger by the hand, and said to him :

"To-morrow, at day-break, I will show thee that I am not idly boasting of things that I can-

not do; thou mayest judge afterward if the Crusaders merit so devoted an attachment as thine."

On the morrow the caliph conveyed his prisoner to the top of the highest tower. Thence the view extended over the entire city and the neighboring country. Berenger did not turn to admire the splendid terraces, nor the verdant gardens adorned with kiosks, brilliantly painted and gilt, nor the many balconied minarets. His eye sought eagerly the camp of the Crusaders on the extended plain.

He beheld the tents arranged in rows, symmetrical, like a city with its streets and squares. The different nations were in separate divisions, distinguished by their banners. The Franks were in the center, around the tent of the king, whose flag was waving in the breeze. The Flemish, proud of the exploits of Godfrey de Bouillon, occupied the right; and the Gascons, vassals of Queen Eleanor, were ranged upon the left. He recognized also the pavilion of the Plantagenets and the Greek cross of the Emperor of Constantinople. The Provençal Knights were still in the place that Berenger had defended for them, in front of the principal gate of Damascus, but the banner embroidered by the lady of Montier shone no longer in the sun.

In front of the camp were ranged, under a strong defense, the formidable engines that constituted the artillery of those days. He counted five moving towers of wood, with draw-bridges on the top, flanked with ballistas of every shape, mangonels, gigantic slings, pulleys, levers and catapults—engines that would rain a shower of stones from their immense beams. Here and there, at regular intervals, was a line of brazen-headed battering-rams, which would shake the buttresses of the ramparts of their very foundation. Everywhere around was observable that agitation which precedes the approach of deadly strife.

The besieged did not remain imprudently idle. The walls were alive with soldiers, preparing for an energetic defense. Some were arranging engines to oppose those of the Crusaders; others were collecting projectiles, boiling oil and pitch, attaching torches to arrows to fire their enemies' camp; others, in fine, were making a store of linen and healing drops, for the cure of wounds.

Suddenly, at a signal given by striking a shield with the point of a pike, the warriors issued in arms from their tents; they directed their steps toward an altar, erected on the previous night, and arranged themselves around it. A Bishop ascended the steps, and prayed God to infuse strength and victory into the sinews of the champions who were about to offer their blood for Him.

He blessed the engines of war and exorcised them, that magic and the artifice of demons might have no influence over them. Then he turned toward his warlike auditory and sent them forth to fight, repenting with enthusiasm :

"God wills it!—God wills it!"

The army marched forth with ardor. The monks—for there were some who had hid their frock under a coat of mail, and exchanged

their pilgrim's staff for a pike—entoned with sonorous voices the hymn which begins:

*Vexilla regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium.*

This chant, which fifty thousand lips repeated, resounded with terrific harmony through the city; it was borne upon the wind to the ears of the prisoner, who trembled with joy.

The destructive engines, worked by myriads of hands, commenced to roll forward. The archers and slingers in ambush at the foot of the walls let fly their missiles. The shower of darts darkened the air. The Saracens dared not show themselves upon the walls or at the loop-holes. The ballistas and mangonels hurled clouds of bullets and stones; the battering-rams struck the outworks with a threatening noise, and the towers, full of armed men, almost touched the parapets of the walls.

The Moslems opposed engines to engines, and death to death. Burning arrows, torches of burning hemp, vessels of lighted pitch, passing above the heads of the besieged, sought the engines of the Christians, and inflicted fiery wounds. The Crusaders seized them and sent them back whence they came.

The knights were a little in the rear, waiting for a breach to be made for them to enter. The Queen of France was present at this battle, at some distance, resting upon a *dais* of purple silk and animating by gestures the courage of the warriors.

The Franks, surrounding the royal banner, had so formidable an air that Berenger, glowing with pride, had no doubt of the fall of the city. The caliph preserved a calm and indifferent aspect, and the smile of confidence never quitted his lips.

"Do not be apprehensive, prince," said the prisoner to him, "since thou hast spared my life, I will protect thine till the end of the massacre. Then we shall be quits."

"Thou art now to behold," answered the caliph, "the most shameful defeat that thine army has ever sustained."

The rams were too slow in their work of destruction. The Crusaders were impatient. They approached the walls, shouted their names, and defined the bravest of the Saracens. They received no answers but insults, and asking for scaling ladders, they set them up against the walls, in the midst of the cloud of darts around them, and rushed up to the assault.

At the same time, the largest of the moving towers having arrived at the wall, let down its drawbridge upon the battlements, which the knights crossed; the besieged ran to prevent them from descending, and a horrible strife took place in mid-air. The Moslem scimitars were broken against Christian helmets, and nothing protected the former against the trenchant battle-axes which cleaved their heads, and buried themselves up to the handle in their flesh.

Berenger could scarce moderate his joy, and he was ready at each moment to cheer on the Crusaders; but the Mohammedans made a tremendous

effort, and united to hurl the assailants from the wall.

"Arms!" cried the prisoner—"Give me arms!"

The Franks renewed their ardor at the king's voice; they replaced their scaling-ladders and ascended again, under a torrent of boiling oil and melted lead; they gained the parapet on all sides and put the Saracens to flight, maintaining their footing a second time. Hope revived in the heart of Berenger.

"Ah! If I were there!" murmured he.

There was among the Franks a warrior who surpassed all others both in his courage and in the height of his stature. Standing with his foot propped against the parapet, he struck high and low, and spread death around him on all sides.

When the besieged approached him in too great a number, he took his sword between his two hands, and rising it to a level with his face, he cut down all that surrounded him, and left an empty space in front.

The Crusaders scaled the wall all around; they made their attack with so much fury that the Saracens recoiled, unable to stand the shock.

"On—on!" shouted Berenger, "The city is taken!"

The Caliph himself became alarmed, and let these words escape him: "What are they waiting for?" We are lost. "Have they betrayed me also?"

But his fears were soon dissipated, and the smile of triumph reappeared:

"Ah ha!" said he to his prisoner, "Was I not right? Is not gold a solid rampart?"

"Shame!" answered Berenger—"Shame on the cowards who betray their brethren and their friends!"

The largest tower of the Crusaders had taken fire, and only appeared now in the center of a mountain of flame. At this signal, the Greeks beat a hasty retreat, leaving their allies alone and exposed to all the efforts of the Saracens.

Excited by the example of their king, the French still fought with heroic bravery; but the word "treason" circulated through their ranks.

They began to hesitate; their valor left them, and their blows were enfeebled. They gave way at last; and Louis the Young, the last on the enemy's rampart, overwhelmed with shame and rage, leaped in his turn from the wall.

Indignant at the treachery of his allies, Louis raised the siege on the morrow. The knights, before going away, marched around the city and challenged the Saracens to open fight. But the Caliph forbade his officers to expose their lives uselessly; and after this defiance, whose barren glory could not disguise their flight, the Crusaders retired with a haughty air and in good order, in sight of the Moslems, who dared not disturb them. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVILS in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm all travelers upon the road; they appear great at a distance, but when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we imagined.

The Rose of Sharon.

Hail, lovely Rose of Sharon's peaceful vale!
Sweet solace of the wand'rer's weary way!
O, let thy sweetness o'er my soul prevail,
And bless the efforts of my feeble lay.

My spirit wanders back the tide of years,
When time, an infant in its cradle, weeps
O'er that sad fall which bath'd the world in tears,
While death, new-born, the fruitful harvest reaps.

There I behold all tainted nature fade
From pristine beauty, and the youthful earth,
So lavish then in fragrant bloom and shade,
Cursed with unwonted barrenness and death.

Corruption seized the universal germ
Of all created things, and swift decay
To ev'ry creature fixed the final term [sway.
Where life must end, and endless death have

But see! before this universal blight
Had tainted all creation with its breath,
Jehovah stooped from heaven's exalted light
And plucked a flower and said: "'twill ne'er see death."

When grief and woe—when famine, war and strife,
Have taught proud man the folly of his sin,
I'll plant this rose, the harbinger of life,
In Sharon's vale, new bliss for man to win.

Its grateful odors, on the downy wings
Of ev'ry zephyr, shall pervade the earth;
While ev'ry tongue that praise to Heaven sings,
Shall sound its beauty, loveliness and worth."

He spoke—and closed the portals of the sky
On wretched man, consigned to grief and fears,
Whose only happiness was now, to sigh
For Sharon's Rose, the solace of his tears.

Four thousand years he groaned beneath his woe,
No life-restoring fragrance gave relief;
In vain the doleful tears of millions flow,
He's still condemned to wretchedness and grief.

But lo! when dark despair was in his look,
And anxious fears oppressed man's fainting
The Mighty Father oped the Sacred Book [mind,
Of His decrees—"Twas time for mercy kind."

He took the lovely rose-bud from its place
In His own glorious bosom, where the while
'Twas cherished, as the signal of release
To wretched man, subdued by wilful guile.

An angel escort bore it from on high,
And placed it in its new terrestrial bed;
Whence grateful odors, wafted to the sky, [plead.
With Heaven the cause of weeping mortals

The cause was won, and heav'n's Almighty King,
Attracted by the sweetness of this flow'r,
Unlocked the gates of heav'n, while angels sing
The glories of His mercy-loving pray'r.

Then peace and justice, in one fond embrace,
The kiss of friendship to each other gave;
Rejoicing now of mourning took the place,
For Heav'n is pledged a sinful world to save.

O, blest forever be thy fragrant bloom!
Sweet Rose, by angels planted in this vale
Of bitter tears, to dissipate the gloom [frail
Which gnawed the souls of suffering mortals.

The Love of Poverty.

Piety, which is content with sufficiency, is a great revenue, says the Scriptures. Saint Francis of Sales was satisfied with the little that remained to him of the income of his Bishopric.

"Are not twelve hundred crowns a large amount, and very considerable remnants? The Apostles, who were far better Bishops than we, had not so much. We do not deserve to be so liberally paid in the service of God. Would to God that we were deprived of this remnant of revenue, and that the Catholic religion had as many entrances into Geneva as at Rochelle; that we had there a little chapel, as in the latter place (this was several years before it was taken), then would our holy religion rapidly extend itself. The people are better disposed than is supposed. Reason of State, under the cloak of an imaginary Liberty, reigns there more than Reason of Religion."

He resided at Anneey, in a fine large house which he rented. His chief apartment was very elegant, but he had a small dark room in which he slept; this he called Francis' room, and the former, in which he received visitors, the chamber of the Bishop. This reminds one of Saint Charles Borromeo, who, in imitation of Judith, had a small cell in the attic of his palace. Here he prayed, and slept on straw, calling this cell the room of Charles and the audience-room the apartment of the Cardinal.

He told me one day, showing me a garment that had been made for him, and which he wore under his cassock: "My servants work little miracles; for out of the old gown they have wrought a new garment. See how fine they have made me!" "This miracle," said I, "surpasses that of the children of Israel, whose garments did not wear out during the forty years of their stay in the desert. Your servants change old ones into new."

Sometimes his treasurer complained he had no money. "Do not be displeased at this," he would say, "since we are more conformable to our Divine Master, who had not a stone on which to rest His head."

"But," retorted the poor steward, "where am I to find funds?"

"My son," replied the holy Bishop, "we must economize."

"Truly," said the other, "it is high time to economize when there is nothing left."

"You do not understand me. I mean we must sell or pawn some article of furniture to live. Is not that, my friend, living on economy?"

I often wondered how he could maintain an establishment like his with so little income:

"It is God," said he, "who multiplies the five loaves" As I pressed him to tell me in what way: "It would no longer be a miracle if it could be explained," replied he, in his usual gracious manner. "Are we not truly blessed thus to live

by miracle ! It is the mercy of God, if we are not consumed."

"You destroy my prudence," said I, "in referring me to that source."

"You see," resumed he, "riches are real thorns, as the Gospel teaches; they wound in a thousand ways whilst acquiring them, cause still more disquietude to preserve or to spend them, and a thousand regrets when we lose them. In truth, we are only farmers and stewards, particularly if the goods belong to the Church and are the patrimony of the poor; the important point is to find faithful stewards. Having wherewith to live and to clothe ourselves, what can we desire more? *Quod amplius est à nullo est.* To be candid with you, I know very well what I will do. My pieces are cut rather short. Had I more, I might have some anxiety as to their proper employment. Am I not happy to be able to live like a little child, without any earthly solicitude? To each day is sufficient the evil thereof. He who has most, greater will be the account he will have to render."

THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST; Or, The New Month of Mary.

CHAPTER IV.

Figures of the Old Testament which have reference to Mary and are applicable to the Priest.

At the same time that Mary was announced by the word of the prophets, she was also announced by emblems and symbols. The Ancient Law, as we know, was entirely figurative; it was the shadow of Christ, *lex umbra Christi* (Galatians); the shadow of the good things that Jesus Christ was to bring to the earth, *lex umbram habens futurorum bonorum*, (Heb. x, 1), "the law having a shadow of the good things to come." Consequently, as the shade reveals the body, as the reflex reveals the light, as the copy makes known the original, so the Ancient Law reveals Christ and His works. It was, says Saint Paul, an instructor which taught Jesus Christ by anticipation. *Enique lex pedagogus noster fuit in Christo, ut ex fide justificemur.* (Galat. iii, 24). "Wherefore the law was our pedagogue in Christ, that we might be justified by faith."

For the reason that we have already set forth, Mary, not being able to be separated from her Son in the reality, should not be separated from Him in the figure. This is the sentiment of all the Fathers and of all the Doctors of the Church; for their homilies upon the mysteries of the Mother of God are full of these relations and of these biblical harmonies. Albert the Great, one of the geniuses of the famous epoch, has even collected, in a work which he titled *Biblia Mariana*, all those texts, prophecies, allusions, symbols, emblems, which relate to Mary and constitute, so to speak, her general appearance; precious treasure, brilliant garland wreathed by science for the Queen of Heaven, and from which we will detach some flowers—those which adorn equally the brow of the Virgin and the brow of the Priest.

And at first Mary was symbolized by the ark of Noah, floating over the deluvian waters. "In

fact, says Saint Bernard, (*Homil. 2, de dom. Virg.*), if the human race was saved by the ark from complete extermination, it has been saved by Mary from the shipwreck of sin, with this notable difference that few persons were saved by the ark, and that all can be saved by Mary." Albert the Great said Saint Bonaventure discerned Mary in the dove sent out of the ark by Noah, and which brought back to him an olive branch, an evident sign of the end of the deluge and of the peace made between earth and heaven.

Now, either in the ark or in the dove of the ark, the Christian spirit has no difficulty to see an image of the Priest of Jesus Christ. In the moral deluge which our world is undergoing, in the universal shipwreck of the beautiful, the good, the just and the true, of which our century is the victim and the witness, there is not and there will not be any saved, except the one who clings to the robes of the Priest, who embraces his doctrine, who adores his God, who takes refuge in his house, for his house is not built upon the sand, but upon a rock; *Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram.* * * * "Thou art Peter, and upon his rock," * * * the winds may roar, the rivers may run riot, *porte inferi non prevalebunt* * * * "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Outside of this holy ark, darkness and death; but within it and by it light and life! There, then, is the hierarchy to follow; to Jesus, by Mary; to Jesus and Mary, by the Priest. They have the same words of life eternal, *sicut arca Noe, etc.*

The Priest is also the dove carrying the olive-branch, emblem of peace; it is his principal and certainly his most pleasing function. What is more pleasing than to make men a society of brothers, to establish harmony of hearts among them? A Priest, faithful to his mission, possesses this inexplicable sweetness; he freely gives it, and in so doing, he becomes the angel of the domestic fireside, the ray of the sun in the thick darkness of night. Is it not the olive-branch of peace that he carries to the sick when he enters into their hospitals, when he penetrates into their prisons, when he appears in the bosom of misery?

He is the dove of the ark; he is also, as the good Virgin, the rainbow that the Lord illuminated on the side of the clouds to attest his resolution of never again visiting the earth with such terrible punishment.

If these lines were destined for others than Priests, more than one soul could tell how the sight of the Priest consoles in the midst of certain anguishes by which the heart of man, and more especially the heart of woman, is sometimes lacerated.

Saint John Damascene sees Mary in the mysterious ladder that Jacob saw in a vision, uniting earth with heaven. Some angels were descending and others were ascending; those descending were carrying the favors of heaven to earth; those ascending were carrying the tears and the vows of the earth to heaven. It is thus that through Mary God has stooped even to man and that he has exalted man even to God.

Mary is also for us, says Saint Bonaventure, the pillar of cloud which conducted Israel across the desert, tempering the excessive heat of the sun by day, and changing into a pillar of fire by night to show the way.

Life is a desert which we have to cross; and hence we are called travelers and pilgrims; but it is a desert of disquietude and pain, a desert furrowed with abysses which temptation opens beneath our paths, abysses dark and yawning ever ready to devour us. Another danger hovers almost continually over our heads: the thunderbolts of Divine justice provoked by our criminal acts, the burning fervency of His wrath excited by our ingratitude. But, behold, for countervailing the thunderbolts of justice, we have Mary, a beneficent cloud which interposes and preserves us from death; for counterbalancing darkness and temptation, we have Mary, a bright cloud which illumines our soul and guides us in the pathways of life. What else is the mission of the Priest than opposing the same benefits to the same necessities? Bending over the cradle of the child, he carefully watches his first heart-throbbings in order to direct them, the first elements of his intelligence in order to enlighten them with divine light.

The child grows to mature age and, perhaps, forsakes the Priest, but the Priest never forsakes him; he follows him everywhere as a mother, and when he can no longer be his pillar of cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night, because he has been abandoned by him, he endeavors to render him the same service by prayer; and thus his heart, though his eyes are absent, meets him everywhere and always.

Moreover, Mary is symbolized by the altar erected on the summit of Mount Ebal.

The Lord had willed that this altar be of stone, without any intermixture of iron, in order to signify, says Albert the Great, the constancy of the Virgin Mother. Mary, in reality, never had her soul tarnished by the least impure breath. She alone can be called "a living altar."

Still more, she was at the same time "both the altar and the Priest," (S. Epiph., *De laud. Mar.*), because she bore in her bosom the victim, and because she did not cease from offering him to God. These various titles are admirably suited to the Priest, with this difference, that if Mary was more than he the altar of God, he is more than she the Priest of it, for each of them possesses reciprocally the more that which the other has the less.

All the commentators of the Bible, and in particular Saint Jerome, speaking of the famous vision of the king of Babylon (Dan., 11), gives the following explication of it: "Christ Jesus, says he, * * * is this rock which, without the co-operation of man, detached itself from the mountain and overthrew all the kingdoms, figured by the different parts of the statue, in order to substitute his own for them. But what was the mountain whence this mysterious rock was detached? It was Mary, the blessed Virgin. Mary "is the Mountain of God" (Saint Dennis,

Contr. Simos). "Mountain of graces, because she has had them all, and because she raises up her majestic brow higher than angels and saints, even to the foot of the throne of the divinity. (Saint Greg., on 1 Kings., ch. i). The Priest is also the Mountain of God, who has been crowned with honor and glory; *gloria et honore coronasti eum*—"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor." He has been supplied to fulness with graces—adorned with all the gifts of the Holy Ghost; *mons pinguis*—"a fat mountain," etc., (Ps. lxxvii, 16), that is to say, most faithful and enriched by the spiritual gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost. In Isaiah ii, 2, the Church is called *The mountain of the house of the Lord on the top of mountains, etc.* This shows that the mountain thus favored by God is but one; and also the perpetual visibility of the Church of Christ; for a mountain on the top of mountains cannot be hid.

It is from the summit of this mountain that the rock fatal to the statue of Satan proceeds. The doctrinal word of the priest is the rock which overthrows error and crushes it to destruction; the devotedness of the Priest is the rock which overthrows egoism and destroys it; Jesus Christ is always the rock which goes forth every morning, from the hands of the priest, to dismay death, and to diffuse life in individuals and nations: *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat.*

We would not finish it if we would reunite here all the images, all the emblems, all the symbols which in the Old Testament have typified Mary, and subsequently the Priest. Heaven has lent its heavenly bodies to declare their supernatural beauty; the stars, to interweave crowns for them; the sun, to show forth their splendor; the moon serves as a footstool for their feet: *celi enarrant gloriam*—"the heavens proclaim their glory." Over the earth, all the beauty, all the perfume, all forms the most lovely, are as the alphabet of their panegyric. Mary and the Priest are the closed garden, the sealed fountain, the tree of life. They are strong as a tower, terrible as an army set in battle array, similar to the lily in the midst of thorns, to the cedar of Lebanon, to the cypress of Sion, to the palm of Cades, to the rose of Jericho, to the olive of the fields, by a current of limpid waters; their name will always be admirable throughout the whole world; *Quam admirabile est nomen tuum in universa terra!*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HENRY VIII.—The saintly Archbishop Hercules Graziani was deputed by the Sovereign Pontiff to Henry the VIII of England, in order to recall him to Catholic unity. "What proof can you offer me," say the Prince, "of the truth of what you assure me?" "What proof do you require?" asked the Archbishop. "I will believe you if you change that white bread, which my page is carrying, to black." The Saint made the sign of the Cross on the bread, which immediately changed its color to black. The monarch believed, but he was not converted; the demons also believed, but their faith only serves to torment them the more.

Les Moines d'Occident—The Monks of the West.

It is now a little over thirty years that this illustrious champion of Catholicity is before the public, with a fame world-wide and ever on the increase. We remember well how he took France by surprise when, at the age of twenty-five years, he published his famous "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary," placing himself thereby among the best writers of the age. Yet, beautifully as the dear saint's life was portrayed by his brilliant pen, the chief merit of the book was not in the life itself, but in the Introduction, in which he gives a philosophic view of the history of the thirteenth century, which in point of comprehensiveness and depth of thought has never been equaled.

In the present work, of which the two first volumes appeared in Paris in 1860, the noble count fully sustains his reputation. This is his great work; the result of immense researches, of twenty years' labor. But here again, the illustrious author leads us into his subject by means of another Introduction, containing 290 pages in 8vo. To give our readers an idea of the book, we would like to publish extracts verbatim, especially from his admirable Introduction, in which the transcendent mind of Montalembert is exhibited in the loftiest and most profound considerations. We will not fear to weary the patience of our pious friends, in placing before them such eloquent and rich pages; nor shall we fear to be considered as walking out of our own bounds and forgetting our main object; for, in the language of the noble Count: "To whomsoever seeks for the most accomplished type of the monk, St. Bernard presents himself at once, in all his devotedness to the Blessed Mother of God, foremost among her most fervent preachers; and again, the mysterious worship of virginity is the essential condition of the cloistered life—or, in other words, the first homage to the Virgin of virgins, and the most direct attempt at reproducing her sublime ideal.

In the Introduction to the "Monks of the West," the noble and eloquent author has shown that "one of the most singular errors of many apologists of the monastic life, has been to regard it as an asylum for sad and weary souls, discontented with their lot in the world, incapable of maintaining the place to which society consigned them, deceived in all their hopes, or heart broken by sorrows. 'If we have established places for the health of the body,' says one of these writers, 'let us also permit religion to have them for the health of the soul; it is more subject to sickness, and its infirmities are more dangerous, more tedious and much more difficult to cure.' The idea is poetic and touching, but it is not true. Monasteries were never destined to collect within their walls the invalids from the world. It was not sick souls, on the contrary, it was the most vigorous souls the human race ever produced, who presented themselves in crowds to people monasteries. The religious life, far from being the refuge of the weak, was the arena of the strong."

"After having written, more than twenty years ago, the *History of Saint Elizabeth*, the life of a

young female in whom' is united the Catholic poetry of suffering and of love, and whose modest and forgotten existence was nevertheless a portion of the most brilliant epoch of the middle ages, I wished, in writing the life of a great monk, to contribute to the establishment of Monastic Orders. Happy at having been able to attract attention to the side of religious history, too long obscured and forgotten, in exhibiting the action of Catholicity upon the most tender and exalted sentiments of the human heart, I hope to obtain the same suffrages by another order of study, in exhibiting Catholic and historical truth upon a ground where it is most unknown, and where it encounters the greatest antipathies and prejudices.

In seeking the most accomplished type of a religious, Saint Bernard is immediately presented to us. No one has thrown more lustre than he upon the habit of the monk; and nevertheless it is wonderful that among the many authors who have written his history, not one except his first biographers, who wrote during his lifetime, seems to have paid much attention to the facts that what predominated in him and explains him is—his monastic profession.

All acknowledge Saint Bernard as a great man and a man of genius; he exercised over his age an influence that has no parallel in history; he reigned by eloquence, courage and virtue. More than once he decided the future of nations and of crowns; at one time he held, as it were, in his hands the destiny of the Church. He knew how to move Europe, and precipitate it upon the East; he completely vanquished Abelard, the precursor of modern Rationalism. All the world knows it, and all the world says it; all, with one voice, place him by the side of Ximenes, Richelieu and Bossuet. But this is not sufficient. If he was, and who can doubt it? a great orator, a great writer, and a great person, it was almost without his knowing it, and always in opposition to his own wish. He was, and above all wished to be, something else; he was a monk and he was a saint; he lived in a cloister and he worked miracles.

The Church has defined and canonized the sanctity of Bernard; history is charged with the mission of relating his life, and of explaining the wonderful influence he exercised over his contemporaries.

But in studying the life and epoch of this great man, who was a monk, we find that the Popes, Bishops and Saints who were the bulwark and honor of Christian society, all, or almost all, like Bernard, came from the Monastic Orders. Who then were these monks, and whence did they come, and what they had done, up to this period, to make them occupy so high a place in the destiny of the world?

These questions we must solve before going farther. And we must do more; for in trying to judge of the age in which Saint Bernard lived, we find that is impossible to explain or comprehend it, if we do not recognize that it was animated by the same breath which vivified an anterior epoch, of which it is only the direct and faithful continuation.

If the twelfth century bowed before the genius and virtue of Saint Bernard, it was because the eleventh century had been regenerated and penetrated with the virtue and genius of another monk, Gregory VII; and we could not comprehend either the epoch or the action of Bernard, when apart from the salutary crisis which the one had prepared and rendered possible for the other; and never would a simple monk have been heard and obeyed as Bernard was, if his uncontested greatness had not been preceded by the struggles, the trials, and the posthumous victories of that other monk, who died six years before the birth of our Saint. It must then be characterized, not only by a conscientious view of the pontificate of the greatest of the Popes, taken from the ranks of the monks, but also by passing in review the entire period which unites the last combats of Gregory with the first efforts of Bernard; and while keeping this in view, describe the most important and most glorious struggle in which the Church was ever engaged—in which the monks were the first in sufferings as in honors.

And even this is not sufficient. Far from being the founders of Monastic Orders, Gregory VII and Bernard were only their offsprings, in common with so many thousands of their contemporaries. When these great men took so wondrous a part in them, these institutions had existed more than five centuries. To understand their origin, and to appreciate their nature and services, we must go back to another Gregory—to Saint Gregory the Great—the first Pope who left the cowl for the tiara; or back still farther, to Saint Benedict, the legislator and patriarch of the monks of the West. We must at least cast a glance, during these five centuries, upon the superhuman efforts made by these legion of monks to subdue, pacify, discipline and purify twenty barbarous nations, and successively transform them into Christian nations.

It would be an injustice and a revolting ingratitude to be silent with regard to the twenty generations of indomitable laborers who cultivated the souls of our fathers, at the same time in which they tilled the soil of Christian Europe, only leaving to Bernard and his contemporaries the fatigue of the reapers.

Anxious to have my readers follow the route which I traced for myself, I have given this long preamble to make known what the Monastic Orders are, and what they have done for the Catholic world before the accession of Saint Bernard to the first place in the esteem and admiration of the Christianity of his time.

In a literary point of view, I know that I am wrong in scattering over a long series of years and a great number of names, the most of them forgotten, the interest which it would be easy to concentrate upon a single luminous point and upon one superior genius. It is a shoal whose danger I well understand. And, furthermore, in exhibiting so many great men and so many great things, before him who should be the hero of my book, I undoubtedly weaken his individual greatness, the merit of his devotedness, and the inter-

est of the narrative. I should carefully guard against this if I only wrote for success. But to every Christian there is a beauty superior to art—that of truth. There are some things which we have more at heart than the glory of all the heroes, and even of all the saints: it is the honor of the Church and her providential march in the midst of the storms and darkness of history. I did not wish to sacrifice the honor of an august institution, too long calumniated and proscribed, to the honor of a single man. And if I had been tempted to do so, this hero himself, Bernard, the great Apostle of truth and justice, would not have pardoned me for exalting him at the expense of his predecessors and his masters.

This subject, developed in this manner, embraces a horizon only too vast—extending at the same time from the present to the past. Unfold the map of ancient France, or that of any one of the Provinces, and we will find at every step the names of abbeys, convents, priories and hermitages which mark the site of as many monastic colonies. Where is the city that has not been founded, enriched or protected by some community? Where is the church which is not indebted to them for a patron, a relic, or a pious and popular tradition? In every umbrageous forest, by every clear lake, on every majestic light, we may be sure the stamp of religion has been placed by the hand of the monk. This stamp has also been universal and durable in the laws, arts and customs of our ancient society. This society, in its youth, was vivified, directed and established by the monastic spirit. Wherever we interrogate the monuments of the past—not only in France, but throughout all Europe: in Spain, as in Sweden; in Scotland, as in Sicily, everywhere—arises the memory of the monk and the partially effaced monuments of his labors, his power and his benefits—from the humble furrow which he was the first to trace in the lands of Britannia and Ireland, to the magnificent ruins of Marmontier, Cluny, Melrose and the Escorial.

PRIDE.—Pride is so detestable a crime in the sight of God, that He frequently punishes it in a most terrible manner. Of this there is, perhaps, no more striking example than that of Arius the heresiarch. He was a man of great intellectual ability, and very attractive personal appearance; and the soft accents of his voice were like the soothing tones of the sweet Æolian harp. But unfortunately his pride and ambition so blinded him, that he perverted to his own unholy ends these advantages which God had given him for a noble purpose; and because he failed to obtain an ecclesiastical dignity which he coveted, was so carried away by his pride that out of sheer revenge, and a spirit of opposition, he denied the divinity of Jesus Christ, and by his uncommon talents so wrought upon the minds of the people that he created quite a numerous sect. What was the result? Entering a privy one day, he burst asunder, and died miserably and alone; as if God would express by this terrible judgment the detestation in which He held this sin of pride.

Commendatory Notices.

BEAUTIFUL AVE MARIA:

Venerable and happy Editors: No. III comes to us in its new annunciation-robe, fair as an angel just descended to honor our Lady "full of grace." We thought we loved the Blessed Virgin before; and we did, but you somehow feed the devotion, *thank you*—next unto worship of the Son is devotion unto the Mother. We are, moreover, not only particularly pleased with the new robe, so *à propos*; but, as at first glance, continue delighted with the appearance of page, paper, column, type, and more than all, the dawning prospect of such an encyclopædia of the Blessed Virgin's literature. What a collection of sermon-paragraphs, devotions, legends, hymns, etc., etc., from the scholars of Mary can be gathered into a volume here; and what a large and handsome volume of the choicest things from many writers we shall have. Indeed we can but see the AVE MARIA has the beautiful opportunity of becoming among Catholic periodicals what the *rosary* has among devotions.—Please find a life subscription for ———, with yearly subscriptions for ———. We observe your card of apology for the little past delay in preparing the engraving for cover, and allow me to assure you that in our State, at least, your devotedly interested subscribers love the honor of our Sovereign Lady and Mother too well to grudge a few toilet-days for the making-up of her heavenly robe, especially in the commencement of a publication, only as yet getting underway; and considering trees, after a new setting, require some time to root—should your palms and roses take an extra day for sprouting, watering or pruning—after so good a beginning, we can trust you a little, we think, and the Blessed Virgin—the Blessed Virgin we always trust; and all told, the work, its aims, its hopes, its foundations, its success, is but hers. Our Lady's weekly magazine, God speed it.

MARIE JOSEPHINE.

"May 19th.—The second issue of your Journal has been received by me, for which I beg to offer you my sincere thanks. Have the goodness to send the first number, and to enter me among the life subscribers, as I am avaricious of all the blessings to which they are invited. I shall also endeavor to extend (as soon as I can confer with our Bishop) the admirable association: 'Apostleship of Prayer.' Please inform me if you have an agent in this State?"

"I was no less surprised than delighted at the reception of the AVE MARIA—surprised, because I was under the impression that the name of a pious Priest of ——— was not known at Notre Dame; delighted, because the first copy of your Journal proves how deeply your renowned Institution is interested in the glory of our good and tender Mother. Much money is spent for useless tales. Should we not be happy to propagate so edifying a work as the AVE MARIA?"

"I inclose the amount of three subscriptions for the following persons. * * * Bishop Bayley writes me that the title page of AVE MARIA is alone worth the price of the subscription."

"It is now, Very Rev. Father, twelve years since I first heard you mention your desire to establish a journal in honor of our Blessed Mother. Then my heart rejoiced at these good tidings, and as years passed on I prayed that the work might not fail. With pleasure I hailed the first numbers; and as I am anxious to gain for myself and mine all the spiritual advantages held out to life subscribers, I hereby inclose you the amount of seven life subscriptions, which please enter in the names of * * * I wish particularly to accustom my little grandchildren and nieces and nephews, from their earliest age to receive the AVE MARIA in their own names. It will, I trust, be to each one of them a shield to their innocence, and a guaranty to their perseverance in virtue and devotion to their Blessed Mother. Have the goodness also to inscribe my name in the Apostleship of Prayer for the Conversion of America. This I regard as the most precious feature in the beautiful AVE MARIA; and as the sweet Month of May, just closing, is the prelude to the Month of the Sacred Heart, and on this its last day she places her children in the Heart of her Divine Son, so may the pages of the AVE MARIA raise up in its readers a corps of faithful members of the Apostleship of Prayer, whose fervor and zeal will win our noble country to the Sacred Heart and make it truly Catholic! Prayer, fervent prayer, Apostleship of Prayer, is all we need to accomplish this. Therefore am I truly delighted to see our Blessed Mother's weekly messenger coming to remind us of the immense treasures to be gained for ourselves and those we love through our Lady of the Sacred Heart."

"As a priest, and one seven years ago of the *regnum Gallia, regnum Maria*, I cannot but encourage the noble object of the AVE MARIA in my humble sphere; but I am sorry that I cannot do much in this poor mission, which is in its infancy, so to speak, containing only a few Catholic families, scattered here and there through the wilderness. May the AVE MARIA realize those words of the prophet: *Germinabunt speciosa deserti*. I wish it all success, and inclose my subscription in Canada money. I shall recommend the AVE MARIA to all my congregation, poor though they be."

"We have received your AVE MARIA; and, finding that the object thereof is to furnish aged and disabled clergymen with a home, we most readily subscribe for the happy purpose which you propose. We desire, with you, the erection of the Missionary's Home."

"From a poor laboring man to your Reverence:—In reading the New York Vindicator, I learn that you intend establishing a paper in praise of the Queen of Heaven. I wish to be one of your subscribers, and I shall do all in my power to circulate it among my friends and neighbors. I think every laboring man should take it for his wife and children. Better pay for a paper that will teach them to know and love the Comforter of the Afflicted, than to take the New York Ledger, Mercury, and such worthless trash."

The Spirit of the Church in her Festivals.

As a skillful architect, when about to construct a palace, fixes upon a site that will admit of its being approached by a noble avenue; and as a prudent mother delays for a long time to bestow on her child the recompense that is to be awarded to its youthful virtues—in the same manner the Church ordains that the celebration of her solemn festivals should be preceded by long preparations. Advent prepares us for Christmas, Lent for Easter, and the Paschal time for Pentecost. "We prepare for the feast of Easter," says Eusebius, "by a fast of forty days, and we prepare for Pentecost by fifty days of holy rejoicing." And why so much gladness? The same historian answers the question: at Easter, Baptism is received; at Pentecost, the Holy Ghost, who is the perfection of Baptism. The resurrection of Jesus Christ fortified the Apostles; Pentecost completed their charity and rendered them invincible. On this day the Holy Ghost was given with the plenitude necessary for the Church to enable her to subjugate the universe.

The ten days preceding this feast are consecrated by the faithful to recollection and prayer; and they shut themselves up in the cenacle, with the Blessed Virgin and the Apostles, in order to dispose their souls for the reception of the Holy Ghost with the abundance of His gifts. Nevertheless, all these preparations seem insufficient for the Church, so great is her desire to see us worthy of the graces of her Divine Spouse; and hence she has ordained, in addition, a solemn fast to precede this great festival.

Dull and insensible must that heart be, which, on the return of this memorable day, does not entertain feelings of joy and gratitude; for is not Pentecost the festival of civilization? Say, O Christian nations, from what period do you date those sciences, those institutions, those improved ideas which have changed the face of the universe, and substituting the law of charity for the brutal law of force have made you what you are? If you have ungratefully forgotten this, the Catholic Church takes care to remind you, as she told the generations which preceded you, and as she will tell the generations which come after you, that for eighteen centuries she has celebrated the Feast of Pentecost, and rich and poor, kings and nations, should unite with her in celebrating this day as they would the anniversary of their birth, for the cenacle was their cradle, and thence they date the moral and intellectual superiority of which they are so proud.

The Apostles, after the Ascension of their Divine Master, returned to Jerusalem and there awaited the accomplishment of His promise. They remained in the cenacle; that is to say, a high room apart from the others; for in Palestine the roofs of the houses being flat, the highest room was the largest and most secluded, and it was there the Jews had their private oratories.

It is supposed that the Apostles were assembled in the house of Mary, "the mother of John" the well-beloved.

They were in expectation of the promises of

their Divine Master, when, the tenth day after his Ascension, and the fiftieth after his glorious Resurrection, the Holy Ghost descended upon them. It was on Sunday, the Pentecost of the Jews, that toward nine o'clock in the morning, when the disciples were gathered together, they suddenly heard a sound as of a mighty wind, which, coming from Heaven, filled the house in which they were assembled. This sign of the coming of the Holy Ghost is replete with mysterious signification. The wind which came from on high was a figure of the holy inspirations and of the breath of grace which sustains souls in a spiritual life, in the same way as atmospheric air is the support of physical existence. The force of it marks the power of grace on the human heart, to change it and give it life; and if it filled the whole house, it was to signify that the Holy Ghost offers His gifts to all nations, in order to transform them into new beings and to penetrate every faculty.

This first prodigy was followed by another; tongues of fire appeared, which dividing, reposed on the heads of all present. These were no other than the Holy Ghost, who clothes Himself with external forms, emblems of the wonderful effects He produces internally in souls. His presence on this occasion was manifested by fiery tongues,—an eloquent figure of that unity of faith and love which was to make of the people of the earth but a single nation of brethren. As fire enlightens, raises, and transforms everything into itself, so does the Holy Ghost produce similar effects in the soul. This fire appeared under the form of tongues, and not of hearts, thereby signifying that the gifts of the Holy Ghost were showered upon the Apostles, not merely to induce them to love God, but also cause Him to be loved by others,—communicating to them, by word of mouth, the fire of charity. This external form signifies, moreover, the gift of tongues, which was to enable the Apostles to communicate with different nations, and to preach to them the doctrine of their Divine Master.

The descent of the Holy Ghost wrought instantaneously in the hearts of the Apostles a double miracle: one interior, the other exterior. It was an interior miracle which caused all their faculties to be enriched with the gifts of God, and their minds to be enlightened with a divine light, making them comprehend with ease the ancient prophecy, the sacred writings, the mysteries of faith and revealed truths. The stupendous workings of Christianity; its aim, its resources, its end; the surprising sweetness of their Master; the excess of His love for man, the depths of the designs of God, and His boundless power in the different dispensations of His grace; all these impenetrable abysses which the most perfect creatures had not been able to fathom, were to the Apostles no longer obscure. Divine love entirely possessed their hearts, and filled them with the most abundant graces and the most sublime virtues. In a word, the Holy Ghost changed the Apostles into new men.

The authentic proof of this interior change was the exterior miracle of their conduct. These

twelve Galileans, unlettered and uneducated fishermen, spoke and wrote with an eloquence, a dignity, a depth of learning which caused the most enlightened genius to bow in admiration. All this proved to unbelievers that they spoke not from themselves, and what proved it still more clearly was their courage and zeal for the Glory of God.

What a singular spectacle it was to see twelve poor fishermen—the most courageous of whom had but a short time ago denied his Master—to see them at present encountering kings and judges; nay, the whole universe, that had then conspired against them! “Behold,” says St. Chrysostom, “with what intrepidity they bear themselves! They triumph over every obstacle, as fire triumphs over the straw with which it comes in contact. Whole cities rise up against them; nations are leagued to ensnare them; combats, wild beasts, fire and the sword menace them; but vain are their efforts. The sight of these dangers make no more impression on them than if they were mere dreams. They are unarmed, and yet they face armed legions. Unlettered men are they, and yet they dare compete with a host of orators, sophists and philosophers, whom they silence. The pride of the Academy bows before Paul; the disciples of Plato, Aristotle and Zeno are mute in his presence.

The prodigies that the Holy Ghost operated on the wonderful day of his coming, He still works in well-disposed souls. It is true that the exterior gifts have ceased, being no longer necessary; but the interior ones are yet to be obtained. The Church urges us to petition for them, and more especially on the ten days preceding Pentecost, on the festival itself, and during the octave.

A Thrilling Event.

About the middle of the thirteenth century Pope Urban IV, with the whole Sacred College, was staying for a time at Orvieto, near Bolsena. In this latter city, a priest, in offering the Holy Sacrifice in the Church of Saint Catherine, (still standing), allowed, by inadvertance, some drops of the Precious Blood to fall on the corporal. In order to remove the marks of the accident he folded and refolded the blessed linen in such a manner as to dry up the Adorable Blood. He then reopened the corporal, and found that the Blood had penetrated through all the folds and imprinted on each a perfect figure of the Sacred Host, in the color of blood. By order of the Sovereign Pontiff, the miraculous linen was then taken solemnly to Orvieto, where it is preserved with profound reverence, to this day, in the Cathedral. The reliquary which contains it is a master piece of workmanship in gold and adorned with paintings in enamel. The Cathedral itself, founded in commemoration of the prodigy, is one of the most beautiful monuments of art in Italy; it dates back to the year 1290. This miracle was among the motives which determined the same Pope to establish the festival of Corpus Christi. Bolsena still shows the spot where the Blood flowed, and has covered it with a little grating.

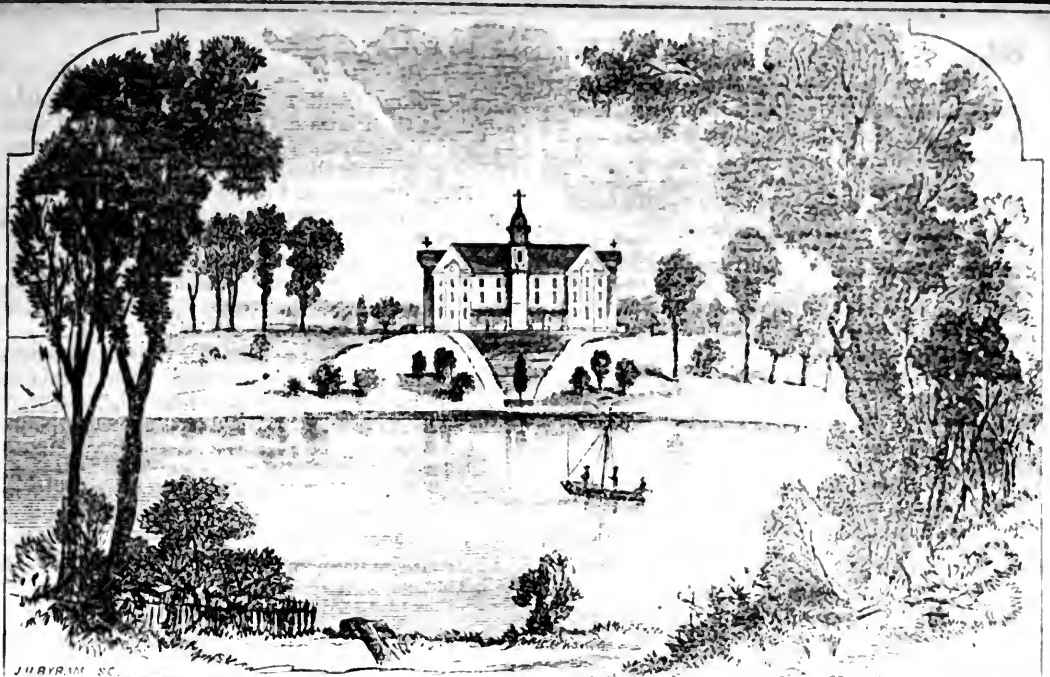
Regina.

To-day
Our dear Regina was the Queen of May;
In her hand
A snow-white Lily bearing for a wand,—
Type to be
Of our own Lady's purity;
Rose-buds wild,
And meadow violets with blue eyes mild,
Peeped from the basket of the happy child,
For to-day
Our Dear Regina was the Queen of May.
All the unsipped honey of the year
From eglantine
And columbine
And white clover tufts both far and near,
Could but hint the innocent excess
Of Regina's artless happiness:
In her hand
A snow-white Lily bearing for a wand,—
Type to be
Of our Virgin Mother's purity;
Meadow violets, with blue eyes mild,
Like our Blessed Lady's, bore the child,—
Types to be
Of our Lady's humility:
Roses too
Nursed by vernal rain and vernal dew,—
Types to be
Of our heavenly Lady's charity:
For to-day
Our dear Regina was the Queen of May.
Thus was tipified, in childish guise,
Heavenly graces, heavenly mysteries.
We may deem our own sweet Lady smiled
On the simple pageant which beguiled
Life on one short hour of busy care,
Winning even pain bright smiles to wear,
As forth walked, in happy state to-day,
Our dear Regina, reigning Queen of May.

The Venerable Berchmans.

Reflect often upon the virtues of Mary, that you may effectually keep them in remembrance. It were to be wished that all those who call themselves devoted to Mary might imitate the example of the Venerable Berchmans. His great pleasure was to discourse on the greatness of the Mother of God. He sought every occasion to make that the subject of his conversation; and, in order to do so more easily and with more fruit, he had collected from many good authors the praises of the Queen of Heaven. He was never better pleased than when he could meet with some one particularly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, for then there ensued a kind of combat as to who should give her most praise. Berchmans was always certain to come off victorious, so eloquent was he when speaking of Mary.

It is sometimes hard to judge duly, whether it be a good or bad spirit that urges thee on to desire this or that, or whether thou art not moved to it by thy own spirit.



[The MISSIONARY'S HOME forms of itself a separate corporation, under the control of three Right Rev. Bishops, this arrangement of ours having been lately approved at Rome.]

THE MISSIONARY'S HOME.

"We are now come to the Lake of Saint Joseph," says our *Guide*, and further up a little lies Saint Mary's Lake—mirror. Around these gently undulating banks, almost matchless for landscapes of tender beauty, cluster the buildings of Notre Dame, University and Church, houses for Novitiates, and houses for Manual Labor; in the distance, St. Mary's of the Immaculate Conception—each overlooking and infolding views of so serene a loveliness, we wander amid, remembering with Saint Francis de Sales, "It is the sweetest thing in the world to drop into the hands of God and there stay." And yet it is not of these we purpose to speak, fair and goodly as they arise around, and invite our lingering gaze. We note them but as surroundings, turning rather to the one site on the shore of this lovely solitude, where stands the Missionary's Home, an object of interest to all.

The plan, 136 feet by 75, three full stories high—one story on the main building being only as yet completed—48 private rooms, some 25 by 20 feet, with every convenience to promote the comfort for those for whom intended—"venerable clergymen too far advanced in years to discharge longer the arduous duties of the sacred ministry, or those incapacitated by sickness, or desirous to retire awhile into solitude to renew in their hearts the fervor of their vocation."

Bishop Young *had* it right when he said: "Priests in this country must not expect any comfort; they must die with the harness on." But God has moved some one to erect a home for these missionary sons of the Cross—"spiritual heroes, isolated from the friends and associations of their youth; aged shepherds, who from over the sea heard the cries of the flock in the western wilderness (spiritual ears touched of God are quick to

hear)—and to they came, from sunnied France, keeping the joy of sacrifice before them; from industrial German shores, pondering the how to work for God and upbuild the dear Church; and that gaily gallant phalanx of Irish hearts, in whom the faith gushes up as a fountain in the face of the sun, who came, journeying only for souls, emptying their purse every furlong of the way; laying corner-stones for parish churches; building an altar for the Blessed Sacrament; setting up statue and shrine for Holy Mother and Queen, sweet Lady of Angels; relieving Christ's poor; taking no thought of the morrow; intent on the gathering in unto and keeping in the one true fold; feeding the sheep; feeding the lambs; till, coming to the threshold of age, they pause for a hearthstone. I stand before the identical object—one of the most interesting features of Notre Dame—a rising home for the missionary sons of the Cross and the Virgin, and it is worth the little pilgrimage; it is worth the coming to trace the grand grain of faith impregnated in these walls; to watch the monument go up of a people who love their Priests, (as God knows well they may,) and where the "sermons in stones" have all texts about the Blessed Virgin, for it is, or should be, well known, to this work all surplus funds accruing from the publication of the AVE MARIA are pledged, and thus—Holy Mary, patroness—every fresh chink of plaster is a votive offering to the Mother of God—the echo of a Hail Mary." "By their works ye know them," true Catholics. Aye, it is well worth the visitation,—this little overlook of God's gardening, natural and spiritual.

For who could stand who reconciled brow God in His sweet baptisms ever kissed; Nor somehow know the promise of this spot, That sits the dearest little way apart

From shops, and stirs, and carking cares;
 Yet not so far but that the kindly eye
 Of hero Gospel-battle-worn, in day
 Not distant far, God-give! may overwatch
 In prayer, old Notre Dame, St. Joseph's Lake
 Of silver wave across, our Lady's boys,
 His casement from: or farther rightward up,
 Its sacred wood within, the sacred house [this—
 Where Priests are made,—God bless the spot! and
 Pleading in its unfinished hope to-day,—
 Where Priests shall lay the harness off to die,—
 A little while before—to leisurely
 Through Beulah walk—a little while before,
 The gloriously solemn avenues
 For saints that even slowly ope, and wind
 Up through the Judgment-hall to Paradise,
 Are ventured through.

Site of so high a hope,
 House of so just a charity—devotion
 To the Virgin thy corner-stone—thou shalt
 In beauty rise, in virtue shalt endure.

Religious Chronicle.

The twelfth of April is a double anniversary of memorable events in the life of Pius IX; his return from exile in 1850, and his preservation from death in 1855, when the accident occurred at St. Agnes' without the walls. Since these events, the day has been observed with annually increasing solemnity in Rome; but as the twelfth fell this year during the sad rites of Holy Week, the celebration was postponed until the Octave. From the Roman correspondent of the *Rosier de Marie* we learn that the crowd of faithful who assembled was immense.

Secular and Religious Priests arrived at an early hour to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. The students of the Propaganda, who, at the time of the accident, surrounded Pio Nono, went in procession to this basilica, where they piously received Holy Communion from the hands of his Eminence Cardinal Barnabo.

The assembled multitude returned thanks to God for the preservation of the life of the Pope, and then visited the Hall, where, in 1855, the Church came so near losing its visible Head.

About half-past five the Holy Father arrived, and was received by his Eminence Cardinal Boffondi, and the Abbe General of the Canons of St. John Lateran. His Holiness assisted at Benediction. After visiting the Institution and bestowing his blessing upon the Canons and their pupils, (among the latter the young Edgard Mortara, who delivered an appropriate poetical address), the august visitor re-entered his carriage, amid the acclamations of the assembled multitude who besought his benediction.

Pio Nono returned to Rome *via* the Bridge Pius. The road, from the basilica to the walls of the city, was ornamented for the occasion with flowers and green boughs. As twilight deepened into night, the windows, balconies and monuments of Rome, were brilliantly illuminated. The Corso seemed one blaze of dazzling light. At one extremity of the long street, the cross of St. Peter shone with resplendant brilliancy above the

heights of the Capitol. At the other end, the Obelisk, in the Piazza del Popolo, was covered with beautiful transparencies. All the adjacent streets were gorgeously illuminated.

The statues of the Blessed Virgin, in every part of the city, were ornamented with drapery, lights, and inscriptions in prose and poetry, commemorative of the two anniversaries, testifying the confidence of the Roman people in the Mother of God, and beseeching her ever to show herself propitious to Rome and the Sovereign Pontiff.

The fountain in the Piazza di Colonna was converted into an elegant parterre. The Forum of Trajan was lit up with torches whose lights reflected, in the most exquisite manner, upon the column.

In the squares of St. Eustache, of Campo-Marzo, St. Charles, Venice, and of Madonna of the Mount, were erected most richly-illuminated transparencies of the Blessed Virgin. The elegant gothic front of St. Lorenzo was ornamented with the statue of the martyr, surrounded by the emblems of charity and courage. Over the celebrated fountain in the Piazza Baberino, was erected a triumphal arch, whose effect was most beautiful. A magnificent transparency of the Immaculate Conception ornamented Piazza Navona.

The Square of Minerva was converted into a Chinese hall; and that of the Bridge of St. Angelo ornamented by an immense banner, painted by Cavalieri, representing the return of Pius IX to Rome after his exile in Gaëta.

In the Piazza di Pantheon, an exquisite painting, by Pazzi, representing the Holy Father clothed in Pontifical robes, his head crowned with the tiara, holding the Keys in one hand; in the other the *Encyclical* of December 8, 1864, and the *Syllabus*; surrounded by Bishops and nations offering their *Peter's Pence*, and chasing into darkness luxury and error. Under the portico of the Pantheon was suspended a grand, luminous cross.

The Piazza del Campo di Fiori was converted into a square of verdure, flowers and shrubs, in the center of which gushed a beautiful fountain. The Gate of Ripetta and the Fountain of Saint Mary's Transtevere were transformed into elegant parterres. The Regiment of the Pontifical Line decorated the Forum. Four Pontifical steamers and several large barks, anchored in the Tiber, near St. John's Bridge, fired a salute of a hundred guns, and the music of the Zouaves floated over the brilliantly-illuminated river. A double line of transparencies extended the entire length of Borgho street, up to St. Peter's. Everywhere the Pontifical flags and the busts of Pius IX attracted the enthusiastic attention of the people. French and Pontifical military bands played in all the principal squares.

It is pleasant to add that the citizens spontaneously imposed upon themselves the expenses of the festival. Notwithstanding the densely crowded street, the most perfect tranquility reigned until all separated, at a late hour of the night. The enemies of society and religion may envy us this serenity, but they cannot deny its existence. May Heaven hear the prayers that were this day uttered by the Roman people.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 10, 1865.

No. 5.

THIRTEENTH CENTURY JUDGED.

Masterly Description of its Faith—Bold Acknowledgment of its Admirable Devotion to the Mother of God.

"We are well aware that, to reproduce such a life in all its integrity, it is necessary to place ourselves face to face with a whole order of facts and of ideas long since struck with reprobation by the vague religiosity of latter times, and which a timorous though sincere piety has too often excluded from religious history. We allude to the supernatural phenomena so abundant in the lives of the Saints, consecrated by faith under the name of miracles, and eschewed by worldly wisdom under the name of 'legends,' 'popular superstitions,' 'fabulous traditions.' Many such are found in the life of Saint Elizabeth. These we have endeavored to reproduce with the same scrupulous exactness which we have used in all the rest of the narrative. The very thought of omitting, or even of extenuating them—interpreting them with prudent moderation, would have been revolting to us. It would have appeared to us a sacrilege to gloss over or conceal what we believe to be true, to pander to the proud *raison* of our age; it would have been a culpable error, too, for these miracles are related by the same authors, established by the same authority, as are all the other events of our biography. Nor could we well have fixed any rule whereby to admit their veracity in some cases and reject it in others; in short, it would have been nothing better than hypocrisy, for we candidly acknowledge that we firmly believe all that has ever been recorded as most miraculous of the Saints of God in general, and of St. Elizabeth in particular. Nor does it imply any sort of victory over our own weak reason; for nothing appeared to us more reasonable, more simple for a Christian, than to bend in gratitude before the Lord's mercy, when he sees it suspend or modify the natural laws which it alone has created, to secure and enhance the triumph of the still higher laws of the moral and religious order. Is it not both sweet and easy to conceive how souls like those of St. Elizabeth and her contemporaries, exalted by faith and humility far above the cold reasoning of this world, purified by every sacrifice and every virtue, accustomed to live beforehand in Heaven, presented to the goodness of God a theater ever prepared? How much, too, the fervent and simple faith of the people, called forth, and, if we may venture to say so, justified the frequent and familiar intervention of that Almighty

power rejected and denied by the insensate pride of our days!

"Hence it is with a mixture of love and respect that we have long studied those innumerable traditions of faithful generations, wherein faith and Christian poesy—the highest lessons of religion and the most delightful creations of the imagination, are blended in a union so intimate that it can by no means be dissolved; but even if we had not the happiness of believing with entire simplicity in the wonders of divine power, which they relate, never could we venture to despise the innocent belief which has moved and delighted millions of our brethren for so many ages; all that is pure in them is elevated and sanctified to us, by having been the object of our father's faith—of our fathers who were nearer Christ than we are. We have not the heart to despise what they believed with so much fervor, loved with so much constancy. Far from that: we will freely confess that we have often found in them both help and consolation, and in this we are not alone; for if they are everywhere despised by people who call themselves learned and enlightened, there are still places where these sweet traditions have remained dear to the poor and simple. We have found them cherished in Ireland, in the Tyrol, and especially in Italy, and in more than one of the French provinces; we have gathered them from the words of the people, and the tears which flowed from their eyes; they have still an altar in the fairest of all temples—the hearts of the people. We will even venture to say that something is wanting to the human glory of those Saints who have not been invested with this touching popularity—who have not received, with the homage of the Church, that tribute of humble love and familiar confidence which is paid under the cottage-roof, by the evening hearth, from the mouth and heart of the unlettered poor. Elizabeth, endowed by Heaven with such absolute simplicity, and who, in the midst of royal splendor, preferred to all other society that of the poor, and miserable; Elizabeth, the friend, the mother, the servant of the poor, could not be forgotten by them; and in that sweet remembrance do we find the secret of the charming incidents which we shall have to relate.

"But this is not the place to discuss that grave question of the credence to the miracles in the lives of the Saints; it suffices for us to have declared our own point of view; even had it been different, it would not have prevented us from writing the life of St. Elizabeth, from showing all that Catholics believed of her, and giving an ac-

count of the glory and the influence which her miracles have obtained for her amongst the faithful. In all mediæval study, the implicit faith of the people, the unanimity of public opinion, give, to the popular traditions inspired by religion, a force which the historian cannot but appreciate. So that even independent of their theological value, one cannot, without blindness, overlook the part which they have at all times played in poetry and in history.

"With regard to poetry, it would be difficult to deny that it contains an inexhaustible mine; a fact which will be every day recognized more and more, according as the human mind returns to the source of true beauty. Even were we forced to regard these legends but as the *Christian mythology*, according to the contemptuous expression of the great philosophers of our days, still we would find in them a source of poetry infinitely more pure, abundant, and original, than the worn-out mythology of Olympus. But how can we be surprised that they have been so long refused all right to poetic influence? The idolatrous generations who had concentrated all their enthusiasm on the monuments and institutions of paganism, and the impious generations who have dignified with the name of poetry the filthy effusions of the last century, could neither of them give even a name to that exquisite fruit of Catholic faith; they could offer it only one kind of homage, viz: that of scoffing and insult—this they have done.

"In a purely historical point of view, popular traditions, and especially those which belong to religion, if they have not a mathematical certainty—if they are not what are called positive facts, they are, at least, quite as powerful, and have exercised a far greater power over the passions and morals of the people than facts the most incontestible for human reason. On this account they assuredly merit the respect and attention of every serious historian and profound critic.

"So it ought to be with every man who is interested in the supremacy of spiritualism in the progress of the human race; who places the worship of moral beauty above the exclusive domination of material interests and inclinations. For it must not be forgotten that, at the basis of all beliefs, even the most puerile, and superstitions the most absurd that have prevailed at any time amongst Christian people, there was always a formal recognition of supernatural power, a generous declaration in favor of the dignity of man—fallen indeed—but not irretrievably. Everywhere and always there was stamped on these popular convictions the victory of mind over matter, of the invisible over the visible, of the innocent glory of man over his misfortune, of the primitive purity of nature over its corruption. The most trifling Catholic legend has gained more hearts to those immortal truths than all the dissertations of philosophers. It is always the sentiment of that glorious sympathy between the Creator and the creature, between Heaven and earth, which beams upon us through the mists of ages; but whilst pagan antiquity stammered out this idea, giving its gods all the vices of humanity, Chris-

tian ages have proclaimed it, elevating humanity and the world regenerated by faith, to the very height of heaven.

"In the ages of which we speak, such apologies as these would have been superfluous. No one in Christian society doubted the truth and the ineffable sweetness of these pious traditions. Men lived in a sort of tender and intimate familiarity with those amongst their fathers whom God had manifestly called to Himself, and whose sanctity the Church had proclaimed. That Church, who had placed them on her altars, certainly could not blame her children if they thronged, with indefatigable tenderness, to lay the flowers of their mind and their imagination before the witnesses of eternal truth. They had already received the palm of victory; those who were still doing battle delighted to congratulate them, and to learn from them how to conquer. Ineffable affections, salutary connections, were thus formed between the Saints of the Church triumphant and the humble combatants of the Church militant. Each one chose from that glorious company a father, a mother, a friend, under whose protection he walked with greater confidence and security toward the eternal light. From the king and the pontiff down to the poorest artisan, each had a special thought in Heaven; in the midst of warfare, in the dangers and sorrows of life, these holy friendships exercised their strengthening and consoling influence. Saint Louis, dying beyond the seas for the Cross, fervently invoked the humble shepherdess who was the protectress of his capital. The brave Spaniards, overpowered by the Moors, beheld Saint James, their patron, in the midst of their ranks, and, returning to the charge, speedily turned the scale of victory. The knights and nobles had for their patrons Saint Michael and Saint George; for their patronesses, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret; and if they happened to die as prisoners and martyrs for the faith, they invoked Saint Agnes, who had bent her young and virginal head beneath the axe. The laborer saw in the churches the image of Saint Isidore, with his plough, and of Saint Nothburga, the poor Tyrolese servant, with her sickle. The poor, in general, the lowly and the hard-working, met at every step that gigantic Saint Christopher, bending under the weight of the child Jesus, and found in him the model of that hard life of toil whose harvest is Heaven. Germany was peculiarly fertile in such pious practices, as we now clearly perceive while studying its pure and artless spirit, so totally void of the sarcasm, the scoffing sneer which blights all poetry—while studying its language, so rich and so expressive. It would be an endless task to specify all the innumerable bonds which thus connected Heaven and earth; to penetrate into that vast region, where all the affections and all the duties of mortal life were mingled and intertwined with immortal protection; where souls, even the most neglected and the most solitary, found a world of interest and consolation exempt from all mundane disappointments. Men thus exercised themselves in loving in this world those whom they were to love in the other; they calcu-

lated on finding beyond the grave the holy protectors of their infancy, the sweet friends of their childhood, the faithful guardians of their whole existence; there was but one vast love which united the two lives of man, and which, commenced amid the storm of time, was prolonged throughout the glories of eternity.

"But all that faith, and all that tender affection, which bound to Heaven the hearts of the men of those times, met and settled down on one supreme image. All these pious traditions, some local, others personal, were eclipsed and engrossed by those which the entire world told of Mary. Queen of the Earth as well as of Heaven, whilst every brow and every heart bowed down before her, every mind was inspired by her glory; whilst the earth was covered with sanctuaries and cathedrals in her honor, the imagination of those poetic generations never ceased to discover some new perfection, some new charm in the midst of that supreme beauty. Each day brought forth some more marvelous legend, some new ornament which the gratitude of the world offered to her who had re-opened the gates of Heaven, who had replenished the ranks of the Angels, who had indemnified man for the sin of Eve—the humble 'handmaid,' crowned by God with the diadem which Michael wrested from Lucifer when casting him into the depths of hell. 'Thou must indeed hear us,' said one, with exquisite simplicity, 'for we have so much happiness in honoring thee.' 'Ah!' cries Walter Von de Vogelweide, 'let us ever praise that sweet Virgin, to whom her Son can refuse nothing. This is our supreme consolation: in Heaven she does whatever she wishes!' And full of unwavering confidence in the object of so much love, convinced of her maternal vigilance, Christendom referred to her all its troubles and all its dangers, and reposed in that confidence, according to the beautiful idea of a poet of Elizabeth's time.

"In the spirit of those ages, wherein there was so great an abundance of faith and love, two rivers had inundated the world; it had not only been redeemed by the blood of Jesus, it had been also purified by the milk of Mary—by the milk which had been the nourishment of God on earth, and which reminded him of Heaven; it had incessant need of both; and, in the words of a pious monk who wrote the life of Elizabeth before us, 'All are entitled to enter the family of Christ, when they make a proper use of the blood of their Redeemer and their Father, and of the milk of the Sacred Virgin, their Mother; yes, of that adorable blood which encourages the martyrs and soothes their torments * * * * and of that virginal milk which sweetens the bitterness of our cup by appeasing the wrath of God.' And again, we must say, the enthusiasm of this filial tenderness was not enough for those souls so devout toward the Virgin Mother. They required a sentiment more tender, if possible, more familiar, more encouraging, the sweetest and the purest that man can conceive. After all, had not Mary been a mere mortal, a weak woman, acquainted with all the miseries of life; who had

endured calumny, and exile, and cold, and hunger? Ah! it was more than a mother; it was a sister that Christian people loved and cherished in her! Hence she was constantly implored to remember that fraternity so glorious for the exiled race; hence, too, a great saint, the most ardent of her votaries, hesitated not to invoke her thus: 'O Mary,' said he, 'we beseech thee, as Abraham besought Sara in the land of Egypt * * * O Mary!—O our Sara! say that thou art our sister, so that for thy sake God may look favorably on us, and that, through thee, our souls may live in God! Say it, then, O our beloved Sara! say that thou art our sister, and because of our having such a sister, the Egyptians—that is to say, the devils—will be afraid of us! because, of such a sister, the angels will stand in battle by our side; and the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost will have mercy on us on account of our sister.'

"It was thus that they loved Mary—those Christians of former days. But when their love had embraced Heaven and its Queen, and all its blessed inhabitants, it descended again to the earth to people and love it in its turn. The earth, which had been assigned for their dwelling; the earth, that beautiful creation of God, became also the object of their fertile solicitude, and their ingenious affection."

Victory Gained by Recourse to Mary.

John Comnenus, Emperor of the East, gave a very striking proof of the devotion he had to the images of the Mother of God. The Scythians had made an irruption into Thrace. They had precipitated themselves on that country with much violence; finally by an usurpation worthy of their bad faith, they had made themselves masters of it. The Emperor, in that province of his empire, had recourse to the Queen of Heaven, and by the visible protection which his army received from her, he expelled the barbarians and totally routed them. Then, far from being ungrateful to his protectress, he openly attributed to her all the honor of the victory. He placed her picture upon a magnificent triumphal car drawn by four white horses, mounted by the first princes of his empire; and he himself, walking in front of the triumphal car, bare-headed, with a cross in his hand, referred to Mary all the glory. Let us honor the images of the Queen of Heaven as those great personages did, and by every means in our power.—*Year of Mary.*

A NATIVE OF GASCONY WHO CHANGED HIS RELIGION.—A gentleman of Gascony went to England and left the Catholic religion for the Protestant, and by his abjuration obtained a pension of £500 sterling. Some Englishmen said to him: "Your changing proves that you are persuaded that our religion is better than the Roman religion." "You mistake; my changing proves the contrary of what you assert. When I changed the Catholic religion for the Protestant, I exacted in return a pension of £500 sterling; therefore, the Catholic religion must be worth the most."

THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST;

OR,

The New Month of Mary.

CHAPTER V.

Personages of the Old Testament that have prefigured Mary and the Priest.

One of the principles of theology is, that nature has been made for grace. This being granted, it is logic that the world of grace is, in some degree, found in the world of nature: in emblems, in images, or in similitudes. We would not, then, be surprised if Jesus, Mary, the Church, the Priest, and in general all the *chefs d'œuvre* of the supernatural world, cast forth their grand shadows over the physical creation; and if the holy Fathers, the Doctors, the theologians, have searched for and found under the exterior of creatures some traits of the divine beauties revealed to the earth by our Saviour Jesus Christ, considered in this relation, nature is no longer a closed or inexplicable book. On the contrary, it initiates us into the mysteries of Heaven. We have seen how it has portrayed one by one to us all the virtues, all the prerogatives of the Mother of God, and in the mean time we have spoken only of unintelligent nature. It remains for us to see how the history of the people of God reflects the figure of His august Mother, by causing those women to pass one after another before His throne, who have rendered illustrious the house of Israel, and whose virtues, as also sometimes whose sublime mission, traced in advance the virtues and the mission of Mary, and analogically the virtues and the mission of the Priest. The first woman who had the honor of typifying our Queen was Sarah. Sarah had her son Isaac in a miraculous manner, when, naturally speaking, she was incapable of conceiving; and in becoming a mother, says the Scripture, she experienced an unspeakable joy. (Gen. ii, 1). Mary also conceived in a miraculous manner, *quia virum non cognosco*—"because I know not man"—and in bringing into the world the desired of nations, she could say with Sarah: "The Lord has given to me wherefore to be happy; the sorrow of Eve will become by me the joy of the universe; whosoever shall hear this news will rejoice with me, for I have to-day given birth to joy for angels, grace to the just, pardon for sinners." Who will not be astonished on hearing that the humble hand maid Mary nourished with her milk Him who nourishes every thing; that she clasped and supported in her arms Him who rules the universe? Is it not miraculous also that a simple man, a sinner, is elevated to the dignity of Priest?

Cannot the Priest, in his turn, repeat all these words pronounced by Sarah, and repeated by Mary with a more just claim, when he has said his first Mass, when at his voice "the joy of angels, the grace of the just, the pardon of sinners" has descended upon the altar, has mystically become incarnate in his hands? Surely the earth will have occasion to be struck with astonishment on perceiving this wonder-work. The second prophetic figure of the Virgin was Rebecca, whom the Scripture portrays in these sweet words: "an

extremely comely maid; and a most beautiful virgin, and not known to man." (Gen. iv, 16). She gave water not only to the servant of Abraham, who had asked her for it, but also to his camels; and when she was departing with Eliezer, her family addressed her with these wishes: "Thou art our sister, mayest thou increase to thousands of thousands, and may thy seed possess the gates of their enemies." (Ibid. verse 69). The portrait of Rebecca is, so to speak, but a pale lineament detached from the portrait of Mary; for the beauty of Mary has nothing comparable. From the first instant of her conception, she attracted the attention of all the empyrean; the angels chanted in ecstasy: "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising?"—*Quæ est ista quæ progreditur quasi aurora consurgens?* (Canticles vii, 9). Mary offers the water of her grace and of the Divine clemency, with which she herself has been adorned, not only to the servant of Abraham, that is to say, to the just, to holy souls, but also to the camels, that is to say, to sinners, to degraded souls; never has she refused this beneficent water: all those who invoke her find her full of indulgence and goodness. (St. Anselm, *De Excell. Virg.*) The thousand generations which have believed in the blessed fruit of her womb, and acknowledged herself as their Mother, will not cease from attributing to her the honor of their victories over the enemies of the soul and the body. In contemplating her in her glorious Assumption, each one will say, *Soror nostra*, (Gen. 24)—"You are my sister by your human nature; exalt yourself now above the angels, and through you may your child also one day occupy the place in Heaven, the place whence were driven the demons, your enemies and mine." (Albert, *Loc. cit.*)

The Priest also has been placed by the Lord at the source of graces; his mission is to draw from it, and he draws from it continually, so as to offer it to Eliezer and to his camels; in other words, to those who ask him for it and to those who do not ask him for it; to the just and to sinners—more even to sinners than to the just, because sinners have more need of it. This is the object of his zeal, of his labors, of his preaching, of his sacrifices. That which Mary effects from on high by her power over the heart of her Son, he effects by the labors of his apostleship and ecclesiastical function.

Therefore, when the Lord is going to take a person in his natural country so as to crown him with the priesthood, in order to make him the minister of His altars, he always receives from his Christian family, of intelligent and devoted piety, the wishes which Rebecca received in departing from her paternal home: "Thou art our brother, as man. May you increase to a thousand generations; may you gather in your heart celestial blessings and the grace of perseverance! May you obtain triumphs over the enemies of the Church and of God, and extend, even to the extreme limits of the world, the empire of virtue and of love divine."

Is it necessary to mention Rachel, whose beauty made her preferable by Jacob to all other women?

(Genesis). She symbolizes the beauty of Mary; of that one to whom her celestial Spouse said: *Tota pulchra es, amica mea, et macula non est in te* (Canticles iv, 7)—"Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is not a spot in thee." She symbolizes also the beauty of the priesthood: *regale sacerdotium, gens sancta et immaculata*—"regal priesthood, a race holy and immaculate"—that beauty which has overjoyed all the saints.

The prophetess Debhora conducting the leaders of armies to victory, Jabel inflicting death upon Sisara by driving with a blow of a hammer a nail into his head (Judges 4, etc.), figures the "Mother of good counsel"—*Mater boni consilii*—the Queen triumphant who crushed under her feet the head of the infernal serpent. They foreshadow also the Priest, who is the natural and immediate counsel of the faithful.

It is our Lord Himself who sent back to the Priests those whom He had healed: *ite, ostendite vos sacerdotibus*, "Go, show yourselves to the Priests," because in the Priest is wisdom. It is in him that He has deposited "the words of life eternal," that is to say, the words which lead to life. Continuator of the work of Mary, he makes war upon the enemy of souls, and by his prayer and by his sacramental words, he inflicts death upon him; he holds him enchained. Statuary has realized this magnificent emblem of Mary and of the Priest, crushing with victorious foot the head of the infernal serpent. It is thus that it represents them,—Mary in her Immaculate Conception, which is her grand victory over hell, and the Priest, Saint Ignatius of Loyola in his apotheosis.

The joyous mysteries and the dolorous mysteries of the Holy Virgin appear in the very affecting history of Noemi. On seeing Noemi, the Bethlehemites cried out: "This is that Noemi!" (*Noemi*, in Hebrew, signifies *beautiful*). Noemi responded to them, "Call me not Noemi, (that is, beautiful), but call me Mara, (that is, bitter), for the Almighty hath quite filled me with bitterness." (Ruth i, 19-20).

Now, Mary justifies this double signification: *Tota pulchra, mare amarum*, "all beautiful, bitter sea." Her advent to Bethlehem, many centuries after Noemi, in order to give birth there to the Saviour of the world, is already a striking coincidence. But the most striking is in her joys and in her dolors. Beautiful and joyous she was in the womb of her mother as in the solitude of a temple—God exempted her from sin; when Gabriel announced to her the grand and glorious news of her maternity; when she felt the Son of the King of glory pulpitating in her womb. But times must change!

Ere long she will in haste leave her country in order to preserve her Son from the massacre of the innocents: *vox in Rama audita est, ploratus et ululatus multus: Rachel plorans filios suos, et non tulit consolari, quia non sunt*—"A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning: Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." (Matt. ii, 18). Ere long she will hear the shouts of a populace in rage, and will see the bloody Cross of Calvary,

and in the midst of so many anguishes, she will exclaim with much more reason than Noemi, "Call me not beautiful, but call me bitter, for I am an afflicted Mother."

*Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa—*

"At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping."

(Albert the Great and St. John Dama-scene).

Assuredly all human lives are subject to alternations of joys and sorrows; but the causes of these sensations are various. Those of the Priest have this peculiarity that they are identical with those of the Christian Noemi, the Virgin Mary.

As she, he rejoices in the abundant graces that the Lord confers on him; he rejoices in his vocation; in his power; in his familiarity with the Divine Lamb; he rejoices in seeing virtue blooming in souls; in hearing the concert of praises which piety continually offers to Heaven. But after these spiritual joys, which make him say as Saint Paul *superabundo gaudio*—"I exceedingly abound with joy," he breathes forth in the bitterness of his heart the exasperated wish of the same Apostle: *Quis me liberabit a corpore mortis hujus?* "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" He is not without such kings as Herod, who seek Jesus in order to put Him to death; these are the scandalous, the assassins of the soul; and it is necessary for him to brave all enemies, to undergo all fatigues, in order to impede the carnage of the innocents. He sees Jesus crucified anew, blasphemed, insulted; His temple unfrequented, His sacraments neglected or contemned. To those who delude themselves with respect to the worldly happiness of the Priest, to those who compliment him on account of the sublimity of the character with which he is invested, he can respond as the sister-in-law of Ruth to the Bethlehemites, and as Mary to the daughters of Jerusalem, "Call me not Noemi, brilliant, magnificent, happy, but call me *mara*—'bitter,' 'sad, man of dolors.'" [TO BE CONTINUED].

An Impenitent Sinner Softened.

The Venerable Father Bernard, that holy priest so celebrated in Paris during the last century, for his charity toward, and devotion to the Blessed Virgin, was attending to the gibbet a man condemned to be hung. The wretched man added to all his other crimes the most horrid blasphemies against God. Although he had already tired out the patience of all who had exhorted him, Father Bernard was not discouraged. He ascended the scaffold with him, urged him with all possible zeal, and was about to embrace him when the furious criminal pushed him away, and with a kick threw him from the ladder to the pavement. Although wounded, Father Bernard arose, and, falling on his knees, invoked his powerful mediatrix by his usual prayer: *Memorare O piissima*. Admirable effects of Mary's protection! The prayer was no sooner ended than the criminal was seen to burst into tears of repentance, was converted, asked pardon, confessed, and edified as much by his repentance as he had horrified by his obstinacy.

Heroic Courage,
OR THE YOUNG SHEPHERDESS OF THE TYROL.

Rarely do we find a more noble example of Christian courage than the following, which is related of a young Tyrolese shepherdess:

One day while she guarded her flock in one of the green valleys along the road between Innspruck and Milan, and was passing away the time singing a hymn to her Patroness, the Blessed Virgin, it chanced the principal manager of the Royal Theater of Milan was traveling along the road.

No sooner had he heard the voice of the young Tyrolese than he immediately alighted from his carriage, and, accompanied by a lady, advanced to a clump of oak trees in order to hear more distinctly. He was enchanted with her melodious voice; never had his theater possessed such a treasure—a voice of such powerful compass and exquisite melody. Understanding how wonderfully art could develop this glorious gift of nature, he advanced toward the young maiden and begged to know her name and the name of her mother, which, with a graceful courtesy, she immediately gave him.

"Will you show me the way to your mother's house?" he continued.

"And who, sir, will guard my flock during my absence?" asked Mary.

"Leave them to the wolves, and I will pay you a hundred or a thousand times their value."

"And why, sir, do you wish to see my mother?" asked Mary, who commenced to feel somewhat alarmed.

"To take her from her poverty, in placing you on the road to fortune. I wish to make you the first *cantatrice* in the Royal Theater of Milan; all Europe, in a few years, will ring with your praises!"

"Thank you, sir, but I must decline your offers. I could not save my soul in your theater; for I have often heard that in such places one is lost in being accessory to the loss of others. Do not count on my voice, for I firmly believe that God and my Patroness will give me courage to prefer the salvation of my soul before all you would or could offer me."

The manager, finding he could do nothing with the young maiden, made his way to her mother's cottage, who, after a short conversation, yielded a ready assent to his proposition, and the bargain was finished when Mary returned with her flock.

Neither the earnest entreaties of her mother, nor the magnificent promises of the manager, could make her yield her assent. They hoped that the reflections of the night would change her mind. The brilliant future, which they painted in the most dazzling colors, formed the subject of her meditations for some time; but it was not of the diamonds and rare jewels which were promised to her that she dreamed; nor of the glory that awaited her; but the thought that her poor old mother would no longer have to labor so hard in the field,—and then she wavered;—but if she accepted she would trample her baptismal vows.

The struggle must have been very great. Mary

passed the entire night in prayer. She addressed herself to God, to her Guardian Angel, to her Patroness, and to her own conscience. They all gave the same reply: "If you consent, you will leave Jesus to follow satan."

When morning came she declared that it was impossible for her to accept the offer. The mother scolded, wept, and grew angry; but Mary could not be moved. The mother then said:

"Now, my daughter I am determined to use my authority. I will give you one hour to prepare; I shall then go with this gentleman, and you must go with me or I shall have you taken by force."

"Mother," replied the young Christian heroine, "any other sacrifice you may require I shall accept with a joy as great as is my love for you, but I cannot sacrifice my eternity, and I hope that God will pardon my disobedience."

"No more words," exclaimed the angry mother, "but go immediately and get ready for the journey, or I shall take away even the portion of time that I have allowed you."

Mary passed into her little chamber, where she accomplished the resolution which she had made during the night. Having frequently heard it said that the loss of the front teeth entirely changes the voice by destroying its force and sweetness, she approached the window and broke off her white, sound teeth against an angle of the wall. When she went back to the other apartment she looked so supremely happy that her mother believed she had changed her mind.

But the ear of the manager had already detected the change in her voice, before his eye discovered the cause. Penetrated with admiration at the sight of such magnanimous courage, he renounced his project, and exhorted the mother not to persecute a daughter so worthy of her esteem and affection.

The Mother of Our Lord.

If our Lord was to have a human mother, it must be plain to one who knows the ways of God that she must occupy some such place in the world as that which the Church teaches us God has assigned to her. Nay, we should expect her place to be higher, more influential, and in some sense perhaps more independent; and it is our firm belief that, hereafter, so it will be found to be, and that we shall learn in heaven that of a truth, Mary's grandeurs are such as could not safely be taught on earth because of our infirmities. No province of theology will have to widen itself so much as that which speaks of her. In her measure she will be as new to the saints who have loved her most, as the Vision of Bliss itself will be. Even on earth the last ages of the Church are to have a knowledge of her which would amaze and oppress us now. In the Mystical City our Lady complains to Sister Mary of Agreda that most writers about her have been too timid. She says that their "reserve" is in reality "indevotion," and assigns this as the reason of our Lord's having arranged that devotion to her in the Church should grow in this way of development.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 1---The Prisoner of War.

[Continued.]

When they had disappeared on the seaward horizon, and when the wind had swept away the clouds of dust that marked their retreating footsteps, the caliph said to his prisoner:

"Glory to Allah! The land of the Frank is a fine country. Is it not?"

"It is for one who returns to it glorious and triumphant."

"But if victory is impossible?"

"Then it is better to die."

"Now hast thou seen that the breath of the Most High has scattered the pride of the infidels. They will not come here to break thy chains. Has thy flight convinced thee of the folly of thy hopes?"

"The French imprudently put their confidence in traitors, and trusted their honor to their enemies. As soon as the news of this disaster shall reach our provinces, millions of brave men will rise with indignation, and rush hither to avenge it."

"Fifty years have passed away since the waves first bore to our shores the warriors of the cross. Before the arrival of these avengers, thy bones and mine will be mouldering in the grave."

"Blessed be God! If I can no longer shed my blood for Him, I hope that our Lady will take pity on her servant, and obtain for me that God may be satisfied with the little I have done, in expiation of my sins."

"I admire thee, in truth! What! thy God forsakes thee, while thou art fighting for Him; He delivers thee up to slavery and captivity, and yet neither His treachery nor His ingratitude can weaken thy blind fanaticism!"

"Is not His mercy extended to me even in my prison?"

"Ah! It is to Him thou wouldst give thanks! And have I no title to thy gratitude. However, when my soldiers brought thee hither, vanquished, drenched in gore, bound hand and foot, it was not the cross that saved thee from torture and death. My religion enjoined me to exercise toward thee the right of war, and to slay thee. And if chance had put me in thy power, what mercy wouldst thou have shown me?"

"I have never made prisoners; the Saracens could never endure my approach; they strove only in speed against my courser."

"And if I had entered?"

"Thou wouldst have been stretched in the dust, like the others."

"The populace thirsted for thy death: the blood of my soldiers which thou hadst shed, cried against thee for vengeance: the imaums enjoined me to deliver Islam from so dangerous a foe. I refused to listen to every suggestion. But this is a trifle; if I had not banished from thy bedside the angel of darkness, who had already covered thee with the fatal shadow of his wings, thou couldst long ago have discovered, in the other world, that Mahomet is the true prophet of Allah:

but I would not permit thee to die; I would not even have thee exposed to the contagions of the hospital. I brought thee into my own palace. My own physicians employed, to cure an infidel, the secrets that we owe to the true believer Averrhoës. It was fated that thou shouldst die; but was it fated that I should load thee with presents and favors, and that thou shouldst be insensible to thine obligation?"

"Adore Christ and I will follow thee unto death!"

"Fanatic! Wouldst thou have me adore a God who allows His own people to be slaughtered? If He exists, would He not crown your arms with victory; and would He not be His own enemy if He permitted those to perish who were fighting in defense of His empire?"

"This crusade did not deserve to succeed, since there were so many traitors engaged in it!"

"But hast thou deserved thy fate? My protection has preserved thee hitherto from the sufferings and evils consequent on captivity, but if I withdraw my hand—"

"I never begged any thing at thy hand."

"Dost thou not know what will happen? Dost thou not know that, left to the derision and insults of the mob, thou wilt become the sport of their resentment and rage?"

"They have fled before me long enough to gain boldness to insult me."

"It is that which will stir up their anger, when they fear thee no longer, and can outrage thee with impunity. Listen to me. Expose not thyself to bear the weight of slavery; expose not thyself to fall beneath the yoke of a pitiless master, who will condemn thee to hard labors, who will bring thee down to the level of those wretched beings who drag out a miserable existence, harnessed like beasts of burden, to wagons and carriages."

"I am a freeman and a noble; I can wield the lance, but I will never stoop to servile labors."

"The rod and the scourges will make thy spirit pliable."

"They are weary of life who would lift a threatening finger against me."

"I have dungeons deep and dark. Hunger and thirst will outdo thy pride."

"War is a stern teacher;—I have learned to despise sufferings and privations."

"Art not afraid to irritate me by thine obstinacy—art thou not afraid lest my anger may execute my threats too soon?"

"I fear God, for I feel myself humble in His sight."

"For the last time,—wilt thou embrace Islamism?"

"May God confound Mahomet and all that put their faith in him!"

"Let thy destiny be accomplished!"

As he left the palace, Berenger thought he saw his esquire, dressed in the costume of the country. He called to him in a loud tone—

"Rayboul!"

The man continued on his way, without turning his head.

A little farther on, passing through the market-place, he heard sounds of lamentations and groaning. Raising his eyes he perceived an unhappy slave, on his knees before his master, who was beating him with rage. Berenger could not stand this sight. Overcome with pity, he forgot the threats of the caliph, rushed upon the Mussulman, seized him by the throat, and threw him down.

The slave begged mercy for his torturer. The Baron de Montier released his grasp, and with regret let go the Saracen, who gazed upon him with terror and respect, and fled without daring to complain.

"Our Lady will reward thee for thy compassion," said the slave. "I am a Christian like thee; but I am not worthy to suffer in this place of martyrdom. It was here that all the faithful were slaughtered that were surprised by the Arabs when they seized the city; it was here that the hand of Saint John Damascene remained nailed the whole day, three hundred years ago. It was here that the caliph massacred all the prisoners that he was able to take."

The Crusader pensively moved away.

At the gates of the palace that the caliph had given him, he found a troop of soldiers, who put him in irons. He was without arms and made no resistance. They led him to the house of a gardener who lived in the suburbs.

The gardener was a large and robust man; he had six sons as vigorous as himself. After having exchanged some words with the soldiers that the Provençal did not understand, he took his slave into the garden.

He placed in his hands an immense hoe and ordered him to use it. The baron only half understood the language of his master; he took the implement however, although resolving never to lower himself to the employment of serfs and plebians.

The gardener repeated his order in louder tones, accompanied by an impatient gesture. Brutal, gross, and confident in his own strength, when he saw that the Christian would not obey, he resolved to curb his spirit at once, and he struck him across the face with the handle of his whip.

At this servile chastisement, the pride of the Southern blood boiled in the veins of the Crusader. Furious, unable to control himself, he flew upon his master, and grasped his throat with such violence that he strangled him.

At this sight, the gardener's sons, who were working not far off, ran to assist their father, armed with their iron gardening tools, and they rushed upon the Christian to kill him.

Berenger saw them coming; he had been accustomed to fight without counting the number of his adversaries. He awaited their approach with firmness, using the hoe as a mace. He whirled it round his head, defended himself, cut down some, and put the rest to flight, remaining master of the field.

After this battle he left the gardener's house, and in spite of the weight of his chains, made his way toward the gates of the city.

But he was surrounded and stopped; and by the order of the Cadi he was taken bound, and cast into prison.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Saint Francis of Sales was asked if the Apostles rode in Carriages.

In 1619 he visited France, in company with the Cardinal of Savoy, in order to assist at the marriage of the Prince of Piedmont, his brother, who espoused Christina of France, the king's sister.

A member of the Reformed religion having asked to speak to him, was introduced into his room, and without any salutation or preamble said to him: "Are you the man they call Bishop of Geneva?"

"Yes sir, it is thus I am styled."

"I wish to learn from you, whom people look up to as to an apostolical man, if the Apostles rode in carriages?"

Our Saint was not a little surprised at this abrupt question. Having recovered himself, he cited what is written in the Acts of the Apostles, of Saint Philip, who entered the chariot or carriage of the eunuch of Candaca, Queen of Ethiopia; which gave him occasion to add that they did go in carriages, according to convenience and necessity. The other replied: "I wish you would show me this passage in the Bible." Our Saint pointed to the text.

"The carriage was not the Apostle's, but the eunuch's who invited him."

"I did not tell you the carriage was his, but simply that when occasion presented itself, the Apostles went in carriages."

"But not in gilt and embroidered ones, so rich that the king himself has none more sumptuous; nor were they drawn by such splendid horses, nor accompanied by such elegantly clad valets; of this we read not, and it is all this that scandalizes me in you, who pretend to be a saint, and whom others consider as such. Truly those are fine saints who go to Heaven in a carriage-and-four!"

"Alas, sir, those persons of Geneva who retain the goods of my See have stripped me so entirely that I can scarcely afford to live, poorly and frugally, on the little that remains, still less have a carriage of my own."

"The sumptuous and majestic carriage in which you ride every day is not then yours?"

"No," replied the holy Bishop; "you may well call it majestic, for it belongs to his Majesty; it is one of those the king has destined for those who, like myself, are in the suite of the Princes of Savoy; you can easily recognize it by the king's livery worn by the coachman."

"Indeed! I am much pleased to hear this. I love you all the more for it; you are then poor, I see!"

"I do not complain of my poverty, since I have sufficient wherewith to live moderately and without superfluity; and were I to feel the inconveniences of poverty, I would have no right to complain of a thing Jesus Christ chose for His portion during His whole mortal life, having lived and died in the arms of poverty. The family of

which I am born being subject to the Princes of Savoy, I consider it an honor to accompany the Cardinal of Savoy, and to be present at the celebration of the nuptials of his brother, the Prince of Piedmont, with the sister of his Christian Majesty, the King of France." All this so satisfied the Protestant that he left filled with esteem and veneration for our Saint.

THE POPE'S MONTH OF MARY.

BEING A PARALLEL BETWEEN THE LIFE OF THE HOLY FATHER AND THAT OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THIRD DAY.

Consecration of Pius the Ninth to the Holy Virgin by his Pious Mother—Consecration of Mary to Almighty God by her Virtuous Parents.

"Happy the man," says the Sacred Scripture, "for whom God, from the sweet treasures of His mercy prepares a wise and virtuous spouse. This companion of his life will bring perpetual joy into his house. If thou shouldst fly to the extremities of the earth, thou mightst yet find nothing to compare with such a treasure. The heart of her husband rests with confidence upon her. She heaps her benefits upon him—she never returns the bitterness she may receive from him. She opens her hand to the needy, and she extends her arms to the poor passing by; she sees that all her household are clothed with double garments. The words of wisdom are always upon her lips,—kindness and meekness never depart from her tongue. Her sons surround her, and call her blessed; her husband is seated with glory amongst the noble of the earth, and when he comes to the council he blesses her vigilance, and praises her good works."

Children of Mary, such was the wife that Count Jerome Mastai Feretti had the happiness to obtain—such was the mother that Heaven chose for Pius the Ninth. This illustrious lady, who, with a fervor ever renewed, continued in Sinigaglia the admirable practices of virtue and good works which she had found in her husband's family, devoted herself to her new-born son with a love of predilection. The child, doubtless by a disposition of the designs of Divine Providence in his regard, received in baptism the names of John Mary; John, to whom the dying Saviour said from the cross, pointing out to him the Blessed Virgin, "Behold thy mother!"—Mary, to whom the same Jesus said, designating the beloved disciple, "Behold thy son!" Now, these two names, which recalled the memory of two such holy persons participating in so sorrowful a scene—these two names, at the same time a prophecy of grief and an immense fund of consolation, joined to the name of young Mastai Feretti made the mother of Pius the Ninth involuntarily tremble. When she saw him placed in his cradle, she did, it is true, detect in his infant look something that was not altogether of earth; but in his first cry she also felt the presage of an anguish extraordinary and almost divine. It is God who brought maternal love to perfection by descending Himself into a mother's heart—God sometimes thus re-

veals to true mothers by a look, by a smile, by an infantine cry, the whole destiny of their children. The Countess Mastai, whom mysterious presentiments in the bottom of her heart instructed in the future, remembered the lesson of Calvary; she cast herself on her knees at the foot of an image of her whom we call the Mother of Sorrow and of Joy, and raising her son in her arms, she cries, "O Mary, deign to adopt this child as you adopted the beloved disciple! I consecrate him to you; to your care I commit him!" * * *

This pious oblation of this noble child to the Queen of Heaven, servants of Mary, had its precedent in the consecration that the virtuous parents of the Holy Virgin also made of her to the Lord. Tradition teaches us that Saint Joachim and Saint Anne, having been for a long time united in wedlock, and afflicted to the heart that their marriage had not blessed as yet by Heaven, passed days and nights in prayer, imploring the Almighty to take away the reproach of their barrenness from the midst of Israel. As if they would even use a gentle violence, and oblige Him, so to speak, to put an end the sooner to their continued disappointments, they began by making three parts of the extensive property they had inherited from their own parents: the first was brought to the temple, the second distributed to the poor, and the third kept for the needs of their own simple household. But this sacrifice, however praiseworthy and disinterested it might have appeared, was not efficacious with the Lord; He asked of them a greater; He wished for a sacrifice of the heart—the entire holocaust of the heart. It was then that Saint Anne, enlightened by a thought which she believed came from above, recollected the mother of Samuel, miraculously rendered fruitful on her solemn promise of consecrating to God the issue of her womb. Prostrating herself, then, many times before the Supreme Consoler of suffering hearts, she also engaged, by solemn vow, to give to the Most High, in his temple, the child that she might have the joy of bringing into the world. So admirable a spirit of devotedness to His sovereign will, pleased the Lord, and the Virgin Mary was the late blossom that burst into bloom, to reward the soft dew of Her mother's plenteous tears and the lively fervor of her persevering and humble prayer.

When the gentle maiden had attained the age of about three years, and had thus begun to be able to do without a mother's most necessary care, her pious parents had nothing more deeply at heart than to keep their promise. Accompanied by some of their neighbors and friends, who wished to do what they could to spare them the loneliness and sadness of their return, they took the road to Jerusalem, and presented themselves at the gate of the Temple. Anne, followed by Joachim, advanced, with her head respectfully veiled, to the High Priest of the Lord, and according to an oriental tradition, to be found in the Koran, said to him with emotion, as she offered him the blessed fruit of her womb, "Behold the gift I come to present to you. It is just that I

render it unto you, for it is from God that I have received it." The Priest received the heavenly gift. (*Vie de la Sainte Vierge*, according to tradition, by L'abbé Bégel). The Temple was closed, and the holy spouses, after being separated from their sweet and radiant child, resumed, weeping, the road to their distant home.

And we, servants of Mary—if we wish to draw down the protection of God upon our children; if we wish to have sons and daughters who will fill us with joy by their virtue and their love, by their attention and filial piety; what have we to do, after what we have just read? Is not the way magnificently traced out to us? Let us consider to what an eminent degree of sanctity, Mary, the humble handmaid of the Lord, and Pius Ninth, the great servant of Mary and the servant of the servants of Christ, have been elevated. Let us reverently think that the piety of their virtuous parents, in seeking for them from the most tender years a protection in Heaven, may have been one of the principal causes, the sole cause, perhaps, that they were, in after days, rendered so pleasing to God. Oh! let us turn our eyes to this altar and this cross; let us beat our breasts, and cry out with a holy contrition:

Lord, take pity on our wanderings; pardon our culpable errors! The children Thou hast given us to love us, to console us in our labors, to assist us in our troubles, to support us in old age—scarcely have they been brought into the world when we forget to whom we owe them. Instead of acknowledging that they belong to Thee rather than to us; instead of preparing them for that Heaven in which they are destined eternally to dwell, we think only of educating them for this world, where, like ourselves, they must pass but a few days, and then die. They shall embrace such a state, say we; they shall undertake such an enterprise; they shall contract such an alliance, so that they may become rich—happy—esteemed. Of God, who sent them to us—not a word! Of God, who could take them again—nothing. Lord, bring us back from our errors this very day; after the example of Saint Anne, who humbly made to Thee the offering of her daughter, we, in our turn, offer Thee our children! After the example of the pious mother of our Pope, Pius the Ninth, who consecrated him to Mary, we also consecrate them to her. Jesus and Mary, watch over our children, preserve their innocence and their virtues!"

(TO BE CONTINUED).

It is customary with us to serenade, on the eve of their festivals, persons in authority, and those who are held in great esteem or affection. The same custom is observed in Italy, but with this difference: there, filial piety, informed by faith, embraces, in the circle of authorities and relatives for whom this honor is reserved, the additional name of MARY! On the eve of her festivals the joyous sound of innumerable bells form above the cities a very sea of harmony: one might fancy it an angelic choir, to which the multitudinous voices of men hasten to respond from below.

Ave Maria.

"*Ave Maria, full of grace,
Our Lord is with thee,*" unveil,
O Mother of fair love, thy face,
And catch our vesper hail;

"*Blessed art thou among,*" Maid-Queen,
"*Women*"—upon the Gospel page
As stars—as stars who stand—sweet seen
To glow through every age,

"*And blessed is the fruit,*" dear fruit
"*Of thy womb, Jesus,*" given,—
The living vine from Jesse's root,
Flower of the Rose of Heaven.

"*Holy Mary,*" Flower of thy breast,
"*Son,—glory of the Infinite;*
"*Mother of God,*" so lifted, blest,
Drop us one smile to-night.

"*Pray for us now*"—we ask but that,
Saint-Maid of Bethlehem;
Pray for our exiles now "*and at
The hour of our death, Amen.*"

AVE MARIA, sweetest prayer,
Ever human lips may breathe,
Mother take us to thy care,
Who thy beauteous brows enwreath.

AVE MARIA, tenderest hail,
Ever troubled lips may sing;
When the storms of life prevail,
Guardian-mother, succor bring.

AVE MARIA, dearest spell,
When the wiles of sin assail,
Beating back the powers of hell,—
AVE MARIA, never fail.

AVE MARIA, matchless name,
Take it, breath of every gale;
Send it forth from NOTRE DAME,
Bear it round the world, sweet hail.

VOW OF SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES TO RECITE HIS BEADS EVERY DAY.—From his childhood, Saint Francis de Sales had the most tender devotion for the Blessed Virgin, the joy of his heart, as he called her. In his youth he associated himself to the confraternities and congregations established in her honor, and he made a vow to recite his beads every day, a practice he observed with so much piety that he usually employed an hour in meditating on the mysteries of the decades; so exact was he in the performance, that if his occupations deprived him of leisure during the day, he carried his beads on his arm in order not to forget them before he retired to rest. It mattered not how late was the hour, nor how weary or fatigued he might be, he never retrenched in the slightest this devotion to Mary. In sickness, when he was himself unable to speak, he caused some one of his friends to say the beads aloud, and in heart and spirit he recited them at the same time. He always carried his beads attached to his cincture, to keep himself ever reminded of his entire consecration to Mary, and every month he assisted regularly at the Confraternity of the Rosary, of which he was a member.

St. Patrick and St. Bridget.

Ireland, the virgin island, whose soil was never pressed by the foot of the Roman proconsul, nor ever contaminated by the orgies and exactions of pagan Rome! It is the only place in the world where the Gospel has been introduced without the effusion of blood.

The great branch of the Celtic race, known under the name of Hibernians, of Scots, or of Galls, whose descendants and language have continued until the present age in *Ireland*, in the *Highlands of Scotland*, and in *Lower Brittany*, adopted with enthusiasm the law of Christ; and when in Gaul and Great Britain, the Celtic vitality seemed destroyed, under the double pressure of Roman decadence and Germanic invasion, Ireland appeared, among all the Christian nations, the most devoted to the Catholic faith and the most zealous for the propagation of the Gospel. As soon as *green Erin* saw the rising of the sun of Faith she vowed to it all that ardent and tender devotion which has become her proper life. The course of ages has not interrupted it; the bloodiest and most implacable persecutions have not shaken it; the defection of all southern Europe has not drawn her within its vortex; and amid the splendors and miseries of modern civilization, and Anglo-Saxon dominion, she keeps alive that inextinguishable fire, which sustains and unites with the most intact orthodoxy, that admirable purity of morals, which no conqueror, no adversary can contest, equal or corrupt. Two slaves gave the faith to Ireland and established therein the religious life.

The Gallo-Roman Patrick, relative of the great Saint Martin of Tours, at the age of sixteen was captured by pirates, and sold as a slave, in Ireland. Here he guarded his master's flocks; cold, hunger, and the harsh pitiless orders of his master initiated him into all the sorrows of servitude. After six years captivity, he regained his liberty and returned to Gaul; but ever in his dreams he saw the children of those pagan Irish, whose yoke he had borne, extending their little arms towards him. His studies and his sleep were alike troubled. He seemed to hear the voices of these innocents, begging for baptism, and crying "dear Christian child, come back among us! come back and save us!" After having completed his studies in the great monastic sanctuaries of Marmontier and Lerins; after having accompanied Saint Germain of Auxerre, in the mission undertaken by this great champion of orthodoxy into Great Britain, for the extirpation of the Pelagian heresy so dear to the Celtic race, Patrick went to Rome; and was sent by Pope Celestine, as Bishop, to Ireland, when he commenced to preach the faith. The kings, chiefs and warlike and noble people, of the Emerald Isle, listened to him, followed him in crowds, and testified for him that passionate veneration, which has become that most popular tradition among the Irish, which thirteen centuries have not been able to weaken. After thirty-three years of apostolic labors he died, leaving Ireland almost entirely converted, and filled with schools and communities, destined to become the nursery of Missionaries for the West.

The life of Patrick has been a favorite theme for history and legend.

Nothing is more poetic in legendary lore than the interview between the Gallo-Roman apostle with the Irish bards, who formed a hereditary and sacerdotal caste. From among them he received his most faithful disciples. Ossian himself, the blind Homer of Ireland, was converted by him, and was permitted by Patrick to sing for him, the long epoch of Celtic kings and heroes. (Ozaam.) But concord was not established between them without some preliminary storms. Patrick threatened those too profane warriors, whom Ossian delighted to glorify, with the torments of hell; and the bard replied to the Apostle, "If even thy God were in hell, my heroes could draw him out!" But truth triumphant ratified peace between poetry and faith. The monasteries founded by Patrick became the asylum and hearthstone of Celtic poetry. "Once blessed and transformed," says one of the old authors, "the songs of the bards became so beautiful that the Angels of God inclined from Heaven to hear them," (La Villemarque, Celtic Legend,) and this is the reason why the harp of the bards has remained the symbol es-cutcheon of Catholic Ireland.

In his history, nothing is better proved than his zeal to preserve the country, wherein he himself had lived a slave, from the abuses of servitude, and particularly for the incursions of the piratical Scots and Bretons. One of the most authentic records we have of Patrick, is his eloquent protestation against the king of a Breton horde, who, landing at a village whose inhabitants had been baptized the preceding evening, massacred many of them and carried off the remainder to be sold in distant countries. "I, Patrick, ignorant sinner, but constituted Bishop of Hibernia, refugee among barbarous nations on account of my love for God, write with my hands these letters; to be transmitted to the soldiers of the tyrant. I do not address you as my brethren, nor as the brethren of the saints of Rome, but as the compatriots of the devils, the apostate Picts and Scots, who live in death and fatten themselves upon the blood of the innocent Christians whom I have regenerated in Christ. * * * Does not the Divine Mercy, which I love, oblige me to act in this manner, for the defence of those who, but a short time ago, held me in captivity and massacred the servants of my father?" Elsewhere he praises the intrepidity of the female slaves, whom he had converted, for their heroic defence of their modesty and faith, against their unworthy masters.

Buying and selling human flesh was in those days as common among all the Celtic nations, as it was during the last century upon the coast of Africa. It was more difficult to destroy slavery and the commerce of slaves, than to uproot Paganism. Nevertheless the Christian faith bloomed in Ireland under the fostering care of two slaves! With the name of Patrick is associated in an eternal bond, that of Bridget, daughter, according to legend, of a bard, and a beautiful captive, whom her master had driven away, like Hagar, at the suggestion of his wife. Born in sorrow and

shame, Bridget and her mother were received and baptized by the disciples of Saint Patrick. Vainly her father sought to obtain her and give her in marriage.

She devoted herself to God and retired to a forest of oaks, that had formerly been consecrated to false gods. The wonderful cures she performed drew a crowd around her, and in a short time she founded the first monastery for females, that Ireland had ever known, under the name of Kildare—the *oaken cell*. She died there, at the age of seventy, after a life of labor and of love. Over her tomb burst forth that inextinguishable flame, called *St. Bridget's fire*, which her religious continually nourished, and which guarded, during a thousand years, the love and faith of an unhappy people, as the light-house of the country, until the triumph of a sacrilegious reform; in our days it has again enkindled the muse of a patriot poet:

[fane,
"Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,

Is the heart that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!

Erin! Oh Erin! thus bright through thy tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears."

Innumerable comments ascribe their origin to the Abbess of Kildare. Wherever the Irish monk went, in Cologne as well as in Seville, churches have been erected in her honor; and wherever, in our age, British emigration has penetrated, the name of Bridget distinguishes the woman of the Irish race. Deprived by misery and persecution for constructing monuments of stone, they testify their undying devotion to this dear memory by giving her name to their daughters. Noble and touching homage of a race always unfortunate, and always faithful to the Saint who was herself a slave and a Catholic. There are glories more landed and more splendid, but can we find many that reflect more honor upon human nature.

A more distinctive characteristic of the Irish monks, as of their nation, was the imperious need of seeking or carrying afar science and religion; they penetrate the most remote regions in order to combat heresy, consequently this monastic race became, par excellence, *the missionary race*.

While strangers flocked to Ireland, to receive religious instruction, she sent her missionaries abroad. They covered the lands and seas of the West. Indefatigable navigators, they landed upon the most remote islands; they inundated the continental regions with successive emigrations. Incessant visions showed them the known and unknown world to conquer for Christ. The poem of *The "Pilgrimage of St. Brendan,"* that monastic odyssey so celebrated in the Middle Age; that popular prelude to the *Divine Comedy*, exhibits the Irish monks battling with all the dreams and wonders of the Celtic ideal. Later we see them battling with the reality. We will speak of their metropolis upon the rock of Ionia in the Hebrides. We will tell what they did for the conversion of Great Britain; but we must first follow them into Gaul—into that country

from whence the Gospel has been carried to them by St. Patrick. It was toward the end of the sixth century that the action of Ireland upon the country directly under the dominion of the Franks, became decisive. Then most generously did she acquit herself of the debt she owed Gaul. She had received Patrick and in return she gave Columban.

Do Right, and let People Talk.

The Bishop of Belley says: "As I was going to Paris to preach during Lent, Saint Francis of Sales taught me, by the following anecdote, the little importance I ought to attach to what people would say:

"The Superior of a certain Convent had given a good old Brother charge of the clock, by way of light occupation, and to spare him the tedium of inaction. Having tried it, the poor Brother found he never had a more difficult and disagreeable task.

"What," exclaimed the Superior, 'to wind up a clock twice a day?'

"That is easy enough, but I am tormented on all sides!"

"How is that?" asked the Superior.

"When the clock is a little slow," replied the Brother, 'those occupied at the College complain, and to satisfy them I advance the hand a little; those in town immediately find fault because the clock goes too fast, and if I make it go slower, the others recommence their complaints, so that my head is like the bell on which the hammer of the clock strikes, and I am perfectly bewildered by all these complaints.'

"The Superior, to comfort him, said: 'I will give you a piece of good advice, which will establish peace everywhere. When complaints are made that the clock goes too fast say: 'I will take care and slacken its pace.'

"But," replied the old man, 'the others will then cry aloud—'

"Tell them," interrupted the Superior: 'children, be quiet; I will hasten its speed. In the mean time, let the clock alone, only be careful to give good and kind words, and all will be satisfied and you in peace.'

"You are going to be exposed to all sorts of judgments. If you listen to what is said of you, you will never know how to act. Give to all good and gentle words, and in the meantime follow your natural bent, and do not act upon the various advices, for the most part contradictory, you may receive. Consider God, and allow yourself to be guided by the Holy Spirit. - We should care very little for the judgments of men, since we do not aim at pleasing them. God is our Judge; He sees the bottom of our hearts, and even what is most hidden."

It is a great glory, or rather a triple glory, for the Jesuits to number in their ranks the three saintly young men, Stanislaus Kostka, Louis Gonzaga and John Berchmans. What protectors for youth, and what a holy emulation should it excite among others to see this triple example of holiness in young collegians.

Oh! Balmy and Bright!

Oh! balmy and bright as moonlight night,
Is love of our Blessed Mother;
It lies like a beam
Over life's cold stream,
And life knows not such another,
Oh life knows not such another!

The month of May with a grace a day
Shines bright with our Blessed Mother;
The angels on high
In the glorious sky,
Oh they know not such another,
Nay, they know not such another!

The angels' Queen, the beautiful Queen,
Is the sinner's patient Mother;
With pardon and peace
And the soul's release,
Where shall we find such another,
Where shall we find such another?

O Mary's Heart, the Immaculate heart,
The Heart of the Saviour's Mother!
All Heaven shows bright
In its clear sweet light,
God has not made such another,
God has not made such another!

Weekly Chronicle.

FROM ROME.—A most violent tempest arose as the Cardinals were leaving the secret Consistory held by his Holiness, in the Vatican on the 27th of March. It lasted more than two hours; the hail fell with such force as to destroy entirely the glass galleries which surround the court of Saint Damasus at the Vatican; the door of the Pope's grand stairway was torn from its place, and the enormous windows which light it were hurled with a stunning noise upon the marble steps. The swiss Guards barely escaped death. Providence most visibly protected the Cardinals, who left the Consistory in a body the moment of the accident. Two minutes later and they would have been buried beneath the avalanche of wood and broken windows.

FRANCE.—The history of the last moments of Bishop d'Amatha, of New Caledonia, who died in 1853 a victim of his devotedness to his people, decimated by frightful epidemic, has been most touchingly related in one of the late Sunday evening reunions at Notre Dame des Victoires, by Father Forestier, Marist. The following scene in his life was given by the pious orator:

"The storm rapidly increased in violence. The roaring of the waves, and the fury of the winds announced immediate danger. The young Tudinan, still a catechumen, trembled at the thought of dying without being a Christian. 'We are going to the bottom of the sea,' said the Bishop of Amatha to him, 'then we shall see our good God.' 'Epikpo,' (Bishop) replied the poor child, 'I am not very happy at that thought.' 'You may be, for you are baptized.' 'But alas, I am not. Oh, baptize me, I beseech you, and then I also will go and see the good God.' Bishop Douarre performed the ceremony, and said: 'My child, now you are an

angel; pray to God and to Mary to help us,' and the child, happy in baptismal grace, calmly replied: 'O Epikpo, would it not be better to die, and go to Heaven, where we would never again suffer from hunger and cold?' But the obedient child prayed, and the vessel was saved."

[A painting at Notre Dame de Fourvières represents the saintly Bishop baptizing his young catechumen in the midst of the tempest.]

THE EXILES OF VILNA.—Our readers are doubtless familiar with the history of these poor Polish Religious, lately expelled from their cloister and their country. Their touching reception in Paris, where their arrival was wholly unexpected, is most affectingly related in the following letter from the Superior of the First Visitation Convent in Paris:

"Tuesday, March 21st, we received a note, written in pencil, from Mother V. Constance, informing us that herself and her family, composed of forty-eight persons, were at the depot of the Northern Railroad, and within less than half an hour, eight omnibuses brought them to the door of the Refugees. The door was opened and we perceived a cloud of Religious filling the church-yard; conspicuous among them were four large white Carmelite cloaks; for the dear Mother of Vilna, with the confiding charity of a true daughter of our holy Founder, had extended her wings to shelter these four daughters of Saint Teresa, who, on the eve of her departure, had implored her to take them with her.

"All these beloved exiles were gathered within our cloister. On leaving their own monastery they had kissed its walls, and they seemed ready to do the same to those which now offered them the precious benefits of regular life in community. These dear Sisters fell upon their knees and kissed the hand, not only of the Superior, but of every Sister in the monastery: in their humility and gratitude they seemed to see Superiors in all who received them with so much joy. 'Thanks!' 'Thanks!' were heard on all sides, in German, French and Polish. We answered by our tears, and they understood us, for this language of the heart belongs to all countries.

"After every one had entered into the Convent, all our Sisters were eager to offer them refreshments; but no dinner had been prepared. The Sister of the kitchen rushed to her furnace, assisted by many volunteers, and a repast was speedily improvised; tables, benches, napkins and dishes were brought; everybody took part, but without much mutual understanding, for their hearts were too full to leave much room for presence of mind; and during this time these well-beloved Sisters, who were still fasting, solicited and obtained the happiness of receiving Holy Communion. The sanctuary railing was watered with their tears. To us they said nothing, but I think our Lord made their hearts feel that *where the Holy Eucharist is, there can be no exile.*

The rest of the day was spent in organizing lodgings for the wanderers; and our Lord, who multiplied the loaves, this evening seemed to enlarge our walls for the accommodation of all, leav-

ing even two cells vacant. The Chapter-room and every little available corner was transformed into lodging purposes, it was so natural for every one to have a degree of holy rivalry in offering her cell to those who, for their attachment to their faith, had not whereon to repose their head. It seemed that they had said, with Saint Paul: 'Who will separate me from the charity of Jesus Christ?' All they brought with them was the crucifixes from their cells, each one placing her own upon her heart.

"It would be difficult to describe what a state of destitution they were in after the vicissitudes of 'so long a journey.'"

DIOCESE OF FORT WAYNE.—On Sunday 28th of May, the corner-stone of a splendid church, to be dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God, was blessed at Lafayette, Ind., by Right Rev. Bishop LUERS, assisted by Right Rev. Dr ROSECRANS, and by Rev. J. FORCE, of Logansport, Rev. C. MAUGIN, of Crawfordville, etc. The eloquent Doctor preached both at High Mass and on the spot outside, where the ceremonies took place, in his usual clear, logical and cogent style, to a large and admiring audience. This is the nineteenth church the zealous pastor, Rev. GEORGE HAMILTON, is now undertaking. May he live long enough to build as many more. We will refer again to this subject, doubly interesting to us.

Maria Aurora.

*Te nascente ut aurora
Vult e celo sine mora
Mitti sol justitie.*—NEOT POETA.

Like the coming of the dawning,
Mary, lovely Star of Morning,
Givest thou the joyful warning,
That the Sun of Justice comes.

Mary is that day-dawn which the Psalmist says the Lord would create with his own hands. The name of Aurora, whatever be its origin, is admirably appropriate. Whether we derive it from *aurum*—gold—or from *hora aurea*—hour of gold—the advent of Mary into this world was the morning of the golden age of Faith and Grace, terminating the iron age of infidelity, of sin, of ignorance, and of the law. Precious Aurora! Mary offers us the immaculate gold of her virginal purity, the glittering gold of her ardent charity, and the pure gold of wisdom and goodness; she is filled with love, inundated with the Divinity—this happy woman, "clothed with the sun." Other authors assign the origin of the name Aurora to *aura rotans*—breeze shedding dew—or *hora roris*—the dewy hour—because it is the moment when the heavens distill dew upon the universe. So also it is by Mary that divine grace is shed over souls to extinguish therein the fires of sin; it is by the consent of Mary that the Divine Word has been enabled to deposit the dew of the Divinity in the bosom of human nature. Others, again, derive this name from *avium hora*—the hour of birds—who awake with the dawn to send forth their canticles of gratitude to the Creator. When Mary entered the world, what songs of joy resounded

in Heaven! what canticles of thanksgiving in the house of Anne and Joachim! When our Aurora sheds its first glimmer in the soul of a sinner, the souls of the Saints, the birds of this world, borne toward Heaven upon two wings of gold, the love of God and the love of their neighbor, unite their voices to the consorts of angels saluting the new day.

Often the aurora is called *aura* on account of its transparent whiteness. What whiteness may be compared to that shining whiteness of the Virgin Immaculate? Mary is, then, the true aurora, empurpled with the fires of the rising Sun, our Lord Jesus Christ, whom she carried in her arms. Her glory is derived from Him whom she brought into the world. She sheds over us the dew of the celestial benedictions; then, as we see the flush of morning deepen with the rising sun until it is all absorbed in him, so does the brightness of our Aurora increase until love unites her to Jesus, and she is lost, so to speak, in Him whose universe she is.—*St. Bernardin of Sienna.*

Arising from the bosom of shadows, the dawn puts an end to the night, and spreads over creation a new light, filling it with joy. Mary is born, arising from the long night of sin that extends from Eve to her Immaculate Conception. She rises from amidst the shadows of ignorance, of infidelity, of sadness, of sorrow—she inaugurates the day of knowledge, faith, joy, immortality—she brings into the world Him in whom are "hidden the treasures of the knowledge and of the wisdom of the Father," the "desire of the eternal hills," our peace and our consolation. Mary arises from the shadows of the law, from the obscurities of the Synagogue, to commence the glowing day of the Church whose Eternal Sun knows no setting. The aurora is the necessary midway between the waning night and the coming day. Mary is the mediatrix placed by the divine mercy between man and God, between the sinner and his Jesus.

When the day-dawn begins, objects decolorized by night resume their colors, the flowers unfold their tender corols to drink the dew of heaven. These delicate flowers nourished by celestial emanations are the saints, the splendid apparel of the garden of the Spouse, the holy Church—these objects resuming the colors of which the night has deprived them, are sinners whose souls revive at the first rays of our Aurora; at its rays they arise from the sleep of death wherein their faults have plunged them, and go forth to labor in the field of the Father of the family; the dreams and phantoms of the night have given place to the smiling images of the day; to the night-birds, evil desires, have succeeded holy contemplations; the demons have fled before the angels who form the court of Mary; vices have disappeared "like smoke, and as the wax before the fire." (Ps. lxxvii, 3.) Then the traveler, the pilgrim, remembering that he has not here a permanent city, (Heb. xiii, 14, resumes his staff, the cross, ascending the pathway which discovers to him that Aurora whose Son is called "the way, the truth, and the life," (John xiv, 6). He knows that the monsters of

the night have ceased to gnash their teeth, that the beasts of the forests have returned to their dens, the day-dawn has dispelled all perils and the sluggard alone dares to excuse himself and say: "A lion is in the path." (Prov. xxvi, 18). The return of the dawn brings a smile of happiness to the lips of the dying; he feels again the freshness of the morning hour, the glow of health calming the pangs of suffering. Mary heals our feverish souls, she restores us to health, she saves the world in giving it Jesus.

Jacob struggled all night with an angel, and when the morning came, he who had resisted him, said: "Let me go, for behold it is break of day." (Gen. xxxii, 26). This angel represents the Divine Majesty opposing itself to the prayers of the patriarchs for the coming of the Saviour. This word "Let me go," being equivalent to "Cease your entreaties," for already glimmers the Aurora which precedeth the Sun of Justice.

O Virgin most blessed, mystical aurora, may thy propitious brightness dissipate the shadows of our souls and the painful gloom of our griefs. Virgin most holy, turn toward us those pitying eyes and lead us from evil, and conduct us to eternal happiness.

All our ills expelling,
Every bliss implore.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POINTS OF CONTROVERSY; A Series of Lectures, 497 pp. By Rev. C. F. SMARIUS, Missionary of the Society of Jesus. New York: Rennie, Shea & Lindsay.

A book from Father Smarius! It must be a gem, if the author is in any way to compare to the speaker. It is more than a gem; it is a *chef-d'œuvre*.

This work, in the form of doctrinal lectures, has for its object the conversion of souls to God, the leading of them to abjure error and embrace the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

Timely antidotes must be applied to arrest the workings of the poison incautiously imbibed in consequence of the effects sought to be produced by the continual misrepresentations of those who, outside the pale of the Church, are influenced by prejudice, or endeavor to sustain their positions by argument, weak even to puerility. For this purpose the valuable book before us was written.

The Rev. author places it under the protection and care of the ever Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and patroness of the infant Church in the United States of America, and begs her to bless it, its author, and its readers.

We give the table of contents—Indifference in Religion, page 7; The Bible not the Rule of Faith, page 50; The Church of Christ, page 109; The Roman Catholic Church, the Church of Christ, page 170; Confession, page 243. On Purgatory and Indulgences, page 296; On the Real Presence, page 342; Honor and Invocation of Saints, Veneration of Images and Relics, page 411; On the Honor and Invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, page 458.

As is seen from this, Father Smarius, like a

true son of the Church, as he is, devotes one chapter of the nine which make up his book, to the Blessed Virgin, and with it beautifully closes. He writes as he speaks, and he speaks as one whose heart and lips are overflowing with the fervor of heavenly love and devotion; his utterances have wings and bear us away up to the empyrean where we find ourselves among angels and saints. There is a precious value, a sacredness, a true incense in this book. The flowers of beauty scattered through it are living, fresh, blooming, varied in shape, fragrance and hue.

Everywhere is there singular excellence of thought, varied with wonderful richness; everywhere is the writer copious and accurate, fervent and enthusiastic; everywhere has he shed beams of sunny brightness and a poetic charm over his pages. We realize in it our ideal of what such works should be. The book is controversial, and therefore very instructive, for when conducted in a proper spirit and with a sincere desire to ascertain the truth, discussion is discovery. He enters fully into an examination of the popular objections to the belief and practice of Catholics, as far as regards the subjects which he treats, and completely disproves them. He has something to tell, and he proceeds at once to do it. "Infidelity and a general indifference to all religion are the characteristic traits of the age." In our unwise hurry in life's forced march we pursue with zeal and earnestness every thing conducive to the gratification of our senses, while we are sunk in a total apathy, are dead to all that appertains to our higher and more important interests.

The age in which we live is distinguished for its great indifference to the essentials of religion, and by a peculiar eagerness for every thing which a sincere love for religion considers vanity. People *seemingly* wish for a morality without religion, but the experience of man has shown that the two are inseparably connected.

Religion, true practical religion, is almost forgotten, or looked upon as visionary and chimerical. The meek but earnest call of duty is unheard or unheeded amidst the clamor of business. We are fast becoming irreligious—forgetting that man was made to be sanctified, that man was made for God, and that no man liveth for himself. The sacred fire of faith is fast going out for want of fuel, and the contents of just such books as this of Father Smarius is the means of supplying the fuel by which the fire of habitual piety must be kept up, and the flame of fervent devotion daily enkindled. Any positive belief is better than unbelief.

You may straighten the gnarled and crooked sapling, but who can make dead branch, severed from its parent stem, grow green again? Who can quicken the dead pulse into life, and send the blood once more bounding through the veins on its life-sustaining mission? Father Smarius traces the cause of the moral degeneracy of the age to the principle of private judgment, as the highest and only authority, in religion and morality; a principle introduced by Luther and Calvin, and

which made religion the salve of man, subject to his prejudices and passions, his freaks and fancies, and man no longer obedient to her divine authority; a principle that dethroned reason itself, and made feeling the exponent of truth, so that men judged of religion as they did of their breakfasts and dinners. The error of man was substituted for the teaching of Christ; the Scriptures lost their objective value, and became the property of each subjective understanding—the natural result of all which was apathy, indifference, finally infidelity. Unity in faith and belief was destroyed, and the flood-gates of Atheism thrown open. If there is one thing more convincing than another, which goes to prove the divine origin of revelation, it is this same characteristic of unity. To remedy this evil we must go back to first principles, “and deduce from these the obligations which have been disowned, the duties which have been neglected.” This the writer endeavors to do, and he does it well.

Seldom has it been our good fortune to see a more philosophic view and lucid discussion of the teachings and practices of the Church—so much misconceived and so often misrepresented by an ignorant prejudice. We predict for it an extensive circulation among Catholics, while among Protestants those who look into and study such works will find what Protestants have found before; will see what Protestants have seen before—and we take it from their own lips—those who have followed Catholicity into her schools and colleges, into her monasteries and convents—to hospitals, asylums—the abodes of poverty—and blessed God! they will see men and women, actuated by the spirit of the first great twelve, putting into daily practice the sweet story of our suffering Saviour's life; and on seeing the beautiful *within* they will exclaim with Saint Augustine, as Protestants have exclaimed before: “Too late have I found thee, O beauty so ancient and yet so new! too late, too late, have I begun to love thee!”

We earnestly advise all our readers to procure copies of this work of Father Smarius, who promises, ere long, to issue another volume, which we shall hail with delight.

We are very sorry that for want of space we cannot at present give a longer extract than the following on the Blessed Virgin. We intend to return to the book again:

“Is it pride, madness, or inspiration, which makes a young maiden, scarcely sixteen years of age, the descendant of a royal but fallen family, the inhabitant of an obscure town, exclaim, in the bold language of the text above cited, ‘Behold! from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed?’

“Pride or presumption it cannot be, for the words which precede the text give the Virgin's humility as the reason of her bold language. ‘Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid. Behold! from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed!’ Much less was it madness; for who dares blasphemously assert that the infinite Wisdom of the Father should have chosen

a woman that was crazed for His beloved mother? It was, then, the voice of inspiration, the voice of the Holy Spirit, the voice of the Most High, which made her exclaim: ‘Behold! from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.’ As the voice of inspiration, we must examine the meaning of the prophesy. The sense is plain and obvious. Mary prophesies that from that very day, onward through the ages, all generations shall call her blessed. To call one blessed is the outward expression of inward respect, honor, veneration, which the person deserves. Mary, then, foretells that from the day on which she became the mother of Christ, all generations should continue to respect, honor, and venerate her as she deserves. The objective reason of this respect, honor and veneration, was evidently her divine maternity,—the fact that she had become the mother of Christ.

Hence, we may infer, without doing any violence to the text, that the full meaning of the prophesy is as follows: “Behold, from this day, on which I am the mother of Christ, true God and true man, all Christian generations shall call me blessed. There was then to be a succession of Christian men and women, in all ages, among all nations, who from the commencement of Christianity till the end of time, should, in the self-same manner, show Mary that respect, honor and love which her dignity as mother of the Redeemer entitled her to from that very day.”

Sentiments of Diffidence and Humility.

On a certain occasion, Saint Francis of Sales was obliged to pass through Geneva, in order to confer on religious matters with the Baron of Lux, Lieutenant of the King, in Burgundy, who had come by express order of his Majesty. The Saint exposed himself very much during the journey; and as I once alluded to the fact in company with him and several distinguished persons, he humbly accused himself of imprudence, without blaming those who had accompanied him, and who fully convinced that no harm could befall him and that no one would attempt his life. I added: “Well, Father, the worse that could have happened would have been the best for you; for if those people had killed you, of a confessor they would have made a martyr.” “How do you know,” replied he, “if God would have had mercy on me, and granted me sufficient constancy to obtain such a crown?”

I said that my conjecture was well founded, since I was sure he would prefer to suffer a thousand deaths rather than renounce his faith.

“I know very well what I ought to have done: it is precisely what you say; but am I a prophet, to divine what I would have done? Saint Peter, the patron of the Church of Geneva, was certainly as determined to do right as I could be, and yet we all know what he did at the voice of a poor servant girl. Blessed are they that fear and distrust their own weakness, and who do not rely upon themselves, but put all their confidence in God. We can do all things when He fortifies us, but without Him we can do nothing.”

AVE MARIA.

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CORPUS CHRISTI.

[We love to believe that Father FABER's works are household words with all the readers of the AVE MARIA, and in proportion as they are charmed with the writings of this gifted son of St. Philip, so we are sure they will thank us for giving, in these days consecrated to the Blessed Sacrament, his exquisite tableau of the Catholic world on Corpus Christi.]

It is the Feast of Corpus Christi. Let us put before ourselves as on a map the respect which the whole Church is presenting to the Eye of God to-day. O the joy of the immense glory the Church is sending up to God this hour: verily! as if the world was all unfallen still! We think, and as we think the thoughts are like so many successive tide-waves filling our whole souls with the fullness of delight, of all the thousands of masses which are being said or sung the whole world over, and all rising with one note of blissful acclamation from grateful creatures to the Majesty of our merciful Creator. How many glorious processions, with the sun upon their banners, are now winding their way round the squares of mighty cities, through the flower-strewn streets of Christian villages, through the antique cloisters of the glorious cathedral, or through the grounds of the devout seminary, where the various colors of the faces and the different languages of the people are only so many fresh tokens of the unity of that faith which they are all exultingly professing in the single voice of the magnificent ritual of Rome! Upon how many altars of various architecture, amid sweet flowers and starry lights, amid clouds of humble incense and the tumult of thrilling song, before thousands of prostrate worshipers, is the Blessed Sacrament raised for exposition, or taken down for benediction! And how many blessed acts of faith and love, of triumph and of reparation, do not each of these things surely represent! The world over, the summer air is filled with the voice of song. The gardens are shorn of their fairest blossoms to be flung beneath the feet of the Sacramental God. The steeples are reeling with the clang of the bells: the cannon are booming in the gorges of the Andes and the Apennines; the ships of the harbors are painting the bays of the sea with their show of gaudy flags; the pomp of royal or republican armies salutes the King of kings. The Pope on his throne and the school-girl in her village, cloistered nuns and sequestered hermits, bishops and dignitaries and preachers, emperors and kings and princes, all are engrossed to-day with the Blessed Sacrament. Cities are illuminated; the dwellings of men are alive with exultation. Joy so abounds that men rejoice they know not why, and their joy overflows on sad

hearts and on the poor and the imprisoned and the wandering and the orphaned, and the home-sick exiles. All the millions of souls that belong to the royal family and spiritual lineage of St. Peter are to-day engaged more or less with the Blessed Sacrament; so that the whole Church Militant is thrilling with glad emotion, like the tremulous rocking of the mighty sea. Sin seems forgotten; tears even are of rapture rather than of penance. It is like the soul's first day in heaven; or as if earth itself were passing into heaven, as it well might do, for sheer joy of the Blessed Sacrament.

Crowds that were in sin yesterday now for the love of Jesus have made to-day's sun to rise upon their penance; and over each one all heaven's angels rejoiced, more than over a newly created world. Millions have made their preparation for Communion, and the least fervent of them all did something for God he would not else have done. The same millions communicated; and think of all that Jesus did in them, and with them, and for them, while the sacramental union lasted! The same millions made their thanksgiving, and what a choir of praise was there. How many aged men will the evening find less worldly than the morning saw them! In how many souls of children has not faith started and grown, strong, supple, juicy shoots, more than a whole year's growth in one brief day; and what a glorious thing is each growth of faith in a childish soul, seeing there comes along with it such a glorious promise for eternity! And what shall I say of those deeper depths, the souls of mortified men? I suppose that the mere exercise of faith, to say nothing of love, in a saint is something so deep and high, so far-reaching and full of union with Christ, that we common Christians can know nothing of it. And how many real saints, how many hereafter to be raised on the altars of the Church, have been in rapture, in ecstasy, in transcendent communion with God this day, through the stirring of the life-giving mystery in their souls. The silent cloister has sent up thousands of sweet perfumes from espoused souls throughout the day; acts of faith enough to win grace for unconverted tribes, acts of love sufficient to expiate a sea of blasphemies and a world of sacrilege, acts of union which have strengthened and invigorated the whole Church, and quickened all its pulses in places far remote from the cells, where the acts were perfected in solitude and prayer and austere concealment. Who can tell the vocations begun or achieved to-day, the con-

versions suggested or effected, the first blows given to a sinful habit or the crowning virtue to a devout resolve, the sins remitted or the sinful purposes abandoned, the death-beds illuminated or the souls liberated from purgatory through the quickened charity of earth? There has been a vast and busy and populous empire of interior acts open to the eye of God to-day, so beautiful, so glorious, so religious, so acceptable, that the feast of the outer world has been the poorest possible expression of the inner feast of the world of spirit. And what is it all but triumph—the triumph of our hidden Lord?

Corpus Christi is essentially a feast of triumph. It is a day of triumph rather even than of joy, a day of power, of fearlessness, of public profession of faith, of the heavenly insult [defiance] of truth over doubt, heresy, falsehood, sacrilege, and blasphemy. Its position immediately following upon Trinity Sunday is a sort of type of this. It does not come after the Ascension in unbroken order, as one feast of our Lord following another, nor even at once after Pentecost, when the descent of the Holy Ghost had been as it were the fruit of the Ascension and the sweet token of the strange truth that it could ever be expedient for us that our Lord should go away. But it waits until the Church has led up all her mysteries into the secret fountain, the mother mystery, of the Most Holy Trinity, as if the whole collective devotion of the year rose up into the unapproachable light, and fell back again in showers of glory and in streams of celestial power and beauty upon men in the grand and consummating mystery of Transubstantiation. Hence its character of triumph. The Church Militant is blended for a moment with the Church Triumphant, and forgets her exile and her militant condition; and the worship of the Holy Trinity, which is a sort of antepast of Heaven, finds its adequate expression in the joyous adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. It is a day when we cannot be still, and hence a day of processions. It is a feast of shout and song, one while against the earth, as if the walls of the great city of the world were miraculously falling down before our faith, while we encompass it, marching angels and men, to the martial strains of our *Lauda Sion*; another while, in praise of the Church, while the whole world resounds with the acclamations of the redeemed bearing their Redeemer round the ramparts of His own impregnable Sion.

Look now with the eye of faith at the Blessed Sacrament, and remember simply what our catechism teaches us about it. Is it not a magnificent thing to be a Catholic? Faith is such a glorious gift. Think how it makes over to us, as if they were, and they truly are, our own hereditary possessions, all the grandeurs of the universal Church, the famous Church, the martyr Church, the Church that is never old, but ever has a perpetual freshness like the Holy Trinity, ever virgin as Mary herself, ever wet with blood as the martyrs were, ever teaching like the apostles and doctors, ever witnessing like the confessors, ever suffering innocently like the Holy Innocents themselves,

and sending up a perpetual song of victory even out of the fires of persecution. Oh how we ought to bless God, now that we know Jesus, that we were not born in the poor times of the patriarchs and prophets before the Blessed Sacrament! Ah! how they desired to see our day and saw it not! Nay, we even seem privileged in our days beyond elder Christian times: for the longer the Church battles with the world the more venerable she seems to become, and her victories of grace more wonderful. Time "writes no wrinkles on her brow," but adds line after line of glory and of freshness. She seems, because we know her better, to grow more beautiful, more powerful, more bright of face, more sweet of voice, more strong in arm, more mother-like in manner. Dear Church! to-day is her great day, the Feast of Holy Faith!

JUNE, THE MONTH of the SACRED HEART.

The secret of all devotion to Mary, is man's love of the Sacred Heart! Hence the crowning beauty of the Month of Mary, prefacing, or introducing us, as it were, into the chosen sanctuary of our Heavenly Queen—into the Sacred Heart itself. For thirty-one days we waited in the vestibule—chanting our songs of love and tender devotion, and as the last perfume of the flowers and the incense of the Benediction floated away on the night winds, and the distant echoes faintly whispered the last strains of the organ, then our Lady-Queen, our Mother, drew aside the curtains of the dawning day, and as she placed us, with herself, in her own dwelling—in the Sacred Heart of Jesus—she sweetly whispered, "not closed is my Month; on the contrary, it has but commenced in the Month of the Sacred Heart; by your devotions during the Month of Mary, you are prepared to enjoy the wonderful riches and charms of the Ecclesiastical Mid-summer, Corpus-Christi, Whitsuntide, Trinity Sunday and the *Sacred Heart*." Then we began to understand the beautiful little mystery attached to May. Thirty-one days to Mary was not too long a prelude for the Month of the Sacred Heart. We needed to prepare by a closer union with our Mother for the great festivals that unite the last days of our Lord's human life on earth, with the first days of His humanity in Heaven, where he has promised to draw all hearts to Himself; and that we resist not this loving violence, we must open our hearts to the sweet counsel of his Mother.

"She is the Queen of Heaven and earth," far and wide her empire extends; its boundaries are scarcely distinguishable from those of the Sacred Heart, so closely are they united. Mary holds sway over the Sacred Heart, it does her bidding and she commands with a mother's love; yet she is the subject of the Sacred Heart and rejoices in her subjection. Out of her heart came the blood of that Heart, and it was that Heart from all eternity merited for her the Immaculate Conception. It was the Sacred Heart that made her suffer; but it was the Sacred Heart that changed her sufferings into everlasting joy. She owes all to the Sacred Heart, to whom the Sacred Heart owes its very self. Yet the river is greater than

the fountain, and the Sacred Heart is greater than Mary by the *Infinite*, because it includes the God-head. Mary sits upon her throne and uses all her power to propagate the empire of the Sacred Heart. Her prayer dispenses its graces. Her holiness is the monument and trophy of the Sacred Heart. All her regal splendor, all her wealth of graces and all the mystery of her motherhood are from the Sacred Heart. She is its daughter and its mother, its servant and its queen. And this fountain of the Sacred Heart ever gushes and flows in mysterious sympathy with the source whence it came!

Our age has been destined by Providence in an especial manner to manifest the riches of the Sacred Heart. It selected one humble, faithful soul, the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque of the Visitation, as its instrument to make known the ineffable views of its goodness and wisdom.

Let us listen to what she herself tells of the visits of her Celestial Spouse; nothing is more touching or more calculated to excite our devotion to the Sacred Heart of our God:

"Being one day before the Blessed Sacrament," (she writes by the order of her Superior), "during the octave of Corpus Cristi, I received from my God most excessive graces of His love; and wishing to return Him love for love, He said to me: 'Thou canst perform for Me no greater service than in doing what I have so often asked of thee.' Then showing me His Sacred Heart, 'Behold the Heart which has so much loved mankind; it has spared nothing, but has exhausted and consumed itself as a testimony of its love for them. From the greater part, I have received naught but ingratitude, irreverence and sacrilege, by the coldness and contempt they have shown Me in the Sacrament of My Love. For this reason, I require that the first Friday after the festival of the Blessed Sacrament, be honored as a Feast particularly dedicated to My Sacred Heart. And secular persons will find in this devotion all the assistance they need in their state of life—peace and joy in their family—solace in labor—consolation in their afflictions, and abundant benedictions from Heaven, upon all their undertakings. It will be a place of refuge during life, but particularly at the hour of death.'

"He also assured me that He took a singular complaisance in seeing His love honored under the figure of this Heart of Flesh, such as He had shown it to me. And He at the same time promised me that wherever the Image Heart would be particularly honored, it would attract the most abundant benedictions."

In the midst of the irreligion of the day, it is most consoling to see the wonderful development made in this devotion to the Sacred Heart. The decree of the Holy Father, establishing in its honor a Solemn Festival, has completely realized the desire expressed by our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary. And the late beatification of this saintly soul should stimulate the zeal of all the members of the Apostleship of Prayer. If we were only a little more devoted to Mary and the Sacred Heart, what conquests for Jesus would we

make! What souls would we not be instrumental in saving! *Our own* first, and then our neighbors! And it is not yet too late. Let some at least among us become more fervent, and if we have not a host to do the work, then let each one working with Mary in the Sacred Heart, be a *host in himself*.

The Sacred Heart.

In this glorious poem, Father Faber has thrown around the deepest theological truth all the beauties of poetry. It is like the Gospel of the Beloved Disciple, arranged in such full strains of Gregorian chant. In the third verse how exquisitely he sings "In the beginning was the Word,"—

"There reigns the Eternal Father in His lone prerogatives." [ing. lives.]

"And in His Father's mind the Son, all self-existent

This is preceded by the sublime description of eternity before creation, commencing

"And in that ungrowing vision nothing deepens, nothing brightens."

Again, soaring in thought to the abode of the Godhead, he tells us, O how touchingly!

"What They owed not to Themselves They stooped to owe to man."

But the gem of the poem is the sixth verse,

"A Heart that hath a Mother and a treasure of red blood."

Thank God for a Faber! who, bringing poetry to its true home, the Church, draws our hearts from the siren songs of earthly loves, back to the love of Mary and the Sacred Heart.

Unchanging and unchangeable, before angelic eyes, The vision of the Godhead in its tranquil beauty lies;

And, like a city lighted up all gloriously within, Its countless lusters gleam and gleam, and sweetest worship win. [the Three.

On the Unbegotten Father, awful well-spring of On the Sole Begotten Son's co-equal Majesty,

On Him eternally breathed forth from Father and from Son, [ages run.

The spirits gaze with fixed amaze, and unreckoned And in that ungrowing vision nothing deepens, nothing brightens,

But the living Life of God perpetually lightens; And created life is nothing but a radiant shadow fleeing [ning Being;

From the unapproached lusters of that Unbegun-Spirits wise and deep have watched that everlasting Ocean, [motion;

And never o'er its lucid field hath rippled faintest In glory undistinguished never have the Three seemed One, [run.

Nor ever in divided streams the Single Essence There reigns the Eternal Father, in His lone prerogatives, [ing. lives,

And in the Father's Mind, the Son, all self-existent With Him, their mutual Jubilee, that deepest depth of love, [gifted Dove!

Life-giving Life of two-fold source, the many-O Bountiful! O Beautiful! can Power or Wisdom add

Fresh features to a life, so munificent and glad?
Can even uncreated Dove, ye angels! give a hue
Which can ever make the Unchanging and Un-
changeable look new?

The Mercy of the Merciful is equal to Their Might,
As wondrous as Their Love, and as Their Wisdom
bright! [the first,
As They, who out of nothing called creation at
In everlasting purposes Their own design had
nursed,— [once abode,
As They, who in Their solitude, Three Persons,
Vouchsafed of Their abundance to become crea-
tion's God,— [to owe to man.
What They owed not to Themselves They stooped
And pledged Their glory to Him, in an unimag-
inable plan.

See! deep within the glowing depth of that Eter-
nal Light, [ports angelic sight?
What change hath come, what vision new trans-
A creature can it be, in uncreated bliss?
A novelty of God? Oh what nameless thing is
this? [shed,
The beauty of the Father's Power is o'er it brightly
The sweetness of the Spirit's Love is unction on
its head; [part,
In the wisdom of the Son it plays its wondrous
While it lives the loving life of a real Human
Heart!

A Heart that hath a Mother, and a treasure of
red blood, [food!
A Heart that man can pray to, and feed upon for
In the brightness of the Godhead is its marvelous
abode, [God!
A change in the Unchanging, creation touching
Ye spirits blest, in endless rest, who on that Vision
gaze, [amaze,
Salute the Sacred Heart with all your worshipful
And adore, while with ecstatic skill the Three in
One ye scan, [Heart of Man!
The Mercy that hath planted there that blessed
All tranquilly, all tranquilly, does that Blissful
Vision last, [it cast;
And its brightness o'er immortalized creation will
Ungrowing and unfading, its pure Essence doth
it keep, [finitely deep;
In the deepest of those depths where all are in-
Unchanging and unchangeable as it hath ever been,
As it was before that Human Heart was there by
angels seen,
So is it at this very hour, so will it ever be,
With that Human Heart within it, beating hot
with love for me!

Bethlehem itself supplies us with many sweet
pictures. We have the Birth at midnight, with
the kneeling Mother, and the adoring Joseph, the
light of his red dusky lantern blending with the
white splendor that radiates from the Little Infant
on the floor, and the eyes of the beasts in the
shadowy background, which have caught the re-
flection and are looking through the gloom. No
painter can paint it as it lies in the believer's soul,
and as the bells of Christmas wake it up in that
gay winter midnight, which is brighter than a
summer noon, because of the inward light by
which the hearts sees and worships.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 1.—The Prisoner of War.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER VI.—THE RENEGADE.

The narrative of these events inspired the caliph with a still more violent desire of perverting the baron. He flattered himself that the solitude and weariness of a dungeon would bring down his pride; he also forbade food to be given to him for three whole days.

After this time had elapsed, the imman was sent to him. The Moslem priest boasted to the famishing prisoner of the feasts and pleasures of the Mahometan paradise. But Berenger remained immovable and answered:

"If your hours resemble the dancing girls that I have seen, I prefer the blue eyes of Etienne; and as for the nectar they drink in your heaven, I doubt if it has the flavor and relish of the wines of Provence."

"Thou still hopest to return to thy country! Dost thou not know that the gates of this dungeon will never more open for thee?"

"Perhaps; but I have a protection somewhere that will assist me, when all other resources fail. Then thou wilt see things that will astonish thee!"

"Thou art valiant in the fight, but thy wisdom is not equal to thy valor. Thy companions have been more prudent. They have acknowledged the truth of the Koran, and rewarded by the beneficence of the caliph, they enjoy in peace the happiness that heaven grants even in this life to those who believe and keep his law."

"My companions are not knights of noble blood. If they have perjured their faith toward God, they are recreants and cowards. I pity Mahomet to have such people in his service."

The imam exhausted in vain all the artifices of his eloquence. The baron had no ears for him, and would listen neither to his reasonings nor to his solicitations.

However, the deprivation of air and exercise began to weaken the constitution of the Crusader. Painful sores were formed upon his limbs by the rubbing of his chains. His strength began to fail, and he fell, little by little, into a morbid languor. The burning climate of Asia soon changed the wounds on his arms and knees into ulcers. His legs became inflamed, and myriads of insects, generated in the darkness and stifling heat of the prison, crawled over his body, and left him no repose either night or day.

The soul is united to the body by mysterious ties and close sympathies. Moral suffering reacts upon the organs of the body, and reciprocally even the least maladies of the same organs affect the moral being. The character of the Crusader became enervated as he lost his vigor. While thinking of his position, it appeared to him most frightful. He formed the hope of escaping from his dungeon, and cast about him for the means.

He did not believe himself any longer bound by his parole, and he would have fled without scruple this land of temptation and suffering. But they were thick and deep—the walls of the subterranean vault in which he lay. The day-

light entered only by a narrow loop-hole, guarded by heavy bars of iron, so well fastened that he tugged at them a whole night, without succeeding in loosening them.

As these thoughts engaged his mind, a man whom he did not recognize at first, on account of the darkness, was introduced into his cell. But when a lamp was brought, and his visitor was placed face to face with him, he distinguished the features of his esquire, Rayboul.

"Is it thou?" cried he, making an effort to rise. "Do I not deceive myself? How dost thou come here? Ah! how sweet to see a friend again, after being so long surrounded by none but enemies and strangers! What art thou doing in this city? What is become of my companions? What has happened to them? Are they still faithful to the Cross? Are they still alive? Oh! answer me: it is so long since my ears have heard the sounds of our sweet mother-tongue!"

"Alas! my lord,—my good master, in what state do I find thee! Defeated—covered with ulcers, and dying! Is it possible that the most valiant of the French barons should have fallen into such an ocean of evils, and that I am forced to compassionate him who was the terror of the proudest warriors of Europe!"

"Yes; I am no longer the haughty Baron de Montier. Thou seest nothing before thee but an unfortunate prisoner. We have lost all by the fickleness of fortune, but we have no cause to blush: our honor still remains to us, and we are still Christians. For thou art a Christian still, art thou not, in spite of thy dress?—all my esquires and men-at-arms have kept their oaths."

"Thy esquires and thy men-at-arms have not broken their oaths."

"Are they less wretched than I?"

"They will never again see the sun of Provence. I saw them cast headlong from the minarets of the great mosque: and, the night following, their bodies were devoured by dogs in the street."

"Their death was noble, and as glorious as if on the field of battle. How didst thou escape their fate?"

"My fortune, my lord, saved me from the jaws of death at the very moment I was about to share their fate. But what tales I heard of thee! They said that thou enjoyedst all the favors of the caliph,—that he made thee sit at his table, and gave thee his eldest daughter in marriage."

"Knowest thou the price I was to pay for those treacherous benefits? I was asked to deny the Cross and adore Mahomet."

"It was a desperate extremity; but what is the use of obstinately resisting a necessity to which we must all one day submit. Sickness and suffering always end by forcing us to yield."

"Forcing me! am I accustomed to break my oaths?"

"It is breaking them only to save thy head."

"Is it not breaking them to deny Almighty God?"

"Heaven may be gained in any religion, provided we follow its precepts in sincerity."

"I am not such a learned theologian! I only

know what the chaplain of Montier says,—that heretics, miscreants and persons excommunicated will be inevitably damned, unless they are converted. And even if thou knowest the truth better than he, there are two loves which I can never banish from my heart; the love of Etienne, Baronesse of Montier, and that of Our Lady, the Queen of Heaven."

"What will it signify to thy lady, the baronesse, whether thou remainest true to her love or not? She will never see thee again. And as for the Virgin, if she values thine homage, let her work a miracle to help thee preserve thy faith."

"I can ask it of her, at any rate."

"She will not hear thee. Dost thou not see that God abandons us, and does nothing for us? The Crusaders, our brethren, instead of helping us, have not even inquired into our fate, and have fled like cowards. What hope remains to us now?"

"To die without dishonor and without remorse!"

"Glory does not follow a man into the tomb. Once stretched on the bed of death, the memory immovable of past exploits is but a slender and sorry consolation."

"It is now twenty years since my father girded me with my first sword. He died a few days after, and I have not forgotten his last farewell words: 'I leave thee,' said he, 'an untarnished name. Be hardy, brave and loyal; and know that if ever thou stainest thy escutcheon by an action unworthy of thy race, I will break the stone of my tomb and return to chastise thee.' Being then master of my own conduct, I could have easily grown old in my castle in the lap of idleness and pleasure. But I contemned the seductions of sloth,—I placed my happiness in enduring hunger, fatigue, and danger, and if I have by these efforts acquired a little renown, I am not come here to spoil it all and to cover myself with opprobrium."

"The most valiant knights do not think themselves dishonored by surrendering when they are compelled by the fortune of war. Captivity is our enemy. We have resisted as long as we could. Honor is thus satisfied. We may acknowledge ourselves vanquished."

"Never;—they took my arms from me; I never yielded them up."

"What phantoms obscure thy mind! Of what use is thy heroism? To whom will it be known? We are dead to France, and our resolution, whatever it is, being unknown to our fellow-countrymen, will be equally exempt from blame or praise."

"Could I conceal my cowardice from myself? Could I dishonor the shades of my forefathers? When they appear to my imagination, and demand an account of their good name, what should I be able to answer them?"

"That thou hast yielded only to the irresistible force of circumstances; that fortune is to blame, not thou, for the crime, if it be one; but what obligation is there to quit actually the fold of Christ? Can we not continue to adore Him in the secret of our hearts, while outwardly we follow the ceremonies of the Mahometans? What will it cost us to pretend to comply with their wishes and go with them to their mosques?"

"These are the counsels of a villain!"

"My lord, I love thee, and it is my attachment that inspires my words. I cannot bear to see thee perish miserably in this dungeon, as long as it is only thine own fault that thou art not raised to the summit of power and honor."

"Let others make traffic and sale of their oaths. Life is a burden when it is stained with ignominy."

"My lord baron, do not be misled by vain scruples. Save thyself, whilst thou canst; do not expire in this prison. The caliph offers thee his friendship; do not reject it. To-morrow, perhaps, the opportunity will be gone. Do violence to thy feelings—thou wilt thank me for this by and by. If thou canst not resolve upon it, thou hast only to let me act for thee. I will promise for thee; and thou wilt not disavow my promises. As for remorse, let not that frighten thee. It is a mere fancy—I have never felt it."

"Canst thou have trampled on the Cross of thy Saviour?"

"Heaven has rewarded me for it; since then I have been rich and honored. I have a splendid house, treasures and dignities. Moslems of the highest rank have given me their daughters in marriage."

"Traitor and miscreant! Thou hast broken thine oath, and gloried in it! Thou boastest of it before me, and shame does not choke thee! Oh, that I were not chained!"

"Moderate thy pride, lord baron, I advise thee, and instead of threats, address to me entreaties. I am thy jailor, and I have over thee, in my turn, the power thou hast so long made me feel. Thou shalt change thy faith, Baron de Montier, and thy perjury shall justify mine, or, by the fire of hell, the most frightful tortures—"

"I laugh at thy fury. My body is in thy power, but not my will. I will show thee the difference between the soul of a baron and that of a hypocritical and lying serf. I fear thee not, and God, who is just, will lengthen my life, to witness thy chastisement. It will be, amid my sorrows, a consolation and relief."

Frightened in spite of himself, by these imprecations, Rayboul, astonished, left, with trembling steps, the prison. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hermann on the Holy Eucharist.

A melodious voice sounds from the solitude of Carmel. Let us listen. It is the voice of a holy religious; a model of edification in a monastery of saints; a living trophy of a most brilliant victory over the world wrought by the Divine Eucharist.

Once Hermann was a renowned artist of rare talent. At Paris and London every musical festival witnessed his presence; no such solemnity was complete without him; every day brought him new pleasures, new triumphs. A Jew, without religion, his only worship was that of pleasure. Now he is forever hidden from the eyes of men. Beneath his coarse habit yet beats a burning heart; a heart eager as ever for glory and happiness; but to him this glory consists in belonging entirely to God; this happiness is to unite himself to

God in the Sacrament of His Love. Let us hear his cry:*

Naught in this mighty universe of ours
My heart can satisfy, my spirit fill;
The world a desert spreads before my gaze,
And yet my keen desires my bosom thrill.
Food of my Country! Bread of Life!
My heart's consumed with fond desire;
My Jesus, come! appease this strife—
O Fount of Being! Blessed Fire!

I seek the cup of joy—'tis empty all!
Ah, who among these arid tracts will come,
To quench the ardor in my pulsing veins,
To soothe my pining heart, to lead me home!
Food of my Country! Bread of Life! etc.

Fain these immense desires would I fulfill,
But limitless this sea fore'er expands;
No goods can satiate my fluttering soul,
And pleasure's cup seems poured upon the sands.
Food of my Country! Bread of Life! etc.

If Thou hast made our hearts for earthly joys
Why satisfy they not, Beloved Lord?—
If we are strangers only, here below,
Thy Heavenly Manna give, O God adored!
Food of my Country! Bread of Life! etc.

How long my weary exile! Jesus! Love?
When wilt Thou call my spirit to its rest?
Oh! how 'twill speed to thee!—Far thrown aside
The bonds that keep me from my refuge blest.
Food of my Country! Bread of Life! etc.

Then will my soul in torrents of Thy Love
Plunge joyous, all unchecked by flesh or time—
Quaff Thy life-giving sweetness at its source,
And gaze upon the Infinite sublime.

Food of my Country! Bread of Life!
My heart's consumed with fond desire;
My Jesus, come! appease this strife!
O Fount of Being! Blessed Fire!

Also, reflecting on the solemn feasts of the Blessed Sacrament, he is astonished; he laments that men calling themselves Christians, should remain dry and cold before this fire of Love; and from the depth of his retreat he calls to them aloud:

"Yes, worldlings, I say it to you prostrate before this Love misunderstood: if you no longer behold me treading your silken carpets; singing for applause; obtaining futile honors, it is that I have found my glory in the humble Tabernacle of Jesus in the Sacrament, of Jesus my God.

"If you no longer see me stake upon a card the patrimony of a whole family, or hasten breathless in the race for gold, it is because I have found riches in exhaustless treasure in the Ciborium of Love, inclosing Jesus in the Sacrament.

"If I come no longer to your sumptuous tables, playing a giddy part in your frivolous feasts, it is because I have found a feast of delights, where I may regale myself forever; where I may rejoice in company with the angels of Heaven; where is found the supreme happiness; where I have found

* Extract from "Love to Jesus; or, Forty Canticles in Honor of the Divine Eucharist;" words and music by Hermann, Father Augustine Mary of the Blessed Sacrament, Discalced Carmelite.

my Well-Beloved; He is mine; I possess Him, and no one can take Him away!

"Poor riches—sad pleasures—humiliating honors, were those I pursued with you. But now that mine eyes have seen; that my hands have touched; that on my heart has palpitated the heart of a God! oh, how I lament that you in your blindness will continue to pursue pleasures powerless to fill your souls.

"Come, then, to this celestial banquet prepared by the Eternal Wisdom! Come, draw nigh. Leave your toys; lay aside your chimeras; throw far from you those deceitful rags which cover you; ask of Jesus the white-robe of pardon, and with a new, with a pure heart, drink of the limpid fountain of His Love. Believe me, now that your Divine Saviour mounts daily upon His throne in your churches to give you audience, He will listen to you with more clemency. Throw yourselves at His feet; give Him your heart, and He will bless you, and you shall taste joys, but joys so immense that I cannot describe them if you come not to taste them. *Taste and see that the Lord is sweet!*

"O, Jesus, my Love, how gladly would I enkindle within my friends of former time the ardor which inflames me! Would that I could make known to them the happiness Thou bestowest upon me! Ah! I venture to say, that if faith did not teach me that the contemplation of Thee in Heaven is a yet greater joy, I could not believe in the possibility of a happiness superior to that I experience in loving Thee in the Eucharist, and in receiving Thee into my poor heart, so enriched by Thee. What delicious peace! What beatitude! What holy joy!

"If King David danced before the Ark—merely typical of Thee, my true Covenant—into what bursts of joy; into what songs of triumph should I not break forth?

"But alas! here I pause—shut out—cast down; for I cannot refuse into my canticles that fire of the soul I long to express, and I remain powerless, overwhelmed by the task.

"It is to Thee, O, my God, I have recourse. Lend to them that secret virtue with which Thou hast known how to charm me; and then, like a brand cast amid the fagots, they will enkindle a fire of love for the adorable Host!"

Dear readers, be not deaf to these tender invitations of charity. Let us go,—let us go often during this month, to adore our God in the Sacrament of His love; let us open our hearts to the influence of His all-powerful graces, and He will bless us.

After-life is the theatre on which childhood produces its spectacles one after another, like so many dramas, whose lightness or sadness, beauty or harshness, tell recognizable tales of birth-place and its scenery, of early schools with their dark and bright, of the impress of a father's mind, or the moulding of a mother's skilful love, of the grave touches of a brother's affectionate influence, or the ineffaceable memories of an idoltrous sister's touching partisanship.

Ave Maria.

Oh, when with joy my soul is filled,
Exulting in Life's gala-day;
The air with affluent beauty thrilled,
In tender impulse let me say,
As triumphs holiest roundelay,

Ave Maria!

When sorrow melts my eyes to tears,
And all is lone, dark and cold,
Oh! then to banish all my fears,
Relying with a trust untold,
This watchword shall my faith uphold,

Ave Maria!

When wild temptations lash my barque,
And furious demons gather nigh,
One *Star* shall guide my wavering ark;
Nor thunders drown my earnest cry
To pierce the stormy raging sky—

Ave Maria!

When gentler passions, like sweet strains
Of harmony upon the air,
Repeat their rich and pure refrains
To silence woe and soothe my care,
This sweeter strain shall be my prayer—

Ave Maria!

Thus, thus—all thought, all pain, all joy,
Blest Mother, shall belong to thee;
Nor bliss shall please, nor grief annoy
My soul, through thy dear love made free,—
My cry through all shall ever be

Ave Maria!

The Martyrs of Castelfidardo.

This most touching and interesting work of which only the first volume has as yet been published in France, is a history of those young heroes who, having left their native lands for the defense of the Holy See, fell upon the battle-field, or died afterward from the effects of their wounds.

In this age of busy confusion the sublime name of martyr is given indiscriminately. It is profaned by the Revolutionists, who audaciously apply it to the most degraded wretches, from Marat and Robespierre, "martyrs for their love of mankind," to the assassins of kings and emperors, "martyrs for the Italian idea." This should not astonish us; Satan, who cannot create, counterfeits—he seeks to have his martyrs, as he has his Apostles and Saints.

By the side of the impious who profane the most sacred names, are certain well-meaning persons, who debase and disgrace the word by their manner of using it; they cannot suffer, they will not say persecution, but even the most petty contradiction in a just cause, without a thousand voices being raised to bury them under the name of *martyr*.

In truth it is not in such senses the Church gives a name which she alone has the right to use. Neither is it in this manner the distinguished writer, De Segur, gives it as the title of his work; but in the sense rigorously Catholic, he defines the Martyr to be the Christian, who, having shed his life's blood for truth, enters by his sacrifice into eternal happiness. Such to all appearance

were the heroes of that short but immortal day of Castelfidardo; they gave their blood for the cause of the Pope, and they gave it voluntarily, joyfully, not with the resignation of faith but with the holy joy of sacrifice. To die for the Pope is to die for the Church, to die for the Church is to die for God, and to die for God is to live the life of eternity. They are, then, Martyrs in the fullest sense of the word; and they passed from the carnage of the battle-field, and from the bloody couches in the hospitals, to the joys of Paradise.

So at least it has been understood by the Pope and the hierarchy in the glorious words pronounced over these young Crusaders of the nineteenth century, words where all sadness and regret were lost in their joyful strains of triumph.

And so was it understood and proclaimed under similar circumstances in the eleventh century, by St. Leo IX, of happy memory, one of the most illustrious predecessors of Pius IX. This beautiful page in the history of the Church offers a striking analogy to the chapter of our own times, traced in characters of glory upon the bloody field of Castelfidardo.

In 1053 the Normans pillaged the Duchy of Benevento, in the Pope's dominions, carrying ruin and devastation into the convents, churches, and even into the holy places which had formerly been the object of their pilgrimages. The Sovereign Pontiff, persuaded that his position as king required him to suppress these outrages, called the Italians to arms. To the Emperor of Constantinople he wrote, "Since neither my exhortations nor prayers can arrest the depredations of these people, I have resolved to employ human means, and to go in person to defend the flock Jesus Christ has confided to me."

Firm in his resolution, the Sovereign Pontiff marched against the enemy, with a little army composed of German cavaliers, Lombard lancers and Italian infantry. The Normans concentrated their forces in Capitanata, where, being closely besieged, they had recourse to negotiations, and sending deputies to Leo, proposed to live in peace, and pay an annual tribute to him if he would confer upon them the investiture of the country which they had wrested from the Empire and the Church.

The Pope replied by a refusal full of nobleness and sweetness. Then the Normans prepared for battle, and the Pontifical army was completely defeated. The German cavaliers would not yield, and without exception they all died sword in hand upon the field of Dragonera.

Covered with dust and blood, furious after a victory so dearly purchased, the Normans hastened to Civitella, to capture the Pope, who had sought a refuge in that city.

They set fire to the suburbs and forced the Vicar of Jesus Christ to leave his retreat. Preceded by his cross, he went straight to his enemies.

At the sight of the Venerable Pontiff, who had ever treated them in the most paternal manner, and whose virtue shone with greater luster under misfortunes, these fierce warriors, in tears, cast themselves at his feet to receive his blessing and listen to his words.

With the simplicity of the dove, and without the slightest bitterness in his heart for the sorrows they had caused him, the Pope stopped in their midst and imposed penitential works, after receiving from them a solemn oath that they would, as his faithful vassals, fill the place of the brave Germans who had died on the battle-field.

From thence St. Leo repaired to the theater of the late combat, where lay a great number of his relations and friends; at the sight of their mutilated bodies, he was overcome with extreme grief; while tears coursed down his cheeks, he called them by name, lamenting that he had not shared their fate.

One circumstance deeply moved all who were present. The dead bodies of the Pontifical army remained intact, while those of the Normans were mutilated and half eaten by savage beasts. The Pontiff saw in this extraordinary circumstance an assurance of the eternal salvation of those who died for him. He passed two days upon the battle-field, fasting and praying, and by the hands of the Normans themselves, he caused the bodies to be interred in a neighboring church.

He returned to Benevento, still sad and sorrowful at the remembrance of those who had died in combating for him. Every day he offered Mass for their intention, until in a vision he was told his prayers were not needed by them, for they were already in the ranks of the Martyrs.

This vision was afterward confirmed by their appearing to different persons, reiterating the same, and affirming that they were enjoying eternal glory; many miracles occurred as a still further confirmation, and a revelation was granted the Holy Father in his last hours. Exhausted by long sickness, and feeling the approach of death, St. Leo called the Bishops of Rome around his bed, and said: "The moment of my departure has arrived; last night I had a vision of Heaven; I saw all those who suffered death for the Church and Jesus Christ at Dragonera, in the resplendent ranks of the Martyrs; they carried palms in their hands, and their garments were as burnished gold. They called me, in a loud voice, saying, 'Come and rest with us, for through thee we have obtained this glory.' Then a clear voice from the opposite side spoke: 'Not yet, not yet, but in three days thou wilt be reunited to us. Here is thy place, thy seat is prepared and we await thee.'"

According to the revelation, at the end of three days the Holy Pontiff peacefully rendered his soul to God. And so it happened eight hundred years ago that the Sovereign Judge of all things revealed to his Representative on earth, and by him to all the faithful, that those who died in defense of the rights of the Holy See were really and truly Martyrs. Now, what was *once* true in the Church is *always* true, and the victims of 1860 have the same right to the glorious title of those of 1053.

The cause is the same, that of God and the Church. Our readers will pardon this digression from the Martyrs of Castelfidardo; the analogy is so perfect that we could not refrain from giving this extract from the middle ages. "For the rest," to continue the words of De Segur, "we but con-

tinued the old combat, born with the world and only ending with its close. The Church of Jesus Christ has always combated for her Divine Spouse, and the powers of hell have ever been opposed to her. These powers are known by different names according to time and place. At Jerusalem it was Judas, Caiaphas, Herod and Pilate; at Rome, Nero, Decius, Diocletian and Julian the Apostate; later they took the name of Arius; later still of Mahomet and Islamism; in our days they are known by the one name which comprises all others, the Revolutionists. But under the name, as under the other, it is always the same struggle, that of evil against good, the flesh against the spirit, barbarism, more or less refined, against Christian civilization.

Italy is now the battle-field of these contending powers. Each army is commanded by leaders worthy of its warriors. On one side, Pius IX, our strong and gentle Pontiff and Father, a lion in strength, a lamb in gentleness, representative of all rights and all majesty; Francis II., the young King of Naples (worthy son of the Queen styled the Saint), who represents the rights of all sovereigns; and, in exile as on his rock of Gaeta, is the most royal figure that our age can show, and General de la Moricière, the valiant captain and first soldier of the Church.

On the other side, Victor Emmanuel, apostate scion of a pious race, who robbed the King of Naples while calling him "my fair cousin," and the Sovereign Pontiff while styling him "my Holy Father!" Cavour, the soul and inspirer of this impious trio, which sought to strangle Italy; and Garibaldi, the revolutionist, whose excommunicated hands are kept united by the corrupting gold of England. Garibaldi, the sworn enemy of the Church, is nevertheless the least repugnant of the trio, for he is neither king nor gentleman; he is illiterate and bold; he says what he thinks and desires, and in place of hiding his revolutionary projects under an embroidered robe of black habit, he boldly dons the *red shirt*, worthy emblem of his aspirations and hatred.

Against this impious trio, the heroes of Castelfidardo generously offered their swords and their lives. They hastened to defend the Holy See, knowing well that the members are without liberty or honor when the head is outraged and insulted. This is why the Church salutes them as martyrs. "Read the acts of these heroic champions; their farewells, the letters of their mothers, the account of their last moments, their deaths, and if you have a spark of faith in your hearts, you will strike your breasts and repeat with us, or rather with the Episcopacy, 'No; these brave youth have not fallen victims to their political passions; they are indeed martyrs of the Catholic faith, immortal martyrs of the Holy See.'"

Count De Segur has as yet given but a few of these lives, culled from the heroic French band. We trust that he will continue these affecting recitals at an early day, and include the generous champions from all lands who fell victims in the holy crusade.

It is refreshing and consoling in this day of

busy, bustling, material interests—of the earth earthly—to realize that the "Ages of Faith" have not passed away forever. The Martyrs of Castelfidardo rejoice the heart by the proof they give of a bravery, devotion and piety worthy the first days of Christianity. They left their homes and countries, in some cases wide domains and rich possessions, to give themselves to the cause of the Church; to combat, to suffer, and, if need be, to die for the Pope and the Holy See. And without exception all the members of this martyr band who fell at Castelfidardo were devoted clients of the Mother of God. In her they placed their hope, their confidence. This is found in all their letters, in all their words, from the moment they felt the heavenly inspiration to fight, to die for the Church, until they joyously rendered their souls to God.

The tears start to our eyes, as we read the touching account of the martyr, General Pimodan, kneeling by the side of de la Moricière, in Our Lady of Loretto, to receive Holy Communion. Again it is the brave abandon of that model of fervor and innocence, George D. Haliland, who, reciting the *Memorare*, placed himself under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and then thought only of giving the most blows and receiving the fewest. Then it is the noble De Lippe, in his youthful beauty, kneeling before the altar of the Mother of God, to offer, through her, his life's blood for the Holy See. The martyr Harecevaux, who, dying, left his soul to God and his body to Our Lady of Loretto. And that angel of earth, the blessed martyr Guérin, who recited daily the beads and the office of the Blessed Virgin. But, by predilection, we select the proto-martyr of Castelfidardo, Mizael de Pas. Consecrated to the Blessed Virgin from his infancy, in the first flush of youth, with all the brilliant prospects that birth and wealth could confer, while kneeling in the sanctuary of Notre Dame des Victoires, he offered both life and fortune for the cause of the Holy See; the vow was recorded in Heaven, and the sacrifice consummated at the shrine of Loretto. He was wounded on the eve of the battle of Castelfidardo, the day on which the Church commemorates the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, and his prayer was granted—that his Heavenly Queen "would come on her Feast of Mercy to release her poor captive." After the complete defeat of the Pontifical army, they removed Mizael into the very asylum of the Holy House—into the *Santa Casa* itself. In words of exquisite pathos Count De Segur depicts the joy of this dying martyr's soul during the time his poor suffering body rested in this incomparable sanctuary after which he had so ardently sighed. We almost see his radiant face, and his eyes beaming with love, as he gazes around on this lowly dwelling, where the angel saluted the Blessed Virgin, and where the Blessed Virgin had conceived Jesus—her Creator and her God—and where for so many years the Holy Family lived in the obscurity of heavenly humility.

As Mizael de Pas died in the first flush of youthful innocence, we give his life in the Department

of the AVE MARIA devoted to the Children of Mary. See page 95.

SATANIC PROCESSIONS.

While the children of Mary devoutly follow in solemn procession the Sacred Body of her Divine Son, the enemies of His Vicar on earth have also their processions. Of their reciprocal demeanor every impartial mind will judge. We could not contrast better the piety and fervor of our beautiful processions of Corpus Christi, than by placing here, in bold relief, the last chapter of Count de Segur on the "Martyrs of Castelfidardo."

Meanwhile, Piedmont besieges, despoils, steals the goods of the Church, the rights of the people, millions of the public funds; shoots as insurgents all subjects remaining faithful to their sovereigns, and inaugurates in Italy the reign of liberty by a despotism of fire, of the sword, and of blood! Everywhere the Bishops are put to flight, the good priests thrown into prisons, Religious Orders destroyed; licentious books cover the country like a cloud of unclean insects; the theaters resemble halls of debauchery; the good tremble, and the wicked triumph; in a word, revolution shows itself more and more in its hideous reality, and hastens to its end with an audacity and an insolence which assures success. The end it has announced, and daily repeats with the utmost effrontery of cynicism, is the overthrow of the Papacy, the destruction of the Catholic Church. It not only says this, but realizes it by its acts, and wherever it is mistress, manifests it from time to time by scenes of impiety and horror, the mere recital of which revolts the heart with indignation and disgust.

I will give but one example, taken from a letter of Mr. Oberson, Almoner of the Swiss Pontifical Guards, who was made prisoner at Castelfidardo, and confined in the citadel of Alexandria. It is from this prison that he assisted, on the 16th of October, at that truly satanic spectacle which I leave him to recite:

"The day had passed in the greatest tranquility. It was the hush which precedes the storm. Toward 10, p. m., I was overwhelmed by I know not what sad presentiment, when suddenly I heard cries which I could not at first distinguish, then a crowd repeating sometimes *Ora pro nobis*, sometimes *Libera nos Domine*. I hastened to the window, and saw emerging from the quarter St. Michael, opposite my cell, a long procession of religious, each bearing a lighted candle. Two drums, beating the processional march usual at Rome, preceded it; then came an enormous cross, carried by a Capuchin, and followed by several hundred of these religious; after these followed religious of every Order, in the most eccentric costumes; then Prelates, Bishops and mitred Cardinals, guards, and finally the Pope, borne upon his throne.

"At the first glance, seeing Capuchins preceded by a cross, and hearing them chant *Ora pro nobis*, I thought they were assisting at the interment of some officer of distinction. When I saw all those miters, and heard the hideous cries of an unbridled

rabble, in the midst of the night, and beneath the glare of five or six hundred torches, I could doubt no longer. I witnessed a horrible profanation. They were about to enter the Pope, because they were convinced it was superfluous to remain longer faithful to him. A cold sweat burst out upon my brow, my knees sank under me; I thought I should fall, so oppressed was I with the grief and sorrow of seeing a people give themselves up to such horrors. I made an effort, however, to suppress my emotion, that I might ascertain what words these wretches sung.

"The convoy turned to the right, toward the towers of the fortress; suddenly they halted; one of them then pronounced a funeral oration. It was a tissue of the most horrible calumnies against the Pope, the Cardinals, the Bishops, and the whole Catholic clergy, pronounced by a demoniac, who shrieked like one possessed, and when he happened to say something more enormous than before, the whole crowd cried out: *Bravo! bravo! Viva! viva!* and clapped their hands for him to go on. The conclusion was, that the most beautiful and holiest work in the world was the destruction of the Pope and all his Priesthood; and *this beautiful mission* Providence had reserved to Piedmont, to Garibaldi, Cavour, Fanti, Cialdini, to the Piedmontese army, which was about to instal Victor Emmanuel in the Vatican! These horrors were applauded by thousands of *bravos* and *vivas*!

"Another orator wished also to make himself heard, but his feeble voice was soon drowned in their noisy plaudits.

"Very soon they arrived under my window. I shuddered at seeing them, knowing well what scene to expect. I saw them then close to me. O God, what horror! The Capuchins were the soldiers in the National Guard; they had made a Capuchin robe of their *caban*—worn over a shirt in guise of a surplice, making the hood fall back over the surplice; the Prelates, Bishops and Cardinals had enormous horns upon their heads, proceeding from each side of the miter, to signify so many demons. The Pope was motionless; he had expired under the monstrous tiara, crushed by its weight. The litanies were:

"*St. Garibaldi, Liberator of Italy—Ora pro nobis!*"

"*St. Cavour, who knows how to unravel the intrigues of the Jesuits—Ora, etc.*"

"*SS. Fanti and Cialdini, who know how to crush Moricière and the infamous army of priests—Ora, etc.*"

"*All the saints* were of this kind. From time to time *Vivas!* to brethren and friends. Thus, in passing the artillery's quarter they sang:

"*Live our brethren of the artillery, who have peppered the soldiers of the Pope!*"

"*Live the Piedmontese army, ever victorious!*"

"As with such saints they must have saint-esses, at the risk of seeing them desert Paradise, they pronounced names worthy of figuring in the Alexandrian litanies; then came St. Liberty, St. Equality, St. Fraternity, St. Republic! and that it may extend to the extremities of the earth!

"Under my window they chanted, for my bene-

fit: 'From the oppressors of Italy—*Libera nos, Domine!* From the Pope and his Priesthood—*Libera nos, Domine!*' and a number of horrors so revolting that I would not dare to repeat them. '93 has certainly produced nothing more impious, more hideous, more disgusting.

"Suddenly there was a profound silence. The Colonel had interfered, when all was finished and the scandal accomplished. It was the policy of the day.

"You will doubtless ask me: but who are these unnatural reprobates who give themselves up to such horrible profanations, such abominable impiety? They are the soldiers of the 'gallant king.'

"This disgusting scene was organized and directed by a Major of the National Guard, executed and applauded by the officers and soldiers of the citadel of Alexandria. These are the troops they wished to send to Rome to protect the Holy Father, to guard the holy city, to defend religion!

"My God, be mindful of Thy mercies and restore sight to the blind of our age! No! never has human impiety in the delirium of its rage brought forth more ignominious follies, and indeed it seems, while reading these horrors, as if a corner of the mysterious veil separating us from the other world was withdrawn, permitting us to behold the depths of hell!

"And this is the end, the infernal end, the avowed object of this revolution; and it will not pause till it shall have attained it. It aims at the destruction of the Papacy, because it knows that without the Pope there is no longer a Church, as without the head a human being ceases to exist; without the Church, no more Christianity; without Christianity, no more religion; and without religion, no more society, only a debased multitude, pale troops of slaves, bowed down and brutified under the bloody yoke of ignoble communism! This is the aim of the revolution; and yet, thing unheard of! prodigy of blindness! notwithstanding the evidence of this, we see a crowd of respectable people, even of regular and practical Christians, who smile at the progress of events in Italy; who blame the Pope and the King of Naples; who excuse Victor Emmanuel; who almost admire Garibaldi, and who assist with a secret sympathy at all the triumphs of this frightful power; but if there are many blinded, there are also many whose eyes are open, whose views are enlightened, and many who have hitherto hesitated that are now happily at length deceived for the right! In proportion as the wicked manifest themselves, the good withdraw from them, and approach each other in approaching the common center of justice and truth in this world! The ground in question becomes more and more defined. The good grain and the tares are separated, and soon, with the grace of God, illusions will have become so impossible that there will remain but two camps here below—that of the revolution and that of the Church! Yes, the storm mutters upon the horizon, a threatening crash is heard from every quarter, apparently we touch upon an epoch of universal overthrow! But if there are existences, institutions, and societies apparently

tottering to their destruction, there are also others, seemingly dead, which are quivering with a restored life! The ancien Orient is agitated under a breath of life in its sepulcher, which was believed to be forever sealed! The Cross has reappeared free and victorious in China, thanks to the arms of France, who is ever, in some way, the soldier of God in the world! The conversion of the Bulgarians restores to the bereaved Church numberless children that had become unknown to her, and this reparatory movement seems about to extend itself under the sacredly contagious influence of truth and charity!

"Nearer to us, in fine, in this Italy, where at this moment struggle the destinies of the human conscience and of the civilization of Europe and the world, heroism and self-devotion increase in equal ratio with the iniquity.

"The Pope is still at Rome, protected by the sword of France, and the word of her powerful Emperor.

"The pious offerings of Catholics throughout the world are forwarded to the Holy See in ever-increasing generosity; the rich give their treasures, the poor their mite, mothers their children; and rich and poor, from castle and cottage, incessantly press forward to bear to the Holy Father the yet more precious oblation of their devotedness and blood.

"Thus in proportion as the swelling waves of impiety and revolution uprear themselves, the love and generous indignation of Catholics arise also, sustaining the bark always menaced, but ever preserved, which bears with the successor of Peter the hope and the salvation of the world! The Bishops, the Priests, and the faithful, in serried ranks, press around their chief and their Father, ready to suffer all with him and for him; they know that revolution, possibly, has yet some hours of triumph, some subjects of sinister gratulation! They know that it may yet heap up ruins, and cause to flow in torrents the tears and the blood of the children of the Church! But they console themselves; they hope, they await with unalterable confidence the day of reparation, the day of resurrection, the day of Jesus Christ; and whilst their enemies, intoxicated with pride and hate, already intone the *De Profundis* of the Church and of the Papacy, they meditate in silence on the great words of the Gospel which for eighteen hundred years have never failed: 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' 'Whoever shall fall upon this rock shall be broken, and he upon whom it shall fall shall be crumbled to dust.'

"Live Pius IX, Pontiff and king! Live the Holy Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church!

"Live forever Jesus Christ, the Word of God made flesh, who alone art Master, who alone art Lord, who alone art all-powerful with God His Father in the Unity of the Holy Ghost! Amen! amen! So let it be, despite of the blasphemies of impiety! So be it, despite the ephemeral triumphs of revolution! So be it, despite the howlings of hell! So be it, now and forever, throughout all ages, and beyond all ages! Amen!"

Ave Maria from Protestant Lips;

OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

Longfellow, our bard, *par excellence*, has made the haunts of our red brethern classic ground, by immortalizing our noble forests, and planting in the garden of poesy the green prairies of the West and the broad savannas of the South. He, also, could not resist the sweet fragrance of the Mystical Rose but gathers into his grand American garden the fair "Rose, plant of Jericho:"

Virgin, and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand, [ant;
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peas-
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present,
So mild, so, merciful, so strong, so good;
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure.
This were enough to prove it higher, truer,

Than all the creeds the world had known before.

We also transcribe a ballad from Miss Wallace, a poetess of Vermont. It possesses quite artistic taste, with tender allusion to the cross and convent, and is softly redolent with that poetic reverence for Mary Mother that often blooms in some souls even in the wilderness without the fold:

Athenwood.

Were you ever in Montpelier?
Not that fine old town in France;
But a fair Green Mountain village,
Young for legend or romance.
Brave and hardy are the people
Of our Northern State frontier;
So affirmed a bold invader,*
And the knowledge cost him dear.
Firm in Doric strength and beauty
Stands their Capitol, its dome
Looking down on a river
Something like the streams of Rome.
Winding through the verdant valley,
Like a shaken silver chain,
Flows the mountain-born Winooskie
To the beautiful Champlain.
But we follow not his current;
For the theme will bid us stay
'Mong the hills that nurse his torrent,
Near the the Capitol to-day.
Just across the sparkling river,
Where yon hill-road winds away,
Lightly lifts the graceful elm-tree
Many a slender waving spray.
Where the tiny song-birds rally,
Chirping from their leafy screen,
And the mountain breezes dally,
Coming down a bright ravine.
There, above the village murmur,
And the din of mill and forge,
Stands an artist's quiet dwelling,
In the green and narrow gorge.

On a sultry day of summer,
Sank beneath the wayside tree
One who sighed in foreign accent:
"Mary, Mother, pity me!"

'Twas a woman, sad and weary,
With a child of tender years.
On her feet the soil of travel,
On her face the stain of tears.

Surely she can toil no farther
'Neath the bright un pitying sky;
But for the sweet, patient infant,
It were well that she should die!

Hers had been a happy bridal
In a distant father-land;
Hers a husband brave and noble,
Firm, yet gentle—hopeful, bland.

Tyranny proclaimed him rebel,
For a patriot heart had he;
They in want had fled from peril,—
He was buried in the sea.

In her land of cross and convent,
Sweet Madonna, pale and fair,
Shrine of saint or tomb of martyr,
Wins the stricken soul to pray.

Now she scans that peaceful cottage—
Gray its walls and sloping eaves—
Lifting up its modest gables,
Carved in pendant oaken leaves;

Rustic porch with open portal,
Arched windows, diamond pane—
Sure it bore no slight resemblance
To some humble rural fane.

Was it not a wayside chapel,
Built in form of Holy Cross?
Was it hermitage or dwelling?—
Long she mused, and much at loss,

Till an organ-tone came swelling
On the silent summer air;
Quick she mounts the rocky terrace—
Lifts her child from stair to stair.

In the softly shaded parlor
Minnie had sat down to play
Hopeful hymns that cheered her husband—
These should while the hours away.

On she played and sang, unheeding
Her who on the threshold stood,
Dreaming of an old cathedral
Far beyond the ocean flood.

Through the curtain came the sunlight,
With a crimson tinted ray;
So it fell from storied window,
Where in youth she knelt to pray.

Near her stood a slender table,
Fair the Parian vase upon't,
Quaintly carved from antique sculpture—
Was it not a marble front?

On the walls hung glowing pictures—
Autumn scenery richly wrought,
Graceful forms and gentle features—
Not the hallowed head she sought!

* Sir John Burgoyne.

When the soaring anthem ended,
 Timidly she moved to say,
 "Lady, please is it a chapel?
 I have need to rest and pray."
 Oh, not utterly mistaken
 Was that simple fervent heart;
 Less than Heaven's own altar only
 Is the shrine of Love and Art.
 Minnie placed a couch with pillows,
 Offering rest and sweet relief;
 Spoke as woman speaks to woman,
 In her trial hour of grief.
 Bringing food, a cup of water,
 Covering for the sunburned child;
 Laughed the winsome little creature,—
 Sweet the way-worn pilgrim smiled.
 "Now my weary heart is lighter;
 Mary Mother heard my plaint;—
 If I found no priestly altar,
 Surely I've not missed a saint."

Religious Chronicle.

FROM ROME.—On the thirteenth of May, at the Vatican, and in Rome, the Pope's Seventy Fourth Birthday was celebrated. Thank God, Pius IX carries most vigorously the weight of years, burthened, as he has been, by many tribulations. His health is excellent, and promises long years—perhaps the *years of Peter*. The father of his Holiness lived to the age of ninety-six. One of his brothers, eighty-six years old, still enjoys excellent health. A correspondent of the *Rosier de Marie* relates the following: "In an audience lately granted me by Pius IX, I congratulated him upon his green old age, and mentioned the opinion of one of our medical celebrities: 'The Pope has still fifteen or twenty years to live.' His Holiness smilingly replied: 'Gently gently—you know the saying, *non videntibus annos Petri*. (thou wilt not see the years of Peter), and history is there to confirm the sentence.' Happily, most Holy Father," I replied, "this sentence is not of faith, and we have the firm hope that God will change it in the case of your Holiness."

Saint Peter governed the Church twenty-five years, three months and two days. Pius VI filled the chair of Peter twenty-four years, eight months and fourteen days. After Peter, the longest pontificate.

The twenty-first of this month will commence the twentieth year of the pontificate of Pius IX.

The solemn beatification of the venerable servant of God, Sister Mary of the Angels, barefooted Carmelite, who died in 1717, took place on the fourteenth of May. On the twenty-eighth, the beatification of the venerable John Berchmans. The Reverend Fathers of the Roman College, as assisted by their pupils, and presided over by his Eminence, Cardinal de Riesach, proceeded in solemn procession to the vaults of Saint Ignatius' Church, where the body reposed in a sepulcher of porphyry. They carried it to the interior of the Church, and placed it in a magnificent urn of *lapis lazuli*, under the splendid new altar erected

in the church for the young Saint, immediately opposite the altar of Saint Louis Gonzaga. Berchmans sanctified himself by simply doing the same works imposed upon his companions, but in doing them with an angelic fervor and simplicity, he is, indeed, the perfect model of youthful innocence. His beatification was solemnly announced in the church attached to the Greek College. The Holy Father made the announcement in Italian. Among other beautiful things, he said: "I, a septuagenarian, am happy to proclaim the holiness of this young man of twenty years, and to ask of his youth a protection for my old age."

The spirit of God breathes where it wills. One of the greatest pianists of the age, M. Liszt, chamberlain to the King of Saxony, decorated with the insignia of more than twenty orders, in all the full zenith of his brilliant career, has torn himself away from the ovations of the world of art, to embrace the ecclesiastical state.

But a short time since he was the observed of all observers; his fame was universal; now this great artist only signs himself the Abbe Liszt; to God he has consecrated all the talents he received from Him. He will celebrate his first Mass on Pentecost, at Saint Peter's or Saint Cecilia's, and it is said that the Pope will name him a canon of Saint Peter's, and maestro of the pontifical chapel.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

We are urged again to take to heart the interests of the Apostleship of Prayer. Indeed we have no wish to delay our action in the holy cause. No better opportunity can be desired or presented. The month of June is open, and the glorious Feast of the Sacred Heart at hand. We know that Father Ramière will give us no rest until we have defined our ground with regard to the Apostleship of Prayer. We will not quarrel with such a holy man on such a beautiful subject. Let him know, then, that his admirable *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which we receive monthly, will be published in four of our columns every week. Thus will Jesus and Mary be properly united again, to the fullest satisfaction of our readers. How could we separate the Mother from the Son? As soon as we say *Ave Maria*, we add almost instinctively *Domine tecum*.

We are always with those we love; and when we love God, then—it is Himself who says it—He really comes to us, dwells in us, in the happiest and most intimate union. Thus, without doubt, the Lord was with Mary; never did a soul love God, nor will it ever love Him, as she did. This is but little; her privileges were still more admirable. Behold, when the Son of the Eternal descended from Heaven it was to her bosom; He took flesh—it was hers; His blood was from her veins; His life was from her life; nine months He breathed her breath, and His Heart learned to beat from contact with the heart of Mary. This is still but little: He came into the world—it was in her arms; He was nourished—it was on her breast. He was carried—it was in her arms; He was rocked, it was upon her knees; He was caressed—it

was upon her heart; He grew—it was in her presence; He worked—it was with her and for her; He went into the world—she followed Him; and His first miracle was made at her request. Then came the hour of His sorrows: Mary was ever there; she accompanied His bleeding steps, attached herself to His cross, obtained His last word and His last look, received Him dead in her arms, and laid Him in His tomb. On the third day she was the first to see Him gloriously risen; forty days after, she kissed His divine feet as He left the earth, bowed herself beneath the filial hand which blessed her, and her whole heart ascended into Heaven with Jesus. Soon her body followed Him upon the wings of love.

Thus Jesus was ever with Mary: *Dominus tecum*. And now He still lives there, always her Son; it is in vain our wandering brethren murmur—Jesus and Mary are inseparable. It is not we who have confounded, so to say, these two souls and two lives; we merely believe that what God has united it is a crime in man to separate.

Closely, then, to unite all hearts to the Sacred Heart of Jesus through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to establish between this Divine Saviour and all His brethren that community of interests and feelings which constitute true friendship, to induce Christians to offer all their prayers and all their works in union with the intention of Jesus Christ in offering Himself upon the Cross and daily upon the altar, and thus to engage all the faithful in a most fruitful Apostleship, by assisting with their prayers the ministers of the Church; such is the object of the Association already disseminated throughout the world under the title of the *Apostleship of Prayer*.

This devotion is the evident and natural fruit of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the accomplishment of the great precept of Charity. The most indifferent actions thus animated by the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, become highly meritorious, and of truly apostolic efficacy.

To enjoy these advantages, and to gain the numerous indulgences accorded to this Association, it is sufficient to offer at least once a day, the works of the day, for the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This may be done by reciting the *Pater, Ave and Credo*, with the aspiration; *O Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may love Thee more and more*; or, *Amiable Heart of my Jesus, grant that I may love Thee ever more and more*. This practice will gain not only the indulgences of the Apostleship, but also those of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart to which the Apostleship is aggregated. To this we beg all our readers to say daily in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for the conversion of America, one Hail Mary with the ejaculation, *O Mary, conceived without sin, etc.*

A celebrated artist, in a painting of the Last Judgment, portrays a group of saintly persons raised to Heaven by the strength of their love and drawing after them the souls they had saved by their prayers and charity. Admirable figure of the truth! For man is never alone, so to speak, in his loss or in his salvation; in his fall or in his

elevation, he draws many souls with him. And if generous souls find so much happiness in loving and sacrificing themselves for their brethren, what will be the joy of the elect at the sight of those for whom they gained Heaven?

The saints well understood the price of a soul. Saint Francis Xavier would willingly have gone to the extremity of the world to save a soul. Read the seraphic Saint Teresa and Saint Catherine on the vehemence of love for the salvation of souls. And would not our hearts also be influenced with this love, if we truly regarded one soul in the light of faith? It is the image of God; judge then what it is by what it represents. It is made to love God, to possess Him through all eternity;—judge then of its dignity and its destiny. It is the price of the blood and the death of a God; judge then of its value by what it costs.

Who among us would not strive for the immortal glory of being the savior of his brethren in saving himself? The means to do so is in our hands: it is the *Apostleship of Prayer*, which obtains the conquest of souls at the foot of the altar without exacting any thing on our part. It draws blessings upon the labors of the apostle, it unites itself to his merits, it accompanies him and follows his steps to distant countries. "See what great things you can do," Father Lacordaire one day said to some young men: "You can save souls; and if you but knew what a soul is in its ravishing beauty, you would faint with joy at the very thought that you could do it any service. In the next life you will be astonished to hear yourself called, 'My father,' by souls in Heaven, who will surround you; and when you seek the origin of this spiritual generation, you will find it in a word, an action, a *prayer*, which you had forgotten. There are men who have converted kingdoms without ever having left their own homes. Yes, I believe in spiritual intercourse between men; I believe that in virtue of this intercourse immense good can be effected; I believe in the *Communion of Saints*."

Let us then unite our prayers for those who pray for the salvation of souls, and we will produce marvels which will ravish us at the day of Eternal Justice. By union of prayers you will open Heaven for immortal souls. After having partaken of the mission of the Saviour you will share His glory and merit the promised recompense. To save souls is the end of *religion*, the cause of the Church itself.

The Apostleship of Prayer can be aggregated to any existing Sodality or Religious Order. It is not a Confraternity, but a union of hearts for the conversion of souls.

We will be happy to distribute the diplomas, already signed by Father Ramière, to Pastors and Superiors of Religious Communities; the consent of the Ordinary having been obtained. On receiving the diploma, a register is opened for the names of the associates in that locality. Each associate receives a certificate.

Individuals, residing in places where the Apostleship of Prayer has not been commenced, can receive a certificate of association, by applying to the editor of the AVE MARIA.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

We begin with this number to dedicate the two last pages of the AVE MARIA to our little friends, the Dear Children of Mary. It is our earnest desire to interest and instruct them, to edify them, to increase their love for the Blessed Mother of Jesus, and through their prayers to bring down new blessings on their beloved parents and ourselves.

The Pater and Ave of Pio Nono.

A TRUE STORY.

In the year 1799, or 1800, a bright and beautiful boy, of seven or eight summers, sported gaily amid the beds of perfumed flowers that adorned his ancestral chateau. Day by day the warm sun of Italy gave fresh color to the cheek and brighter luster to the eye of the young Mastai Ferretti (now Pius IX). The Countess Mastai Ferretti loved most tenderly her gentle, noble boy; and, as a Christian mother, above all other things she sought to inspire him with true and solid piety. Every day, kneeling with her little son, she taught him his morning and evening prayers; and as she was a true and devoted child of the Church, under her pious teaching the young Mastai from his infancy learned to mingle with the name of his own father, and those of Jesus and Mary, the name of the Supreme Pontiff who then possessed the glorious inheritance of the Apostle Saint Peter.

Pius VI, of happy memory, occupied the Pontifical chair, and in consequence of the undaunted firmness he displayed in defending the rights of his throne, and the liberty of the Church, the Holy Pontiff was the victim of the most bitter vexations from the impious men who at that period exercised supreme authority in France.

Deeply grieved at the sorrows which overwhelmed the soul of the common Father of the Faithful, appalled at the dangers which menaced him, and understanding at the same time, how the hearts of all Christians should supplicate Heaven in his behalf, the Countess Ferretti taught her young son to say, at his morning and evening prayers, a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Pope.

The first time she added these petitions to his usual devotions, she said, "Dear child, great misfortunes threaten our Sovereign, Pius VI, and he is in deep distress; we will pray together to our dear Lord, and beseech Him to remove all sorrow from our Holy Father, and protect him against all danger." "Oh yes!" replied the sweet boy, "I will pray with you for the Holy Father, and I promise you to say such a good prayer."

Ever after this promise, morning and evening, the young Mastai was careful to remind his mother of the *Pater* and *Ave* they had to say together for the Pope.

One evening as they knelt to recite the customary *Pater* and *Ave*, the Countess, embracing her son, while tears flowed from her eyes, said: "My darling, oh! how fervently must we pray to-night for the Holy Father! The misfortunes we feared for him have come at last! Wicked soldiers have seized Pius VI; he is their prisoner, and they are taking him far away from Rome." At these words, the child, who had been listening with

deep emotion to his mother's words, commenced weeping also, and joining his little hands, prayed with all the fervor of an angel. Then raising his bright eyes still dimmed with tears, he turned to his mother, and in a hesitating voice, said: "But how can the good God permit the Pope, who is the representative of Jesus Christ, His Son, to be so unhappy? Why does He let him be taken prisoner, and treated like a malefactor, when he is so good?"

"My child," replied the Countess, "It is precisely because the Pope is the Vicar and Representative of Jesus Christ that God permits him to be treated so cruelly. Do you not remember the history of Jesus Christ, which I told you? This Divine Saviour was goodness itself, nevertheless He had enemies—bad men hated Him. And one night they took Him prisoner, and after having made Him endure the most frightful torments, they put Him to death.

"And, my darling, God has often permitted the Popes, after the example of Jesus Christ, to suffer from the injustice of men. This has now happened to our Holy Pius VI."

"But, mamma," interrupted the young Mastai, "these men who treat the Holy Father so cruelly must be very wicked, are they not? and shall we not beg God to punish them?"

"My child," replied the Countess, "we must not ask God to punish any one. Do you not remember how Jesus acted while hanging on the Cross? He prayed, and begged God to have pity on His enemies, and to change their hearts. This, I am sure, is the prayer of Pius VI at this moment. Let us then unite our prayers with his, and beseech God to convert all these impious men who have raised their hands against the Holy Pontiff."

On hearing these pious words from his mother, the young Mastai again knelt down and repeated, in his sweet, childish tones, a *Pater* and an *Ave* for the enemies of Pius VI.

On venerated Pius IX! in this manner, from the tenderest years of your childhood, under the happy influence of a Christian mother, you learned to compassionate the sufferings of the Head of the Church, to understand that in the designs of God, Sovereign Pontiffs are not exempt from the trials of earth, and to open your young heart to the sublime sentiments of forgiving injuries and praying for enemies.

If after so admirable a conversation with your good mother, an Angel of God, unveiling the future, should have revealed to you, that in fifty years you would be the fifth successor of Pius VI, upon the throne of the Roman Pontiffs, what would not have been your astonishment! and if opening before your eyes the pages of the history of your Pontificate, the Angel of God had permitted you to read of the storms of adversity that would burst over your head, of the enemies you would encounter, of the tears of the faithful, at the sight of all your sorrows, of their suppliant hands raised to heaven for you, of your sweetness, charity, long patience; ah, then you would have understood still better, that the tiara of the Sovereign Pontiff does not shelter the august head from all

danger, and that if God seems to reserve for all of them a portion of the bitter chalice which Jesus drank, He knows also how to teach them to suffer like Him, and like Him to pardon their enemies.

And now, dear little children of Mary! is there no lesson for you to learn in this beautiful, *true story*? Have you ever said a *Pater* and *Ave* for the sweet little boy who prayed so fervently for his Holy Father Pius VI? That dear child is now your Holy Father Pius IX. He once had to fly from wicked men, far away from Rome; and although he returned, yet these same bad men have raised up armies to try and take Rome from his Fatherly care. Then, if you have never yet prayed for him, I am sure this very evening you will kneel beside your mothers and beg them to say with you a *Pater* and *Ave* for our good Pope.

In many parts of Europe, these prayers are said daily, after Mass, for the preservation of the Sovereign Pontiff, and His Holiness has enriched this pious custom with pious days' indulgence. Now, if this long word, "indulgence," is not understood by the *very* little Children of Mary, they must ask their good mother to explain it, and in some of our next numbers we will give them a pretty story, all about indulgences.

Mizael Le Mesre de Pas.

THE YOUNG PROTO-MARTYR OF CASTELFIDARDO.

After the name of General Pimodan, the first which presents itself is that of the pure and gentle youth, Mizael de Pas, the victim chosen from among those who voluntarily offered themselves to God at the altar of Our Lady of Loretto. He was perhaps the first who thought of going to offer himself to the Pope; and he was certainly the first to shed his blood in the cause of the Church, for he died of the wounds sent him from God, on the eve of the battle of Castelfidardo. General de la Moricière, touched by the strength of soul which was concealed under his frail constitution and candid heart, loved him exceedingly and deeply mourned his loss.

Born of parents devoted to the Church, Mizael de Pas was from his childhood a pious and fervent Christian; of a quick, impetuous nature, he had so entirely overcome these dispositions that at his death he might well be characterized as "meek and humble of heart."

Those who knew him love to recall his delicacy of sentiment, his amenity of character, his distinguished manners, and, above all, the beautiful angelic modesty which, even in the gay scenes of the world, exhibited the Christian under the charms of youth. His apparent reserve and diffidence in himself in no way detracted from the strength and vigor of his character.

The desire of worthily filling his position in society was early developed in his soul, so strengthened by noble and pious family traditions. To his eyes, the heritage of his ancestors was secondary to the more precious legacy of paternal virtues, of which he wished to prove himself worthy. He early manifested his inclinations for the military life, and his mother, fearing the temptations

and dangers of a military school, consulted a holy priest, who had long been an intimate friend of the family; he replied:

"We cannot shield Mizael from a knowledge of evil, but his religious principles are firmly grounded, and I know the strength of his character; he will see in evil all its hideous deformity, and will be shocked and disgusted with it; notwithstanding the dangers, his morals will remain pure. Be not uneasy—better a life of activity, than of inactivity for him."

This prediction was fully realized in the noble child. The firm, artless, angelic and engaging manners of Mizael were a daily reproach to his new comrades; yet he was a general favorite, and constantly shielded the many annoyances and trials so common in schools and colleges.

When preparing to pass an examination, which promised to be successful, he was seized with a dangerous illness. Three times he resumed his studies, with characteristic ardor; three times he was checked by sickness, and his bright dreams of the future destroyed.

Was there not something providential in these obstacles? Was it not the way of trials by which God wished the young soldier to pass, as a preparation for that future which was to be meritorious and glorious far beyond his most sanguine hopes?

On his return to the paternal mansion Mizael sought, in works of charity, food for the activity of his devoted soul, and he preluded, by the sacrifice of his time and pleasures, that other *sacrifice* which at a latter period he made of his life. He loved the poor with a singular affection; as a member of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul he devoted much time hunting up the destitute little children from the haunts of moral and physical misery. He instructed these, and taught them how to purify their souls (oftentimes as black as their faces, and more difficult to cleanse); his greatest pleasure was to prepare them for their first Communion.

With the most touching charity he devoted himself to these poor people; nobly and devotedly he served Jesus Christ, in the person of His suffering members, before he went to offer his life's blood in the service of His earthly Representative. But these pious occupations were not sufficient to fill up his life, and the thought that he was useless upon the earth, often threw him into profound sadness. His delicate health, as already mentioned, had obliged him to renounce the military career he loved so well. This lost vocation left a bitter regret in his heart, and a void in his life that naught else could fill.

"How easy it is," he exclaimed with a sigh, "to say, to do something—but do what? can you tell me what to do! For me, the military schools are closed; as soon as I commence serious study I become sick, and besides, I have no taste for jurisprudence or diplomacy; I am continually told to amuse myself. What is meant by all this? That I should marry, pass my time in cultivating and embellishing my estates; and amid the pleasures of the chase?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

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No. 7.

Sanctuaries of Mary.---Notre Dame de la Garde.

"There is one fair shrine I remember,
Which holds the struggle and strife
Of a grand and powerful city.
As the heart holds the throh of a life---
For long ages and generations,
Have come there to strive and pray;
She watched and guided them living,
And does not forget them to day.
And the votive hearts and the anchors
Tell of danger and peril past;
Of the hope deferred and the waiting,
And the comfort that came at last."

At Marseilles we find this celebrated shrine of Notre Dame de la Garde. Since the thirteenth century, ages and generations have come there to strive and pray. Popes have sealed on foot the mountain-path to the pilgrimage. Princes and princesses, from Louis XIII to the Duchess of Angoulême, from Francis I to the Duchess of Berry, came to pray before the altar of Notre Dame de la Garde. Many sovereigns sent their votive offerings to the *Good Mother*: Charles X of Spain, when held a prisoner in Marseilles by Napoleon, disposed of all his plate to make to the patroness of the city an offering not too unworthy of a Bourbon.

In times of public calamity the city turned toward its protectress, and the statue was carried in triumph through the streets. Marseilles still holds in grateful remembrance its consecration to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, in 1720, in thanksgiving for having been delivered from the plague through the intercession of Mary. Several times since, this scourge has passed over the city and its horrors have always been arrested by prayers to Notre Dame de la Garde.

In prosperity, the Marseillais go up to visit their patroness, but when her children are in mourning she descends to them. For seamen particularly, Notre Dame de la Garde has ever been a shrine of peculiar veneration. When returning from a long voyage the pilot catches a glimpse of the *Good Mother*, watching, as it were, the coming of her children; every knee is bent, the *Salve* intoned, and the guns from the quarter-deck salute the "Star of the Sea."

In 1852 it was found necessary to rebuild the chapel on a larger scale. Pio Nono headed the list of donations for this beautiful work. The new building is of the Roman byzantine style; it is built of white and green marble.

The epoch of the consecration of this chapel was selected by his Holiness for a public reparation for the scandals and sacrileges of the Revolu-

tionists. Marseilles, on the highway to Rome; Marseilles, the oldest city of Gaul, in whose port float the flags of all nations, was to be the theater of this reparation. The fourth and fifth of June, 1864, were enriched with precious indulgences by the Pope. Four hundred thousand pilgrims passed in procession through the streets of the city to Notre Dame de la Garde. The splendor of the festival and the lively faith of the multitude rivaled the renowned assemblies of the Middle Ages.

The Pope was presented by the Venerable Cardinal Villecourt. Three other Cardinals and four Bishops (Chamberlains of his Holiness) were present, together with forty other Bishops and four mitred Abbots.

The following discourse was pronounced by his Eminence Cardinal Donet, Archbishop of Bordeaux:

"The venerable and worthy Bishop, called to govern a Church which has for the first link in the chain of its Pontiffs, the brother of Martha and Mary, over whom Jesus wept, the friend whom He raised to life, wrote us a short time ago, that, among all the consolations of his Episcopacy, there was none more precious to his heart than the solemnity of this day.

"You have heard, pious citizens of Marseilles, from his eloquent lips, that if in all the sanctuaries of the Catholic world, the benefits of Mary are celebrated; if every city and village blesses her maternal love, Marseilles is still the grand city, where, during so many ages, she has loved to display all the tenderness and power which God has deposited in her heart."

"With what emotion have you not read the origin and development of the homages which have surrounded the venerated statue of Notre Dame de la Garde?"

"You know, my beloved brethren, the abundant blessings and graces which have flowed from this Sanctuary over this city, and those countries to which our sailors have carried the souvenirs of the Queen of Heaven; we have read of the many conversions obtained at this shrine, of the sick restored to health, of miseries alleviated; and we seem to hear the echoes around us still continue their hymn of gratitude to her whom we call the Mother of Mercy—*Salve Regina, mater misericordia!*

"It is not necessary, in the midst of the eminently Catholic population of Provence, to justify the devotion, love and honor which we offer to Mary. It will be sufficient to remind you how this devotion has grown with the Church, and as

the Church it takes all forms. Is there, in reality, a single road of life over which the Queen of Heaven does not assist our steps?

"Every suffering, every want of the heart of man, inspires devotion to Mary. On the summit of the Alps and Pyrenees, in the vast basilicas of Loretto, Clery, Saragossa, Chartres and Milan; in the belfries of Fourvières, Pey Berland, Verdélais and Avignon; over the abyss of Rockamadour as on the steep rocks of Marseilles and Puy; at the entrance of a palace and over the door of the cabin, or in the workshop of the mechanic, everywhere, it insinuates a thought of love, a sentiment of confidence which fortifies and consoles: *Salve Regina, vita, dulcedo et spes nostra, salve!*

"The Christian devoted to Mary is never alone. By the glimmer of the lamp which burns at the feet of his Madonna, as a mysterious symbol of the Providence which ever and always watches, he chants a hymn to his Queen, and peace returns to his heart. O my God! in giving Thy Mother to be the Mother of all Christians, Thou hast opened for them the source of the most abundant consolations. Enriched with this treasure, they can easily dispense with all that man refuses them; and they have the full confidence of arriving more readily at Thy Heart through the Heart of her whom Thou lovest.

"It would weary you, my brethren, were I to mention the numberless benefits obtained at this shrine through the mediation of the Mother of God, and in enumerating them I would only repeat what you already know. I cannot read, without emotion, the history of this blessed pilgrimage, so long the object of a faithful people's gratitude.

"I do not ignore that all ages of faith, and our epoch in particular, is reproached for a too credulous belief in the marvelous, particularly in apparitions. I shall merely reply that the Church has always been very severe in the examination of such circumstances; but I must add that she has ever energetically maintained the supernatural which forms the basis of her existence. To-day, as in the past, she recognises the power and goodness of God, the right of intervention when it pleases Him and the manner it pleases Him in the things of this world.

"In conclusion, no one will deny that such has been the constant belief of mankind, even out of religion.

"Before men had a knowledge of our God, their hearts had felt, their reason had recognized, their pride had been forced to acknowledge, the existence of an Invincible Power which manifested itself by inexplicable derogations from the natural order. Christianity, in multiplying these phenomena, has gone still farther; she has comprehended the object of them, and to minds enlightened by faith, she has revealed their mystery; from the day when the Apostles made themselves understood by those whose language they did not understand, until this moment when I now address you, the supernatural has been constantly present upon the earth.

"Nevertheless we will declare that, without re-

jecting them when they present themselves to us with all the guarantees which sound reason has a right to exact, accepting them even with humble gratitude, yet we are far from seeking new supernatural facts. Did she possess but the miracles of her Gospel, the Church would be rich enough. German philosophy proclaims this incontestible truth when it exclaims by the organ of one of its chief leaders, '*It is not in this manner we invent.*'

"We are far from asking new prodigies from God. In drawing your attention to the prerogatives of Mary, we merely preach a succession of miracles; for what violation of all ordinary laws is not an Immaculate Conception, a fruitful virginity, and a divine maternity?

"After the honor given to God, one of the most striking characteristics of Catholicity is devotion to Mary. The sanctuaries dedicated to her, the associations placed under her patronage, the hymns chanted in her honor, and above all, this ravishing and joyous month of Mary, which Marseilles has just celebrated with so much pomp and piety, give to the children of the Church a certain cheerful, gracious countenance which is not found in non-Catholic countries; for something is ever wanting in the heart that does not love the Mother of God.

"As respiration in man, says one of the Holy Fathers, is a sign of life, so we may say is devotion to Mary, in society and in the household circle, a sign of orthodoxy,—we might almost say of predestination.

"Oh, all ye whose lives pass without one motion of the heart toward the Queen of Angels; you who refuse to say with us, *Hail, full of grace*; you who repudiate the Gospel from which we borrow these sweet and significant words; you who know not how to give her the sweet name of mother; oh how much you deserve pity!

"It would be a grave error, my dear brethren, to believe that the devotion of love and respect rendered to Mary is sterile in good fruit; do we not see, on the contrary, that this devotion is often changed into a devotion of imitation? Even in the midst of the tumults of wars and wordly confusion, we see develop the taste for silence, the love of sacrifice, the consuming fire of prayer, the divine sentiment of purity, which are as the perfume of Heaven sent by the good Mother.

"I shall not speak of the utility of all Catholic works. It is easily understood that the construction of the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Garde, and of so many churches that have sprung up, as if by enchantment, in Marseilles and every other part of France, is a fruitful source opened for industry and arts.

"This is an important fact, and whatever may be our alarm at the view of the multiplied efforts of irreligion, it is not hoping against hope to expect much from an age which opens so many asylums for childhood, old age and infirmity; which renders so much homage to God and His Blessed Mother.

"Skillful administrators, whose generosity and devotedness the grateful city loves to publish; noble warriors, upright magistrates, energetic

defenders of the defenseless; irreproachable merchants, whose name is synonymous with honor—you have all found in this blessed place of prayer the sweet consolations, the touching familiarity which draws us close to God.

"Brave seamen, known as well by your love for the good Mother, as by your valor; when you planted, with the soldiers of our armies, the colors of France in far distant lands, your hearts bounded with irrepressible enthusiasm. To-day, at this solemn hour, under the eye of Jesus and His divine Mother, how different are your impressions! Here you are under the influence of grace, and the breathing of the Lord alone passes over your souls, melting them into tenderness.

"Beloved brethren, we have finished, but we cannot descend from these altar-steps without beseeching those of our venerable brothers who form with us a part of the august senate of the Head of the Holy Roman Church, to carry to him the expression of the love and fidelity of all the Pontiffs, Priests and faithful of every class here assembled.

"Eminent Cardinals, you will tell our Pius IX with what *éclat* the city of Marseilles has surrounded the triumph of her Queen. We also, assembled here from every part of France; we will say to our beloved children, that, since the homages rendered at Rome when Mary was declared 'conceived without sin,' no festival in her honor has been celebrated by so great a number of Pontiffs, or welcomed with such spontaneous enthusiasm. The solemnities of Notre Dame de la Garde have been for our country the crowning of all the terrestrial glories of Mary; the souvenirs of which will exist until the most remote generations."

The procession lasted six hours. It would be impossible to say how many thousand banners, flags and oriflames distinguished the different confraternities. All the colors of the rainbow were reflected by the golden sunlight. On reaching the summit they defiled in graceful ranks, column after column concealing the rocky irregularities of the hill, and displaying the most graceful and majestic tableau that the imagination of a painter could ever create.

But, above all, the attitude of this assembly should have been seen when the large silver statue of the Virgin was borne in triumph to the new residence prepared for it by the piety of Marseilles. It was touching, it was sublime; with that meridional spontaneity which attests a lively faith and an ardent affection, from every breast burst forth the cry, *Vive Marie!* which was carried afar by the waves to the isles of the Mediterranean; and from every part of the mountain, (from whence the sun was just withdrawing his beams) down to the streets in the center of the city, pealed forth the hymn: *Triomphez Souveraine!* all hearts exulted with joy and melted into tenderness.

Radiant with joy, eyes filled with tears, but exhausted with fatigue, leaning upon their crosiers, the mitered Abbots, Bishops, Archbishops and Cardinals blessed the multitude on the right and left.

After placing the statue of our Lady in its sanctuary, the Prelates, on their knees, recited the

ACT OF CONSECRATION:

"Virgin most holy, and Immaculate Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Word Incarnate, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, Queen of Angels and of Saints, we prostrate ourselves at thy feet to acknowledge the incomparable privileges with which God has endowed thee, and to consecrate ourselves to thy heart, most pure and compassionate, and full of maternal tenderness for us, thy children!

"We loudly proclaim our belief in all that the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church teaches of thy dignity, sanctity and power. We believe thy Immaculate Conception, thy maternal dignity, thy perpetual virginity, thy purity without blemish, and thy Assumption, body and soul, into Heaven. We believe that thy power, goodness, mercy, and all thy virtues are proportioned to the ineffable dignity of Mother of God, and thy glorious title of Queen of Heaven and earth. We joyfully believe that thou art, as the Church proclaims, the Mother of grace and mercy; Refuge of Sinners; our hope and advocate with Jesus Christ; and that thy protection is the surest means of obtaining all we desire from thy divine Son for this life and the next. We believe that thy Immaculate Heart is, after the Heart of Jesus, the richest treasure of graces, and the most worthy of our veneration, love and tender devotion.

"Therefore, Oh most holy Virgin, our Mother, we prostrate ourselves at thy feet and consecrate to thy Immaculate Heart our body and our soul, all the thoughts of our mind, all the movements of our heart, all the labors of our life. We give ourselves entirely to thee; we beseech thee to bless us, protect us, and enable us faithfully to love and serve Jesus Christ.

"We most earnestly beseech thee, O Immaculate Heart of Mary, to combat, in our midst, by thy most abundant graces, the spirit of impurity, which causes the loss of numberless souls. O holy Virgin! be our refuge, our light, our strength, our aid in all our wants. Grant that we may draw from thy Heart purity, humility, patience and, above all, love of thy Divine Son. Our hearts, soiled with a thousand sins, are, we confess, unworthy to be presented to thee; purify them; detach them from creatures; penetrate them with the love of Jesus Christ; make them like unto thine own, in order that they may be united to thee in Heaven, there to love God eternally with thee!"

His Eminence Cardinal Matthew, Archbishop of Besançon, in a voice broken with emotion, addressed the multitude from the terrace of La Garde:

"*Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, civitas Dei!* (Ps. lxxvi). Mary is, *par excellence*, the chosen city of God; the sacred temple which He has selected for His dwelling place. With what eagerness of heart we offered her our homages to-day. With what devotion we exalt her who has been exalted above the choirs of angels! But we are not alone in paying our tribute; the multitude of faithful preceded, accompany and follow us in crowds up this mountain of benediction, whence Mary commands the sea.

"Oh Marseilles, cherished city of God! to-day what beautiful things hast thou shown our faith

and taught our heart! The splendor and order of thy ranks have raised our spirits to God, our Saviour; and our joy is great when we reflect that all our brothers of the Sacred College and in the Episcopacy, assembled here to celebrate this day will promulgate afar the transports of Marseilles, the brilliancy of this feast, the merits of her children who shared in it, their devotion to Mary, and their zeal for her glory; in all truthfulness they can speak of this city with enthusiasm, and say wonderful things of it. *Gloriosa dictus sunt de te, civitas Dei.*"

Yes, city of Mary, and by that title city of God, rest upon the borders of the sea, to send afar the renown of thy faith, and to bear to other nations the love and service of the Lord, who reigns in thee as in His own domain. May His throne be strengthened, and the name of the city of God rest with thee: *Civitas Dei.*

I KNOW -----

TO THE DEAR NUNS OF KENWOOD :

"For the Son, for the Mother."

I know, I know of a place
From the city-stir apart,
Where the hills seem touched with grace—
They call it the SACRED HEART;
Beautiful name! beautiful name!
I drew to this spot one day,
One day in the rose-month time,
When the airs are richer than May,
Rich month of the Heart Divine,
Encharmed with the glow of that name.
Encharmed,—a spot that dares, may dare—
I talked, as I came, to my soul,—
To take the name of *His* Heart to wear
In this world of sin and dole;
Sacreddest name! sacreddest name!
Should be hid and shut from the sin
And soil without, from the taint
Of their touch encloistered in,
As close as the heart of a saint
Is wrapped in that Heart of flame.
I came to pray—to think;—'neath the trees
The nuns make pictures in crape,
And the softened breath of the breeze
Stole straight by the rose and grape,
By fruit and by flowers to them,
As they walked with a thought of God,
Pale spouses of Christ. To His Heart
They are the lilies of His sod,
Those brides of the Mary-part,
I said, as I envied them.
Envid? (for the truer word) almost,
The calm that is gay and more,
The irksome cares of a world well lost,
And all blessed things before,
The heart of that heavenly part,
Their Lord in His Sacrament-vest
On His altar with them alway;
And I never would love a place so blest
Less than was learned that day,
Dear shrine of the SACRED HEART.

And ever since, I know, I know,
In the bosom of summer lies
A month o'erlit with the crimson glow
From the Heart that drops from the skies
Each morn to His altars down—
I know—now, as flame, this Heart unseen,
To feed on our homage stops;—
And she, o'er our worship, sweet Queen,
Each sigh in her hand that drops,
There's no dearer gem in her crown.
Feast of the Sacred Heart, '65.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 1---The Prisoner of War.

CHAPTER VII.—THE TRIUMPH OF THE FAITH.

[Concluded.]

The renegade kept his word. To the sufferings that the prisoner already endured, he added the much more cruel torture of his cowardly insults. He could not pardon Berenger for his fortitude, as it was the condemnation of his own apostasy. He wreaked on him the vengeance of his own remorse, and displayed toward the faithful Christian a refinement of barbarity which made the Moslems themselves shudder.

The prisoner opposed nothing to his rage but a disdainful courage. But sometimes his countenance lit up with a look of such terrible meaning, as he fixed his eyes upon those of his jailor, as to make the latter turn pale with a fear that pierced the very marrow of his bones.

The caliph cursed the constancy of his prisoner, but he could not help admiring him. When he thought of the contempt with which Berenger treated his offers, spite and fury took possession of his mind; but then the secret hope of eventually perverting him appeased his resentment. Undetermined, vacillating, he racked his brain to invent some means of gaining him over, and still could find none.

"This Frank is not of the same flesh as other men," he said to himself, "any one else would have given up long ago. But he must be mine, no matter what it costs. I will try again to persuade him, and if he refuses—well, woe to him! Nothing shall hinder my vengeance. He shall perish."

He went down into the prison.

The baron lay immovable upon the damp ground, a prey to an agonizing fever, and to the gnawing pains of the ulcers that were eating him away. All his strength was gone; and, enfeebled, nerveless, he had become indifferent to existence. He did not look up at the noise which the door made in turning upon its heavy hinges. He did not stir; and the caliph gazed upon him for a moment with compassion.

"Unfortunate man," said he, bending over him, "art thou not yet tired of suffering? What insane obstinacy pushes thee on to destruction? Open thy eyes! I bring thee salvation."

"There is no more salvation for me upon the earth. Death has already placed his heel upon my breast, and I have no wish to escape him."

"He was still nearer thee on that day when my

soldiers took thee, covered with gore, from beneath thy horse's dead carcass. Thou may'st yet hope for life, for my physicians can bind thy wounds with healing herbs that will cure them in a few days."

"Why should I desire a cure that will only prolong my misfortunes?"

"Ah! now I see that all thy pride was but a mask. Despair has entered thy heart, and thy courage has given way."

The prisoner was aroused by these reproaches; he started up suddenly, and shaking off the numbness which had fettered his limbs, he replied in a stern voice:

"When hast thou ever seen me cowardly and disloyal, that thou shouldst have the right to despise and outrage me?"

"I am come to try now whether thy soul is not quite dead to glory and ambition. For many years I have been amassing immense treasures in my palace. The Crusaders have not carried them all away. I have taken care to assemble around me the most valiant soldiers of Arabia and Asia. By an astute system of political intrigue, I have kept up quarrels among all the neighboring princes. I have connived at rebellions and revolutions in their cities. Emessa, Farsus, and Bagdad, only wait for the signal to open their gates to me. It depends on my will alone to extend, in less than two years, my empire from the banks of the Tigris to the mouths of the Nile. My armies are ready to march, they only need a general. Wilt thou lend them to victory? Thou shalt choose for thy reward whatever kingdom thou pleasest; be it Egypt, or be it the throne of Constantinople itself; I will furnish thee with all the gold and men necessary to make thee master of it, and thou hast only to reap what I have sown and ripened."

"I will not make war upon Christians; I have sworn to defend them till death."

"Thou wouldst say, thou art afraid to fight. Thy false pride only serves to cover thy degenerate soul. A distaff would suit thy worn-out arm now, better than a lance!"

"Command that my chains be stricken off, and set me against the bravest of thy knights. I defy them, on foot or on horseback, with the battle-axe and sword, in whatever inclosed field thou shalt choose."

"Thy defeat would be no triumph. Thou art not worthy of the rank I offer thee. I had not known thee!"

"It is not danger that I fear—it is apostacy. Thanks to God, my memory will never be burdened with the reproach of cowardice."

"So, thou dost decide to brave me to the last?"

"I will not sell my faith."

"I will leave thee still one night to reconsider thy resolution. To-morrow, at day-break, the executioner will bring me either thy conversion or thy head."

"Why put it off? The night will not change my mind. Let me be slain to-day."

The caliph went out. The imann received him at the door of the prison and accompanied him to

the palace, and he excited the caliph's wrath so skillfully, that he sent for one of his guards immediately to cut off the head of the prisoner.

Berenger did not expect to be put to death before the morrow, and he had not yet prepared his soul to appear before his Maker. Nevertheless, he was on his knees when the soldier entered, praying to God, and particularly to the Blessed Virgin.

He rose and approached the executioner with an angry mein, shaking at him his manacled hands:

"What dost thou here?" asked he in a threatening tone. "Dost thou dare to look Berenger de Montier in the face?"

The soldier had been engaged in several battles where that redoubtable name had been heard with terror. The remembrance of it, the tall figure of the baron, the fury of his voice, the darkness, the loneliness, and perhaps also the secret interposition of the Mother of God, struck the executioner with alarm, and froze his limbs. He hesitated—trembled, and like him who was charged to kill Marius, let fall the sabre he held, and fled precipitately.

"Strange!" cried the caliph on receiving this news. Then, after a little reflection, he continued: "To-morrow, I will have him cast from the top of the mosque."

His eldest daughter happened to be by his side. "If my father would permit," she suggested, "I will attempt in my turn what no one has been able to accomplish."

"Thou!—but he is a hardened fanatic!"

"Allah is great, and sometimes a woman finds words that bewilder men and make them pliable. To-morrow if I fail, thou canst execute thy resolution."

"I will give him to thee for a husband," said the caliph, "if thou canst make him abjure the Cross."

We must not be astonished that a caliph should authorize his daughter to take so hazardous a step. The seclusion of Mohamedan ladies is not so rigorous as is generally imagined. Besides the liberty they enjoy in the interior of their houses with their slaves, the zeal for proselytism excuses the impropriety of these interviews, and permits even the spouses of the Chief of Believers to converse with strangers without a veil.

Those who have paid any attention to the chronicles of the Crusades, know that Saracen princesses have frequently, and with impunity, played the temptress in this manner. Thus, in the legend of Notre Dame de Liesse, we read of the daughter of the Sultan of Cairo, descending by the command of her father, into the dungeon where three brothers Hospitallers are immured, who, by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, convert even her who had come to induce them to apostatize. Similar tales are found in many histories, which it would be unnecessary to cite here.

The young lady called her attendants and dressed us for a festival. When she had finished the details of her toilet, and had satisfied herself with the glitter of diamonds hanging from her

ears, and pearls around her neck, she smiled with pride at the reflection in the mirror, and murmured as she left her apartment:

"He will be blind indeed, if he does not admire me."

Meanwhile Berenger, who had just, without knowing it, escaped from certain death, after the flight of the executioner, sank upon his knees, and, for want of a priest, confessed aloud to the walls of his dungeon:

"Most Holy Mary, my lady and mistress," said he in his prayer, "I beg and beseech thee very earnestly, for the love that I have always borne thee, to plead the cause of my salvation, when God, my Saviour and Sovereign, shall examine into the crimes and disloyalties I have committed against Him. I pray thee also to make known my decease to Etienne, my good wife, that she may have prayers and psalms recited for the repose of my soul. I do not ask of thee to free me from captivity; there is no longer any means; but if, by a prodigy of thy bounty, I behold ever again the shores of Provence, I give thee my word as a baron and a knight, that I will build thee on my lands a chapel of white marble."

Suddenly a brilliant light shone around him, and a young lady, in dazzling costume, her head covered with jewels, appeared on the threshold of his prison. Risking the infection from his wounds, she approached him and stood by his side, saying, with smiles, and in a caressing tone:

"I am the caliph's daughter, whose hand thou hast disdained. I thought that, after seeing me, thou wouldst no longer slight my beauty."

"Daughter of the caliph, thine alliance tempts not my desires. I have placed my heart higher than thou canst ever reach!"

"But, behold me! Dost thou not find me lovely? What raiment, then, do the ladies of France wear?"

"Thou hast not even the noble and modest simplicity that encircles the brow of Etienne. And since thou art not equal to a mere baroness, judge if I can prefer thee to the Queen of Virgins, who unites all perfections in herself."

"Whatever may be her advantages, has she, like myself, the power to rescue thee from the torture that awaits thee?"

"Assuredly. But I do not desire that she should; death will put an end to my sufferings."

"Has all the courage left thy heart, and has the sweetness of life departed from thy lips? Thou has suffered, but thy sufferings may be blotted out. Open thine eyes to hope! A mighty future extends before thee, and the years that remain to thee will be long enough, by my father's assistance, to conquer a kingdom."

"The only kingdom to which I aspire is the kingdom of God, promised to those who repent of their sins and die invoking Him."

"Death is a sad bride; and knowest thou the death destined for thee?"

"Whatever it be I prefer it to thy love."

"Oh!" cried the princess, in a violent rage, "could any one do me a more flagrant injury? I come to save thee, and thou answerest my good-

ness with insult and contempt. Go! Thou shalt obtain the bride thou desirest. Far from imploring pardon for thee, I shall hasten thy torments."

Berenger, left alone, applied himself again to prayer. Then, oppressed by an unconquerable desire to sleep, he laid his head on the dungeon stone and was soon in the land of dreams.

It seemed to him that an angel entered the vaults of the prison, and, bending over him, unbound, in silence, his manacles and fetters, touching his ulcers and curing them. The prisoner thought also in his dream, that the angel lifted him in his arms and carried him through the air so quickly as to take away his breath.

At last the wings of the celestial messenger relaxed their speed, and, extended and hovering, they struck the air no more, nor moved, except to moderate the headlong descent. The earth soon appeared, and Berenger, still asleep, beheld himself laid upon a bed of fresh moss, under the shadow of a gothic castle.

He began to awake, and the memory of the dream remained so fresh in his mind that he dared not open his eyes for fear that the sweetness of the illusion might add to the horror of the reality.

The well-known sound of a bell surprised him, and completely awakened him. He looked around. O, marvel! the walls of his prison had disappeared; a green landscape spread before him its undulating carpet of verdure; his chains no longer weighed him down; his hands, free and untrammelled, were lifted to heaven in gratitude; he bounded with joy; he entered his castle, and the first person he met was the Baroness de Montier.

This is the winding up that the tradition of the country assigns to this story—we have not desired to strip it of its miraculous coloring. Nothing would be easier than to explain the facts by natural means—a ransom; an exchange of prisoners; an escape even, would not be open to the criticism of the most skeptical and incredulous; but, in our opinion, it would spoil the legend, of which the marvelous is the essential and distinctive character. However it may be, the chapel built by the Baron de Montier still exists, and bears testimony to the gratitude toward the Blessed Virgin, to whom he attributed his deliverance.

Rev. Father Samarius again.

[We beg leave to come again to our illustrious friend, the Rev. Father Samarius, whose admirable work ("Points of Controversy"), we have already introduced to our readers, and from which we will quote until we know that it is in the hands of them all. We say it from deep conviction, our people sadly need a more comprehensive knowledge of our Holy Faith: we know of no book in our language that blends more happily the charms of eloquence with the lucidity and solidity of arguments for our time and country. While we are yet within the Octave of the Blessed Sacrament, let us illustrate the above as-

section by a few lines taken from the chapter on the Holy Eucharist]:

Can you believe that the Son of God should have come on earth only to exchange one error for another, one kind of idolatry for another? It is blasphemy to entertain the thought. After all that has been said, our separated brethren may now, perhaps, understand what before seemed to them unintelligible, if not ridiculous. First of all, the difference between our and their own public worship. When a Catholic enters any one of our churches, he has scarcely passed the threshold, ere the eye of his faith directs the eyes of his body to the altar, and the tabernacle, in which his Lord and Master dwells. His first act is a genuflection, by which he adores his Lord and God; on entering his pew he does not immediately seat himself and glance from worshipper to worshipper, to discover which of his friends or acquaintances have come to church, much less to discover the particular fashions which make their appearance on the occasion, but devoutly kneeling, he continues to adore the sole object of his love. Hence the profound stillness, interrupted only by the solemn chant of the priest or choir during the celebration of the tremendous mysteries. Hence the pomp and grandeur of the liturgical rites, the richness of the sacerdotal robes, the splendor of gold, the beauty of precious stones, the fragrance of flowers and of incense. Hence the celibacy of the clergy. Do you see that beautiful, that well-proportioned, that lovely form which stands at the foot of the altar, dressed in all the splendor of sacerdotal apparel. He is the son of a merchant-prince, the heir of millions. Scarcely had he finished his academic course when, one bright morning, in anguish, he remained, after mass was over, kneeling in his pew, as if wrapped in ecstasy, and burning with charity. "Dear, sweet Jesus," whispered the youth, "Thou hast given me a heart to love. I feel the genial warmth of its flame. But, oh! the objects that surround me in the world, and which would gain my heart, are loathing and disgusting to me. I cannot love flesh which is doomed to undergo the process of corruption; I cannot cherish blood which boils with the heat of unhallowed concupiscence. And yet, my youthful heart loves and yearns to love. But it would love Thee alone. Sweet Jesus! Oh, that Thou wouldst allow me to espouse Thee, as the only object worthy of my love! Would that I might satisfy my desire, by daily standing at Thy altar, there to become united, in that most pure, chaste, and intimate manner, in which flesh can become united with flesh and blood with blood; grant me to minister within Thy sanctuary; make me, sweet Jesus, the dispenser of Thy mysteries; make me Thy priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedec." His prayer is heard; his vow is recorded in Heaven. Jesus has espoused the noble youth as His own forever. No, the love of Jesus in this Sacrament cannot allow the blending of the profane, carnal, with His holy virginal love, in the ministers of this august, this thrice Holy Sacrament.

It is at the foot of the Blessed Sacrament that our young maidens learned to devote themselves,

by the most solemn and binding vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, to the service and imitation of their beloved Spouse. What has taught that beautiful, universally loved and admired daughter of a Senator to go and shut herself up within the narrow confines of a gloomy cell, to breathe away the fragrance of her youth in solitary contemplation and prayer! Desolate, afflicted mother, what brought that Sister of Charity by your side, at the moment your noble, patriotic boy was pressing his farewell kisses on your tearful cheeks—what was it made her say, in her own gentle way: "Be comforted, weeping mother—behold, here am I to act a mother's part. I shall follow your noble boy to the field of battle; I too shall be found upon the hard-contested field. And should a fatal bullet be sped from hostile gun, into his patriotic heart, I shall be there to extract the deadly missile, or close his dimming eyes in death. Under the open heavens—in the fetid atmosphere of the hospital—whatever fate betide him, I shall be there to wipe away his tears, to staunch his bleeding wounds, to prepare his soul for Heaven." Where has she learned this heroic fortitude—this spirit of sacrifice? At the foot of her convent-altar—at the holy table where her soul fed so often on the bread of strength, on the wine of virgins. Far away from the altar, exposed to danger, with only a blanket to wrap around her weary frame,—like the soldier, on half rations—she regrets not the simple, yet soothing, comforts of home. The only loss she feels, is the absence of the daily sacrifice, and the frequent communions to which she was accustomed in her convent home.

Tell me what inspired the master-mind of that architect who raised yonder lofty temple to the name and glory of God of Hosts? Who taught him to fling those vaulted arches, as if in rivalry with the Architect of the Universe, aloft in air? Whence did he learn to flute and hoist those towering columns, to crown them with their rich and varied foliage, in breathing stone and marble? From Him, who, however concealed, is to be present in the magnificent sanctuary of that temple, and to make it His dwelling-place among the children of men.

Tell me, thou thousand-tongued organ, and ye thousand chorists, who blend your varied voices in perfect harmony with that instrument of magic sounds, who trained your author's and master's mind to this strange, soul-ravishing melody! Who taught your Mozarts, your Haydns, your Cherubinis, your Le Sueurs, and your Lambillottes, the secret of their wondrous art? He who, although mute and silent in His earthly temple, sent the musical winds upon their noisy tour—who caused the stars to sing together—who filled the pine forest with the dirge like notes of the everlasting susurrus—who caused the zephyrs to whisper to the flowers, and the rivulets to murmur to the rocks—who blent with all, as in a mighty fugue, the roar of the cataract, and the peal of the thunder!

To conclude: Who can tell all that our separated brethren have lost in losing the Real Presence? The food of their hungry souls—the drink

of their thirsting hearts—their real comfort of affliction—their light in darkness—their counselor in doubt—their strength in weakness—their shield and armor of defense in danger—their hope in despondency—their life in death—their Jesus—their all. Oh! that they, like ourselves, could take once more this bread from Heaven, and know how sweet is the Lord; and having been their delight during life, oh! might it prove to them the sure pledge of everlasting life in Heaven!

Death of Rev. X. D. MacLeod.

As we go to press, we learn with deep sorrow the melancholy accident that has deprived the Church of one of her most useful ministers, in the person of Rev. X. D. MacLeod, of Cincinnati, who was killed on Friday, 30th ult., while going to see a dying man. In changing cars, the Rev. gentleman stepped upon the railway track, and was crushed to death by an express train, whose approach he had not observed. We have no room to dwell upon his personal merits as a devoted priest and a finished writer. Sudden as was his death, yet it was not, we trust, unprepared. But a few days before the sad accident, he wrote us in relation to the AVE MARIA, stating that his time was so occupied in attending the sick from the small-pox, in his congregation, that he had scarcely a moment even to write a letter. His whole life, since his conversion to the faith, was one of devotion to our Blessed Mother—it is then fitting that the first journal in America devoted to her honor should record as its first death that of the pious priest who gave the Church the first work written on "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America." Such is the title of an admirable book, an extract from which we had printed for this number, before we heard of his death. Would it be too much to ask, in earnest, the readers of the AVE MARIA to say once their beads, fifty "Ave Marias," for the repose of his soul?

Indeed, we should gladly acknowledge and pay him our debt of gratitude; for twice he delighted us with his brilliant pages in honor of the Blessed Mother of God. Besides this admirable book, our lamented friend doubtless leaves many other monuments of his unfeigned devotedness to Mary, in the hearts of his dear spiritual children, whom he loved, like his Divine Master, to the end—*usque in finem dilexit eos*. May the record we now open according to promise, be one of precious deaths, which we may consider as our ancestors of old were wont to do and to write—a real birthday *natalis dies*—a new birth to eternal life.

MARY's first act of worship met Jesus the very moment He was born. No sooner had she seen His face than she adored Him more perfectly than all the angels had been able to do in their thousands of years before the throne. Except by the Incarnate Word Himself, never had the Divine Majesty been worshiped so worthily, so near to adequately, if we can speak of nearness when we think of that gulf which lies between the infinite and the infinite.

God passed with him.

"I must go back forty years to retrace my first recollection of the Curé of Ars. It was in the year 1820, when I was about ten years old. We were practicing, in the court of the college where I was studying, to strew the flowers for the procession of Corpus Christi, when I saw a priest come in, of a very simple, poor and humble exterior. One of my companions whispered to me: 'That is the Curé of Ars; *he is a saint*; he lives upon nothing but boiled potatoes.' I looked at him with amazement. As some of us addressed him in a few courteous words, he stopped for a moment and said with a kind smile, 'My friends, when you are strewing flowers before the Blessed Sacrament, hide your hearts in your baskets, and send them amid your roses to Jesus Christ.' Then, without paying any other visit, he went straight across the court to the chapel, to pay his homage to the Master of the house in His tabernacle. I have forgotten nearly all the names of my fellow-students, and almost all other circumstances of that time; but the words of that priest, his visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and the speech of my companion, have never been effaced from my memory. I was especially struck (for I was a greedy boy) with the idea of a man who *lived on potatoes*. I felt, without exactly knowing why, that this implied something great and wonderful, and it was probably this which kept the other circumstances in my mind.

"Ten years afterward, by a combination of circumstances which belong to the history of the loving providence of God toward me, I found myself in an ecclesiastical seminary. Then the thought of that mortified priest, who was so devoted to the Blessed Sacrament, recurred to my mind. During that interval, he had grown much in reputation among men, and although his renown had not reached the height which we have seen it attain in the last fifteen years of his life, there was already a great sensation about him. Men came to him from all parts; the good for edification, sinners to pour their sins and remorse into the bosom of the man of God. The miracle of his life, so inconceivable in its austerity, excited the wonder and admiration of all. It was, indeed, incomprehensible how he could live on so small an amount of nourishment. Many other marvels were related of him; and these rumors, strange and unwonted in our days, have been since fully confirmed."

Surely, as he passed across that college courtyard, God (in the saintly priest's own words) *passed with him*, and impressed that ideal of mingled austerity and sweetness, the very type of sacerdotal sanctity, upon those children's hearts.

JESUS Christ yesterday, and to-day, and the same forever! These words of the apostles express at once the noblest and the most delightful occupation of our lives. To think, to speak, to write, perpetually of the grandeur of Jesus,—what joy on earth is like it, when we think of what we owe to Him, and of the relation in which we stand to Him, and through Him to His Blessed Mother?

The Hall of the Immaculate Conception in the Vatican.

All who have visited the Vatican will easily remember the hall on the second floor of that part of the Palace which is older than Sixtus V's reign, where were gathered the Transfiguration of Raffaele, the Communion of St. Jerome by Domenichino, and the Madonna di Foligno, which I prefer even to the Transfiguration. This is the hall which Cavaliere Podesti's artistic genius has now turned into one of the most telling monuments of the dogmatic definition which completes in our faith the crown of celestial lights which surround the Virgin Mother of God.

The plan of the hall is a parallelogram which may be thirty feet long from east to west, and twenty from north to south. It may be twenty-five feet high up to the horizontal cornice which caps its walls. Two low doors open in the east and west walls near the south corners of the hall. These doorways lead on the east to the famous Stanza di Raffaele, and on the west to the new picture gallery, which Pius IX is now forming with the pictures offered him on the occasion of the Beatification and Canonization of the Saints, whose names he had added to the Martyrologium during his long Pontificate.

On entering into the Immaculate Conception Hall from the west, we begin our inspection by the fresco of "The Dogmatic Discussion," which covers the space between the base of the hall and its ceiling. The statue of the Immaculate Conception stands in the center of the composition, while the emblematic figure of Theology is seated in front of the picture. Groups of Cardinals, Bishops, Prelates, and Religious fill both sides of the space in the various attitudes of discussion. The greater part of those figures are contemporary portraits, and we may easily recognize those of Mgr. Borromeo, Maggiordomo of his Holiness; Mgr. Pacca, Maestro di Camera; and Mgr. Sibor, the second Archbishop of Paris, who died in our own time for his pastoral duty. In front of the picture, on our right, the noble figure seated and dressed in the garb of the great Society of Jesus, is that of the most eminent Italian writer of the age, who was so recently taken from the service of the Church militant and of his beautiful earthly fatherland,—Father Bresciani.

Below the base line, under this great painting, may be seen, between two medallions of Apostles, a panel in *chiaroscuro* representing the Holy Father in Consistory, surrounded by the Cardinals.

We now turn to the south and face the chief fresco painting of the hall,—that of "The Definition of the Dogma." The Holy Father is seen standing on the platform of his throne in the basilica of St. Peter's, holding in his hand the red book from which he intones the *Te Deum*. His figure is lighted by the historical sun-rays which shone upon him immediately after he had read the decree of definition. The figure represents that very moment, when the decree has just been promulgated, and is already in the hands of the Cardinal-Dean, who stands at the foot of the

throne, turned toward the Pope. Two Prelates in capes stand on both sides of him, as well as the Bishops of the Oriental rites. Two Cardinals-Deacons stand next to the Pope; near them is seen one of the two Princes assistant to the throne, Prince Orsini. The Cardinals-Bishops are ranged on both sides of the throne facing each other. Behind them, on our right, come the Domestic Prelates of the Pope's household, prominent among whom may be recognized Mgr. Talbot. Then come the Consistorial Advocates, the Canons of St. Peter's, and, finally, ranged on their raised bench, the Cardinals-Deacons, with Cardinal Antonelli portrayed nearest to us. On our left, behind the Cardinals-Bishops, are ranged the Roman Senators or Municipal Magistrates, various Prelates, and the several rows of the Cardinals Priests. From the midst of a group of ecclesiastics and other spectators on the right, stands forth the imposing figure of Father Passaglia, in his usual Jesuit dress. Alas! May the Immaculate Virgin Mother shed her sweet influence on the soul of the great Theologian, whose vanity has made so sad a wreck of him. In the upper part of the picture is seen the Blessed Virgin in the attitude given her by the Italian painters, to express her Immaculate Conception. The Holy Spirit hovers over her, and she is placed between the two other Persons of the Most Blessed Trinity. Above are seated on each side the four great Prophets and the Evangelists. Below them stand St. Peter and St. Paul; then the Saints of the Old Testament and of the New; then, at last, two groups of angels, one of whom drives away the Heresiarchs, while the other soars up offering to our Lady and her Presentation in the Temple. Between these subjects is the following large inscription:

ANN. CHR. MDCCCLIV. VI. IDVS. DECEMBRIS.

MARIAM.

MAGNAM DEL MATREM

LABIS, PRIMAÆVÆ EXPERTEM

PIVS. IX. PONT. MAX.

ACCITIS. ORBIS. CATTOLICI. EPISCOPIS

SOLEMN. DECRETO. SANXIT. HABERI

ET. COLORIBVS. VDO. ILLITIS.

REM. GESTAM. EXPRIMI. IVSSIT.

FRANCISCVS. PODESTI. EQ. INVENTET. PINXIT.

From this masterly work, we go on to "The Crowning of the Madonna of the Chapter of St. Peter's," which covers the east wall. The Holy Father, standing on a platform which covers the altar of the Capitular Chapel in St. Peter's, is attaching to its mosaic altar-piece the golden crown which the Chapter has awarded to their image of the ever-Immaculate Virgin.

The Mother of Francis II.

Like a mother, instinctively aware of the cares required by each one of her children, the Church presents to each successive age of the world, models of the virtue most necessary to it. In ours, all classes of society are evidently possessed of an unbridled desire to attain with rapidity a condition of ease and abundance. To this general luxuriousness our divine instructress boldly opposes a mendicant, a vagabond, who had not, and would not have, a home; and we have seen civil authorities who would have arrested him living, obliged to incline themselves before the relics of the bless-

ed Joseph Labre, actually compelled so to do by the patriotic piety of a whole people. In another order of ideas, the Church, constantly attentive to the legitimate aspirations of nations, prepares to show them a new exemplar of Christian royalty in Maria Christina of Savoy, Queen of the Two Sicilies.

She was herself a queen, the daughter, wife and mother of kings, and if she is now about to be canonized, it is not so much on account of the singular graces with which she was favored by Heaven, nor on account of those she procures for us at present by her intercession, as because she fulfilled in their whole extent the duties of a queen.

Last scion of the Savoyan sovereigns who have ever stood forward as the defenders of the Holy See, niece of the blessed Clotilda of France, Maria Christina was born in 1812, and grew up in exile. Sorrow early conquered her to God; prosperity did but attach her the more closely to Him; an orphan, she longed to consecrate her entire life to Him in one of those refuges which gladden the earth that they protect, when the Divine will revealed itself to her under the form of a reason of State, of the happiness of Italy, which could be really consolidated by an alliance between its two most important crowns. Once convinced of this, she no longer hesitated to sacrifice her own tastes to the urgent request of Charles Albert who had procured the abdication of his father, and whose son was to accomplish his, by those ignoble means so well known to the world of to-day.

Thrown into the midst of a divided family and a dissipated court, to that she brought peace, and this she gradually moulded to a more regular kind of existence. "The Neapolitans are too beautiful," said she, to her ladies, "to need expansive toilets. Truly, they have no pretext for having recourse to illicit subterfuges;" and by a little pleasantry, and much example, she succeeded in banishing from the society of Naples those foibles that people try to explain as owing to her beautiful climate, while foreign importations have only increased them.

She manifested the same prudence and the same celerity in remedying the evils of the inferior classes. "Almsgiving," she often repeated, "is more in dispensable to the rich than to the poor; it is the support of the latter, but it is the salvation of the former. By alms the poor live and the rich are saved." She permitted no attenuation of this fundamental precept which she fulfilled with grace and an intelligence, the remembrance of which, it seems, Piedmontism has revived. She ever sought to *please* those whom she *benefitted*; with the assistance she bestowed, she mingled an exquisite delicacy, and everywhere spread her own spirit of devotedness. On one feast of Saint Ferdinand, she presented her husband with some pieces of her own needle-work, as was her wont: "This is not," said she, "my best gift; I have had 4,000 ducats distributed this morning, in your name, to the necessitous." Docile to the inspirations of his angelic wife, this king, who compensated for his evil beginning by a subsequent dignity and a respect for the Church, too rare to be passed over, left to the poor, by will, the tenth of his private fortune.

Maria Christina occupied herself earnestly in diminishing the number of the poor in her States. Her counsels inspired a new activity in public works. To her, Naples owes its first Exposition of Industry and a series of other measures which would speedily have developed the commerce of a country so richly endowed by nature, if revolutionary excesses had not checked their results.

In a word, Maria Christina was simple and erudite, circumspect without scrupulosity, dignified without haughtiness and pride. A Benedictine savant, the Abbot of Montevergine, Postulator of the cause of her beatification, solicited by two hundred and eleven persons of great eminence, in drawing up from irrefragable documents the history of her life, has wisely made prominent her political perfection, if I may thus express myself; and this work, serious and impressive, seems specially to correspond with a great need of our epoch. The world, even of our time, seems to manifest some deference to Christianity for the services it has rendered to society, but this is merely an insulating similitude of impartiality; it admits that religion has played an important part in the past, but it is only for the facility of denying its influence in the present and the future. To such tactics, it is useful to incessantly oppose living examples of the entire compatibility of the Christian and the social virtues, and it is this that Rome now does in presenting to our veneration the mother of Francis II.

* Madame Soetebine.—This maxim is engraved, and better still, practiced in the hospital named after and founded by the Count de Falloux, at Segre, France.

Pastoral Letter of Right Rev. M. Domeneo, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh.

[We regret that our columns restrict us to brief extracts from this admirable Pastoral, in which the Encyclical is treated in the most saintly and masterly style. We hope it will soon be published in pamphlet form; it should be in the hands of every Catholic for edification and instruction]:

"Our faith teaches us the respect and veneration with which we should receive the words of the Holy Father, and the filial love and affection with which the Sovereign Pontiff is invested. * * *

"If the present Encyclical Letter has created so great sensation, it is because it condemns the popular—we may say, the pet errors—of the present age; the Sovereign Pontiff exposes and probes to the very bottom, the fetid ulcers which are preying on the vitals of modern society; he applies the knife with a skillful but unsparing hand; and the patient, though beyond the reach of ordinary remedies, pleads and protests with all his might against an operation which, while it wounds his pride, cuts to the very quick. Another reason is, because the world thought—yea, it was almost convinced that the power of the Pope was dead; that that power, so colossal in the middle or so called dark ages, had vanished before the light and intelligence of modern times. How little does the world reflect that the Church of Christ, as Christ Himself, her Divine Spouse, is immortal; that the Church is the body of Christ, and that the body

cannot live without its head. Yes, the power of the Popes shall never die. The Popes shall, till the end of time, sit on the Chair of Peter, invested with power Divine, to diffuse throughout the world the light of Christian faith. Sooner shall the natural sun be extinguished—be blotted out of the heavens—cease to exist—than the power of the Popes become extinct. The same God who said let there be light made in the firmament of heaven, to give light upon the earth, (Gen. c. 1, v. 14, 15,) has declared to Peter, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; confirm thy brethren." Sooner, then, shall the natural sun cease to give light upon the earth, than the successors of Peter to enlighten the world with the rays of Christian faith. "Heaven and earth may pass away; but my words shall not pass away." * * *

The history of the lives of the Popes is the history of the exercise of their office, of their functions, and of their powers, as living representatives of Christ on earth, appointed to exercise supreme dominion in His Church, and hold the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. What Pius IX has done by the present Encyclical Letter, has been frequently done by his illustrious predecessors, in every period of the Christian era, whenever there was cause or reason for doing it. * * *

At the conversion of Constantine the Great, when Christ was publicly adored as God, His Vicar on earth was honored; and when the Cross of Christ, no longer the occasion of ignominy and contempt, became an object of reverence, and the brightest object on the crown of the Cæsars, then also, the Roman Pontiff became an object of respect and veneration to a believing world. Thus closed the contest between the Church and Paganism, to the honor of the Church and its visible head; thus ended the struggle of the same Church against the invasion of the Northern barbarians, to the still greater glory of the Church and its visible head, for then the Roman Pontiffs were made the temporal kings of Rome; and such, we are confident, will be the issue of the present contest between the Church and modern infidelity.

Religious Chronicle.

ROME.

In Rome every church and sanctuary has its particular feast in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The celebration of these festivals is ordinarily preceded by a *triduum*, the expenses of which are usually covered by legacies, left by some pious servant of Mary for this purpose. When these funds are wanting the piety of the Congregation supplies what is needed. But the Feast of Mary, Refuge of Christians, celebrated in the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, is an exception. This is a feast of devotion, not only for Rome, but for the Pontifical States, in commemoration of the return from exile of Pius VII, in 1814. As it recalls the tribulations of the Church, the Romans have celebrated it, for some years past, with a constantly increasing devotion.

Appropos to this feast, we give the translation of an *Invito Sagro*, addressed on the occasion of the

late festival, to the faithful, by the Cardinal Vicar:

"The protection of the Blessed Virgin extends in a special manner over the city of Rome. Facts which the hypocrisy of men cannot conceal, emphatically prove it. Scarcely was an open and violent war declared against the Church, when you hastened, O Romans, to Mary; you honored this good Mother under the most august title of *Refuge of Christians*, and Rome resisted, and still resists all attacks. This resistance is a victory, and this victory we owe to Mary, who aids us in the struggle, and always insures a triumph. Woe to us, if we grow weary in employing the weapons of prayer against impiety and error; they alone are efficacious. Never let us abandon the arena, nor grow lukewarm in the spirit of prayer. While Moses elevated his hands to Heaven, the people of God triumphed over the Amalecites; but when his hands fell the Amalecites were victors. In order not to be overcome by the modern Amalecites, let us also raise our hands to Heaven; let us have recourse to Mary.

On Monday last, the 8th inst., Major-General George Tylee, of Devizes, died here, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and "died like a Saint," as I was informed by the Parish Priest of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte, in whose church his funeral took place yesterday. Your readers may recollect that it was owing to the benefactions of that generous convert, that a new Catholic Church was opened in Devizes, a few months ago. I understood that the gallant General was converted to the Catholic faith in India, and that he was anxious to promote, to the full extent of his power, the spread of the faith in his native town, as some compensation for some follies of his youth which he spent there. It is truly marvelous to see how God selects His own chosen souls out of our hardened British world.

Sicily is in such a frightful state of rapine, murder, brigandage, crime and disorganization, that the English Consul-General at Palermo, Mr.ingham, who is above suspicion as to liberalism, having been Lord Russell's principal agent in the revolution of 1860, has been obliged to issue a circular to the consuls under his direction, desiring them to warn all British subjects residing in Sicily, that they must provide, as best they can, for their own safety, as the Italian Government is incapable of undertaking their protection.

NOBLE ACTION.—Albert A. Walker, Commissary Sergeant of the 16th Connecticut Volunteers, who has just returned home from the rebel prison at Andersonville, informs the *Hartford Courant*, that a Catholic priest named Whalen, of Savannah, visited the prisoners daily in prison, when ministers of other denominations deserted them. This priest was unusually kind to them, conversed freely, and told them that if he could have his way, he would have them all released. At one time, this kind-hearted man distributed to the men \$2,700 in Confederate money, and, one day last winter, he laid out \$400 in gold, of his own money, for flour for the prisoners, which was baked into bread in the hospitals and distributed among the soldiers. Such deeds are worthy of record.

Rev. F. Caro---Important Suggestion.

[The following letter was received by us more than two weeks ago from a Rev. gentleman. The importance of its suggestions made us anxious to have the benefit of his well-known signature attached to them. We therefore deferred its publication until we had written to the Rev. author for permission to use his signature. Rev. F. Caro's name is familiar to every one in America, and even in Mexico and California, having been a missionary priest in the Archdiocese of New York for the last twelve years, and having been sent at one time by the Propaganda to California and Mexico as Visitor General.]

This morning we are in receipt of a second letter, in which the Rev. gentleman not only grants the desired permission, but further adds: "The AVE MARIA is a welcome visitor to my house, refreshes my mind, and fills my heart with joy. Any thing you will require of me for this, and any other subject connected with the Mother of God, I shall be most happy to contribute."

We sincerely return our humble acknowledgments to the worthy missionary, and while fully indorsing his ingenuous plan, we feel confident it will meet with a hearty and extensive co-operation.]

COLD SPRING, N. Y., May 30, 1865.

Very Rev. Sir: Within you will find a five dollar bill for two years' subscription to your welcome AVE MARIA. But allow me to suggest in behalf of the paper an idea of mine, which if it meet with your approbation, will be fruitful of an immense good. The terms, as they are, are above the range of the generality of poor Catholics. In order, therefore, to give a chance to every man and woman in the country to become enamored of the Virgin Mary, my idea is to send a circular to all the Pastors with the request of establishing in each church a society under the name of Children of Mary, the members to be obliged to buy the paper weekly at six cents each, and the Pastor to be responsible for the amount. In this manner, not five or ten copies would circulate, but five hundred and a thousand; and, although the amount at the end of the year would be the same, yet the arrangement would prove more accommodating, and surely within the power of the poorest member of the church. I, for one, will be most happy to do any thing to see that the devotion to the Mother of God is introduced in every home-circle. Indeed, we ought to labor most zealously and incessantly toward the accomplishment of this end. America is destined to be a Catholic country yet, and this great blessing will come down on the nation through the intercession of Mary, the privileged Mother of our Blessed Redeemer.

Very Rev. Sir, you can scarcely believe how happy I felt at the announcement that there was going to be an AVE MARIA in circulation in our *virgin land*, and more *virgin people*. God may bless your work, and the Mother of God may make you partaker of her glory in the Kingdom of her Son; for it is written that: *Qui elucidant me vitam eternam habebunt.*

Truly yours,

F. CARO.

Ode on St. John's Day---24th June.

Thrice blest St. John! Precursor of our Lord!
Foretold by Prophets!

Even before thy birth all cleansed
From sin inherited!

Cleansed by the living fire
He came on earth to kindle
Who is love.

Well might thou leap for joy,
Thou glorious one!

Thy soul all bathed in love and light
By Him,

The source of light and love.

How we, poor sinners, look on thee
With wistful longings!

As our benighted sense, made dull by sin,
Doth strive to realize the ecstasy
That gave thy purified, enlightened soul
To recognize the presence of thy God.

O, Prophet! more than Prophet!--
Preparer of the wondrous ways of God,
In human hearts!--

What went'st thou forth to teach
In desert drear?

We flock to thee, as multitudes of old
Besieged thy solitude; and ask, as they,

How shall we keep alive

The living fire, within our hearts
All tainted and corrupt?

How shall our drowsy consciousness regain
Vitality--to feel Him near?

His presence is among us! but, alas!
Too cold and tepid gown

Our frigid hearts, to feel beatitude.

We sleep; or worse, are dead!--

Thou leap'st for joy, Him near;

We feel Him not--no generous glow

To animate our souls with burning love

Proclaims His presence,

Chains around us thrown

Bind us to earth--too willing to be bound!

O, living type of penance! great St. John!

Embodiment of the Eternal Truth!

That to prepare the human heart for God,

Our nature, now corrupt,

Must use a violence against itself,

Cut down the mounds of Passion's raging force,

Straighten the crooked paths of falsehood's ways,

Fill up the vales by self-indulgence made,

And patient wait the enkindling grace of God!

Not in soft raiment can'st thou forth to teach;

Thine outward semblance spoke thy inward sense;

Thy rugged garment, girt about thy loins

With leathern girdle, laughed the world to scorn

With all its pride of dress--its pride of life.

For fallen man--the rugged road alone

Of penance, toil, self-abnegation rude,

Can lead him back to life--eternal life--

Replace the image of his God within;

Now lost! destroyed! by self-indulgent pride.

Living expression of the Eternal Law!

Obtain for us thy spirit! Pray for us,

Prepare our souls to recognize our God,

To feel what Truth, and good, and beauty are!

Greater than thou, is none of woman born!

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

St. Louis Gonzaga,

Apostle of the devotion to the Heart of Jesus.

St. Louis Gonzaga died eighty years before the devotion of the Sacred Heart was revealed to the Blessed Margaret Mary. But the spirit of this devotion was known and practiced, with a rare perfection, from the beginning of Christianity, though not known under its present form. The following recital, recently received from Rome, will show us how, in Heaven, where he now reigns, this amiable protector of youth is interested in the propagation of this blessed devotion:

Yesterday evening, at the time of the *pusseggio*, I went to St. Andrew's on the Quirinal, to pray in the Chapel of St. Stanislaus. A visit to the chambers of St. Stanislaus is always agreeable to piety; one feels himself attracted there as to the dwelling of a friend who receives the visitor with a smile upon his lips and his two hands open to bestow gifts. The autograph letter of the Blessed Canisius, announcing to the Rev. Father Borgia the expected arrival at Rome of a young Pole, "a child of great promise," the couch of variegated marble, and on this couch St. Stanislaus lost in the sweet peace of contemplation, awaiting, as it were, in the calm of prayer, the coming of his Mother; the picture above the head of the bed, where angels precede Mary with their harps of gold and baskets of fresh roses and lilies; the altar dedicated to the saint; opposite the other altar, bearing on its front the beautiful copy of the Maddonna of St. Mary Major, a virgin whom St. Stanislaus saluted every morning on arising; all in this fair sanctuary conduces to piety and opens the heart to confidence.

Yesterday the chamber wore the air of a festival. Festoons and draperies adorned the walls, and lighted candles covered the altar, forming a crown of lights and flowers around a relic placed over the tabernacle. The Madonna of St. Luke had disappeared behind a portrait of St. Louis Gonzaga. Below this portrait I read this inscription:

NICOLAUM. CÆLESTINUM. MORIBUSDUM
S. ALOYSIUS. PRESENTIA. ET ADLOQUIO
DIGNATUS. ILLICO. SANUM. FECIT JUSSUQ.
DIVINO. CHRISTI. CORDI. SE. DEVOVERE
CÆLO. GRATISSIMUM. DEVOTIONEM. TESTATUS
IV. ID. FEBR. CIC. IC. CCLXV.
FACTI MONUMENTUM
ROMANUM S. J. TIROCINIUM.*

A Brother remained at the entrance of the chapel to receive the visitors.

"Why all these preparations?—what feast do they celebrate at St. Andrews' to-day?"

"Do you not know that to-day is the hundredth anniversary of Brother Celestini's cure?"

"What is this cure then?—where was it wrought?—where was this Brother Celestini?"

* On the tenth of February, 1765, St. Louis Gonzaga appeared to Nicholas Celestini, who was near death, spoke to him, healed him suddenly, and commanded him to consecrate himself to the Divine Heart of Jesus, assuring him that this devotion was very dear to Heaven. The Roman Novitiate of the Heart of Jesus wished us to perpetuate the remembrance of this miracle.

"It is the cure of Brother Celestini; wrought by our St. Louis."

Nicholas Celestini was born on the third of May, 1747. Flavio Celestini, his father, juriconsult, was highly esteemed in Rome. Of great intelligence and cultivated tastes, our young Nicolo was especially distinguished for his rare virtue. Among all the scholars of the Roman College who frequented the Sodality of the Holy Angels and of the Blessed Virgin, he was pointed out as a model of piety, of attraction for religious exercises, of constant regularity, and a filial devotion to St. Louis Gonzaga and to the Mother of God. The sixteenth of June, 1764, during the novena preparatory to the feast of St. Louis, he left the family circle for St. Andrew's on the Quirinal, where he received the habit of Novice of the Society of Jesus. A good and pious student of the Roman College, he was, among the novices of St. Andrew's, a model of growing fervor, a generous emulator of St. Louis and St. Stanislaus.

About seven months after his entrance into the novitiate, Celestini was attacked with a serious illness. A pleurisy, soon passing into pulmonary, inspired the physicians with great fears. Nervous convulsions, violent pains, which, without fixing themselves in one spot, tortured and contracted all his limbs, complicated the evil. Swallowing a drop of water was sufficient to bring on the pains and to occasion a crisis. Bleeding, cupping, blistering, all were tried in vain to comfort and arrest the progress of the malady; the expedients of art were in vain. In the midst of these violent sufferings Brother Celestini preserved an unalterable patience and a holy resignation to the will of God. One thought alone saddened him. He burned with the desire of receiving the Holy Viaticum, but the spasms, the sudden and violent convulsions by which he was attacked, would not permit the prudent Superiors to grant this desired consolation.

On the seventh of February, Clement XIII approved by a Brief the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. They carried to this sick youth an image of this Divine Heart. When they placed it near his lips, he kissed it, contemplated it with love, and whilst a convulsive movement of his eyelids did not permit him to regard, or even to distinguish any other object, he could, without difficulty, fix his eyes upon the holy image, and found in thus beholding it a little calm, and some alleviation of his suffering. At his request the novices repaired to the chamber of St. Stanislaus, and united their prayers to obtain from the Saint for him the grace to be enabled to satisfy his ardent desire of receiving the Holy Eucharist. The prayers being finished, the patient endeavored to swallow a few drops of liquid. Spasms and convulsions returned with violence. The prayers of the novices had not been heard. They return to implore St. Stanislaus with fervor and faith, and a new trial is made. This time the patient swallowed without difficulty some drops of water, then two or three spoonfuls of broth and an unconsecrated host; the convulsions and vomiting did not return—the Holy Viaticum was given him.

They had asked a suspension of his illness that he might satisfy a pious and legitimate desire; it was granted; but the progress of the disease was checked for an instant only.

At half past eleven the physicians found the state of B. Celestini desperate. His ghastly color, his faded eyes, his impeded respiration, announced his death agony. "In two hours all will be over," said the physician, as he left the apartment.

A Father and two coadjutor Brothers remained near the sick man to assist him. Suddenly (February 10th) they saw him raise himself up, looking fixedly at an image of St. Louis, placed at the foot of his bed; then he fell back upon his pillow, crying out: "How beautiful you are, O St. Louis, my Brother!" how beautiful! Some moments after he raised himself a second time, and with his gaze yet fixed upon the image of St. Louis, distinctly pronounced these words: "*Fiat Voluntas Dei.*"

The Father and the two Brothers, surprised by these movements and unexpected exclamations, and feeling a presentiment, as it were, of a prodigy, gazed, stupefied, now upon the glowing countenance of Brother Celestini, now upon the image of St. Louis. "I am healed," cried the sick man, with a loud voice; "I am healed! St. Louis has restored me to health! I have seen him! I have spoken to him! My garments! I am without pain! I am without any sickness!" The Father who was present hastened to inform the Rev. Father Rector of the Novitiate of what had occurred. The Rev. Father Purravicino arrived, and before permitting Brother Celestini to rise or to dress, he desired to hear his account of the prodigy.

In a natural voice and manner, showing no traces of illness, Brother Celestini thus said: "During the last paroxysms, at the height of the convulsions, I suddenly distinguished the portrait of St. Louis, at the foot of my bed, which I had not previously noticed or perceived. All the morning he has appeared to me, not in profile, as he is painted upon the canvas, but looking directly toward me, and surrounded by a brilliant light. St. Louis wore the *scholastic dress* of a student of the Roman College. He appeared to me just as he is depicted in relief on his altar in the Church of St. Ignatius. His left hand held a crucifix. With a motion of his right hand he invited me to approach him. I raised myself from my bed to go to him, but my strength failed me and I immediately fell back, though without ceasing to see him. His features were so beautiful, his whole figure so glowing with celestial light, that I could not repress that exclamation: 'How beautiful you are! O St. Louis! how beautiful!' A second time I raised myself in my bed, and then I heard him address this question distinctly to me: 'What wilt thou—health or death?' '*Fiat Voluntas Dei,*' I suddenly replied. The amiable Saint then said: 'Since, during thy illness, thou hast manifested no other desire than to receive the Holy Viaticum,—in all things else desiring only the will of God, the Lord restores thee, at my prayer, to health, that thou mayest apply thyself to acquire perfection, and that during thy whole life

thou mayest endeavor to propagate the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus—a devotion most agreeable to Heaven.'"

Brother Celestini then asked his beloved protector to deliver him from a severe headache, from which he had suffered at intervals even before his illness.

"God does not will it, replied the Saint to him. For the moment I have delivered thee from it, but I wish that in the future thou shouldst feel it a little in remembrance of the Passion of Jesus Christ, that herein thou mayest resemble me. During my life I always desired to experience these severe pains, that I might thus conform myself to my Lord, who suffered so much for me."

After pronouncing these last words the Saint blessed the sick man and disappeared, leaving him instantaneously and completely healed.

The Father Rector listened to this recital. He caused the Father and the Brother Infirmaryman to certify to the cure of Brother Celestini. No trace of his illness remained. That very morning they had applied a blister to his breast; the surface-skin, corroded and inflamed by the violent remedy, had resumed its natural color and softness. Celestini received permission to arise. He dressed himself without assistance, and, prostrate before the image of St. Louis, he returned the most lively thanks to his beloved protector. Whilst he took a little nourishment, the Fathers, Brothers and Novices hastened to share in his joy, and to hear, from his own lips, the recital of his miraculous cure. All then descended together into the church to sing the *Te Deum*, and to give glory to St. Louis and to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The next day Brother Celestini served Mass at the altar of St. Louis Gonzaga, in the Roman College, and received Holy Communion. He repeated to every Father he met the account he had given the day before to the Rev. Father Purravicino, from the Roman College to the Gesu, where he related anew before the Very Rev. Father General, and the Fathers of the Professed House, the miracle wrought in his favor. He then returned to the Roman College. Assembled in a vast hall, the numerous students of the College awaited, with pious impatience, the detailed narration of the miracle.

Brother Celestini appeared in the midst of them and recounted all the circumstances of his cure. Then all—Fathers and pupils—repaired to St. Ignatius' Church to sing the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the miracle wrought at the intercession of St. Louis by the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Brother Celestini, clothed with a surplice, and bearing a lighted taper, knelt within the sanctuary. At the same hour on the preceding day he was dying, abandoned by his physicians; at this moment, after six hours spent in repeating, again and again, in the midst of exclamations of admiration and gratitude, the miraculousness of his cure, he declared himself unwearied and well.

What became of Brother Celestini? How did the miracle wrought by St. Louis serve to spread and exalt the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus? Another letter will inform us.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Saint Elizabeth's Roses.

We know how delighted little children are to hear fairy tales about Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, and Jack the Giant-Killer; many and many a time have we seen bright-eyed Ellie and Lizzie, or curly-headed Tommy and Johnny, steal off to some quiet nook to pore over these wonderful tales. Or, again, whole crowds of little boys and girls, nestled around the fireside, or under the shade of the big oak tree, to hear of Aladdin and his Lamp, or Robinson Crusoe.

Now, little children, we are going to tell you something just as wonderful, and, what is far better, it is true; and when we finish we are sure you will all say that *Saint-land* is far more beautiful than *Fairy-land*.

Once upon a time there lived in Germany a most powerful prince called the Lord of Thuringia. He was greatly revered and beloved on account of his power, goodness and generosity; and the wise, the great and learned from all parts of Europe loved to visit his court.

It happened one evening that as the lords of his realm were listening to the recitals of one of these distinguished strangers, the renowned Klingsohr, one of the company asked the sage to tell them something new. After intently regarding the heavens for some time, he said to them: "I shall tell you something both new and joyous; I see a beautiful star rising in Hungary, the rays of which extend all over the world. Know that on this night is born to the King of Hungary a daughter, who shall be named Elizabeth. She will be given in marriage to the son of your King, she will become a Saint, and her sanctity will rejoice all Christendom.

And, in reality, that same night was born the little Elizabeth. From her very cradle she gave evidence that she truly lived in the *Saint-land*. The first words she lisped were Jesus and Mary. Her first act was an alms-deed and her first word a prayer.

Meanwhile the Duke of Thuringia left no means untried to find out if the predictions of Klingsohr had come to pass, and whether a princess had been born in Hungary on the day foretold.

There were no railroads, nor even stages, in those days; so it was not so easy to get news from one country to another as it is now.

But travelers who arrived from time to time told him of the beautiful child, how devout she was, and how at the time of her birth all wars and strife suddenly ceased in her father's kingdom. One monk in particular, who came from Hungary, related to the Duke that having been blind from the age of four years, he suddenly obtained his sight by the young Princess Elizabeth placing her hands upon his eyes.

All these reports made the Lord of Thuringia very anxious that she should be betrothed to his heir, Prince Louis; so he sent a splendid retinue of nobles to Hungary to demand her in marriage for his son; and the King and Queen of

that country, agreeing to his request, resolved to part with their darling child.

The little Elizabeth, then only four years old, was covered with a silken robe, embroidered with gold, and laid in a cradle of massive silver. She was then given to the Thuringians, who carried her to their Duke's palace, in order that she might be brought up with young Louis and his brothers and sisters.

When she was about nine years old, being the Feast of the Assumption, the Duchess of Thuringia said to her own daughter Agnes, and Elizabeth: "Let us go down to Eisenach, to the Church of our Dear Lady, to hear the High Mass of the Tenthonic Knight, who specially honors her; perhaps we may also hear a sermon in her praise. Put on your richest robes and your golden crowns." The young princesses being adorned as she had ordered, descended with her into the city, and entering the church, they knelt before the great crucifix.

At the sight of the image of the dying Saviour, Elizabeth took off her crown, and laying it on the bench, prostrated herself, without any ornament upon her head but her hair. The Duchess seeing this, harshly said to her, "What ails you, Lady Elizabeth? what new whim is this; do you want everybody to laugh at you? Young ladies should hold themselves erect, and not throw themselves upon the ground, like fools or old women! Can you not do as we do, instead of behaving like an ill-reared child? Is your crown too heavy? Why do you stoop over, just like a peasant?" Elizabeth, humbly rising, answered the Duchess: "Dear Lady, do not blame me; behold before my eyes my God and my King, the sweet and merciful Jesus, crowned with sharp thorns; and can I, who am but a vile creature, remain before Him, wearing pearls, gold and jewels? My crown would be a mockery of His thorny wreath!" And she began to weep bitterly, for the love of God had wounded her tender heart.

She then knelt humbly as before, leaving the Duchess and Agnes to say what they pleased. She continued to pray with so much fervor that a fold of her mantle which she placed before her eyes became saturated with tears.

The other two princesses, in order to avoid a contrast so disadvantageous to them in the eyes of the people, were obliged to imitate her, and to draw their veils over their faces, rather unwillingly it is said by their chronicler. But we must pass over many beautiful things in her life, when a little child, to tell you about her roses.

Elizabeth used often, with her own hands, secretly to carry food and clothes to the poor. She went down the steep rugged paths that led from the Castle to the city, and to the cabins of the neighboring valleys, to give them food and raiment.

One day, as she descended a rude little path, with one of her favorite maidens, and carried under her cloak bread, meat, eggs, and other food, to distribute to the poor, she suddenly met Prince Louis returning from hunting. Astonished at seeing her bending under so heavy a load, he said to her: "Let us see what you carry," and at the

same time drew open her cloak, which she kept closely pressed to her bosom; and he saw—only red and white roses! the most beautiful and fragrant he had ever beheld! and this astonished him, as it was no longer the season of flowers.

Seeing that Elizabeth was afflicted, he sought to console her by his caresses, but immediately ceased on seeing over her head a luminous appearance in the form of a cross. Louis desired her to continue her route, and he returned to the castle, meditating on what God did for her, and carrying with him one of those wonderful roses, which he preserved all his life; and at the spot where this meeting took place he erected a pillar surmounted by a cross, to consecrate forever the memory of the one he had seen hovering over the head of the dear Saint Elizabeth.

Can your story-books, dear children, tell you any thing more beautiful about Fairy-land? And after all, *Fairy-land* is a *fable*, but *Saint-land* is our true home in Heaven, which you may all sometimes see even on this earth, as Prince Louis and St. Elizabeth did, provided you love God as they did.

Mizael de Mesre de Pas.

THE YOUNG PROTO-MARTYR OF CASTELFIDARDO.

"Thé chase? yes, sometimes that is attractive; but, after a day's hunting, what remains? I run after my dog, and he runs after a patridge or a hare; what more than the dog do I do? Without him I could not have secured the game, whereas without me, he would have been perfectly successful. No, no; I was created for something else! The military career is my life! I need something that will force me to act. I love its discipline and its frank, loyal manners! To serve, with all my heart, God and my country; to be a good comrade, to fulfill my duties, as a Christian, without human respect; not to fear the fire or artillery, to salute the Madonna, devoutly say my beads, and be brave upon the battle-field—*such* is my idea of life! Then, after having served my country, to return and find in our own Province the sweet joys of domestic life—yes, my gray moustache would inspire confidence, and then I would devote my time to good works; and, following the example of my father, I would cultivate my estates, encourage our farmers, ameliorate the condition of the poor, who are overwhelmed with labors and misery; remind them that the Son of God, our dear Saviour, made Himself poor as they and embraced poverty for their sake; and that the happiness of Heaven awaits them. I would protect their children and form their hearts to virtue and piety. It is in this manner I understand life! This is my constant dream! Would the good God have given me these tastes, merely that I should renounce them? Repose before labor?—Oh no, no—never!"

Such were the noble regrets, the beautiful aspirations of Mizael de Pas, when the events of Italy opened a new horizon to his ardent and devoted soul. At the appearance of that fatal pamphlet, *the Pope and the Congress*, which was the first stroke of the sword in the bosom of the Holy

See, he fully understood that a career of persecution had begun for the Church; a career of sacrifice for Catholics, and he immediately resolved to offer his life and fortune to the Holy Father.

Three months previous to the departure of General De la Moricière for Rome, Mizael spoke in his habitual calm, frank and happy manner to his sister, a religious of the Sacred Heart:

"My sister, I am going to Rome, but I have not yet spoken to any one on the subject; before acting, I must take counsel. Can a child of the Church, without profound grief, think of the sorrows of the Holy Father! Ah! his soul must be overwhelmed with bitterness! Alas the Father of the universal Church is abandoned! Perfidious traitors, even, fill his palace.

"It is said he is prepared for the worst, and he is resolved not to leave Rome but to die if needs be, upon the tomb of the Apostles. His calmness is that of a martyr. We hear these things, talk of them, and yet no one arms himself for his defense. I, at least, shall go; and prostrate at the feet of his Holiness I'll say, 'Holy Father, I offer you a heart entirely devoted to you. Dispose of my fortune and my life.'

"I know that I am nothing; the Sovereign Pontiff will perhaps smile, but do you not believe he will feel a consoling emotion in the depths of his heart? He is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and to offer him this little consolation will be the sweetest act of my life. If he accepts, I shall enter his Guard. Oh, what joy, what glory, to draw the sword in defense of the Holy Father! Sister, if ever you hear that Pio Nono was attacked, or his sacred person touched, then you may know that your brother no longer exists."

A few days after he again visited his sister, but seemed quite discouraged. "Ah!" he said, "my sister, I am good for nothing. It was ambition; the wish to distinguish myself; to make others talk of me; I must cast it all aside, and be satisfied with a tranquil, ordinary life; a person of experience, who has been a friend to me, tells me that it is all folly." I warmly insisted; he maintained his point. "Alas, I do not know myself."

Then, recovering his usual animation, he continued: "And yet, when a father is in danger his children hasten to his relief; a prince is attacked, and it is considered glorious to take up arms in his defense. Now it is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, His representative on earth, and I do not hasten to his assistance! My father often told me that we must not be a useless weight upon the earth; we were not created merely to enjoy and repose ourselves. Some one must go first, and others will follow after. But no!" he continued, resuming his serious air, "above all, we must know how to govern ourselves—know, wait and pray. Let us say no more on the subject. Our dear Lord will know how to make known His will."

This admirable youth kept his word and spoke no more about it except to God. He begged the prayers of religious and the poor, and multiplied his alms in secret with such devoted zeal that the Sisters of Charity named him the *hidden Saint*.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

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No. 8.

SAINT COLUMBANUS.

[It is astonishing to see what a charm the noble Count Montalembert spreads over every page he writes, even when he enters into the details and incidents of the humble life of a monk. As a proof, we give below a synopsis of brilliant pages which we abridge with regret, but which even in their condensed form will yet be interesting and instructive.]

Saint Columbanus was born, A. D. 543, the same year in which the patriarch of Monte Cassino, Saint Benedict, died. He early distinguished himself by his proficiency in literature and the arts; but fearing the dangers and seductions of that world in which he was particularly qualified to take a brilliant part, he braved all the obstacles thrown around him by his mother and friends, and left his home in Leinster to seek a refuge in Bangor among the monks still imbued with primitive fervor, who were there assembled under the crosier of the holy Abbot Comgall.

But this first apprenticeship of the holy war was not enough. The adventurous character of his race, the passion for pilgrimage and preaching drew him beyond the seas.

He heard incessantly the voice which spoke to Abraham echoing in his ears: "Go out of thine own country, and from thy father's house into the land which I shall show thee."

The abbot attempted in vain to retain him.

Columbanus, then thirty, left Bangor with twelve others, crossed Great Britain, and reached Gaul. He found the Catholic faith in existence there, but Christian virtue and ecclesiastical discipline unknown or outraged, owing to the fury of the wars. He devoted himself during several years to traversing the country, preaching the Gospel, and especially to giving an example of the humility and charity which he taught to all.

Arriving, in the course of his apostolic wanderings, in Burgundy, he was received by King Gontran, of all the grandsons of Clovis the one whose life appears to have been the least blamable, and who had the most sympathy for the monks. His eloquence delighted the king and his lords. Fearing that he would leave them, Gontran offered him whatever he chose, if he would remain; and as Columbanus answered that he had not left his own country to seek wealth but to follow Christ and bear His cross, the king persisted, and told him that there were in his kingdom many wild

and solitary places, where he might find the cross and win Heaven, but that he must on no account leave Gaul, nor dream of converting other nations till he had assured the salvation of the Franks and Burgundians.

Columbanus yielded to his desire, and chose for his dwelling place the ancient Roman castle of Annegray. He led the simplest life there with his companions; he lived for entire weeks without any other food than the grass of the fields, the bark of the trees and the bilberries which are found in the fir-woods; he received other provisions only from the charity of the neighbors.

There, as afterward, in his long and close communion with the bare and savage nature of these desert places, nothing alarmed him, nor did he cause fear to any creature. Every thing obeyed his voice; the birds, as has been already mentioned, came to receive his caresses, and the squirrels descended from the tree-tops to hide themselves in the folds of his cowl. He expelled a bear from a cavern, which became his cell; he took from another bear a dead stag whose skin served to make shoes for his brethren.

One day while he wandered in the depths of the forest, bearing a volume of the Holy Scriptures on his shoulders, and meditating whether the ferocity of the beasts, who could not sin, was not better than the rage of men, which destroyed their souls, he saw a dozen wolves approach and surround him on both sides. He remained motionless, repeating *Deus in adjutorium*. The wolves, after having touched his garments, seeing him without fear, passed upon their way; he pursued his, and a few steps farther on heard a noise of human voices, which he recognized as those of a band of German brigands who at that time wasted the country.

He did not see them; but he thanked God for having preserved him from this double danger, in which may be seen a double symbol of the constant struggle which the monks had to maintain in their laborious warfare against the wild forces of nature, and the still more savage barbarity of men.

At the end of some years, the increasing number of his disciples obliged him to seek another residence, and by the help of one of the principal ministers of the Frank king, Agnoald, whose wife was a Burgundian of high rank, he obtained from Gontran the site of another strong castle, named Luxeuil, where there had been Roman baths, magnificently ornamented, and where the idols formerly worshiped by the Gauls were still found in

the neighboring forests. Upon the ruins of these two civilizations, the great monastic metropolis of Austrasia and Burgundy was to be planted.

Luxeuil was situated upon the confines of these two kingdoms. The district, since so illustrious and prosperous, under the name of Franche-Comté, then consisted, for a range of sixty leagues, and a breadth of ten or fifteen, of nothing but parallel chains of inaccessible defiles, divided by impenetrable forests and bristling with immense pine woods, which descended from the heights of the highest mountains to overshadow the course of the rapid and pure streams of the Des-Doubs, Soubre, and Saône. Forests and wild beasts had taken possession of that solitude which it was reserved for the disciples of Columbanus to transform into fields and pastures.

Disciples flocked around the Irish missionary; he soon numbered several hundreds in the three monasteries which he built in succession and governed himself. The noble Franks and Burgundians, overawed by the sight of these great creations of work and prayer, brought their sons to him, lavished gifts upon him, and often came to ask him to cut their long hair, the sign of nobility and freedom, and admit them into the ranks of his army. Labor and prayer attained here, under the strong arm of Columbanus, proportions up to that time unheard of. The multitude of poor serfs and rich lords became so great that he could organize that perpetual service called *Laus perennis*, where day and night the voices of the monks, unwearied as those of angels, arose to celebrate the praises of God in unending song.

Rich and poor were equally bound to agricultural labors, which Columbanus himself directed. In the narrative of the wonders which mingle with every page of his life, they are all to be seen employed successively in plowing, mowing, reaping and cutting wood. With the impetuosity natural to him, he made no allowance for any weakness; he required even the sick to thresh wheat.

An article of his rule ordained the monk to go to rest so fatigued that he should fall asleep on the way, and to get up before he had slept sufficiently. It is at the cost of this excessive and perpetual labor that the half of France and of ungrateful Europe has been restored to cultivation and life.

Twenty years passed, during which the reputation of Columbanus increased and extended afar. But his influence was not undisputed; we pass over the details of his struggles, but the resolution he displayed may be understood from some portions of his letter to the Council which met to examine the questions. Though he calls himself Columbanus the Sinner, it is very apparent that he felt himself the guide and instructor of those to whom he spoke. But he soon recovered the influence due to his virtue and sanctity, in the conflict for the honor of Christian morals, which he undertook against the queen and her grandson.

Gontran having died without issue, Burgundy passed to his nephew Childbert II, son of the celebrated Brunehaut. He died, leaving two sons, Theodebert II and Thierry II. Brunehaut con-

stituted herself their guardian and took possession of the two kingdoms of Austrasia and Burgundy. The lords of Austrasia, disgusted by her arbitrary and violent bearing, obliged the eldest to expel her from his kingdom, and she established her residence with the young king, Thierry, in Burgundy.

Brunehaut, as she grew old, retained only the dauntless warmth of her early years without its generosity or uprightness. She sacrificed every thing to the passion for ruling and to the temptation of establishing a kind of Roman monarchy. This thirst for sovereignty led her so far—she whose youth had been without reproach—as to encourage her grandsons in that polygamy, which seems to have been the sad reproach of the Germanic, and especially of the Merovingian princes.

The young king still possessed some religious instincts and he was rejoiced to have so holy a man in his kingdom. Columbanus endeavored to bring Thierry back to a better life, but Brunehaut easily turned her grandson from his good dispositions. On one occasion Brunehaut presented four of the king's sons to Columbanus:

"What would these children with me?" said the monk. "They are the sons of the king," replied the queen, "strengthen them with your blessing." "No," answered Columbanus, "they shall not reign, for they are of bad origin."

From that moment Brunehaut swore war to the death against him. His monks were forbidden to leave their convents, and the people were threatened with punishment if they gave them the slightest help.

Columbanus still hoped for Thierry's conversion; he went to visit him at his royal seat, and the king, hearing of his arrival, sent him a sumptuous repast, but the Saint refused to receive any thing from the hand of him who forbade the servants of God to have access to the homes of other men, and at the sound of his curse all the vessels which contained the various meats were miraculously broken to pieces. The king and his grandmother, greatly alarmed, promised amendment. * * * But Thierry soon fell back into his disorderly life. Then the Saint wrote him the most vehement reproaches, and, although a stranger and a foreign missionary—the obliged guest of King Gontran, he feared not, when morals were assailed, to go the length of threatening with excommunication the King of Burgundy, the heir of his benefactor. Brunehaut excited the lords of the Count against him, and Columbanus was taken and conducted to Besançon, from which place he shortly returned to Luxeuil. When Thierry and Brunehaut heard of his return they sent a cohort of soldiers to lead him back into exile.

Then ensued a scene which, during twelve centuries, and even in our days, has been so often repeated between the persecutors and the victims. The messengers of the royal will found him in the choir, chanting the office with all his community. "Man of God," they said, "we pray you to obey the king's orders and ours, and return whence you came." "No," answered Columbanus, "after having left my country for the service of Jesus

Christ, I cannot think that my Creator means me to return." Subdued by the firmness of the Abbot, even the most ferocious of the soldiers threw themselves upon their knees before him, weeping and entreating him to pardon them and not to oblige them to use the violence they were compelled to employ on pain of their life. At the thought of danger which was no longer personal to himself, the intrepid Irishman yielded, and left the sanctuary which he had founded and inhabited for twenty years, but which he was never to see again.

His monks surrounded him with lamentations as if they were following his funeral. He consoled them by telling them that this persecution, far from being ruinous to them, would only promote the increase of the "monastic nation." They would all have followed him into exile, but a royal order forbade that consolation to any but the monks of Irish or Britannie origin. Bruneault was anxious to free herself from these brave, independent islanders, as well as their leader, but she had no desire to ruin the great establishment of which Burgundy was justly proud. The Saint, accompanied by his Irish brethren, departed into exile.

His wanderings were the fruitful source of benedictions to every spot he visited. The gift of prophecy and miracles accompanied him. He foretold that Thierry and his children would be destroyed, and his whole race rooted out by God.

On the eve of leaving the soil of Gaul, his thoughts turned to Luxeuil, and he wrote a letter which began thus: "To his dearest sons, his dearest pupils, to his brethren in abstinence, to all the monks—Columbanus the Sinner." In this he pours out his heart. Obscure, confused, passionate, interrupted by a thousand different recollections and emotions, this letter is nevertheless the most complete monument of his genius and character which Columbanus has left us. With these personal sentiments, his concern for the present and future of his dear Luxeuil is always mingled. He seems to foresee the immense development of monastic colonies which was to proceed from Luxeuil, in a passage where he says: "Wherever sites are suitable, wherever God will build with you, go and multiply you and the, myriads of souls which shall be born of you."

It is especially delightful to see how, in that austere and proud soul, friendship and paternal affection preserve all their rights. He recalls to mind, with tender solicitude, a brother who was not present at the moment of his farewell: "Always take care," said he, "of Waldolenus, if he is still with you. May God give him everything that is good! May he become humble, and give him for me the kiss which I could not give him myself." * * * Confessions, counsels and exhortations crowd upon his pen. He sometimes addresses the whole community, sometimes the monk Attalus, whom he had named as his successor: "Thou knowest, my well-beloved Attalus, how little advantage it is to form only one body if there is not also one heart. As for me, my soul is rent asunder. I have desired to serve everybody,

I have trusted everybody, and it has made me almost mad." Further on, grief carries him away, and bursts forth only to yield immediately to invincible courage, and the recollections of classic antiquity mingle with evangelical instructions to dictate to our Irishmen some of the finest and proudest words which Christian genius has ever produced. "I had at first meant to write thee a letter of sorrow and tears, but knowing well that thy heart is overwhelmed with cares and labors, I have changed my tone; I have sought to dry thy tears rather than call them forth. I have permitted only calmness to appear outside, and chained down my grief in the depths of my soul. But now my own tears begin to flow; I must drive them back, for it does not become a good soldier to weep in front of the battle. After all, this that has happened to us is nothing new. Is it not what we have preached every day? Was there not one of old, a philosopher wiser than the others, who was thrown into prison for maintaining against the opinion of all that there is but one God? The Gospels also are full of all that is necessary to encourage us; they are written to teach the true disciples of Christ crucified to follow Him, bearing their cross. Our perils are many; the struggle which threatens us is severe, and the enemy terrible; but the recompense is glorious, and the freedom of our choice manifest. Without adversaries no conflict, without a conflict no crown. Where the struggle is, there is courage, vigilance, fervor, patience, fidelity, wisdom, firmness, prudence; without the fight, misery and disaster. Thus, then, without war no crown; and I add, without freedom no honor. * * * While I write they come to tell me that the ship is ready,—the ship that is to carry me back against my will to my own country. * * * The end of my parchment obliges me to finish my letter. Love is not orderly; it is this which has made it confused. I would have abridged every thing that I might say every thing; I have not succeeded. Farewell, dear heart; pray for me, that I may live in God."

We would fain give an account of the next twenty-five years of the Saint's life—as given in the admirable work of Count Montalembert, but the limits of the AVE MARIA will not permit. He spent some time in Austrasia, and then, after sixty years of labor devoted to the reform of kings and nations already Christian, he began the second phase of his life—that of preaching to the infidels. This had always been his ambition and inclination, and the work he preferred.

Taking a few disciples with him, he established himself at Bregnez, upon Lake Constance, where he remained three years, enduring great hardships and effecting many conversions. The department of the Upper Rhine, on the death of Theodebert, as a dependency of Austrasia fell into the hands of Thierry and Bruneault, and their victim was again obliged to seek a new home. He had long desired to go to Italy, and with one companion he pursued his journey across the Alps.

When we picture to ourselves the fatigues and dangers of such an undertaking in the days of

Columbanus, we imagine it was the image and recollection of this journey which inspired the beginning of one of the beautiful instructions addressed to his monks, in which the unwearied traveler compares life to a journey: "Oh, mortal life! how many hast thou deceived, seduced and blinded! Thou fliest and art nothing; thou appearest and art but a shade; thou risest and art but a vapor."

The King of Lombardy received the venerable exile with great respect and confidence. Here the Irish Apostle found new food for his zeal, to which he could devote himself without renouncing his love of solitude, by writing against the Arian heresy, that had taken deep root in Lombardy. The King bestowed upon him the lands of Bobbio, situated in the most retired gorges of the Apennines, between Geneva and Milan. They contained the ruins of an old church, which Columbanus repaired, and built a monastery adjoining it. Notwithstanding his age he shared the labors of the workmen, bending his old shoulders under the enormous beams of pine, which it seemed impossible to carry across the precipices and up the steep mountain paths.

The Abbey of Bobbio was his last resting-place. He made it a citadel of orthodoxy against the Arians, and he there enkindled a focus of knowledge and instruction which was long the light of Northern Italy.

There, as every where, and throughout his life, our Saint continued to cultivate those literary studies which had charmed his youth. At sixty-eight he addressed to a friend an epistle in adonic verse. But the generous fervor of that Irish race, justly proud of having never known the yoke of pagan Rome, and of having waited before recognizing her supremacy till she had become the Rome of the Apostles and Martyrs, has never been expressed with more fervid poetic eloquence than in his letter to Pope Boniface IV, as given by Count Montalembert.

Columbanus ended as he had begun, by seeking a solitude still more complete than that of the monastery he had founded at Bobbio. He had discovered on the opposite shore of Threbbia, in the side of a great rock, a cavern, which he transformed into a chapel, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. There he passed his last days in fasting and prayer, returning to the Monastery only for the Sundays and Holidays. After his death this chapel was long venerated and much frequented by afflicted souls; and three centuries later the annals of the monastery record that those who had entered there sad and downcast, had left it rejoicing, consoled by the sweet protection of Mary and Columbanus.

DIOCESE OF BUFFALO, N. Y.—The Right Rev. Bishop Timon conferred the Order of Sub-Deaconship on Mr. J. O'Donahoe, and Mr. William J. McNabb, in Saint Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, on Sunday Morning (Pentecost,) June 4th, 1865.

THE corner-stone of Saint Jerome's Church, California, Ohio, was blessed at 4 P. M. on Sunday, June 25th, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell.

Feast of the Most Precious Blood.

Sunday, the 2nd of July, being the Feast of the Most Precious Blood, we again call from the pages of the gifted and saintly Father Faber a few lines upon the devotion which should be so dear to the heart of every child of the Church:

When Pius IX returned to the Holy City from his exile at Gaëta, he issued a decree to the whole world, instituting a new Feast of the Precious Blood on the first Sunday in July. The circumstances under which this decree of a new Feast of the Precious Blood was issued, stamp upon the Feast the same character of thanksgiving which belongs to the Feast of the Eucharist. It is a historical monument of a vicissitude of the Holy See, a perpetual *Te Deum* for a deliverance of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

All devotions have their characteristics; all of them have their own theological meanings. We must say something, therefore, upon the characteristics of the devotion to the Precious Blood. In reality the whole treatise has more or less illustrated this matter. But something still remains to be said, and something will bear to be repeated. We will take the last first. Devotion to the Precious Blood is the devotional expression of the prominent and characteristic teaching of Saint Paul, who is the apostle of redeeming grace. A devout study of his Epistles would be our deliverance from most of the errors of the day. He is truly the apostle of all ages. To each age he doubtless seems to have a special mission. Certainly his mission to ours is very special. The very air we breathe is Pelagian. Our heresies are only novel shapes of an old Pelagianism. The spirit of the world is eminently Pelagian. Hence it comes to pass that wrong theories among us are always constructed round a nucleus of Pelagianism; and Pelagianism is just the heresy which is least able to breathe in the atmosphere of Saint Paul. It is the age of the natural as opposed to the supernatural; of the acquired as opposed to the infused; of the active as opposed to the passive. Now, this exclusive fondness for the natural is on the whole very captivating. It takes with the young, because it saves thought. It does not explain difficulties, but it lessens the number of difficulties to be explained. It takes with the idle, for it dispenses from slowness and research. It takes with the unimaginative, because it withdraws the very element in religion which teases them. It takes with the worldly, because it subtracts the enthusiasm from piety and the sacrifice from spirituality. It takes with the controversial, because it is a short road and a shallow ford. It forms a school of thought which, while it admits that we have abundance of grace, intimates that we are not much the better for it. It merges privileges in responsibilities, and makes the sovereignty of God odious by representing it as insidious. All this whole spirit, with all its ramifications, perishes in the sweet fires of devotion to the Most Precious Blood.

Another characteristic of the devotion to the Precious Blood is the way in which it brings out and keeps before us the principle of sacrifice.

Sacrifice is peculiarly the Christian element of holiness; and it is precisely the element which corrupt nature dislikes and resists. There is no end to the delusions which our self-love is fertile enough to bring forth in order to evade the obligation of sacrifice, or to narrow its practical application. Worldly amusements, domestic comforts, nice food, and a daily doing our own will in the lesser details of life, are all incompatible with sanctity, when they are habitual and form the ordinary normal current of our lives.

Gaiety, fashion, ostentation, expensiveness, dissipation, frivolity, and the other things which make up a London season, are undoubtedly not the component parts of sanctity. But in my estimation they are far less worldly, have far less of the poison of worldliness in them, than the daily worship of comfort which distinguishes the great bulk of quiet people in these days. Many are not attracted by balls, parties, and similar fashions of amusement, and therefore have no merit in keeping away from them. But these same persons may set a great value upon the uninterrupted course of their daily comforts. They rise when they will, and gather every convenience round their rising. Their meals must be elegant, and pleasant and faultless. Their servant-machinery must go smoothly, anticipating wants and keeping out of sight annoyances. Their time must be for the most part at their own disposal. They must have the pastime of amusing conversation and of social intercourse; and they must be able to satisfy their restlessness, when they please, by a change of air and scene and company. There is generally a far greater intensity of worldliness in all this than in the pleasure-hunting riot of a London season. Thus we often find, in connection with this last, great graces, generous sacrifices, unexpected mortifications, and unkilld heavenly longings. But these are hardly ever found in the quiet unobtrusive worship of domestic comfort. The heroic things of Christian attainment have less chance in quiet gardens and by pleasant river-sides than in the ball-room or the court. There is a smoothness in the mere lapse of a comfortable life which is fatal to holiness. Now, all the forms, and images, and associations, and pictures, and ideas, of the devotion to the Precious Blood breathe sacrifice. Their fragrance is odor of sacrifice. It is the very mission of the devotion to the Precious Blood to preach a crusade against quiet sinless comforts.

What more can we say? Sweet worship of the Blood of God! a worship with so many of man's peculiar rights in it, embracing all theology in itself, and then turning all its vast theology into tenderly triumphant song! Dear Fountain, that rises in the heart of God's human Mother, and flows down over the glorified souls of men into the Bosom of the Eternal Father, while those countless souls, like the pebbles of the stream, make everlasting music as it flows! It is earth's beatitude to feel that the Precious Blood is bearing us onward into that adorable Abyss of Love. It is Heaven's jubilee to be sinking evermore through that same Blood in the unfathomable

depths of the Uncreated Bosom of the Father. All glory and all worship be to that mysterious River of the City of God, whose Spirit-fashioned streams are carrying us this hour with such breathless swiftness to our home,—our home with the Mortal Mother and the Unbeginning Father of the Eternal Son!

The Visitation.

"And Mary arose in those days, and went with haste into the hill-country, to a city of Juda."—Luke i, 39-56.

Where, like nest in mountain pine,
Crowned with cedar, gilt with thyme,
Of the world, and yet apart,
Hebron city drew her heart.

* * * * *

To her lightly sandalled foot
Cushioned seemed each grassy root;
O'er her head the heavens blue
Lovingly bent down to view;
E'en the hotly panting sun
Seemed her favored brow to shun,
While he showered his golden rain,
Deftly o'er the flowery plain,
Sun and shine her pathway round
Touched not Mary, but the ground.

* * * * *

Tiled with brown and trellised white,
Zachary's mansion looms in sight:
Through the porch and at the door,
Brightening in her gladness more,
With a voice so filled with Heaven
Is her salutation given.

And such high celestial grace
Beams upon her lighted face,
Elizabeth with transport sees,
And trembles in thy Heavenly breeze;
All her being swayed and stirred
As outpours the spirit word:
"Blessed of the Lord and Heaven,
Unto thee is welcome given;
Soon with babe upon thy breast,
O'er all women thou'lt be blest.

Wherefore am I honored so?
Why should I such favor know?
Wherefore, Mother of my Lord,
Come to me with first accord?
What a Heaven my spirit filled,
What a love my heart enthralled,
Soon as e'er thy voice I heard,
Grace-endowed, my unborn stirred,
Leaped for joy at hail of thine,
Waits with love the Word Divine."

Light is in the Virgin's eye,
Light enkindled from the sky,
Glowings from her rapt lips start,
Glowings fresh from Heaven and heart.
And the hymn the Virgin sings
Down through all the ages rings.

This is my hope and my only comfort O God,
to fly to Thee in all tribulations; to confide in
Thee, to call on Thee from my heart, and patient-
ly to look for Thy consolation.

THE POPE'S MONTH OF MARY.

Being a Parallel between the Life of the Holy Father and that of the Blessed Virgin.

FOURTH DAY.

Pius the Ninth, a Little Child, brings Alms to the Poor. Mary, still an Infant, Succors the Needy.

The consecration of Pius IX to the Holy Virgin by his virtuous Mother, could not fail to be a source of happiness to him; and, in fact, it was doubly so. It might be seen in the regular and delicate features in which his angelic countenance began to develop itself with such an exquisite charm, in the easy and graceful movements which came so naturally to him, in the look full of majesty and the veritably royal presence which all admire so much in him at the present day. But, above all, it might be seen in the happy instincts which penetrated, as if spontaneously, his simple and candid heart, and manifested themselves exteriorly in charming fruits of piety and virtue. It seems as if fair Italy, his native country, the fortunate sister of delicious Eden, has delighted to adorn him within and without with all the magnificent gifts she has received from Heaven. The splendor of her sun, the serenity of her nights, the murmur of her woods and cascades, the perfume of her flowers, and the limpidity of her waters, all appear to have united in concert to compose the purity of his look, the sweetness of his smile, the harmony of his voice,* and the marvelous beauty of his soul. He was so lovely—the noble child—he reflected so brightly from his brow the sweet light of innocence, that he might have been taken for one of those glorious cherubs, which the painters of his country group so gracefully around the figure of the Virgin. How often, playing with other little children under the eyes of his mother, she saw him suddenly pause, and separate himself from the rest, lifting his eyes to Heaven, and slightly bowing his head, as if he had heard from above the voice of an angel calling him "Brother!" How often, after having partaken of the family repast, instead of running immediately to his amusements, he would silently glide to his mother's oratory, bending his knees and joining his hands before the image of that glorious Infant Jesus, whom they had taught him to imitate and to love so well, or before the statue of that august Virgin, who, they told him, was the fairest treasure of earth and heaven. It is the pure inspirations of these two heavenly affections which animated the early years of our Sovereign Pontiff—years too quickly passed—blessed by all, but especially by the unfortunate. "When he saw a poor person, his little heart was filled with compassion, and he ran to call the attention of his mother, a lady of ardent and pure charity, to the

object of his solicitude, blushing with a holy modesty, and anxious that the poor person might not be grieved at the sight of his amusements."—*Histoire de la Sainteté de Pie IX*, by Marshal de Bussy.

From what we have said here of the budding piety of Pius IX, according to the various accounts that we have received from all historians, does it not appear to you, children of Mary, that Pius IX was inspired, from his earliest years, by these words consecrated to the praise of the holy infancy of that chaste Virgin: "At the beginning of every day, she prostrated herself interiorly in the presence of the Most High, and praised Him for His infinite perfections. She rendered Him thanks for having created her out of nothing, and acknowledging the work of His hands, she blessed Him, exalted Him, adored Him as her Sovereign Lord, and the Creator of all that exists. She elevated her soul, to abandon it into the hands of God. With profound humility and perfect resignation, she prayed God to dispose of her according to His holy will, for that day and for the remainder of her life, and to teach her whatever was most pleasing to Him, that she might perform it exactly. This holy habit, which she practised from her birth, without ever failing, she preserved throughout her whole life, no matter what her occupation was. She soon repeated it several times a day while performing her innocent actions." (*Vie Divine de la Très-sainte Vierge*, according to Marie d'Agreda, by L'abbé B.)

As to that generous solicitude which Pius IX manifested so early in behalf of misfortune, must we not say that he learned it in the admirable school of the virtuous Mary? "Her compassion toward sinners and the poor," so has it been written of that most admirable Virgin, "was not noticeable. After she had attained the age of two years she often begged from her mother alms for those who were in want. She retrenched something from her meals that she might give it to them. She did not give alms to the poor as a mere benefaction, but as the payment of a just debt due to them." (*Vie Divine de la Très-sainte Vierge*, according to Marie d'Agreda, by L'abbé B.)

Children of Mary, behold again, our models, the Holy Virgin and Pius IX. Both, from their youth gave themselves to God entirely and without reserve; both, from the very dawn of life, turned their steps to the only road that leads to happiness—that of virtue. It is for us now to follow them. "The glory of the youth and of the maiden," says Saint Ambrose, "is to fear God, to be submissive to their parents, and to reverence old age!"—(St. Amb. *De Officiis*.) "The crown of the aged," adds another holy personage, "is not the diadem of white locks that adorn his head—his crown consists of the virtues of his youth."—(*Tuss in Epist.*) "Love wisdom," cry in their turn our Sacred Books, "run in search of her, devote to her the best days of thy life. Give unto her thy whole heart; wed thyself, so to speak, to her."

Faithful to these voices from Heaven, let us has-

* Here is the portrait which L'abbé Mollois sketches of the Holy Father: "His figure is fine-looking, and above the middle height; he has a magnificent voice, and eyes in which shiue the lightnings of superior intellect; his features are full, and when he makes his appearance, with his good and gracious mien, his white locks, and his snowy robes of state, one might think it a consoling vision of the better world."

ten, servants of Mary, to offer ourselves to the Lord; let us devote ourselves to Him from the first moments of our life; and there, sweetly urged on all sides by the unhappy impulse of well-doing, we shall naturally lean to all those pure affections of the saints which make on earth a paradise—those especially which Mary and our august Pontiff have so admirably, and so early, put into practice—the love of the unfortunate and of the poor.

This love, in fact, is one of the most noble that raises the soul directly to God, and is, in truth, the love of Jesus Christ Himself. He was so poor, our Dear Saviour, that He had no cradle but a worn-out manger: so poor, that to paint His extreme distress, He exclaimed sometimes, with sweet reproachfulness: "Behold, the foxes have burrows where they may hide with their little ones, the birds of heaven have branches, where they may build nests for their young brood; but I have not a single place upon the earth where I may lay my head." So poor, that some days before He died, there might be seen in His company one of His Apostles, carrying a purse in which to collect the alms of the throng! Then, He loved the poor so much that He said to the people, assembled around Him to hear Him: "Verily, I say to you, whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to a poor person in My name, shall not lose his reward." It is only, indeed, for having loved His poverty, and relieved His necessities, that Heaven will be opened to us. "Come," He will say, "O ye blessed of My Father; for I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; naked, and you clothed Me; a stranger, and you received Me into your houses; come enter into the possession of My glory!"

Bearing in mind these consoling words, let us cast ourselves on our knees, children of Mary, and let our hearts, as well as our lips, say with faith:

"Lord, we thank Thee for having instructed us so well by Mary, Thy Mother, and by Pius IX, our Pontiff, her glorious imitator; with what alacrity we ought to walk, from our youth, in the holy fragrance of piety, and in the love of the poor. O God, grant that our children may make us happy by ruling their lives according to these august models; that they may love Thee from their earliest years as Thou hast loved Mary; and that we, with them, may love both Mary and Thee, as Pius IX love Thee and her!"

Wisdom dwells in counsel, and counsel present in learned thoughts.

The Visitation.—July 3rd.

With swift step, as if the precipitate gracefulness of her walk were the outward sign of her inward joy, and she were beating time with her body to the music that was so jubilant within, the Mother traverses the hill of Juda, while Joseph follows her in an amazement of revering love. Like Jesus walking swiftly to His Passion, as if Calvary were drawing him like a magnet, so the staid and modest virgin sped onward to the dwelling of Elizabeth in Hebron. The Everlasting Word within trembled in the tone of Mary's voice, and the Babe heard it, and "leaped

in his Mother's womb," and the chains of original sin fell off from him, and he was justified by redeeming grace, and the full use of his majestic reason was given to him, and he made acts of adoring love such as never patriarch or prophet yet had made; and he was instantaneously raised to a dazzling height of sanctity, which is a memorial and a wonder in Heaven to this day; and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost thrilled through his mother at the moment, and she was filled full of God, and her first act, in consequence of this plenitude of God, was a worshipful recognition of the grandeur of the Mother of God; and all these miracles were accomplished before yet the accents of Mary's voice had died away upon the air. Straightway the Word arose within His Mother's Bosom, and enthroned Himself upon her sinless heart; and, borrowing her voice, which had already been to Him the instrument of His power, the sacrament of John's redemption, He sang the unfathomable *Magnificat*, out of whose depths music has gone on streaming upon the enchanted earth all ages since.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 2.—The Marquis of Tuscany.

Florence in olden times was not the beautiful city which she became under the fostering care of the lavish and splendid Medici, nor was the valley of the Arno always a smiling field of olives, vines, oranges and flowers, studded here and there with gorgeous villas and elegant casinos. The environs of Florence, now so beautiful and so populous, were covered with thick and tangled wild-wood in the days when our story begins. The light of the sun as it fell upon the silent soil was broken and chequered by the branches of a primeval forest, and the huntsman often dismounted and warily led his steed through briery copse-wood, or across marshy meadowland, traversed only by narrow and straggling paths. Along one of these rustic avenues, somewhat broader and straighter than the rest, a nobleman rode slowly one sultry summer afternoon. He had followed the chase, which was his favorite pastime, through the wilds of Valdarno for several hours, until panting from the heat of the season, weary of exertion, and parched with thirst, he paced gently along in the hope of hearing a graceful promise of refreshment in the song of some lonely cottager, or the bubbling sound of a mountain rill. The noble mien and lofty bearing of the cavalier would have led to the conclusion that he was a person of rank and consequence, nor did his distinguished appearance belie him, for he was the Marquis Hugo, Lord of Florence and its Seignory. He was led onward, on the occasion we speak of, without being himself aware of the fact, by a heavenly guide. Wholesome warning was much needed by the erring prince for his own good and for the good of his vassals; and he was on that day to receive it.

The Marquis was a grandson of the renowned Hugo of Provence, second King of Italy after the downfall of the Emperor Berengarius. He was a

powerful chief, a gallant soldier, and during the early part of his career he delighted in the practice of every virtue becoming a Christian prince. The teaching and examples of a pious mother, to whom he was fondly attached, had impressed themselves at an early age upon his generous and feeling heart, and none more so than her often repeated injunction that he should ever be faithful in his devotion to Mary. Deeply and sincerely did the young prince mourn his bereavement when his affectionate parent was called from the scenes of her virtuous life upon earth to receive a well earned crown in Heaven. His loss was even greater than the young nobleman fairly understood it to be. For when the gentle voice of his mother had ceased to breathe the timely warnings which had hitherto guided his steps, he began little by little to swerve from the straight path along which duty is present and certain at every point, while happiness may be reached only at the journey's end.

Hugo changed rapidly, and for the worse. Yet such is the inconsistency of human nature! Although he soon neglected and forgot the counsels of his mother concerning the fulfillment of the ordinary practices of Christian virtue, he cherished what was most pure and refined in the course she wished him to pursue, namely: love and devotion toward the Queen of angels, and virgins. The daily increase of influence and power, the noisy occupations of medieval warfare, and the society of worthless associates, depraved the young prince to such a degree that nothing was left save veneration for her name, and the practice of certain devotions in her honor, to distinguish him from the crowd of ruthless and corrupt chieftains who lorded it over Italy at the time in which he lived. He became a heartless oppressor of his people, and the excesses of his private life were the scandal of all who had access to the court. Such was the conduct of the noble Marquis, who professed tender devotion toward the Blessed Virgin, and who now rode along through the forests of Valdarno, cursing the heat of the season, and the thirst which parched his lips after the labors of the chase.

Suddenly and unexpectedly a person met him on his way, and what was his delight when he perceived that it was a woman, bearing in her hands a salver of the freshest and most delicious fruits. It was a little mound of autumnal treasures, such as Domenichino or Caracci loved to paint to the life, and such as the traveler beholds in the banquets halls of Italian villas, as he gazes with astonishment at a counterfeiter that stands forth from the canvas more real than reality, more natural than nature itself. Piled up before the eyes of the prince, dying of thirst, there were slices of fresh watermelon, large ripe figs, mellow apples, juicy pomegranates, luscious pears, and downy peaches, crowned and festooned with heavy bunches of blue and amber-colored grapes bursting with very ripeness. Eagerly did he stretch forth his glowing hand to this rich treasure, for which he would have paid its weight in gold;—but how great was his annoyance when he per-

ceived that these tempting fruits were all besmeared with filth. He withdrew his hand. Yet burning thirst is not apt to be delicate and fastidious. Again he plunged his hand among the little mountain of fruits, but it emitted such a nauseous odor that he hastily drew back his hand again and turned his head, overcome by a sense of sickening disgust that well-nigh caused him to faint. He now gazed upon the bearer of this strange burden, so tempting to the sight and so repulsive to the smell. She was a comely matron of august mien and majestic bearing, and the salver she bore in her hands seemed to the astonished nobleman to be made of burnished gold. Before he could give utterance to his surprise or demand an explanation, a steady and searching gaze was bent upon him, and he thrilled with awe at the words of reproof which fell upon his ear: "*Thou seest in these fruits an emblem of the devotion thou claimest to hold so dear. It is indeed beautiful and good in itself, but so defiled by thy wicked life as to be unworthy of acceptance in the sight of Heaven.*" Such was the warning given Hugo when he had declined to partake of the fruit, after which the vision disappeared from his sight and he found himself alone in the forest.

The mildness of the rebuke he had miraculously received went to the very soul of the young prince, and overwhelmed him with shame and remorse. He thought of the peace and happiness of his innocent boyhood—he remembered the gentle tones of his mother's voice—he thought of the promises made so often that he would be a faithful servant of Blessed Mary, the Mother of holy purity. Then rose up before him the extravagance and dissipation, the heartlessness and unchastity of the life he had been leading of late with his roystering comrades, and he shed tears of grief and bitter self-reproach. He promised speedy amendment—he purposed and planned—and turned his horse's head toward the gates of Florence, with the full conviction that the morrow would find him a new man. Such were the resolves of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany, as he reached his palace on the evening of that eventful day; but, alas for poor human nature! they were not destined to be honored in the observance. The old chronicle tells us that the young prince purposed reform indeed, but that he did not comply with his duties, nor fortify himself with the aids of grace, and that what was still worse, he failed to avoid the occasions which had proved so fatal to his virtue. A few taunts and jeers from his youthful associates soon banished all traces of serious thought from his brow, and few merry bouts drowned all recollection of the vision in the forest, and the mild rebuke with which it was accompanied. Hugo soon became as stout a was-sailer and as noisy a rioter as the best, or rather the worst of them—to use a still more forcible comparison, he shortly became as wicked a scape-grace as he had been before. A new reprimand was needed to recall him to his senses, which were now the very reverse of sober, a reprimand he should not so easily forget—and it came.

The game-keepers of the Marquis had come

upon the trail of a wild-boar, in the woods that skirted the foot of Mount Senario, and swept up its bold and rocky sides, and all the court had turned out in high spirits to enjoy the sport and give chase to the formidable savage. None of the princely cavalcade was more eager in pursuit that day than the bold and adventurous young Marquis, but when a view was finally got of the chase, he grew wild with excitement, and hung upon the rear of the flying enemy with such ardor that he followed him into the most wild and dreary fastnesses of the mountain. Here at length he paused and reined in his steed, which was covered with foam and panting with fatigue. He became aware that he had distanced his retinue, and sought vainly around to discover even one of his straggling attendants. The atmosphere, which had been sultry and moist, had grown close and dark, portending the gathering of a storm. All was still as death in the gloomy forest; then, as the prince looked up at the clouds, stretched like a mass of black marble overhead, a few thick heavy drops pattered on the leaves of the trees, and even dashed upon his face and hands. Anon were heard the first hoarse rumbles of thunder struggling to break forth from its dungeon. Then came a loud crash, like the bursting of an earthquake—the mountain seemed to tremble on its base; the oaks tossed their giant branches in the fury of the blast; tall pines rocked wildly to and fro; weird glimmering lightning lit up the trees and rocks with a lurid blaze, then all was dark again, and finally down poured the rain in heavy torrents, deluging the whole scene, gathering and gurgling from rock and gully, and foaming madly in yellow cascades down the steep sides of the mountain.

The brave prince, though he was no stranger to Alpine thunder-storms, thought he had never seen one so furiously violent as this. Nothing makes a coward, even of a brave man, so quickly as to be suddenly drenched with cold water from head to foot, and he looked wildly around for some place of shelter. He discovered at length the outlet of a cavern in the rock, and thither he spurred his jaded and terrified steed. The prince dismounted and entered, leading his horse under the brow of the overhanging rock, when a spectacle met his view which transfixed him with terror to the spot. The sides and summit of a wide and deep cavern were filled with black volumes of smoke, in the center of which blazed and labored a fiery forge, looking like a picture of hell with midnight for its frame. In front of the forge rose a large anvil, and around it stood several swarthy, half-naked figures, whose fiendish eyes and grinning teeth were lit up by the red glare that shot from the mouth of the furnace. These Satanic smiths were busy in drawing forth from the fire and pounding with heavy blows on the anvil, not bars of iron or steel, but arms, heads, hearts, and other portions of human bodies. * * * The Marquis gazed with fear and horror on the appalling scene; but the thought struck him that the monsters before him must be necromancers, who had retired to these wilds in order to prac-

tice, unwhipt of justice, the abominable orgies of their craft. For this class of malefactors he had always entertained a feeling of indignant aversion. With the courage which formed a remarkable trait in his character, he lifted up his voice, rating them in no measured terms, and threatening them with the severest penalties for their crimes. He had not yet ceased speaking, when one of the ugly caitiffs drew near to the mouth of the cave and cut short his address by saying, fiercely: "Not so fast, good sir, may it please you. We are not the wizards you take us for, but ministers of Divine Justice, who punish in the manner you behold a number of lewd varlets consigned to our hands. All we wait for now is one Hugo, Signor of the surrounding country, who, if we fasten our grip upon him, will pay well for his lecheries on yon anvil." Never, in his happiest days, had the poor Marquis invoked the Blessed Virgin so devoutly as he did at that moment. Detesting his bad life, and promising to do penance, firmly enough this time, he prayed to God to save him from the fiery demons before him. He blessed himself devoutly, and at the sign of the cross they vanished.

Hugo left the cave a far different man from what he was when he entered it. He discovered close at hand a little hermitage, the tenant of which was a man of God, named Eugenius. He spent the whole night with this venerable recluse in discourse touching his conversion, and the acts of virtue he proposed to perform. In the morning he returned to the city, and going to Eustace, Archbishop of Florence, he gave him a full account of his wonderful adventure. He set about repairing the scandals he had given, by a public example of penance and humiliation. On a solemn festival he proceeded to the great church of the Duomo, accompanied by Eustace and the Archbishop of Ravenna, Legate of the Holy See, to make a public confession of his errors. With tears in his eyes he repeated continually to the crowd of people through which he passed, Hugo will be Hugo no longer. *Ugo non sarà più Ugo—Ugo non sarà più Ugo.*

History bears witness that he was true to his promise. Although one of the most warlike barons of his day, he avoided the brawls in which his neighbors were unceasingly engaged, nor do we know that he unsheathed the sword, unless for the protection of the innocent, or the punishment of bandits or evil-doers. He built several monasteries, and among them the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Santa Maria in Florence, and was so much beloved by his subjects for his justice and moderation, that they honored him with the surname of *L'Ottimo*, or "The Excellent."

The history of his miraculous conversion has been handed down by tradition, and is often repeated among the people of Italy even at the present day. Their childlike devotion and beautiful taste has led them to dedicate the month of May, the sweet season of sunbeams, zephyrs, and flowers, to the special honor of "La Madonna Santissima," the Mother of the Saviour, the Queen of Purity and Love. Often during that lovely

month, when the "Padre Direttore" instructs his youthful flock, whom he affectionately addresses as "children of Mary," he tells them that no devotion is grateful to their gentle patroness unless it be accompanied with the practice of true Christian virtue; and on such occasions he is heard not unfrequently to illustrate the truth of his assertion by quoting the Legend of Hugo Marquis of Tuscany.

Ave Maria from Protestant Lips;

OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

Cowper, in one of his sweet lines, tells us that domestic happiness is "the only bliss of Paradise that survived the fall." But when sorrow quenches the bright light on the hearth-stone and death threatens to sever the golden links of domestic affection, we are frequently struck by the instinctive turning, in grief and sorrow, toward the Mother of God, of those who cared naught for her while the joys and pleasures of home gladdened the heart. We find this in the touching appeal of a mother for her child, to the Mother of God, by our popular poetess, Mrs. Osgood; and in the next, the Wizard of the North (Sir Walter Scott) felt the mighty yet gentle influence of Mary undeluded—

"When for a father prayed a child,
And the Maid upon a maiden smiled."

Notwithstanding the bigoted principles in which he was educated, he often evinced strong Catholic tendencies, and is said to have died repeating the *Stabat Mater*.

Hymn to the Virgin.

Mother of the spirit child!

Of the guileless and the meek.

Mournful are thine eyes, but mild

With a beauty from above;

Pale, but eloquent with love,

Thy youthful brow and cheek!

Thou, oh thou hast known a parent's wasting grief!
A suppliant parent kneels, imploring thy relief!

By the pure and solemn joy

Filling all thy maiden breast,

When the precious heaven-born boy,

Glowing with celestial charms,

Lay within those virgin arms,

A bright and wondrous guest!

Hear, in mercy, hear the faltering voice of grief!

A suppliant mother kneels, imploring thy relief!

By thine anguish in that hour—

Hour of woe and dread, when death

Dared to stay the awful power,

High, majestic, yet benign;

Dared to seal the truths divine,

Which dwelt upon His breath!

By thy hope, thy trust, thy rapture and thy grief,
O Sainted Marie! send this breaking heart relief.

Ave Maria.

Ave Maria! maiden mild,

Listen to a maiden's prayer!

Thou canst hear though from the wild,

Thou canst save amid despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,

Though banished, outcast and reviled.

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;

Mother! hear a suppliant child.

Ave Maria.

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share

Shall seem with down of eider piled,

If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air

Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;

Then Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer,

Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria.

Ave Maria! stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,

From this, their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy presence far.

We bow us to our lot of care,

Beneath thy guidance reconciled;

Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,

And for a father hear a child.

Ave Maria.

Letter of Recommendation of the Most Reverend Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, June 16, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: The establishment of a paper in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of our dear Lord, and our own sweet Mother in Heaven, was something so new in this country, and so far in advance of what many might believe to be the religious sentiment of our Catholic people, who have been made to breathe from childhood an atmosphere infected by unbelief, that I, at first, hesitated to lend my sanction to the undertaking, and I wished to examine carefully the first numbers of the AVE MARIA, before giving it my approval. This I have done, and I am now happy to be able to say, that I have been much pleased with the first five numbers, with the slight exceptions I have taken the liberty to communicate to you.* Go on as you have begun; avoid all exaggeration, for our Immaculate Mother needs no such eulogy, which were rather injurious than beneficial to her honor; and, I have no doubt you will succeed, and obtain the blessing of our Lord, who cannot be greeted with a more acceptable homage than that which comes to Him through the one nearest and dearest to His Heart—His own Mother,

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

Our Catholic people are further advanced in piety than many gave them credit for; they are prepared not only to gather the fruits, but reverently and lovingly to cull the flowers of devotion. They will no doubt welcome the AVE MARIA with an abundant and increasing patronage; thus signifying their love toward the great Patroness of these United States.

I remain, very faithfully, yours,

† M. J. SPALDING,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

* His Grace refers here to two different articles of two eminent clergymen, yet living. We have written to both, to communicate to them the remarks of the learned Prelate. Personally, we are thoroughly averse to all exaggerations on a subject which visibly needs none to please and delight.—Ed.

New Publications.

MATER ADMIRABILIS; or, First Fifteen Years of the Life of Mary Immaculate, by Rev. Alfred Monnin. Translated from the French by the Sisters of Charity, Mt. St. Vincent, N. Y. Published by James B. Kirker, New York.

Rev. Alfred Monnin is favorably known as the author of one of the most delightful works of the day—"The life of the Curé d'Ars"—and we now thank his gifted pen for giving us these charming chronicles of *Mater Admirabilis*; to the Sisters of Charity our thanks are also due, for having so faithfully translated them.

The beautiful devotion paid to the Blessed Virgin under her title of *Mater Admirabilis* is fully explained in this most interesting work. The approbation given by the Sovereign Pontiff to this devotion, and the indulgences with which the Holy Father has enriched it is a sufficient title to commend it to all Catholics. The following description of the fresco, in the opening pages, is full of holy and artistic beauty.

There in the wall, within a niche contiguous to the great church of the monastery, is the most holy Virgin, painted in fresco at full size, and at the age of twelve or thirteen years. One would suppose she was seated in a portico near by, the door of which is open. At first it would seem that the most holy child is the only peaceful inhabitant of this place; there appears to open before you, in perspective, a long and beautiful inclosure, from which can be seen the tranquil country around Rome, and the mountains of Latium bordering the horizon. The pilgrim looks in surprise, and very soon feels as if the air around this fair flower of the field and lily of the valley were embalmed with the perfumes of silence and recollection. He sees her occupied in simply spinning flax; near her, on the right, is a distaff resting upon a slender standard, and on the left, a lily rising out of a crystal vase, and bending its flexible stalk toward Mary. This lily seems to be seeking Mary, and Mary, raising her eye to contemplate it more easily, inhales the heavenly dewdrops and virginal perfumes. Absorbed in her meditation, the most holy child has suspended her work; her shuttle becomes motionless, falls from her hand, while her left hand still holds a light thread which remains joined to the flax in the distaff; a foot of this most holy spinner rests upon a stool, near which lies an open book, spread out on a work-basket filled with shuttles and skeins. This foot has become the object of public veneration; every one who kneels before the fresco kisses it, and the paint being effaced from it, the wall has been seen here already for some years.

The features of the youthful Mary express a purity in which there is nothing of earth; her countenance is modestly tinged, the ringlets of her golden hair are just perceptible through the wavings of a transparent veil which covers her neck; her pure virginal brow, slender figure, and delicate limbs, give her a youthful appearance, full of grace and truthfulness. It is truly the Virgin of virgins; it is truly Mary, and Mary at an age when but few works of art have sought to

represent her, to excite the veneration and love of the faithful.

This design, so simple, so ingenuous in appearance, has a singular virtue. In proportion as it is deeply pondered, one seems to break in on the indescribable peace and recollection of the most holy child; the mind becomes disengaged from terrestrial preoccupations, to take wing, and fly toward brighter realms; the soul becomes simplified, and finds God, whom she better comprehends and loves more tenderly. She is thus led captive by *Mater Admirabilis*, who conducts her into that higher world in which she herself dwells, the world of silence and union with God.

It frequently happens that one quits the sanctuary, descends the long staircase of the *Piazza di Spagna*, and mingles in the bustle of the city, without having lost sight in imagination of *Mater Admirabilis*, as he saw her before leaving her sanctuary. She seems to follow him everywhere, and to say to him everywhere, "God, God alone." How many souls there are that have not resisted this voice! they have returned to seek the young child of the temple, under her portico: Mary has imparted to them her secret,—the secret of detachment, of profound recollection, and of the most austere, loving, and sweet indifference. She has taught them the peaceful reign of the love of God. And these souls have imitated Mary; they have quitted all to follow Jesus Christ. It is impossible to enumerate the religious vocations which have been decided at the feet of *Mater Admirabilis*. Pure souls are not the only ones drawn by the charms of the Virgin of the Temple; a large number of sinners have found near her the confusion which enlightens, the grief which reconciles to God. Whilst contemplating this virginal form, many sinners have exclaimed: "I will arise, I will go to my Father; and I will say, I have sinned against Heaven and against thee." Sacred words of repentance, blessed expressions of sincere, entire contrition, how many times have they been repeated in this solitary corridor, before the lily of Israel! And the angels exult in this joy which extends even to Heaven, whenever a strayed sheep returns to the fold.

A young Parisian artist lately painted a portrait of a Duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied, declaring that it was totally unlike her. The painter proposed that the question of resemblance should be left to a little dog belonging to the Duchess, which was agreed to. Accordingly the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in, and no sooner saw the portrait than he commenced licking it over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete, and all present insisted that the picture had been touched during the night, which was actually so, the artist having rubbed it over with a thin coating of lard! The dog's nose was sharper than the critic's eyes.

Religious Chronicle.

NEWS FROM ROME.

Two great feasts, the Ascension and St. Philip Neri's day, have just been celebrated. Day before yesterday, about 10 o'clock, the Pope left the Vatican, *en train noble* for St. John Lateran, where he holds chapel on this feast every year. Those of your readers who are familiar with Rome, know that the distance between the two Basilicas is considerable. Although the heat was oppressive, crowds filled the principal streets; for example, the Avenue from the bridge of St. Angelo, the Papal route, the square of Venice, the Avenue of the Forum and the long road from the Coliseum to St. John's were a perfect jam. From point to point along the path of the cortege successively arose acclamations of the people. There were many strangers in the multitude, especially Belgians, who had come to assist at the beatification of the venerable John Berclmans. The Pope was received at the portal of St. John's by Cardinal Mattei, Dean of the Sacred College, Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, and by the Chapter and Clergy of the Basilica, all in pontifical ornaments. After having adored the Blessed Sacrament, His Holiness assisted at the mass celebrated by Cardinal Altieri, Bishop of Albano, Archpriest of the Basilica. A student of Capranica College, pronounced a Latin homily on the solemn mystery of the day. The whole *personnel* of the Papal chapels was present, Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops, the Prince assisting at the throne, the Roman municipality and the divine colleges of the prelature.

Yesterday the Pope was conveyed *en train tres noble* to St. Mary's in *Valllicella*, where reposes the body of St. Philip Neri, and held chapel on occasion of his feast. The *train tres noble* is employed only on extraordinary ceremonies. It is composed of a prelate, mounted upon a mule and bearing the papal cross; of two files of prelates of the palace, flanked by domestics in full livery and followed by the Pope's carriage, drawn by eight black horses, massive, grave and almost intelligent in their movement. This carriage, glittering with gold and crystal, is surmounted at the four angles by angels supporting the tiara. The Pope sits upon a movable seat, which enables him to give his benediction right and left, without too much fatigue. In this carriage also sat, facing his Holiness, two members of the Sacred College, the Cardinals Sterk, Archbishop of Malines, and Guidi, Archbishop of Bologna. The first owed this honor to his being a newly arrived stranger; the second, to an ancient and touching custom of the Court; when the Pope on the 26th of May visits St. Mary's in *Valllicella*, he invites to ride with him a member of the Sacred College, bearing the prenom of Philip.

St. Mary's in *Valllicella* is a church of good size, but it was literally full. The chapel containing the body of the Saint was unapproachable. The Cardinals took their places upon the benches arranged around the apsis, the Pope upon the throne prepared near the High Altar, and His Eminence, Cardinal Asquini celebrated pontifical

mass. Before retiring, the Holy Father admitted to kiss his feet, the Oratorians who served the church and the dignitaries of the congregation. This Convent of Santa Maria in *Valllicella*, sanctified by Philip Neri, was illustrated also by another Oratorian, the learned Baronius, who from a religious became a Cardinal. Permit me here to relate a trait of Baronius, which I heard related by a Prelate, who made use of the example of the illustrious Oratorian to justify his own repugnance to accepting the violet habit. It may be that a certain political journal, which appears to me to be but little enlightened upon what is called *thine* and *mine*, will seize upon this anecdote and hurry it off to Rome, as was the case in the little work which I addressed to you upon the duration of the Pontificates from St. Peter to our own time. But what matters it if it does happen to a little religious journal, to promote the diffusion of a truth, or of a religious fact, by seeing it pass into the columns of a political journal.

Baronius, then, was modest as he was learned. One day when the Pope, whose Confessor he was, pressed him to accept the prelature, he replied in these terms: "Most Holy Father, permit me to refuse this dignity. I do not speak through modesty, but if I became a Prelate I should be like every other; I should have servants to open my door, whereas now, when the numerous strangers who visit me, see me open my door, so much simplicity in a man whom they believe so learned, raise me yet higher in their esteem. You see then, Most Holy Father, the best means of elevating me, as your Holiness desires, is to leave me just as I am." In reality Baronius did speak through humility; but knowing the character of the Pope, he used stratagem and disguised his sentiments. The Pope insisted no further; but some days afterward, Baronius was called in all haste to a Pontifical audience. As he traversed the ante-chamber, two familiars of the Pope presented themselves, followed by two Swiss, and told him that they had orders not to permit him to enter into the Pope's presence until they had clothed him with the insignia of the Prelature. At this news Baronius sent forth a cry like that of a man taken in ambush; he retreated into a corner of the hall, and protested with animated words and gestures that they should never clothe him with the purple. The noise which was made in the ante-chamber drew the Pope thither, who comprehended the scene at once, and fixed upon Baronius a severe look, under which the poor religious bowed his head like a child. This attitude disarmed the Pope, who contented himself with ordering the learned annalist to return to his convent. Baronius believed himself victor; but the Pope, impressed with the necessity of bringing forward a man so eminent, determined, cost what it might, to get the advantage of his humility. The next morning, just as the Oratorian was vesting himself in his chasuble to celebrate the holy Sacrifice, the two familiars of the day before entered the sacristy and announced to him from the Pope that he was forbidden to celebrate until he should consent to wear the purple soutane.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Jubilee according to the Heart of Jesus.

The devoted servants of the Heart of Jesus, have certainly not lost sight of the pressing exhortations which the Sovereign Pontiff addressed to the entire world in the Encyclical, December 8th. They know that the aim of the Encyclical is, not only to aid us in acquitting our debts toward the Divine Justice, but above all to place us in a state to pray with more fervor and efficacy for the Church, and to avert the deluge of errors which threaten to submerge modern society.

We would quite misunderstand the views of the Sovereign Pontiff, and we would not fulfill our duties toward the Church, our Mother, if we imagined we had nothing more to do, but labor to obtain the indulgence; on the contrary, it is then we must endeavor to unite ourselves, to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, by good works and the graces of the Jubilee.

The associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, should understand that this duty, common to all Christians, is more particularly imposed upon them. We are happy to be able to indicate to them means most powerful to attain this end, since they were prescribed by our Lord Himself, to the Blessed Margaret Mary.

The circumstance under which this lover of the Divine Heart received this revelation were analogous to those which surround us, and certainly the dangers which then threatened the Church were not more pressing than those which now assail it.

The Mussulmans had overrun Germany, and to arrest their ravages, the Sovereign Pontiff requested the prayers of Christians, and granted a universal Jubilee. It was on this occasion that our Lord made His pious servant the following revelation, as related in her life, by Mgr. Laugnet:

"When the Jubilee was opened at Paray, and Sister Margaret applied herself, with all the ardor of her heart, to gain it, our Lord appeared to her, with all the severity of an angry Judge, which filled the heart of His servant with fear.

"He made known to her, at the same time, that His anger was not so much inflamed by the disorders of the infidel conquests, as by the crimes of His chosen people, who revolted against Him, who abused the familiarity they had with Him, by persecuting Him; in this manner He spoke of those persons, particularly consecrated to God, whose offenses had grieved Him the most. He added, that inasmuch as these more favored souls remained faithful, He would restrain His justice, and exercise His mercy with regard to these people, and that one just soul, obtained the pardon of a thousand criminal ones. 'But if the former do not all amend,' continued He in a terrible and serene tone, 'I shall make them feel the weight of avenging justice.' At this moment the Matins bell sounded, and Sister Margaret hastened to the choir, but the sight of Jesus did not vanish; He continued to speak to His servant saying: 'Sigh and weep continually for My blood uselessly shed

over so many souls, who make a great abuse of these indulgences; they are satisfied to cut the bad weeds they believe they have in their hearts, but they do not wish to destroy the roots. Woe to those souls, all soiled and dried up at the very source of living waters.'

"The servant of God, seized with feight and sorrow at these words of our Lord Jesus Christ, spoke to His Sacred Heart, saying: 'My Lord and my God, here should you place all faithless souls, that they may be sanctified in order to glorify Thee eternally.' 'I will do it,' replied the Sovereign Judge, 'if you will guarantee their perfect amendment.' 'But,' she replied, in her fervor, 'Thou knowest, my God, this is not in my power, if Thou Thyself dost not render efficacious the merits of Thy passion.'

"In this same ecstasy, our Lord made known to her what she could do the most meritorious during the holy time of the Jubilee. 'First, to offer to the Eternal Father the ample satisfaction which Jesus Christ made the Divine Justice for sinners upon the tree of the cross, beseeching Him to render the merits of His Precious Blood efficacious in all criminal souls, in whom sin had caused death, so that being restored to grace, they would eternally glorify God. Secondly, to offer Him the infinite ardors of the Heart of Jesus Christ in order to satisfy for the lukewarmness and sloth of His chosen people, beseeching Him, by the ardent love which caused the Son of God to suffer death, to warm tepid hearts and inflame them with that same love, in order that they might love and glorify Him eternally. Thirdly, to present Him the submission of the will of His Son to all His Divine wishes, in order to obtain by the merit of this precious obedience the consummation and accomplishment of His holy will upon the earth.'

These three exercises will certainly be no less agreeable, in our days, to the Heart of our Lord, than they were at the epoch when He made them known to His generous disciple: neither will they be less efficacious in disarming the justice of His Father. Who among us can say, in our day, what part the ingratitude, infidelities, and treason of the chosen people, have in the evils that afflict us? We know that the special aim of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is, to repair these ingratitude. Let us work for this with all our strength. Let us use for this the means indicated by our Lord Himself. We know nothing better calculated to shorten the trials of the Church and hasten its triumph.

Correspondence of the Apostleship.

We cannot resist the desire of communiting to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer some of the consolations procured for us, during these latter months, by the prayers of this dear work.

First, there are whole countries, and very Catholic countries, who call for its establishment, presenting at the same time the infallible condition of success, namely: devout souls who appreciate the importance of the Association and are resolved to use all their influence to propagate it.

About a month since, we received from Canada

two letters which filled us with hope. The one was addressed to us by the Superior of a religious house, who hesitates not to say that he regards the *Apostleship of Prayer* as offered to him by the hands of God Himself, to aid him in fulfilling his important charge. In it he beholds a means equally efficacious in his labors for the spiritual advancement of his community, and for the sanctification of the surrounding population. "The Canadians," writes this Religious, "are truly a good people, gay, simple, expansive, hospitable, reminding us of our good country-people of France before the Revolution. Families here are very numerous; this little nation augments rapidly. But the rigor of the climate and the natural unthriftiness of the Canadians prevents them, as a general thing, from emerging from the state of poverty. The greater portion of the commerce and mechanical arts, and consequently the wealth and social influence of the country is in the hands of the English, much more enterprising and energetic in temporal things. One danger has existed in this country from the beginning, the importance of which it will not do to disguise. The spirit of irreligion already commits great ravages among a portion of the Catholics in our cities, and unites with English Protestantism to overthrow the faith of the people. We must not then sleep and permit the enemy to sow the tares broadcast amidst our harvest without opposing his efforts. The *Apostleship of Prayer* will assist us in arousing this faith, whose very simplicity leans toward a certain indifference, and exposes it to the hazard of surprise."

The second letter, from this Catholic country of *New France*, as it was formerly called, awakens yet more consoling hopes. It is from one of the Directors of an Ecclesiastical Seminary whose students are from seventeen different Dioceses. "You see, Rev. Father," writes our venerable correspondent, "what an immense influence the fervor of this house is enabled to exercise in a radius of two hundred and fifty or three hundred leagues." This influence can, indeed, spread over immense tracts, and infallibly will do so if these excellent young people can attain to the comprehension of the *Apostleship*, and will imbibe the spirit of this work as well as their zealous director has done.

Until now our work has scarcely penetrated into Erin's green bowers, save in a few houses of education, whence it shed but a feeble ray. We hope that it will soon spread more widely there. But there, also, the *Apostleship* has aroused an ardent devotion. "My feet and hands are bound by bad health," wrote, lately, a generous person whose assistance we had solicited; "but in spite of all my infirmities I hope I shall be able to labor for the realization of the dearest desires of the loving Heart of my Jesus. I know not but that I should reproach myself for the excessive eagerness with which I accepted this work as soon as it was made known to me. If the conquest is of little value you may at least consider it as complete, entire, I thank you for accepting it. I have an ocean of suffering to throw into the immense treasure you open before me. May the infinitely loving Heart inclosing this treasure accept my dolorous

offerings for its own glory, and the salvation of the souls dearest to it!"

Yes, surely, the Heart of the Good Master will accept this offering. He who in the Sacrament of His love has reduced Himself to a state of complete immobility, reserving only the power of desire and prayer, loves to choose as His instruments, souls like Himself, reduced to powerlessness, but whose desires have gained in energy all that their other faculties have lost.

In Germany, the *Apostleship* made its first conquests in the highest ranks of society. If discretion did not close our lips, how happy should we not be to make known the treasure of devotion and zeal, placed by the Heart of Jesus in the heart of august princesses, who have gladly become the first promoters of our work! A movement commencing from such a high cannot fail of a wide extension; and after compassing Austria, its present limit, it will be propagated, we hope, in all the other Catholic countries of Germany.

We cite a letter written to us during Lent, by the Superior of one of the first Convents of the Order of the Carmel in France:

VERY REV. FATHER: We do not ordinarily write during Lent, but I cannot defer thanking you for all the precious treasures you have had the goodness to send us, and which have inspired the whole community with joy. Also I beg of you, worthy Father, to receive the lively and profound gratitude of all your Associates of Carmel, who promise, by the help of God, to fulfill their holy vocation with a new fervor, in union with all the blessed members. We will endeavor, even more earnestly than in the past, to be faithful auxiliaries of the Church, in the conversion and sanctification of souls, that the name of God may be known and loved, and that the adorable will of our Lord to save all men, may receive more perfect accomplishment. To attain this end, permit us, Very Rev. Father, to solicit the special remembrance of your Reverence in the Heart of our Lord, that the charity of Jesus may urge and consume us; regard us as your Carmelites, and by this title obtain for us, of the Divine Majesty, courage and zeal, that the daughters of Saint Teresa, specially united with you, desire for you.

How many touching details might we not add, if we could only make a summary of our correspondence for the last two months. Now it is a schoolmaster, who affirms that since the day the *Apostleship of Prayer* was established among his people, a notable change in them may be perceived. These good children are more recollected in their prayers, apply better to their duties, and are more regular in their whole conduct. The manner even in which they receive the corrections required by the levity of youth, shows that they are constantly controlled by supernatural motives. A young vicar sends us a truly marvelous current of good works accomplished in five months by twenty-five zealous persons, of whom he has made so many apostles—121,208 works. Of this number 1,876 were communions, 2,543 alms-deeds, 1,286 visits to the sick, etc. This one, alas, we cannot name, or his modesty would take alarm at our praises.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Box of Little Tin Soldiers.

"A story? O Eustace, if I thought of stories all day long, I should never remember enough to satisfy you."

"But we don't want a long story, Aunt Jane, but a true one; something that really happened to you when you were little—when you were not as big as Annie."

And Eustace looked down patronizingly on the fair-haired child that was half sitting, half lying on my lap.

"Well, give me time to think, and don't say one word for five minutes; then I will try and remember something."

"Well!" exclaimed both the children long before the expiration of the time.

"Hush, Eusie; you should be more patient. I have had no time to remember anything. I can only think of one very naughty thing I did; so naughty that I don't like to tell you."

"Oh, but that is just what we want. It would have been quite fun to have seen Aunt Jane really naughty; wouldn't it Annie?"

"What is it about?" asked Annie.

"Yes tell us what it's about," said Eustace; "not a bit of the story, only what it's about."

"It is about a very odd thing; guess."

"A kitten, Aunt Jane?" said little Anne.

"No, of course not, nobody cares for cats."

"It's about a dog, or a horse, or a boy. But if it is about you, it must be about a girl," said Eustace in rather a disappointed tone.

"It is partly about me, of course, but the name of my story will be, 'The Box of Little Tin Soldiers.'"

"Oh, how funny!" exclaimed Eustace; "tell us quick."

And the children having established themselves comfortably, one on the arm of the chair and the other on my knee, they both listened with eager faces to my story.

"I am afraid I was older than either you or Annie when what I am going to tell you happened. I was past seven, and had begun to do lessons in the schoolroom with the governess and my sisters; but I never walked with them, as they walked farther than I could, so I always went out with nurse and the little ones. We lived in London then, and it was a cold, bright March day; I remember the dust and the glare and the bitter wind as well as if it was but yesterday. We were generally sent into the park with our hoops, and made to run up and down the walks; but we did not like it much, and were always trying to coax nurse to take us into the streets. This was against all orders, so that the utmost she would ever do was to take us a longer way home, through some streets full of shops, and to let us look in at the windows. One shop had an especial attraction for us. I need not scarcely say that it was a toy-shop. Our visits were so frequent that we had all become acquainted with Mrs. Mason, the woman to whom the shop belonged. She was a widow,

with one daughter; and as nurse knew something of her, she always came to the door to speak to her, and invite us to come in, which of course we were delighted to do. She was a kind woman, and would show us the new toys that she had, without appearing to expect us to buy anything.

"This particular March morning that I am telling you of, she showed me a little box containing tin soldiers, with a stand upon which they were placed, with their captain at the head of his men considerably taller than they were, and painted brilliantly in blue and red. I was quite fascinated by this toy, and stood looking at it with my hands resolutely at my side, determined not to touch it. I felt such a longing to possess that tin soldiers! I asked Mrs. Mason the price; it was two shillings. I had only six pence in the world. I was still standing close to the counter, when I heard nurse wish Mrs. Mason good bye. The children followed her, and Mrs. Mason stood at the door, still talking. I was alone; no one was in the shop; no one could see me. Almost involuntarily I seized the tin soldier, and slipped it into my pocket. For one moment I was glad. Suddenly a terror came over me, and till I got home I left utterly unable to think at all. Then I seemed bewildered. Could I really have done such a thing? Could I really be a thief? Thieves, I knew, were put in prison, perhaps hung; was I such as they; I did not even dare to look at my treasure; it would have led to an instant discovery of my crime. Besides, it was no longer 'my treasure.' I had a perfect horror of it. I had only one wish, one hope, and that was to replace it at once, the next morning, if possible, before the theft should be discovered. The hope comforted me; we could go to-morrow; most likely Mrs. Mason had not discovered the loss, then no one would ever know.

"But there was great danger of the toy being found in my pocket when I changed my frock. Where should I hide it? All these thoughts occupied me so entirely, and I was so silent, that every one remarked it. My mother thought I was ill, and never were there such difficult lessons as mine that afternoon.

"I dare say she is over-tired, as usual," I heard Miss Cotton, the governess, say to nurse; you should not take her so far."

"Her words terrified me. Suppose I was not allowed to walk to-morrow! This fear roused me, and I instantly began to play with my little brother. But I over-did it, and made my head ache. Still I felt the toy in my pocket. Where could I hide it, that I might get at it easily? The only place I could think of was under the mattress of my doll's bed; no one played with that but myself. Accordingly I placed it there, but felt very little happier. Every time the door opened, every time the door-bell rang, I expected it to be a message from Mrs. Mason to inquire about her loss; or perhaps some one had seen me do it, and people would come and carry me off to prison. Sometimes I absolutely shook with terror. I was naturally an open child, and this necessity for deceit, besides the continual fear I

endured, so preyed upon me, that before evening my headache became so violent that, though I tried to conceal it, my mother desired me to go to bed. It was in vain to resist; I felt too ill to wish for anything but stillness and darkness. When any one came to my bedside I pretended to be asleep, to prevent their asking me any questions. At last I did sleep, and woke in the morning tired and languid, but without headache. Nurse came to me, and desired me not to get up; she would bring me my breakfast, and see how I was after. The agony of grief which I felt at her words cannot be described. I cried, I implored, I knelt up in the bed with clasped hands, to beg her to let me get up and go out. I believe she thought I was delirious.

"And my lessons?" I said, thinking I had found an unanswerable argument.

"Miss Cotton imagined I was afraid of her displeasure and kindly came into the nursery to say that as I was ill I need not prepare any lessons to-day.

"Now you will rest, won't you, Janie?" she said kindly, and kissed me.

"Rest! Ah, how little she knew! I seized her hand, and gasped out, as well as I could, for my sobs suffocated me: 'Only ask nurse to let me get up and go out.'

"Go out, my dear, in this cold wind! it would be madness! Now, lie still, and don't cry. I will bring you a book to read, and perhaps we may walk to Mrs. Mason's later, and find something to amuse you. But you must be good and patient.'

"I want nothing; please don't go to Mrs. Mason's," I said despairingly.

"Miss Cotton only looked upon me as a fractious child, and paid but little attention to what I said.

"I was kept in bed all that morning. I am not sure that in all my life I have ever suffered what I did in that one day. I remember how much older it made me feel, and, what was far worse, it was the beginning of my acting deceitfully to those whom I loved.

"When my mother took me into her room and kissed me, and told me to lie down on the sofa, I felt as if my heart would break; and yet, strange to say, it never occurred to me to tell her what I had done. I had but one single idea on my mind, that I must replace the toy, and then no one would ever know that I had taken it."

"But you knew God saw you, Aunt Jane?" interrupted Eustace. "I should have known that."

"Yes, Eusie; but you know much more than I did. I had never been taught, as you have, that however greatly a child may sin, he may go to confession, and his conscience be relieved of that weight, and that, if truly penitent, he may feel sure of pardon from Almighty God. I cannot explain to you how I knew nothing of all this; but I am glad to think that you can never be as miserable as I was that day, for I had no help. I did not dare think, and felt perpetually obliged to conceal my sorrow, lest I should be condemned to stay in the nursery. But the struggle was too great; I could not sleep, and soon became

restless and feverish. I remember that the measles were very much about then, and my mother fancied I must be sickening, and sent for Doctor Graham. Happily he could not detect anything wrong, and said my mother was fanciful. He gave a few directions, and was going away, when I called after him: 'Please Doctor, may I go out?'

"Yes, to be sure; the best thing for you in fine weather. Run about and get an appetite, and some color into your cheeks; you will pass no more restless nights then."

"Some days had passed since my last walk, and the secret weighed upon me day and night. Perhaps to-morrow I might get rid of the hateful tin soldier, for such it had become to me. I had grown to feel about that toy as if it was a living person, that I was within his power. Occasionally too, a feeling of wonder came over me to find that I really could be so miserable. I felt like the old woman and her dog, that it could not really be I."

"But did you go out, Aunt Jane?" asked Annie.

"You must not interrupt her, Annie," said Eustace, "she'll forget."

"Oh no, I shall never forget that time as long as I live. I remember every day, almost every hour. Yes; the next day I was to go out, and again I had to dissemble, and contrive to make nurse take me into the park. I ran into the closet where we kept our hoops, and contrived to slip the tin soldier into my pocket again. While I was there, I heard nurse calling to me.

"You need not fetch your hoop, Miss Jane; we are only going into the square."

"I clasped my hands in despair.

"Please, please take us into the park," and I burst into a violent fit of crying.

"Dear me, I think that child's going crazy. Well, you may go into the park, I don't care."

"Thank you," I said, running down stairs, for I felt ashamed of my tears.

"Well, into the park we went, and I have a distinct recollection of running about and talking much more than I felt able to do, for fear nurse would not go home by the streets. However, she made no objection, and I soon found myself in the shop, and Mrs. Mason asking me if I was well again, before I had at all made up my mind how I could get rid of my burden. I had an idea that the tin soldiers would always stand on the counter just as I had seen them before, but there were no signs of them. Not even the box was to be seen. I looked eagerly around the shop: there were puzzles, maps, tea-sets, and dinner-sets, but no tin soldiers. What could I do? I knew nurse would not stay long, and I grew desperate.

"Have you tin soldiers?" I asked. The words came out almost before I was aware.

"Well I am sure I don't know. We had a very nice lot, very pretty ones they were, with stands, that you could move them up and down just like the real army. We sold some, but the best that stupid girl of mine has spoilt, and I don't know where she has stowed them away. I thought you saw them, Miss, the other day when you was here."

"Good Mrs. Mason was a wonderful talker.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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No. 9.

MARSHAL SAINT ARNAUD.

[A military officer, who, to the sense of honor, of which he is the type, joins a deep sense of religion, will always and everywhere force the admiration of men, however widely they may differ in natural or political feelings. For us, these two glories, of manly courage and faith blended in the same hero, have a prestige bordering on veneration; we can conceive nothing more enviable, more noble; a Christian hero has always been our ideal of human grandeur. This must account for our frequent returns, in the AVE MARIA, to military celebrities or famous names, for beautiful manly deeds of virtue. We are surprised at first sight, to find in a military character, whose glorious achievements have become the object of universal applause, a practical, avowed, and even a pious Catholic; and yet it is perfectly natural for a man who perhaps a hundred times had faced death on the battle-field, not to be afraid of human respect, that terrible bugbear for ordinary men of the world. In the fascinating, soul entrancing life of Father de Ravignan, we find our *beau idéal* of a military hero portrayed in Marshal Saint Arnaud, a translation of which we give the readers of the AVE MARIA:]

Father de Ravignan brought from Rome a rich present for a warrior, who the ensuing year, was to die upon the enemy's soil, the day after a victory; it was a precious cameo sent by the Sovereign Pontiff to Marshal Saint Arnaud.

Some months previous, an intimate friendship had been established between the Jesuit and the future General of the Orient.

Chivalric by nature and of an adventurous temperament, the Marshal had run a thousand risks, in his ambitious dreams of fame and fortune, but when he had attained his ideal of glory, his heart was not full, and he perceived that all the grandeur of this world is but a chimera; to this great disenchantment was added the warning of his own death.

While Minister of War, overwhelmed with the business and distractions of his office, interiorly consumed by a painful and distressing malady, he suddenly turned to Him who promises a better life, and who has said: "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The Marshal was, of all the men in the world, the one least capable of making a hypocritical show of his religion, or of concealing his faith through human respect; he believed entirely and without doubt. Whenever Father de

Ravignan entered the Cabinet of the Minister, or whenever the latter visited the cell of the Religious, it was openly done, and the noble warrior boldly professed his faith in the camp as in the court.

It has elsewhere been shown that all natures are made for religion, and by it alone they are perfected. Father de Ravignan loved the rare probity, the brusque frankness and indomitable energy of this soul conquered to Christ. A regular correspondence, which was commenced at the office of the Minister of War in Paris, and terminated at his headquarters under the walls of Sebastopol, leaves us some of the intimate communications which took place between the confessor and his penitent. I possess their letters, and for the glory of God I give them publicity, in order that we may again see the hearty sympathy always existing between the priest and the soldier.

I find a series of letters, dated from the great Christian epochs of the year. In this the Marshal always took the lead even over Father de Ravignan himself. In one he writes: "To-morrow will be Christmas, and the distracting affairs of this world do not make me forget my duties toward God;" in another place—"Notwithstanding my desire to see you, I have been unwilling to disturb your meditations, but I wish to remind you that you have been so good as to promise to hear me next Sunday," (Pentecost.)

The Marshal was ever punctual to the minute, made his confession in Father de Ravignan's chamber, and immediately proceeded to the chapel of the house where he heard Mass and received Holy Communion. We give an extract, showing the deep feeling of his heart on the subject of his change of life:

"My resolution has not weakened; I daily feel more the benefit of religion; my soul ascends to God to thank Him with fervor, for the infinite grace He has bestowed upon me. But in the turmoil in which I live, in the midst of business and worldly distractions, I have not sufficient time to give to meditation and spiritual reading. I have great need my Father, of your indulgence and of God's mercy."

By order of his Excellency and for his own particular use, a library of pious books chosen by Father de Ravignan, and a chapel attended by a chosen chaplain, were established at the residence of the Minister of War.

During the preparation for that war in the East, which the Marshal, as heroic in illness as in health, still wished to direct in person, Father de

Ravignan called his attention to the organization of the religious service in the expeditionary army. This is the beautiful response of the General-in-Chief: "How could you think for an instant that I should neglect to surround the brave soldiers of the army with all the succors and all the consolations of religion? I endeavor to render our soldiers moral, to have their hearts penetrated with sentiments. Religious soldiers would be the first soldiers of the world."

Father de Ravignan announced to him in the same letter his own immediate return from Rome, [public rumor had designated him as the successor of the late General of the Jesuits,] and the magnificent cameo which he had obtained for him from the Sovereign Pontiff. "What God does is well done," replied he immediately, "and His will is never manifested except justly. I cannot tell you how happy I am at the idea of receiving again your pious counsels, which I so greatly need. I am confused at the goodness of our Holy Father. I pray you lay my profound respects at the feet of his Holiness, and tell him that the pious souvenir which he destines for me, shall be my talisman, my support, and my strength in evil hours. I will preserve it with eternal gratitude."

At length the signal for war was given. The Marshal well knew how, at each of his stations, even to the last, for him so glorious, to find time to think of God, and to write to him who was his guide in the ways of Heaven.

In a letter dated April 5th, '54, he says: "I go on Monday, and I do not wish to leave Paris and France, with once again enjoying your counsels, without asking your prayers. I greatly need your prayers to God, to obtain His aid in the great enterprise He has committed to my charge, and from Him alone can I look for strength to discharge it well. Without the assistance of God we can do nothing, and I place my confidence in His mercy, and in the protection He accords to France. I count upon spending an hour with you before my departure, and fulfilling my Christian duties." The 25th of the same month, embarking at Marseilles, he again writes to Father de Ravignan: "I depart with the fullest confidence. It is impossible but that God will protect France in circumstances so grave, so solemn. I am convinced that every one will do his duty, and even more than his duty. We combat in a just cause. Let us hope, then, Rev. Father, and give us your benediction."

On the 30th of June, he writes from Constantinople: "In four days I leave for Varna, where I shall establish my head-quarters, and where the whole army will be assembled by the 5th of July. From the 10th to the 15th, I shall advance upon the Russians. Pray to God, my Father, that He be favorable to our arms. I put my trust in Him, and I invoke His aid, without which nothing is possible to us. He has already given me a great proof of His goodness, in restoring me to health. Now that He may protect France, I will daily pray. Farewell; I recommend myself to your prayers."

Finally, one last bulletin, still entire, from the

Marshal's hand, is dated, "Head Quarters, Old Fort, Crimea, 18th September;" I transcribe it:

"Rev. Father, I received this very morning, your good letter, dated St. Acheul, Aug. 20th, and delay not an instant in thanking you for your Christian wishes and your prayers; they have been graciously heard by the Most High! Since the 14th, I landed happily in the Crimea, with the whole army; it is superb, and in the best dispositions. The disembarkation was effected amidst repeated shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*; and it is to this same shout that to-morrow we shall break the Russian columns which await us at Alma, and which shall not prevent me from establishing myself under Sebastopol by the 22d or 23d, at latest. I press operations as much as possible, for my health is failing rapidly, and I pray God to give me strength to the end. As soon as I shall have planted the French flag upon Sebastopol, I shall ask of France to accept my resignation, for complete repose has become indispensable to me. Adieu, Rev. Father; pray for us, and believe me yours, with respectful affection."

The next day, the Marshal, already suffering with poignant and mortal pains, marched against the Russians, overthrew them, and the day after passed from the battle-field to his bed to die like a Christian,—and had he not lived long enough? Religion and glory assisted him at his last hour. The Black Sea, which but a little while before had borne on its breast quite another array, now buoyed on its waves a vessel that carried to their repose, the remains of the conqueror of Alma, while his country prepared for him a funeral triumph.

Father de Ravignan, oppressed by these sad tidings as by the news of a disaster, wrote to the sorrowing wife, who went herself to accompany the sad convoy across the seas. May this letter so consoling and so glorious to the memory of the General who died a Christian hero, stand in this history as a monument raised by the friendship of the priest to the religion of the warrior:

"Madame La Maréchale: The regrets and the tears of the army and of France mingle with yours. Will you permit me to unite to these the respectful homage of my sorrow and my sympathy? Let others speak of the firm and generous character, of the courage and military genius, of the astonishing energy of the Marshal, I, Madame, prefer at this moment to recall only the purest portion of his glory, and which was, after God, your work—he was a Christian. Amidst the intensity of your grief, and under the weight of that irreparable loss, you may, and you should console yourself with the thought that it was your prayers and your example that led his great soul to the open profession of religion, and to the accomplishment of all the duties it imposes. You know with what chivalric fidelity he came to receive the Bread of the Strong before his departure from Paris. He wrote me from Marseilles, on the eve of his embarkation, that he relied with confidence on the assistance of God, without which we can do nothing.

"His malady weighed him down with suffer-

ings, and accompanied him throughout his admirable enterprise. God desired for him a double triumph; the victory of our arms and the death of a Christian hero mingled, so to speak, in his glory. Repose, Madam, in this thought: this soul has left you but for a time. You have given it to God. He accepts it and assumes it to Himself, prepared and sanctified by your pious influences. You will meet it again, one day; it has but preceded you in the way you have opened to it. His sentiments of faith and of Christian hope are yours, and they will sustain you; they will conduct you to the end."

"But I know well your bereavement weighs you down; it seems as if nothing could alleviate it. Pardon me for having dared to speak to you of it. You will surely comprehend the want of my heart: I weep the death of a friend. I must speak to you of it, and at the same time remind you of what you already know well, that God is the refuge and support of afflicted souls. My prayers and my regrets follow the beloved remains of the Marshal. As soon as I shall hear of your return, I will hasten to hear to you my profound and sorrowful respects; deign to receive them, Madame la Maréchale, with the expression of my most unalterable attachment."

The Marshal, in whom lived again the valor and the faith of the Bayards, of the Turennes and of the Condés, had by his words and his example powerfully contributed to awaken in our army a spirit of Christianity and of chivalric generosity, which rejoiced Catholic France and astonished Europe—accustomed in the camp to other manners, since the conquests of the republic—born of the age of Voltaire. The image of the Virgin had been enshrined upon the flag-ship of the fleet which had conveyed into the East the sons of the ancient Crusaders; her medal and the scapular decorated the breasts of those brave men who marched to the combat, blessed by the priests of the same God whose temples, their fathers, sixty years before, had everywhere destroyed and whose altars they had profaned.

A Cure for Detraction.

A woman one day presented herself at the tribunal of penance, accusing herself to the holy Saint Phillip Neri of the sin of detraction. "Is the sin habitual to you?" asked the Saint. "Oh! yes, indeed, Father," the penitent replied. The Saint, perceiving by this frank avowal that his penitent sinned more through heedlessness than malice, resolved to make her feel the evil consequences of a fault, which she committed with such facility and want of thought. What was his method? It was a good one, and we will produce it for the benefit of others. Many sins are common in the world because we commit them without reflection and in a few moments, while to repair their evil consequence years would not suffice. What then did St. Philip do? Read and profit by the lesson. "My dear child," said he to the kneeling penitent, "you accuse yourself of a very serious fault, but by the grace of God, prayer and a strong will, I doubt not that you will

overcome it. And now, my child, here is the penance I impose upon you: Go to the nearest market-place and buy a fowl which has lately been killed, but which is not yet plucked. Walk some distance outside of the city, changing your direction by times; hold the fowl in your hand, and pluck it as you proceed; then, your walk finished and your fowl plucked, return to me, and tell me how you have performed the penance, which, in the name of God, I, as His jurist, impose upon you."

It would be impossible to depict the surprise of the person so singularly punished by a holy Religious, who would surely not jest in the very exercise of his office as confessor! "I will obey you, father."

She went to the market, and buying the fowl, went along, plucking it, as she had been ordered. Then she returned to her confessor, anxious to acquaint him with her faithful performance of the singular action. "Ah, well," said he, "you have complied with the first part of your penance, now here is the second! Accomplish it and you will be cured! Go along the very roads you recently passed through, and pick up, one by one, the feathers you have just taken off the fowl!" "But that would be impossible," cried the poor woman, at the height of distress. "I threw them in every direction, and the wind carried them still farther away. Father, can you expect me to find them now?" "Well, my child," replied the good Religious, "Words of detraction are those feathers, which you declare impossible to gather up, as the wind has carried them off. Your destroying words have gone in every direction; collect them if you can! Go and sin no more."

History does not inform us whether the good woman renounced her fault, but it is probable. At all events, it is a lesson, which requires a *saint* to impart, but a *fool* to derive no advantage therefrom.

Saint Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal---July 8.

Pure, meek, with soul serene,
Sweeter to her it was to serve unseen
Her God, than reign a queen.

Now far above our sight,
Enthroned upon the azure star-paved hight,
She reigns in realms of light;

So long as time shall flow,
Teaching to all who sit on thrones below,
The good that power can do.

Riches and regal throne, for Christ's dear sake,
Blest Saint; thou didst despise;
Amid the Angels seated now in bliss,
Oh, help us from the skies!

Guide us, and fill our days with perfume sweet
Of loving word and deed;
So teaches us thy tender charity
By fragrant roses hid.

O charity! what power is thine! by thee
Above the stars we soar;
Praise to the Father, Son and Spirit be,
Henceforth for evermore.

THE SCAPULAR.

On the sixteenth of July the Church celebrates the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. If we go back into the old traditions of the Order of Mount Carmel, we are led to far distant ages for the date of its foundation, even to the time when the Prophet Elias dwelt on Mount Carmel with the "sons of the prophets."

It is not of the Order we intend to speak, but rather of one of the fruits of its saintly spirit—of the *Scapular*.

Of all the various confraternities which have arisen in the Church, none have spread so widely as this ancient one. The title of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is cherished by every Catholic heart. This is why we come, a week in advance of the Festival, to remind the readers of the AVE MARIA of its approach, in order to increase their confidence in the Scapular, to incite their love for their beautiful livery of Mount Carmel, and to urge all to use their influence in propagating this salutary devotion.

We have authentic proofs of the protection thrown around those who wore the Scapular during the horrors of our late civil war—one instance in particular, connected with a most gallant and distinguished officer, which we shall take a pleasure in giving to our readers in our next number. We would cite it to-day, but we wish it to have the full weight of the noble officer's name attached, which we do not feel at liberty to use, without first consulting him on the subject.

In the mean time we will speak of the devotion itself and its many advantages. The word scapular signifies a garment worn upon the shoulders. Now, as it is considered a mark of rank by men to have attendants wearing their livery, so does the Blessed Virgin like to see her servants wear her Scapular—it is the royal livery of the family of the Mother of God, and is worn as a mark of our fealty to the Queen of Heaven.

Mary presents it to us as a sign of her adoption and as a pledge of her assistance, and a promise of eternal salvation. Some few persons may not understand this language, and they may be tempted to reject the devotion, either from want of confidence in practices of piety, or from some prejudice against the Scapular. But it would be sad if they listened to such suggestions, as they would thereby be deprived of the many precious graces which the Mother of Mercy bestows on her devoted children.

This devotion is also most useful and salutary, since it induces the faithful to honor the Mother of God, to imitate her virtues, to frequent the Sacraments and to unite in the performance of good works. It may be objected that such an insignificant article as two brown pieces of cloth, attached by two strings, cannot be of any practical service; but the Apostle tells us that "The weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong." He that made use of the weak element of water to wash us from the deep stain of sin in which we were born, also makes use of the Scapular, weak as it is in itself, to keep our souls in His grace or to avert danger from

soul or body. This devotion was instituted toward the middle of the thirteenth century, by Saint Simon Stock, and as it was in some measure the fruits of his prayers, we will give a synopsis of his saintly life.

He was born in England, and from his earliest years was a model of piety and virtue; at the age of twelve he retired into a solitude, where his food was only herbs and roots, with water from a brook to quench his thirst.

The hollow of an old tree served him as an oratory, a bed and a cell. Prayer was his sole occupation, and the Mother of God, to whom he was tenderly devoted, favored him with particular graces. After he had spent thirty years in this solitude, he learned that some monks of Mount Carmel had come from Syria into England, and the Holy Virgin having revealed to him how dear that Order was to her, and how much she wished him to enter it, he went and cast himself at the feet of those Fathers, who immediately received him.

Nothing could surpass his fervor; his life was more angelical than human. The numerous conversions which followed his sermons were not less wonderful than the extraordinary and frequent miracles which were worked by this servant of God. On being made Superior General of Mount Carmel, he zealously labored to promote in his Order an ardent devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, in which he perfectly succeeded. From that period he might well claim her special protection, and he earnestly desired to have some sensible mark of it; so for a long time he begged her to bestow on him some pledge of her favor.

After many years this good Mother granted his request. She appeared to him, surrounded by a great number of blessed spirits, and holding a Scapular in her hand—"My beloved son," she said to him, "receive this Scapular as a livery of my confraternity: it shall be a mark of predestination, a safeguard in danger, a pledge of peace and eternal alliance. Whoever shall be so happy as to die wearing this garment, shall not suffer in the eternal flames of hell." This vision occurred on the 16th of July, 1251. Since then, nations and kings, the faithful of all ranks have enrolled themselves in the Confraternity of Mount Carmel.

About fifty years after the death of Saint Simon Stock, the Blessed Virgin made a second promise to Pope John XXII in favor of the Scapular.

One day, as he had as usual risen very early to pour forth his soul in prayer, the Queen of Heaven appeared to him, surrounded by a supernatural light, and said:

"John, Vicar of my Son, it is to me you are indebted for your exaltation to the dignity which you enjoy, in consequence of my solicitations in your behalf with my Divine Son, and as I have delivered you from the snares of your enemies, so do I expect you to give ample and favorable confirmation of the holy Carmelite Order. * * * And if, among the Religious or Brethren of the Confraternity who depart out of this life, there shall be any who for their sins have been cast into Purgatory—I, their glorious Mother, will descend, on the Saturday after their death—I will

deliver those whom I shall find in Purgatory, and take them up to the holy mountain of eternal life." The promulgation of this is called the Sabbathine Bull, and the Carmelites make a commemoration of it, in the lessons of the 16th of July. There are also a great number of graces and advantages attached to the Scapular, which we here give: First, those who wear it partake in a more special manner than the rest of the faithful of all the spiritual and meritorious works which are performed in the universal Church; and, moreover, they are sharers in all the merits of the whole Order of Mount Carmel, as well as those of the Confraternity of the Scapular. Moreover, Sixtus IV granted to the members of the Scapular all the privileges, and indulgences, graces and favors which are granted the cord of St. Francis, the Rosary, or to any other Confraternity.

Secondly, the members are under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin; for as they openly profess their allegiance to their Divine Mistress, by wearing her livery, she is, as it were, obliged to assist and favor them on all occasions in which they stand in need of her protection. Father Colombière says; "Who can deny that of all the practices of piety, there is none which obliges us to so much assiduity as this; for as the other devotions to the Blessed Virgin occupy only a certain space of time, there must be days, or at least hours when the clients of Mary cannot be distinguished from those who are not devoted to her; whereas, a member of the Holy Scapular wears the glorious badge of her servitude, at all times and in all places."

Thirdly, the benefits of indulgences attached to the Scapular. A plenary indulgence—

1. On the day of admission.
2. On the feast of Mount Carmel, 16th of July, or any day of the Octave.
3. On any day when assisting at a procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
4. At the hour of death, for those who devoutly pronounce, or at least say in their hearts the Holy Name of Jesus.
5. Every time that other Confraternities have a plenary indulgence. (Sixtus IV and Clement VII.)
6. On all the festivals of Our Lord, and those of the Blessed Virgin and the twelve Apostles.
7. Besides the above indulgences, all who wear the scapular may gain a plenary indulgence on any two days of their option, in every week.

To obtain these indulgences the members must be in a state of grace and receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist.

The Holy Virgin, in giving the Scapular to St. Simon Stock, made him a most touching promise. She put no bounds to the confidence of those who should wear her habit. In the engagement she made to protect them there is no condition,—her words are precise: "*Whoever shall die wearing this habit shall not suffer eternal fire.*" Do you then believe that all who die wearing the Scapular will be preserved from eternal damnation? This is a pious belief, and there is nothing absurd in it, since, according to Saint Peter Damian *all the mercies of the Lord are in the hands of Mary.*

Another objection may be raised, that our Lord Himself teaches us that the only means of salvation left the sinner is penance, and if the impious man die in his sins, although he be clothed in the habit of Mary, still he will not be saved, since nothing defiled can enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

We might answer this question by citing well authenticated examples to prove that Mary has often, on account of the Scapular, retained unrepentant souls in their wounded and bleeding bodies, in order to give them time to reconcile themselves with God.

But should any one trust to such remarkable examples, without caring to change his life and abandon sin, he would indeed be guilty of the greatest sin; for let no one flatter himself with the hope of passing from a life of crime and excess to the life of the blessed by any other way than the way of penance; but upon this way the Mother of God well knows how to conduct the sinner, notwithstanding the many obstacles. When he least expects it she will send into his soul a ray of supernatural light, which will give him to understand his error, and show him the terrible misfortune of a soul that is abhorred by God; and he on his part, will be astonished to find only sweetness and delight in that which was, to him, so bitter and irksome before; then will he feel his heart filled with horror and disgust for those things which he formerly loved, and from which he never before could tear himself.

But some one may say: "If the sinner, notwithstanding should still continue to persevere in his sinful life; if he close his eyes to every light; in a word, if he die in this state, then he will die in his sins, for Saint Augustin says: 'Even God Himself will not force the will of him who is determined to plunge himself into destruction.'" Yes, undoubtedly he will die in his sins, but in all probability not with the holy Scapular. Something will happen to him similar to that which happened to a certain woman whose history we know.

This poor creature having fallen into a life of sin, in despair resolved to take away her own life. Several times she attempted, but in vain to drown herself. The last time she made the attempt, a boatman, who saw her struggling in the water, hastened to her assistance, and as he neared her, he saw her suddenly take from her neck something which she cast from her, and almost instantaneously she sank in the stream and was drowned, in spite of all his endeavors to save her. He saw what she had thrown from her floating on the water, and picking it up, found it to be a Scapular: and she, poor creature, died in her sins—died committing the greatest crime of which any person can be guilty, but she died not until she had first laid aside the Scapular of Mary, the badge of salvation, with which "whosoever dies shall not endure the eternal flames of hell."

When my eyes are slowly closing,

And I fade from earth away,

And when death, the stern destroyer,

Claims my body as his prey—

Claim my soul, oh then, sweet Mother!

Ora pro me!

THE MUSICIAN'S BREVIAIRY.

In one of the beautiful works which the Mariast Father Hugent, has published in honor of the Blessed Virgin, we find the following interesting incident:

Gluck, one of the greatest artists of whom Germany boasts, the celebrated composer and music-master of Marie Antoinette, had the most tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and at the height of his immense fame he loved to acknowledge that to Mary, after God, he owed its origin, its progress and its consummation.

His parents were poor, but honest and fervent Catholics. His brilliant success might have intoxicated him, and even seduced him from his faith, placed as he was in the midst of a society infected with the infidel philosophy of the last century; and he owed to a providential circumstance his perseverance in the faith of his family.

Like most of the great musicians, Gluck commenced to learn his art under the Gothic arches of an ancient church, such as are so numerous in Germany, and which have sheltered so many holy souls. The voice of the young chorister was beautiful beyond expression; its silvery notes echoed through the vaulted dome, and the number of assistants at the divine office was greatly augmented whenever it was known that little Christopher was to sing a *motet*.

"Nothing is better calculated," one of his biographers has well remarked, "to develop the religious sentiment in an ardent soul than the exercise of the musical art, under the shadow of the sanctuary," and how many times did the boy Gluck shed sweet tears of emotion while the organ was filling the vaulted temple with its grand and solemn melody and the sun was pouring its last golden rays through the windows, whose thousand colors blazed with a pure and radiant light.

One day, as Gluck left the choir, after having admirably sung a *motet* of Clare's, he was accosted by a poor monk, who, his eyes still wet with tears, pressed him to his bosom, and congratulated him on his wonderful and heavenly talent.

"Alas, my little friend, I have nothing to give you as a token of my delight," said the monk, "nothing save this rosary. But keep it in memory of Brother Anselm; and, above all, promise me to recite it every evening in honor of the Holy Mother of God. This practise will bring you happiness, my young friend; nay, I have the presentiment that if you are faithful to it, Heaven will bless your endeavors, you will become great before men in this world, and worthy to join one day the celestial choirs above."

Christopher, at once surprised and affected by the words of the monk, took the rosary respectfully, and promised to recite it every day of his life. When he reached the age of fifteen, young Gluck had given such precocious proofs of a rare prudence and virtue, that his father, who had a numerous family depending upon him, offered but little opposition to the project which Christopher had formed, of going to Rome to continue his musical studies in that city. But how was he to carry out his design? How could he, alone and

without aid, travel from Vienna to Rome, destitute as he was of all resource?

However, he was not disheartened, and the future protegee of two earthly queens, of two Marys—Marie Therese and Marie Antoinette—filled with confidence in the Queen of Heaven, recited with only more devotion the angelical salutation and the poor but precious rosary of Brother Anselm.

One evening, as Christopher, according to his custom, had just recited his beads, a knock was heard at the door of his parent's dwelling. It was the Chapel-master of St. Stephen's of Vienna, who, having been commissioned to go to Italy for the purpose of making a collection of the works of Palestrina, had come, on the part of the Archbishop, to the father of Christopher, to engage the latter as his secretary.

Imagine Christopher's joy and gratitude to Mary! During the twenty years he passed in Italy, ever faithful to the promise he made to Brother Anselm, he failed not a single day to recite his beads—sacred talisman which more than once protected him efficaciously.

On his return to Vienna and afterward, when loaded with honors at the court of France, he would tear himself from the sweets of a luxurious ease, or of an interesting conversation, and retire to some quiet spot, there to recite the rosary, which he used to call his "musician's breviary."

In such beautiful religious dispositions, Gluck passed his entire life; and on the day when, struck with apoplexy, he rendered back his noble soul to God, his hand, which had just written a magnificent *De Profundis*, still held the well worn rosary of Brother Anselm.

Who knows what has become of those humble wooden beads? It would be a touching souvenir to preserve among us, in this age of indifference, when art is dying out, along with faith, its first and only source.

But if Gluck's breviary, "that which he never parted with, exists no longer, thank God the devotion to Mary survives. And it is through this, that artists, if they wish for success, should again seek a little of the genius of those great servants of the Queen of Heaven; it is at the foot of the altars of the Mother of God that they will find again the spark of that true inspiration which imparts to every work it touches a character of immortal beauty.

Letter of Recommendation of the Right Rev. M. Domenec, Bishop of Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, June 24, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: Our Holy Father, in his late Encyclical Letter, asserts that the enemies of our holy religion spread impious doctrines, by the means of pestilent books, pamphlets and journals. A most efficacious antidote against this poison is the circulation of truly religious journals. I hail, then, with joy the AVE MARIA. From such a Catholic paper, under the auspices of the Immaculate Mary, who is the Protectress of America, and who has destroyed all heresies throughout the world, much good is to be hoped for.

M. DOMENEC, Bishop of Pittsburg.

The Death of St. Joseph.

A simple print from hand of high renown
Upon my low bed's head looks calmly down ;—
The Patriarch Joseph, foster father mild
Of Nazareth's Virgin-Mother's heavenly Child.
His dying head pressed close against the knee
Of the Incarnate Son and Deity ;
The Virgin Mother kneeling gently near,
Dissolved in prayer, in that chaste eye a tear :—
Thus has the Christian master's pious mind,
Great Overbeck, the "just man's" death designed.

The picture, breathing all the holy peace
Of souls which find in death from death release,
Thus placed, a wish long cherished found expres-
sion ;—
When I shall come to my death bed confession,
When faithful priest shall that last unction give,
Which bids those lapsing, dying senses live,
On God's own day of happy resurrection,
As long tried vessels of most sweet election ;
When on my parched, enfeebled tongue shall lie
Jesus, himself, in loving mystery,
Then may thou, Friend, in fair celestial state,
Unseen, around my bed serenely wait ;
Thus shall I win, while yielding mortal breath,
Life's last and crowning grace, a happy death.

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph ; thus I sigh
Each night, as 'neath that picture's wing I lie ;
O Jesus, Mary, Joseph ! me befriend,
When this so troubled life shall near its end ;
O Jesus, Mary, Joseph ! with you near,
Death's dreaded spectres all will disappear,
And though no friend be near, with pious care,
To wipe the death-sweat, list the last sweet prayer,
Contentedly, serenely I can die
In your most dear and holy company !

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE, May 12, 1865.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 3.—The Widow's Son.

FROM THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

In the city of Nola, in Campania, there lived a poor woman of the name of Cyprina. She was a widow, and had only one son. Because she had ardently desired his birth, and because she had borne him in her old age, she had named him "Given-by-God," in Latin, *Adeodatus*. She loved him, as a widow loves her only son, with excess. Adeodatus was a sickly child ; his mother brought him up only by the most unremitting care, accompanied by fervent prayers to Heaven in his behalf. She was a Christian, and she had from his cradle, placed him under the patronage of the Mother of Jesus. The child became early aware of the blind affection of his mother, and very soon began to abuse it. He straine^d her indulgence continually, and she as continually gave way to his caprices. When he discovered at last that his power over her was unlimited, and that he could dare every thing with impunity, he cast away all respect for her authority, and instead of justifying her tenderness by his docility and good behavior, he began to punish her for her weakness. Al-

though destitute of wealth, he refused to learn any thing, and showed nothing but aversion and horror for every species of work. Cyprina at last felt obliged to reprimand him, but he replied by disrespectful mockeries ; and he attained the age of twenty years without being capable of turning his hand to any honest employment. He passed his days in idling about and gaming. Under the delicious sky of Italy, life is easy, and its necessities obtained at slight cost ; he could rob the neighboring orchards of fruit enough to silence the appeals of hunger, and as for his clothing, necessity always found a way to provide.

His conduct soon gave rise to complaints, which reached the ears of his mother ; but she had no longer authority to restrain his irregularities. She used entreaties ; he scoffed at them, tears even were unavailing. The child given by God was beginning to resemble a demon. She tried to excuse his faults, and assured every body with great sincerity that she did not believe him capable of the misconduct imputed to him. When convinced of the truth of what was told her, however, she still would answer :

"He does not act through malice, be assured of it. He has not a bad heart—he is only a little wild. We must pardon a good deal to his youth. He will increase in wisdom as he grows older."

To her neighbors and friends, when they blamed her for her fatal indulgence, she replied with spirit : "Do you want him to have your experience, at twenty years old ? Have you yourselves always been as prudent as you now are ? Many follies were excused you in your youth, and it is but just they should have been, for excessive rigor only serves to sour the disposition. There is more good done by kindness than by severity."

At bottom Adeodatus was not destitute of good qualities—a sensitive soul, a lofty spirit, and a lively imagination. If a firm hand had subjected his impatient and volatile humor to the curb of reason, his evil instincts would have yielded, and he would have been the joy and pride of his mother. Left to himself, his virtuous qualities were choked by vice, and he daily sank deeper into iniquity.

The hour of justice had come for the whole of Italy. The corruption of the Romans had forced the Lord to turn away his countenance from that degenerate people, whose primitive simplicity of manners and natural virtues had merited for them the empire of the world. The persecutors had filled to overflowing the measure already heaped up of their crimes. The blood of their martyrs had been crying to heaven for four centuries ; God at last had listened to it, and had taken its vengeance in hand.

The barbarians, summoned from all parts of the world, as to an immense banquet, poured themselves out upon Italy, and covered it with strife and bloodshed. The Goths had already passed through the Roman cities, enriched with the spoils of the universe ; it was now the Vandals that ravaged the fair plains of Campania.

Nola, so proud of having braved the armies of Hannibal, had given way to the new Carthagi-

nians. Gontharius, the brother of Genserik, had taken and sacked the city. All who had offered any resistance had been laid in the dust. The victor broke in every door and penetrated to the interior of every house. No statues had any value among these barbarians—all were broken. They tore in pieces the rarest articles of furniture, carrying off the gold and precious stones, and leading captives every one capable of labor or that would bring a good price in the slave-market.

Cypriana, at the approach of the enemy, had wished to hide her son. But God executed the rigors of His justice; the young man was made to suffer the penalty of his faults. Blinded by an insane rashness, he was seized by the Vandals, loaded with chains, and conducted to their camp.

The barbarians remained several days under the wall of the city, to allow those who were able to ransom their friends. Cypriana repaired to the camp. She gained information of her son, and learned that in the partition of the booty, he had fallen to the lot of Thetbert, the king's son-in-law. She sped to his tent. The Vandal prince was celebrating, with the principal generals of his army, by a royal banquet, the triumph of their arms. The widow cast herself at his feet, and sustained by maternal love, implored his mercy in words as follows: "Have pity on me; thy soldiers have snatched from me my only son. Restore him to me, he is all that I have in this world, the only prop of my old age. Be generous; God has given thee a victory, one day he will give thee a crown. Thou hast every thing at thy command,—I have only my son—do not separate me from him! I am old, do not condemn me to mourning and tears during the remainder of my life. Thou art a father, and can understand my grief: think of what thy mother would have suffered, if she had lost thee; and of what thou wouldst have suffered thyself, if thy children were torn from thee."

"Woman!" interrupted the barbarian, "what ransom canst thou offer me?"

"Alas! I am poor, I possess nothing. Thy soldiers found nothing to take in my house. I have neither relatives nor friends who could lend me money. It is in the name of the Lord that I beg my son of thee, it is thy charity I implore."

"Aha! It was not to exercise my charity that I captured this city. If we give up all the booty we have taken, what fruit shall we have gathered from our victory?"

"What wilt thou do with a poor, weak and sickly child, who is not fit for any kind of labor? Rather take me in his place. I am more robust than he is."

"I can only promise thee to keep him in my house, until thou hast collected the sum fixed for his redemption; that is, on condition that thou dost not delay too long?"

"Give him his liberty again, I conjure thee; take me in exchange. I will serve thee with so much zeal that thou wilt never repent of having listened to my entreaties. Make the trial. Nothing shall tire me. I am strong and hearty, and not subject to any infirmity. Never wilt thou have so devoted and grateful a slave."

"No, no; since thou lovest thy son so much, find his ransom." Upon a sign from Thetbert, the soldiers took Cypriana away, and led her out of camp, without allowing her to embrace her son.

The Vandals set sail the following day. The poor mother did not behold her child again. She followed the army to the harbor, where they embarked; the soldiers, when she approached, drove her brutally away. She remained a long time on the shore, hoping that she might see the boy again and bid him farewell. When the ships had sailed away, and only appeared as black specks on the waves, she returned desolate to the city, weeping and invoking her whom God has established the patroness of mothers throughout all coming time.

Having re-entered her house, she fell upon her knees and sobbed:

"My God," sighed she, "how unhappy I am. He is gone, never again to return! What will become of him under the scourge of a brutal master? He will be ill-treated. He cannot submit to slavery—he will die! Lord! wilt Thou not show him Thy mercy? Thou knowest his heart is good. In the faults he is reproached with there is much exaggeration. Alas! it is not he who is to blame—it is I. I had not strength to impose upon him the teachings of the Gospel; I loved him too much. Punish me, O my God—I have deserved it! I will not complain—but save him, O Blessed Virgin Mary! thou also art a mother; thou hast suffered like me, when thou didst see Jesus, thy Son, delivered to His cruel enemies, beaten with scourges, and put to death. Have compassion on my tears, and save my child from slavery."

She passed the whole night in despair and grief. On the following day, tired of being alone with her sorrow, she walked out, not to seek for distraction, but to try to discover some means of helping Adeodatus.

Many mothers were plunged in the same desolation as herself; but she found some who had lost nothing, or, at least, whose losses had been already repaired.

"It is our holy Bishop," said they to her, "who has given us alms, and by his charity has consoled our misfortunes."

"Ah then!" thought the poor mother, "I will go also and implore his aid. He is a father to us all; he will have compassion on my misery, and perhaps he will get some one to lend me the money I need. I will work—I will deny myself every comfort. Adeodatus will understand this debt. He will assist me to pay it."

She made haste, full of hope, to the house where dwelt the Bishop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nothing can trouble the inward peace and serenity of those who are stayed on God. If a gentle sadness passed over Saint Joseph, as he was repulsed from house to house, because he thought of Mary and of the Child, he doubtless smiled with holy peacefulness when he looked into her face. It was plain there was to be no home for them.

A Model Army Chaplain.

In Algiers, Africa, Father Parabère had attracted the admiration of the army by his intrepid bravery on the field of battle, as much as by his zeal and charity in the hospitals, during the prevalence of the cholera. At the siege of Zaatcha, the brave Jesuit, having offered up the Holy Sacrifice in camp, was addressing the soldiers with his usual ardor, when suddenly a storm of missiles from the enemy whistled around him or struck the ground at his feet. The brave religious did not appear to perceive it; his words were as firm, his voice as ringing, his face as serene as before. "He did not even wink," said an officer who was an eye witness of the fact. After the capture of Zaatcha the General-in-chief was expressing his satisfaction to the superior officers, and speaking of the rewards to be distributed, when all, as with one voice, named Father Parabère, and declared that not a single officer would accept any recompense until they saw the cross of the Legion of Honor attached to the bosom of the Jesuit, in testimony of his courage and devotion. A few days afterward this distinction was conferred, and the soldiers were enthusiastic in their applause.

"Now, that is what I call right," said a Zouave. "Father Parabère did not steal that cross—he deserves it. He is a hero."

Marshal St. Arnaud knew the esteem in which Father Parabère was held by the soldiers of Africa, and he remembered it on receiving command of the Army of the East. Jesuits were to be attached to the different corps in the capacity of chaplains. The Marshal requested that he whose name stood so high in Algeria should form one of the number. This was granted, and Father Parabère was named Superior in the Crimea.

Father Parabère was attached to General Canrobert's division at the battle of the Alma. From the heights, the Russians, with their formidable artillery, played into the midst of our troops, drawn out on the plain which separated them from the enemy. Just as the General was ordering the Zouaves to attack the heights at the double quick, Father Parabère's horse was killed under him. Canrobert expressed his regret at not being able to remount him; but the Jesuit was not going to be left behind; for, seeing a cannon dashing by, he mounted that, and was carried along at a headlong gallop, amid the enthusiastic applause of the soldiers and officers, to where his dear Zouaves needed his services. There he alighted, assisted the wounded, consoled and absolved the dying, in the midst of the enemy's fire, and electrified the troops by his courage and devotion. Throughout the war, always camping with the soldiers, by whom he was beloved, he never needed to be called to the scene of combat. At the first signal he placed himself at the head of the column that was first to be engaged, and began by kneeling down on the field of battle. He prayed until the action began, and the wounded began to fall around him. When off duty, the pockets of his cassock were filled—the one with cakes, the other with cigars—"not for himself, observe,"

wrote an officer who had become his most devoted friend; "for he never uses such things, but for the soldiers, all of whom would willingly die for him." In their admiration for him, officers and soldiers would often say, in the rough language of the camp, "Father Parabère is a very devil for courage. He is brave as a lion. He is superb."

Such memories never die. When the Army of Africa was summoned to Italy; their first cry was for Father Parabère.

The Sparrow's Ave Maria.

Holy Mary! How many charming legends are attached to the dear name of Mary! We here give one which is usually regarded as a pious tale, typical of the quiet beauty of a hermit's life.

In the early ages of Christianity, a pious solitary, great in the sight of God, but little known to men, (although Saint Bernard twice preached his panegyric and composed the office for his festival) lived on the borders of the Aube, in a forest of Champagne. The ancient Gauls had worshiped here one of their gloomy divinities, for whom the Romans had substituted Saturn. The spot was thence called *Saturnicem*, when the solitary, whose name was Victor de Plancy, came there, and built a chapel and small hermitage.

Many miraculous events followed his arrival. Among the most consoling were conversions, by which souls sold to perdition, were redeemed to Heaven; and hearts once frozen by egotism, and corrupted by vicious practices, were inflamed with the love of God, and brought forth such flowers of virtue as even the world was constrained to admire; phenomena which perplex the mind, but are easily explained by faith.

The Saint felt that the hours which he passed alone in his cell were the sweetest and happiest in his life. The only living creature near him was a tame sparrow, which he fed and cherished, regarding it as an emblem of solitude.* Tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, the saintly monk incessantly invoked her, and the only words spoke aloud were *Ave Maria!*

Long accustomed to hear these words, and only these words, the sparrow learned to repeat them; and great (as may be imagined) was the delight of the hermit the first time the bird flew on his shoulder and sang in his ear, *Ave Maria!*

At first, supposing some holy spirit had visited him, on a heavenly mission, the good old man fell upon his knees, in reverence; but the bird continuing to chirp *Ave Maria! Ave Maria!* soon made him aware of the source of these sweet sounds. The bird, from an innocent distraction, became a friend—almost a brother—a praying creature of God. He redoubled his care of him, and found in his presence an agreeable resource in his solitude.

The charming bird, to whom the people gave the name of "Little Monk," seemed on his part to share his master's joy. At break of day his first cry was, *Ave Maria!* When Victor threw him his crumbs, the little bird sang his grace of *Ave Ma-*

* "Like a sparrow all alone upon the house-top." (Ps. cl.)

rias. And when the holy hermit knelt in prayer, the bird would perch upon his shoulder and softly whisper, *Ave Maria*. Victor cultivated a small garden. Could he for an instant have lost sight of the object of his thoughts, the faithful sparrow on the tree would have instantly recalled it, by his *Ave Maria*! The Christians of the country, who came to consult the saintly man, in their troubles and doubts, much esteemed the little bird; and when he saluted them with his sweet prayer, they could not but consider it to be a miraculous favor accorded to the hermit by our Blessed Lady.

The sparrow, when free, took short flights into the country, and when the solitary in his meditative walks, had rambled farther than was his wont from his cell, he was sure to be reminded by the bird chirping an *Ave Maria*! One day in spring, as Victor lay ill upon his mat, he opened the wicket of his cell, and his little friend as usual flew out. A few minutes afterward, Victor was alarmed to see a sparrow-hawk pursuing his favorite. The bird of prey opened his beak, and spread his talons to seize and devour the poor sparrow, when the little bird, almost feeling the sharp claws of his enemy, screamed out *Ave Maria*! At this wonder, the hawk, startled and terrified, suddenly stopped; and the gentle sparrow had time to reach the cell, and falling on the breast of Victor, faintly chirped an *Ave Maria* and died.

THE JESUITS.

[A pupil of the Jesuits, one whose name holds a conspicuous place in the annals of poetry, M. de Lamartine, has in his "Confidences" shown the honesty of his soul in speaking of the teachers of his youth.

The passage is but little known; and, while placing it before our readers, we wish them to remember that it is a rationalist who speaks, and who speaks in favor of the Jesuits, in the same work in which he declares himself the admirer of the free-thinker Pelletan. Here, nothing is wanting; we have the opinion of the writer upon the teaching of the Jesuits. M. de Lamartine had tried both systems, and he formed his judgment upon the experience he had acquired through the long years of his life.

After giving an account of his running away from a college taught by laymen, where "the false smiles and the hypocritical caresses of masters who sought, for the sake of money, to counterfeit the heart of a father, did not impose upon him," de Lamartine continues:]

"I was very badly received by all my family, except my poor mother. By means of her persuasions, I was not sent back to Lyons. A college, conducted by the Jesuits, at Belley, on the frontier of Savoy, was greatly renowned, not only in France, but also in Italy, Germany and Switzerland. To this institution my mother resolved to take me. In a few days after entering, I felt the immense

difference there is between a mercenary education, sold to unhappy children for the love of gold by money-making teachers, and an education given in the name of God, and inspired by a religious devotedness whose only recompense is Heaven. I did not find my mother there, but I there found God, purity, prayer, charity, a sweet paternal watchfulness, kind family tones, and children with happy faces, loved and loving. I had been hardened and soured; but I let myself be softened and captivated, and I willingly bent under the yoke which those excellent masters knew how to make sweet and light.

"All their art consisted in interesting us in the success of the house, and conducting us by our own will and by our own enthusiasm. A divine spirit with the same breath, seemed to animate masters and disciples. All our souls seemed to find their wings and to fly with a natural motion toward the good and the beautiful. The most rebellious were vanquished and carried along by the general movement. There I saw what can be done with men; not in restraining them, but in inspiring them. The sentiments which animated our masters animated us all. They seemed to have the art of rendering these sentiments amiable and sensible, and in creating in us the love of God; with such a lever in our hearts they raised every thing. With regard to themselves they did not merely pretend to love us—but they did truly love us—as saints love their duties, as workmen love their own works, as the haughty love their pride. They commenced by making me happy, and it was not long before they made me good.

"Piety reigned in my soul. It became the life of my pleasures and duties; I formed intimate friendships with children of my own age, as pure and as happy as myself; and these friendships made us, so to speak, but one family.

"The eminently religious education we received from the Jesuits, the frequent prayers, meditations, sacraments, and the pious ceremonies repeated, prolonged, and rendered more attractive by the decorations of the altars, the rich vestments, the singing, the incense, the flowers and the music, exercised over the imagination of children and youth a wonderful influence, similar to the religious intoxication of the Orientals, and the ecclesiastics who took part in these exercises exhibited in their every action all the sincerity and fervor of their faith."

We talk of mothers making idols of their sons; that is, worshiping them, turning them from creatures into creators, regarding them as truly their last end and true beatitude, so giving their hearts to them as they have no right to give them to any one but God. This Mary could not do, and yet in another sense might well do. For Jesus could be no idol, and yet must of necessity be worshiped as the Eternal God. None saw this as Mary did. No angel worshiped Him with such sublimely abject adoration as she did. No saint, not even the dear Magdalen, ever hung over His feet with such human fondness. Yes! He is God.

To Our Blessed Mother.

From the Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Blessed Mother! we hail thee Queen
Of all that's fair and bright in Heav'n;
This glorious name has never been
To any other mortal given.

Thou art the fairest, brightest flow'r
That e'er came from the hand of God;
O, blessed from thy earliest hour!
O, blessed every step thou trod.

Thou reignest now in Heav'n above,
To watch, protect and guide us here;
O, look on us with smiles of love,
And let us be thy children dear.

Around us spread thy mantle bright,
That we from thee may ne'er depart,
Our darkest day shall know no night
If sheltered in thy loving heart.

Then, Mother, bless the little band,
Who title of thy servants bear;
Help us to reach the happy land,
That we may sing thy praises there.

LAURAL HILL ACADEMY,
Susquehanna Depot, Pa.

Pastoral Letter of Bishop Timon of Buffalo.

[The press is wonderfully fruitful in its daily issues, which are read not only in cities, but in every hamlet; and in fact in almost every country house we find the daily paper. Our late war has had much to do toward increasing this wide circulation; independent of the national interests involved in this terrible contest, every family, more or less, had sent its representatives to the ranks; hence the feverish anxiety for the news. Now side by side with army reports, naval victories, and military surrenders, an ignorant prejudice, which still blinds so many Americans, with eager haste placed columns of censure, uncalled-for indignation, and solemn warning, against the Pope's Encyclical of Dec. 8th. Two-thirds of these writers had never even read what they so unwisely condemned, and the evil results of their ignorance were spread broadcast through our land. Even weak Catholics felt that, perchance, the Church, after all, was lagging behind, and it would be well to see to it. The admirable remarks of Dr. Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore, were sufficient to change all such sentiments, even among the most prejudiced, but how few, alas! who read the tirades of the "dailies" ever had an opportunity of reading it! It is with joy then we hail every line from our different Prelates on this subject, so little understood. But we need not expect the dailies to copy, or retract what they have said; therefore, in our humble way, we gather up these precious instructions from our Bishops, only regretting that the pages of the AVE MARIA are too small to give them entire.

To-day we extract from the admirable Pastoral of the Bishop of Buffalo, which we take from the *Western New York Catholic* :]

"A most important Encyclical letter of the Venerable and saintly Pope Pius IX. has lately been published, and has excited bitter denunciations from the enemies of the Church; and even from some honest but misguided writers, who have not profoundly meditated the words of wise and holy warning, addressed to the Catholic world, in this age of wild theories and dangerous speculations. On close examination, it will be found that no human society, no nation ever adopted the maxims here condemned by the Sovereign Pontiff. Or, if any Government *affected* to conform to them, the instinct of self-preservation made it recoil; and as in our own beloved country, by the sanction of oaths, by prayers in congress and in assemblies, by frequent appeals for humiliation, for fasting, and for prayer and thanksgiving, recognized more or less of religion, of a *higher law*, and of One all Over-ruling God. * * *

"Liberty of conscience has always existed in the Papal States. When the Jews were bitterly persecuted throughout all the world, Rome was their refuge, and the Popes frequently exposed their lives in protecting them from fanatic mob violence. In other Catholic countries, even in Spain, dissenters are not molested, if they do not interfere with the Catholic worship of the nation. * * * The Pope condemns certain *absolute abstract* propositions, their principles may extend from a to z, on the scale of evil. Admitted in their broad, general form of assertion, there is no maxim, however nefarious, that may not be sustained, by some one or all of them. An eminent scholar and statesman, says: When Satan wishes to inflict some great evil on mankind, he drops an error into human society, that it may work, like a cursed leaven, till its sad effects affright those that first hailed the wild novelty of an angel of darkness, disguised as an angel of light.

"The late doctrine of *un fait accompli*, has almost the whole world already against it. By it, robbers come, knock you down, and take your \$10,000 out of your pocket; go home, saying calmly, *c'est un fait accompli*: the \$10,000 are now in our pockets—they are ours; *it is an accomplished fact*!! Does this end the affair?

"Time and He, the Almighty, who ruleth both time and eternity, will show how wise were the Pope's fatherly admonitions."

The following passage from the Pastoral of the learned Dr. Ullathorne, by merely changing the word England into that of America, is so well adapted to our own country, that we deem it most useful, to present it to the meditation of all serious Christians: "We by no means say, that our countrymen were alone in their incapability of understanding a Papal document, for the uncatholic side of France went quite as far wrong, in its way, as did the uncatholic side of England, in proof of which it may be noted that the Bishop of Orleans has, besides innumerable other errors, corrected two and seventy passages, in each one of which the chief French journals translated the Popes words in a sense directly contrary to his. * * *

"And moreover, we ought to know against what sect or philosophy, what school or party,

the particular judgment quoted was really aimed. We must know not only what they are, but of what country, and under what circumstances, they wrote or acted; what doctrines they taught, or what influence they exerted; before we can really know whom and what it is that the Pope is censuring, and what meaning each particular sentence carries with it.

Among well instructed Catholics even, some were startled by the Encyclical, as its language first struck their minds. They afterward found that the Pope was simply condemning what they themselves had condemned all their lives. And even Protestants of a more wise and solid cast of thought, after putting aside the nonsensical idea that the Pope had been attacking the vital elements of the British Constitution, would be surprised to find how completely their own minds were in accordance with that of the Pope, on many fundamental principles affecting religion, the moral law and public conscience."

The "Berlin Review," a Protestant, social and political weekly paper, takes a view of the Encyclical very similar to that taken by our American National Quarterly Review. This learned and able Protestant writer of Berlin says: "That in the general intoxication which worships the glory of the strong, the clever and the egotist, the unarmed Pope should, *first and alone*, dare to lay open the ulcer of which society is sick, is the historical signification of the Encyclical of the 8th of December. * * *"

Weekly Chronicle.

The beatification of the Venerable John Berchmans will take place to-morrow. His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, and many ecclesiastical and lay deputations from Belgium, are present to assist at the ceremony. An *Intimatio* of Mgr. Ferari, prefect of the pontifical ceremonies, prescribes to the Cardinals and Consultors of the Sacred Congregation of Rites to meet at St. Peter's at ten o'clock precisely, for the promulgation of the Letters of Beatification *in forma Brevis*. At six o'clock in the evening, the Pope will go down to St. Peter's to venerate the new Beatified. According to custom, the Holy Father grants a plenary indulgence to the faithful who shall visit St. Peter's in the course of the day, with the requisite dispositions. I visited this morning the preparations ordered by the Company of Jesus. The ceremony of the beatification passes entirely within the apsis. The apsis alone therefore is ornamented. The decorations are in exquisite taste. In the midst of a fairy-like illumination will sparkle the monogram of the Company and an immense cross surrounded by glass. On the occasion of the Beatification, the Roman Chapel of Ease, belonging to the house of Palma, will bring out a beautiful photograph, representing the three youngest heroes of the Company of Jesus, with this title:

S. STANISLAUS KOTSKA, S. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA
ET B. BERCHMANS,
S. J.
MARIE VIRGINIS CULTORES EXIMII.

The Rev. Father Hyacinth is still at Rome. Invited to preach at St. Louis' of France, last Sunday, in presence of an almost exclusive military audience, he spoke of the sword, representing it as the protector of patriotic, social and religious interests. Then he poured forth a brilliant improvisation on the mission of France and the part she had to play in the world. Some days before, the eloquent religious had visited the Sanctuaries of Subiaco, in company with Mr. and Mme. de Montebello, and seven or eight other notables of the French colony at Rome.

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE MEXICAN ENVOYS. I have received the following particulars of the Pope's interview with the three Mexican envoys, from a very trustworthy source. The first whospoke was Señor Degollado, the youngest of the envoys who, as a barrister, enjoys some repute at home for glibness, undertook at once to overwhelm the Holy Father with his eloquence. It was lost, however, on the Pope, who did not even answer him, but turned toward the chief envoy, and asked him who he was. The person so addressed immediately said: "Holy Father, I am Don José Velasquez, who has the honor to be accredited to your Holy See as Ambassador Extraordinary of his Majesty Maximilian I, Emperor of Mexico." "Ah!" retorted the Holy Father, "I know you already by repute. You are a good man, and what is more, a good Christian. I am sorry to see you connected with a mission in which it is impossible for you to effect any good, and where you can only lose your own honor. As for you, Monsignore," added the Pope, turning toward the other envoy, Mgr. Ramirez, a Mexican Bishop *in partibus*, "you would do well to remain closely united to your brethren in the Episcopacy of Mexico, who are defending the rights of the Church; and do not seek, by detaching yourself from them, to find an impossible solution of the present difficulties, which can be done away with only by those who have created them. As for you Señor," said Pius IX, addressing at last the officious advocate, "I presume that your chief business is to keep a watch over these two honest companions of yours. Now, you can return to your Sovereign, and explain to him that if kings and generals, when they are conquered, capitulate, disband their armies, and surrender their fortresses and territory, the Church, on her part, when overcome by brute force, never capitulates, never disbands her armies, which are her Bishops and clergy, never surrenders her fortresses and territory, which consist in justice, truth and right, and the consciences of her children. Now you may go." We have no account of Señor Degollado's appearance on leaving the Papal audience, nor of his colleagues' compliments to him on the manner in which he had improved matters by opening the conversation in so brilliant a manner.—*London Weekly Register*.

We ask whether he be strong, rich, beautiful, ingenious, a good writer, a good singer, or a good workman; but how poor he is in spirit, how patient and meek, how devout and internal, is what few speak of.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Fruits and Progress of the Apostleship of Prayer.

We find in the Italian edition of the *Messenger* consoling reports on the propagation of our dear work in the capital of the Christian world and in the entire peninsula. Several Italian Prelates apply themselves with ardor in establishing the Apostleship in their Dioceses. The heroic Cardinal De Angelis, Archbishop of Fermo, and Cardinal Vannicelli, Archbishop of Ferrara, merit special mention. Both, in their circular letters, have recommended the priests of their Dioceses to propagate the Apostleship of Prayer; they have even designated the local directors most suitable for the organization and success of this enterprise.

We have just received the following letter, dated from Pistoia:

"Rev. Father: Ardently desiring for the example and encouragement of the good, to make known to you the progress the holy work of the Apostleship of Prayer has made among us, I take the liberty to write you these lines, begging you to insert them in the *Messenger* when you judge fit.

"The work of the Apostleship of Prayer was entirely unknown among us, at least so far as I am aware, when the Lord permitted some numbers of the *Messenger*, published at Valles, to fall in my way, together with some tickets of aggregation, and the duodecimo volume of the Rev. F. Ramière on the Apostleship. The reading of these dear publications inspired my poor heart with the desire of contributing in some way to the extension of this beautiful devotion. I wrote to Modena where I knew the Director of the work for Italy resided. A few days after, I received two diplomas of aggregation, one for myself, the other for our worthy Bishop Capitular Vicar. Once in possession of these pages and some manuals, I set to work. God blessed my labors. When this beautiful and easy work was known, a considerable number of persons wished to take part in it. I sent diplomas to several Religious Communities, that this beautiful work might be rendered stable among them. A few days since, I had the sweet consolation of introducing here into our own seminary the Apostleship, which, thanks to the zeal of the Capitular Vicar and of those charged with the direction of the work, will extend widely and produce immense advantages. Your Reverence has already kindly forwarded a diploma to our Vice Rector, who, I hope, will always occupy himself more and more to the glory of the Sacred Heart, and to the diffusion of the work of the Apostleship among that brilliant youth, on whom the church of Pistoia builds the brightest hopes. The number of those inscribed from October of last year to this date is 800. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus inflame all these hearts with its divine flames!"

Below, we give extracts of several letters received from Rome in January and February:

"Rev. Father: Our affairs, or to speak more correctly, the affairs of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, progress from day to day, notwithstanding our

infirmity and our feeble means. The Apostleship is well established in our seminary of Frascati; there are associates even without the seminary, and the cares of the new zelator will cause this beautiful work to flourish and spread among the faithful. Here, in the Roman seminary, they ought to address the young people, explaining to them the practice of this work of the Apostleship, and then the whole seminary will be aggregated. I have found another zelator. He already had the direction of a Congregation of the Sacred Heart, composed of young students; he explained to them the object of the Association, and inscribed them all as soon as possible. The Rev. Mother Superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, in the conservatory of catechumens at the *Madonna dei Monti*, requests a diploma of aggregation for the three houses of her Order in this city. She intends writing to the Mother General to have the whole Order aggregated. In view of the devotedness of our own zelators, I hope I shall, in a short time, have better news to give you."

"Jan. 29. On Sunday the whole Roman seminary was inscribed on the Registers of our dear Apostleship, and many pupils, animated with a holy fervor, already desire ardently to propagate it among their families, acquaintances and friends, and with this attention have asked me for a considerable number of billets. So I expect with impatience the arrival of the 2,000 you have been so good as to promise me. I hope, in time, to collect some money, that will assist us in the support and diffusion of so beautiful a work. The other zelators have already commenced operations with very happy results. The number of co-laborers always increasing, our hopes increase with them, and we already plan a thousand fine projects. Meanwhile, I do not like to do any thing too quickly; the esteem and love of the people for this work, by entering gradually into their hearts, will root itself there more powerfully. Your Reverence justly says that the Heart of Jesus knows how to triumph over all obstacles, not only without us, but even in spite of our weakness and miseries.

"The Apostleship of Prayer, confided to the weakest and most incapable hands, but dear to the Heart of Jesus, and supported by His divine graces, has found, even among us, hearts prompt to embrace it, fulfilling its practices of piety, and full of zeal in spreading it far and wide. Like the grain of mustard seed in the Gospel, it has already become a magnificent and fertile plant. A few days ago, the Vice Rector of the seminary of Frascati, a fervent zelator of the Apostleship, came to see me, and told me such beautiful and touching things about the zeal of these dear little apostles of the Apostleship that my heart was filled with joy. They unite in one common treasure the homages daily rendered to the Heart of Jesus, according to the intentions of the Apostleship; and their emulation in honoring the Heart of Jesus is so great, that it needs to be restrained rather than excited. The same zelator has aggregated the strangers who attend the class of the seminary, and many other persons.

"In our Roman Seminary the affairs of the Apostleship go on well. Rev. D. S. is engaged in fostering it, and already many desire to make this devotion known in their families; others wish to write on the subject to the establishments of education where their early years were spent. On the second of February, the Feast of the Purification, they aggregated the Community of the Daughters of the Sacred Heart, and also their pupils. They first heard a discourse, then recited an act of consecration, and withdrew, disposed to consecrate themselves fervently to this holy practice.

"A few days since their Superior told me that more than a hundred young girls, whom she had assembled on Sunday, gave in their names for the Apostleship, and she hopes to be able to infuse into them its spirit. The two other houses of the Daughters of the Sacred Heart are also aggregated. It is very probable that before long a fervent monastery will embrace the practices of the Apostleship. The new zealots have seen their zeal crowned with the happiest success. Wednesday, 15th of February, after a discourse, the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart established in our schools was aggregated to the Apostleship. We hope soon to make considerable acquisitions; but our want of resources obliges us to move slowly. I need two more diplomas, one for the Daughters of the Sacred Heart at Frascati, the other for those of Arpino. We hope to be able to print in the religious journal, *Il Divin Salvatore*, an article intended to make known our dear devotion, and to invite all to embrace it. Our hopes are great, but the scarcity of cards and books retards our movements.

Correspondence of the Apostleship.

[Concluded.]

After two months of priesthood, the Abbe Argoud, of the Diocese of Valence, has gone to receive in Heaven the reward, not only of the good he has accomplished by his works, but the incomparable greater good he has accomplished by his burning desires. One of his former directors in the great Roman Seminary writes thus in regard to him:

"You know, Rev. Father, the zeal of this young priest, especially with regard to the Apostleship of Prayer. In the Seminary he was one of its most devout supporters, and he succeeded in establishing it firmly. By this obscure and persuasive ministry he produced fruits which, I hope, will remain after him. I recall with tenderness the hearty approval of this dear child in regard to the Tableaux of the Apostleship, prepared for the Seminary. One of the articles provided that they should recite in common at least one *De profundis*, for the associate seminarians, on the news of their death. This dear priest was then full of health. I had not the least presentiment that he would be the first to receive the alms of this *De profundis*. Alas, his departure afflicts us; but he, I hope, is now enjoying, thanks to the Apostleship of Prayer, an aureola similar to that of the Apostles and Doctors. Happy they who walk in his footsteps, and so hasten to do a little good while they have

time, 'For behold the night cometh when no man can work.'"

We do not doubt that in the person of this excellent ecclesiastic the Apostleship of Prayer has acquired in Heaven a new protector. Nevertheless we recommend him to the prayers of our associates. Who knoweth the delicacy of Divine Justice? Such deaths mingle some bitterness with most sweet consolations. But how many other letters daily bear to us consolations without alloy!

Hear these good lay-brothers, to whom we portrayed the advantages and the facility of the Apostleship of Prayer, cry out with tears of joy: How beautiful it is! and how easy it is to sanctify, by means of this practice, our every action.

A pious lady says to her director: "Since you have given me the first idea of the Apostleship of Prayer, I cannot think of anything. I am constantly occupied in seeking what I may offer to the Heart of Jesus."

Again, a young seminarian sends us his first conquests. He wishes us to inscribe together, upon the register of the Apostleship, a holy Priest, and a homicide condemned to death by human justice, but by the Divine Mercy transformed into a heroic penitent. Thus our register would be a lively representation of Calvary, where we behold, on the one side, the Saint of saints, and on the other, the converted thief.

Let us now terminate this rapid review by informing our associates of two important recruits to our Holy League. One is the venerable Superior General of the Little Sisters of the Poor, who associates to the Apostleship the whole family of religious that he directs, and the good old men of whom these admirable religious take care. The sisters number thirteen hundred; their poor, eight thousand; and these poor have nothing else to do upon earth but to pray and to offer to God their infirmities. What powerful auxiliaries our Apostleship will find among them, and what powerful assistance will they themselves find, under the direction of the good sisters, in the Apostleship, to sanctify their life and their death.

The other is that fervent legion of Apostolic workmen, from the Order of Redemptorists, brought into France. Their Superior has united to our prayers the prayers and labors of the religious placed under his Order.

What are the Prayers of Children Worth?

The following words were preached by Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, in Paris, April 4, 1860: "What has saved the Church on earth? What has given the Church confidence in the midst of persecutions? It is this: The Church has the little children on her side. She has with her millions of little children, stammering out their innocent prayers. Poor Church of Christ! thou hast for thy defenders, not a million of soldiers, but millions of little children, who lift up their innocent hands for thee!" If you want to be quite certain of the power there is in the prayer of a child, open the Holy Scriptures, and read Psalm viii: "Out of the mouths of infants thou hast perfected praise."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Box of Little Tin Soldiers.

[Concluded.]

"Priscilla! here, Priscilla, I say."

"Priscilla came; a short square girl, with flaming red hair. She looked very unlike her fine-sounding name.

"Well, whatever have you gone and done with that stand of soldiers as you lost the captain of, and spoilt for me?"

"I never did," answered the girl sullenly.

"You did, for it was you put them by last time."

"And the captiving was gone then," she said resolutely, and, I fancied, fixed her eyes on me.

"Don't tell me such stuff as that. Do you suppose any one would come into the shop and steal a tin soldier? Come, find the rest."

"I felt myself turn hot and cold as Mrs. Mason spoke. The girl began to rummage behind the counter, and I heard Mrs. Mason say, 'I can't be plagued with her much longer, she is such a stupid girl. I should not have kept her till now, only her mother being blind, and so poor I was glad to help her; but now she has taken to lose things and be so careless, I shall get rid of her at once.'

"I was so occupied in thinking whether the tin soldiers could be found, that I hardly understood what she said at the time, though I remembered it afterward with pain. At last the box was found, and a sudden idea struck me that I might be able to buy the remainder. Once in my possession, there could be no further fear of discovery. My father had given me a shilling the week before, so with the sixpence I had already I could offer Mrs. Mason eighteen pence for them. I had got to learn what lasting effect our smallest actions may have.

"Can I have them?" I asked, trembling with eagerness; 'I have eighteen pence.'

"Dear me, Miss, I'd sell 'em for a shilling now they are not perfect; but I can't go and put you off with a broken set like that. I shall have some more next week."

"But I would much rather have these; I like them best;" and I took up the box and laid the eighteen pence on the counter before Mrs. Mason could stop me. Nurse called to me from the street to come directly, for that I had been out too long. I ran to her at once with a feeling of relief that I cannot describe. I suppose I looked brighter, for she said:

"Well, I do think going out has done you good; but I don't know that your mamma would like you to spend all your money like that in toys."

"As soon as I got home my great wish was to slip the soldier back into his box unseen, and then to give them to my little brother. I knew I never could bear to play with them myself. It never occurred to me that, as we had all heard Mrs. Mason speak of the set being broken, if Alfred found it all right it would cause any remark or surprise. I gave them to him, and was delighted to see how pleased he looked; but it was soon to change into a deep feeling of shame when I heard

nurse say to one of the other servants, 'Well, what a good-natured child Miss Jane is, to be sure; for she has been fretting herself to death to go out this week past, ever since her papa gave her that shilling, and I believe it was all to give Master Alfred that toy, not a bit for herself.'

"Every one said I looked better; and I suppose I did, for I felt as if I had passed through some terrible danger unharmed. But my peace of mind did not last, for the very next day Alfred was seated at his little table to play with his new toy, and of course, found the captain among them. He came running to tell me, and I felt my cheeks burn as I said indifferently, 'Mrs. Mason could never have looked for it, I suppose.'

"Every one seemed determined to talk about it; and I grew quite cross and pettish, and felt as if it was done on purpose to vex me.

"Soon after that we went to the seaside for some weeks and the recollection of my fault and my sufferings had almost faded from my mind, when soon after our return I heard the house-maid talking to nurse about a poor woman who was in great distress and wanted some assistance. I did not pay much attention till the name of 'Priscilla' caught my ear. I stood by them, and listened to what nurse was saying.

"Yes, I heard, that girl of hers was out of place again; but she is such a stupid-looking thing, I don't like to meddle about her any more. Still I am sorry that I never told Mrs. Mason about that toy of Master Alfred's being all right; she said the girl had lost some of the soldiers, and they were in the box all the time; such a pet she was in with her! Now that was not right, though I dare say she's tiresome and sulky enough. Of course, if poor Mrs. Jones has this great girl on her hands, it's a bad job for her, for I don't think she'll get a place again in a hurry; and they will have to go to the workhouse at last."

"Well, I am sorry for her, and I told her so," Martha said; 'but I don't see that any one can help it; and they were decent people.'

"No one help it! I felt growing quite stiff and cold. No one could help it but me, and I must help it! Yet it seemed impossible that one sin of mine could affect so many people, and produce such terrible consequences.

"I pondered over nurse's words that night as I lay in bed. I fancied Mrs. Jones and the little children starving, and it would be my fault. It could not, must not be; I should never be happy again. I determined to confess all, and restore Priscilla to her place. Though the very idea made my cheeks burn with shame, I never hesitated. The thought of the poor woman's distress would be much harder to bear. But as we had been away so long, perhaps my confession would be useless. Still it was all I could do."

"Then who did you tell?" asked Eustace.

"My mother. I believed that she could set all things straight; but I did not know how difficult I should find it. If she would only speak to me about it; but I did not know how to begin. Of course, as she knew nothing, she was not likely to help me. I always sat with her in the afternoon,

as my lessons were soon done; and the day after I heard of Mrs. Jones' distress I went into her room with firm determination to confess all. I tried to frame sentence after sentence, but I could not begin; and I sat by the fire wishing she would speak, and not go on writing so steadily. At last I said, 'Mamma please speak to me.'

"She looked up surprised, and came toward me.

"Are you not well, darling?"

"It's not that; but I want to say it's all my fault about Priscilla Jones losing her place and that Mrs. Jones must go to the workhouse; and I was not ill when nurse kept me in bed, only so unhappy and—and—" But I had exhausted all my words, and could only cry violently.

"My mother looked at me in amazement, and tried first to soothe me, and then to question me, and so arrive at my meaning; but it was all in vain; so she returned to her writing, saying, 'As soon as you are calm, Janie, I will talk to you.'

"These words quieted me, and, hiding my face in her lap, I gave an exact account of all I had done. She looked more shocked and grieved than even I had expected.

"And you were ill and unhappy, and had committed this sad fault, and yet you concealed it, Janie!"

"I thought I could put it back, and then it would be the same thing."

"It would not be the same thing; the sin was equally committed. And now you want to help the poor girl you have injured. Do you think you deserve it?"

"No," I said; "but I could tell Mrs. Mason I did it."

"My mother kissed me.

"Yes, I think you ought to do that. I will take you there myself to-morrow. When that is done, we will think if it is possible to help the Joneses."

"Please don't be angry," I said.

"My mother assured me that she was not angry, and talked to me for a long time, and showed me how one fault leads to another, and how little we can tell how the consequences of even our smallest actions may be; but I watched her face all that evening, and I could not help seeing how pale and grave she looked. She took me the next day to Mrs. Mason, who seemed quite frightened, and began to excuse my fault. But this my mother would not allow.

"There is no excuse for her, Mrs. Mason; but she has already suffered a good deal, and I believe her to be really penitent. I hope you will forgive her; and she is very anxious to repair the injury she has done Priscilla Jones."

"Mrs. Mason looked sorry.

"Well, poor thing, I am sorry for her; not that she was near so handy as the girl I have got now, but her mother is so badly off. I heard that their goods were seized yeste day."

"What goods?" I asked anxiously; "and what is seized? I mean, who could seize them?"

"For the rent, miss. They were always behind with their rent; you see now she's got all the children at home."

"I grasped my mother's hand.

"Please let us go home," I said. I want to talk to you.

"As soon as we had left the shop, I explained my ideas to my mother. I was very anxious to pay the money that Mrs. Jones owed for rent.

"But how can you, Janie? Your sixpence a week won't help her very much."

"No, but if you will give it me—that is, her—all at once for a whole year, that would be one pound and six shillings. Then, if somebody—I mean you and papa and grandmamma—would give me any present on my birthday, or Christmas, or New-Year's Day, that perhaps would make up the five pounds."

"Yes, I think it might; but do you think you will have courage and self-denial enough to be a whole year without any money or any presents? You must think it well over."

"Mamma I should be so glad."

"Yes, but you must think over it for a much longer time—a whole week—and then give me your answer."

"And did you, Aunt Jane?" asked both the children eagerly.

"Yes, I did; and though it was a great pleasure to give Mrs. Jones the five pounds, it was a greater sacrifice than I had imagined it would have been. However, I had chosen it myself, and there was nothing to say; but I was glad when the end of the year came; and then I had a still greater pleasure, for my mother took Priscilla into the nursery, and I was able, by teaching her and helping her, in many ways to make up for the injury I had done her."

"And was she stupid? and had she red hair? and did you like her?"

"She was not at all stupid; but her hair must always be red; and I think you are very fond of her, Annie."

"I don't know her, Aunt Jane."

"Yes, you do, very well. She dresses you every day." "Nurse dresses me."

"But Priscilla is nurse. She stayed with us many years; and when you were a baby, your mamma made her your nurse."

"Oh, how funny! How very odd! A true story, all about real people."

"Thank you," said Eustace gravely. "I think it was very good of you to tell us that story."

"I am glad you liked it, dear boy, and shall be very happy if it makes you remember how little we can tell the effect of our smallest actions. I have often wondered at so much misery being brought upon so many people by my taking that one little tin soldier."

WHEN St. Joseph Calasactius was a little boy five years old, he heard some one speaking about the devil, the enemy of God. He did not know who the devil was, but he thought the devil would be like a man. Another day he got together a good many children. They all got sticks in their hands, and went about looking for the devil to drive him out of the world. These sticks were only made of wood. The stick which really sends the devil away is the beautiful prayer, *Jesus and Mary, help me.*

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America.

[We have spoken at length in the columns of the AVE MARIA of devotion to the Mother of God in the old Catholic countries of Europe; let us now speak of it as it exists in our own country. Here, it is well for us to remember that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is coeval with the discovery of America, and although peculiar obstacles, of which we shall speak anon, have somewhat checked its outward expression, yet our readers will be surprised and rejoiced to see how deep a root this devotion has in the hearts of Americans. As an illustration of this beautiful truth, we give a most interesting article, from Rev. X. D. MacLeod's supplement to Orsini's Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary:]

Columbus—Natural growth of this Devotion—European and American Devotion—Honor due to Mary—Patroness of the United States.

The little sea-port town of Palos, in Andalusia, lay basking in the sun, and its harbor was crowded with swarthy sight-seers, and vocal with wondering tongues. The cool mountain waters of the Tinto brawled past the haven, and flowed into the broad Atlantic. Out on the burnished sea, three caravels lay at anchor. The crowd had assembled to see a set of madmen, as they called them, depart upon a hopeless voyage. Their tongues were busy in discussing the probable manner in which evil fate would fall on the expedition, for no one dreamed of a happy issue for the adventure. If any dared to suggest such a probability, he too was hooted at as insane, and ironically recommended to ship for the voyage.

And as they disputed and sneered, ever and anon a strain of the Mass music would swell from out the church, where faith and confidence were drawing new strength from devotion to God and Mary. For the adventurers, their commander at their head, were preparing by confession and Holy Communion to enter like Christian men upon their perilous undertaking.

Then the Mass was over, and out from the church, grave, resolute and calm, walked the Admiral at the head of his crew, and the crowd, hushed into silence, opened a way for the procession. A few moments were allowed for farewells. Then the brief orders were given, and the sailors, entering the boats, rowed out to their respective

vessels. Then the report of the culverin sounded from the bows, and the standard of Castile swung out to the April breeze from the peak of the *Santa Maria*, and the crew cheered, and the crowd on shore responded, as the Admiral stepped on board.

A few moments more and the anchor was weighed and the yards were trimmed, the sails filled, and the flotilla of Columbus stood out to sea. And with it, as it crossed those pathless waters, the love and protection of our dear Lady and Mother floated over the Atlantic to the shores of America. The first land touched by our Christian Admiral he called San Salvador, in honor of the Son; the next, Santa Maria de la Concepcion, did reverence to the Mother.

It is well nigh four hundred years since, then, but never has Mary forgotten nor been forgotten here; but her servants have labored to extend her devotion; the faithful have responded with eager, loving hearts; her powerful prayers have aided them in Heaven, and now from the perpetual Arctic snows to the mists of Terra del Fuego, ascriptions of honor arise to the Mother Immaculate.

* * * With the successors of Columbus came the cannon and the sword; but there came also the cross and the rosary. And now I come to a point which must be carefully noted. I mean the difference of the rise of devotion to the Blessed Mother of God in this country and in the old Catholic lands, and the consequent difference between the respective external manifestations of it.

When the Gospel of the Son of Mary issued from Palestine and spread over Europe, it was for the dethronement of false deities among comparatively simple men; for civilization was then exclusively Roman, save here and there a little colony. Men received the faith sooner or later in simple, earnest hearts. Faith retained, for many and many centuries, a straightforwardness and openness which has begun to decay only within the last three hundred years. For the general diffusion of a too thin and innutritive knowledge has unquestionably injured the simplicity of faith, by increasing not our wisdom, but our conceit that we are wise. Men have been taught by this to replace faith with the most niggardly of all qualities, suspicion and doubt. State any manifestation of God's love to man, any individual and distinct mark of His favor or providence, and for one that would say, "Blessed be His name for that," a hundred will doubt it, will furnish a score of mean reasons against its probability, will suspect a score of honorable men of collusion, invention and deceit. Pantheism—if I may use that

word for want of a better to express the generalization and depersonalization of God—was not universally spread as it is now. If it existed, it was in some head which "too much learning had made mad," some mind gone astray through over esteem of its own reasoning faculties, and was generally confined to a university chamber. Then men believed in a personal God, to whom they were personally accountable; they loved to receive His gifts and benefits as personal ones; they knew nothing of these fine, new, universal humanities and confederacies of God, but He was *my* Father and *my* God, as well as *our* Father and *our* God. * * * And so they had personal dealings with God, and when He said to the beloved disciple—speaking from the cloud of agony which overhung the Cross—"Son behold thy Mother!" they saw in that divinest boon, a mother for all and each of them; a mother equally loving and tender for each of her children, procuring benefits for each from her Divine Son, and therefore naturally carrying back to Him the thanks of each for such benefits. * * * They went to fight and begged her protection; they came back successful, and built *Notre Dame des Victoires*. They were perishing by an epidemic, and made a novena to her; and she heard them, and their Cathedral is dedicated to Our Lady of help in need—*Notre Dame de Bon Secours*.

Travelers lighted on land after storms, like the grand, heroic Columbus, and because in their trouble they had begged help from the gentle Mother, and believed that she heard them, they called the new land by her name. A poor pious man, attacked by highwaymen, converts one by his gentle discourse—the place is called St. Mary of Robbers, and some nineteenth century literary skirmisher will inform you that the Blessed Virgin was the patroness of thieves in this neighborhood. Hence the history of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in Europe is simply a ramble through the beautiful. There is no hamlet, or city, or borough, without its consecration, partial or entire, to the dear Mother of God. Europe is flooded with fact and legend. * * * But we live, comparatively few in number, in a land which if not Protestant is at least not Catholic. * * * Pulpit and lecture-room, public meetings and corner-stone layings, the press and the bar-room, recho with charges of idolatry, of taking from God the honor which is His due only and giving it to a creature; and even the gentlest will shake their heads and bewail with grave charity the unfortunate propensity of the Papist to give too much honor to Mary. * * * Yet in despite of this we are prepared to believe that there is no old Catholic country in Europe, that there never has been a country in which reverent love and earnest heartfelt devotion for the Blessed Mother of God was more deeply rooted and more ardently cherished, or more fervently and fruitfully practiced, than in this same North America. It is unobtrusive, but it is real. It guides and influences the hearts of men, and is found pure and glowing in the souls of some who seem to be the

most thoughtless in society, of some who seem to be the driest and most engrossed in affairs.

It begins in earliest childhood when the Scapular and medal are placed around the neck, to be kept there ever afterward, even in the grave. As the child grows, he is won to the membership of some Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, some Rosary Society, some Confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The elders form their associations and place them under the patronage of the Queen of Angels. Nuns of Notre Dame and of the Visitation train the female children; Brothers of Mary are consecrated to the education of boys. The Bishop labors patiently till his Seminary of St. Mary is completed; the Priest toils arduously until his Parish of the Annunciation or Assumption is established; and all join their prayers, their counsel, their money, their manual labor, their self-denial and renunciation, until the Cross peeps through the greenwood, from the convent of Mary's help, and the church of the Immaculate crowns the summit of the hill. * * *

What wonder, then, that in her own sweet month of May, the Fathers of the Council of 1846, held in Baltimore, twenty-two Bishops, with their theologians, should solemnly elect as the Patroness of the United States of America, the Blessed Virgin Mary miraculously conceived? The Fathers had been trained in her honor, they had lived for her service, they desired to add this crowning glory to their life-long prayer and praise, and at the same time to show their zeal for the true interests of this country, by entreating her protection for it in this eminent and public way. The next year this election was confirmed by the Sovereign Pontiff, and now forever, in the grand public session that closes these august assemblies, after the *Te Deum* has been sung, the cantors, richly coped, stand before the altar and intone their first acclamation to the Most High God. That chorused, they burst forth—*Beatissima Virgini Mariæ sine labe originali conceptæ, haram Provinciarum Patronæ, honor æternus!* . And in chorus the venerable Bishops and theologians and attendant priests, and the whole multitude of people, repeat the glad ascription, and then, swelling to vaulted roof, and filling aisle and nave and broad cathedral sanctuary, rolls in deep, majestic chorus the solemn Amen! Amen!

But if from the miracles operated by the virtue of the holy scapular, in favor of cities, provinces and entire kingdoms, we pass to the marvels wrought in favor of individuals, it would require all the tongues that Saint Jerome wished to possess, that he might celebrate the virtues of Mary. In truth, the earth is but one vast stage, upon which Heaven seems to delight in manifesting the virtue of this habit of the Mother of God. Wherever we turn our eyes, we behold miracles on miracles. How many conflagrations extinguished! how many shipwrecks avoided! how many bullets flattened! how many swords blunted! how many restored to sight! how many cripples and paralytics cured!

THE SCAPULAR.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE WAR.

We take pleasure in giving place to the following letter from a responsible officer of the army, on account of the very edifying incidents it relates—additional developments of the divine sanction to the practice of devotion to the Mother of God:

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 13, 1864.

Since I wrote you last I was in the midst of one of the most bloody battles of the war. The fury of the combatants on both sides was excited by the importance which unavoidable circumstances would give to victory for either side. Defeat for us would be ruin to our army, the loss of Nashville, and therefore the whole State of Tennessee, and the most of Kentucky. At that time we had but two corps to oppose Hood's advance, with his whole army, from crossing the Tennessee, toward Nashville. We gradually fell back about sixty miles, closely followed by Hood, toward Nashville, his objective point, until we came to Franklin, a considerable town eighteen miles south of Nashville. The night before the battle the rebel army camped within half a mile of where we had halted, to save our train of wagons. We marched all night and made Franklin about one o'clock p. m. Here we must fight or lose our train. Franklin is situated in the bend of a small river. In front of this town, our troops commenced immediately to throw up earth-works from river to river. About four o'clock p. m. the rebel army came up and without delay attempted to storm our works. Our artillery were all in position, and the men ready behind their works. They charged up to the mouths of our blazing artillery and small arms, and were hurled back with terrible slaughter. They retreat; and again they charge with fresh troops, and again they were beaten back. Thus it continued through eleven successive but unsuccessful attempts to pierce our line, till midnight, when the enemy retired completely shattered—nearly one-fourth of their number being killed and wounded. The efforts of the enemy were to turn our left, which covered the brigade, our only means of retreat. If they succeeded, our retreat was impossible and our destruction was certain. And the victorious enemy, after capturing our train and scattering our army, could march unopposed to Nashville and capture it, the garrison there not being sufficient for its defense against so large an army. But failing in the first, they failed in all the rest.

Officers and men unite in saying that the gallantry and skill of the dauntless Major General D. S. S.—, the 4th Corps Commander, saved our army and the national honor. He being the Commander of our Corps, I happened to be with him before the battle began. He is a most devout Catholic, in every sense of the word. Father Tracy baptized him on the field of "Shiloh," and Father Cooney gave him his first Communion on last Easter Sunday, in camp at Blue Springs, Tennessee. Surrounded by his staff and other officers, that terrible evening, he stepped up to Father

Cooney and remarked: "Father, we are going to have a terrible battle to-night, and that I may be well prepared to meet death, I would like to go to confession." "Very well," said Father Cooney, "you may do it here." And, as they were standing in the open field, they stepped but a few paces to one side, and standing in the sight of his officers he reverently took off his hat and made his confession, and in a moment after mounted his horse and was ready for battle. Is this not something worthy of "the age of faith," to see a Major General, whose brow was already decorated with the "laurels" of many a hard-fought battle, so completely dead to the threats of that relentless tyrant, *human respect*, and alive only to the faith of Jesus Christ. Well might such a hero say, on entering the battle, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory." The 4th Corps had to stand the brunt of the battle; and where it raged the fiercest there this soldier of the Cross was to be found, cheering and directing his men. During one of the charges on the works the fury of the rebels broke our line and drove back the left brigade of his Corps. But the eye of the fearless General was there; he swung around another brigade to close the gap, capturing all the rebels that entered, and he saved the army.

This occasioned a remark that has gone through the army, that "the rebels broke through our line and an officer of the 4th corps came down and drove them out *with his sword*." While he was doing this, a bullet entered his coat on his right shoulder, and came out on his left; in passing from shoulder to shoulder, it tore the flesh all along, except one spot about two inches wide upon which his Scapular rested.

That little spot covered the vertebra of the neck, at the head of the spinal column, which, if broken, would cause instant death. The surgeons decided that one quarter of an inch *lower* would have caused death, and the Scapular appears to have raised the range of the bullet at least that much. One head of the Scapular rested on the lower part of the neck. The bullet cut one of the strings, but did no more injury to the Scapular. He paid no attention to the wound until the battle was over. When the battle was over, I heard General S—was wounded, and I went to see him. The General showed me the Scapular, with one string cut and the end that was on his neck was bloody.

"This Scapular," said he, "was given to me last Easter by Father Cooney, and I believe it has saved my life. And," he added, "nothing in this world could buy it; I shall keep it as a precious relic as long as I live." Father Cooney told me that the General came to his tent on Holy Saturday evening and went to confession, that after confession he remarked to the General that, on the following day (Easter) many would receive the holy Scapular, and it would be a very appropriate day for him to receive it. "Well," said he, "I will; but I do not know anything about it. Please to explain it." On hearing Father Cooney's explanation of it he was very desirous to receive it. Little did he suppose *then*

that it would one day save his life. For it turned the bullet out of a straight line, to which it returned again, as if to make the power of God more manifest. About dark, the night of the battle, I had to pass through the streets of Franklin. The bullets fell like hail against the houses. A more lonely night I never witnessed. Every thing was still as death. The smoke from the artillery had settled down and filled the streets so that I could scarcely see any thing, although it was moonlight. All doors and window-blinds were closed—not a soul to be seen. It gave me an idea of *hell*—minus the curses of the damned. As nobody was ordered to leave I learned that the women and children were mostly in the cellars—men, there were *none*. All escaped to Nashville the day before, for fear of the “conscription.” K.

St. Vincent of Paul---July 19.

O blessed Father! sent by God,
His mercy to dispense,
Thy hand is out o'er all the earth,
Like God's own providence.
Dear Saint! not in the wilderness
Thy fragrant virtues bloom,
But in the city's crowded haunts,
The alley's cheerless gloom.
For charity anointed thee
O'er want, and woe, and pain;
And she hath crowned thee emperor
Of all her wide domain.
Vincent! like Mother Mary, thou
Art no one's patron saint;
Eyes to the blind, health to the sick,
And life to those who faint.
The poor thou savest by such charms
As hardest hearts can move,
The rich by teaching them to do
The saving works of love.
Saint of wide-open arms, and heart
Capacious as a sea,
In dead of night a thousand lips
Are sweetly blessing thee,—
In orphanage, in hospital,
The sick on garret bed,
The dying, and the desolate
Who weep beside the dead.
Thou seem'st to have a thousand hands,
And in each hand a heart;
And all the hearts a precious balm
Like dew from God impart.
While love overwhelmed thy days
With toils beyond compare,
Thy life 'mid all thy countless works
Was one unbroken prayer.
'Twas prayer that multiplied thy hands,
Prayer was thy power to bless;
'Twas prayer that made thy time for thee,
'Twas prayer was thy success.
So thou belongest unto us all,
And all belong to thee;
And we in him Thy pity praise,
Most Holy Trinity!

THE ATONEMENT.

The Atonement was amply *sufficient* for all the wants of fallen human nature. In the prophetic language of the psalmist, it contained “an abundant redemption.” (Psalm cxxix, 7). It fully atoned not only for original sin, but also for all the actual sins of all mankind. Even one drop of the great Man-God's precious blood would have superabundantly sufficed to expiate the sins of ten thousand worlds; because it was of infinite value and acceptance with God. The one great sacrifice of the cross “obtained an eternal redemption,” and “exhausted the sins of many.” (Hebrews ix, 12 and 28). It fully paid the price of ransom for the sins of all the descendants of Adam. None were excepted from its influence; for “there is no exception of persons with God.” All who had sinned in Adam, and had thereby incurred death, were ransomed in Christ. (See Romans, ch. v). The arms of the Blessed Jesus, extended on the cross, embraced all mankind without exception: His heart loved all, and His heart's blood was bounteously poured out for all. And the system of belief, which would limit the atonement to a select few, is as unscriptural as it is narrow and unworthy of God.

By the Atonement, ample means were thus provided for the salvation of every child of Adam. Whosoever therefore is not saved, perishes solely through his own fault. God has fully and superabundantly done His part, and He may still address to the world the plaint formerly uttered against the house of Israel: “What is there that I ought to do more to my vineyard that I have not done to it? Was it that I looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it hath brought forth wild grapes?” (Isaiah v, 4).

But man is *free*, either to use or to neglect these means of salvation; God offers no violence to his free will; he is still “placed in the hands of his counsel,” (Eccl. xv, 14), and may choose either fire or water; either the fire of the divine indignation, or the cooling streams of heavenly grace. God will compel none into Heaven; He will bestow the crown of immortality only on those who have fought valiantly for it, and triumph over sin through Jesus Christ.

As St. Augustin has somewhere remarked, God, who created us without our consent or aid, will not save us without our co-operation. The abundant merits of the redemption will be applied to us, only on condition that we, on our part, do all that God requires of us, as preliminaries to the application; He Himself freely aiding and assisting us by His holy grace, both in beginning and perfecting the good work. Of ourselves we can, indeed, do nothing toward our salvation; but without our free co-operation the grace of God will certainly not save us. Salvation is thus the result of two agencies combined: the weakness of man, strengthened and rendered efficient by the grace of God. The same inspired Apostle who said: “We are not sufficient to think any thing of ourselves, as of ourselves,” (2 Corinth, iii, 4), also said: “I can do *all things* in Him who strengtheneth me.” (Philippians, iv, 13.)

With the blessed Saviour Himself, the Catholic Church has ever taught, that the merits of the Atonement are applied only to those who strive earnestly, with the grace of God, to imitate Christ, in His spirit, in His life, in His death. In the name of her Divine Head and Spouse, she has ever addressed His words to all her children, as setting forth the essential conditions of discipleship: "If any man will come after Me, let him *deny himself, take up his Cross and follow Me.*" (St. Matt. xvi, 24). With the inspired Paul, she has ever taught that, to be sharers in the redemption, we must "be nailed to the Cross with Christ; and live, now not we, but Christ in us." (Galatians ii, 19, 20). She tells us that "they who are Christ's *have crucified their flesh, with the vices and concupiscences.*" (Galatians v, 24). She tells us daily that, like St. Paul, we must "chastise our bodies, and bring them into subjection," (Corinthians ix, 37), and must "*fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ in our flesh.*" (Colossians i, 24). She tells us that we must *do penance in sackcloth and ashes*, (St. Matt. xi, 21, and Luke x, 13), as the Saviour said Tyre and Sidon would have done, had the works been performed in them that were done in Corozain and Bethsaida. She tells us what John told the Jews on the banks of the Jordan: "Bring forth, therefore, *fruits worthy of penance,*" (St. Matt. iii, 8), and what Christ said, speaking of John: "The Kingdom of Heaven *suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away.*" (Id. xi, 12). She tells us, that those only are foreknown by God, and predestined to life eternal, who *are made conformable to the image of His Son*, (Rom. viii, 29), and that we must "*suffer with Christ if we would reign with Him.*" (2 Tim. ii, 12).

The whole New Testament abounds with such declarations, all going to show that we cannot expect to share in the merits of the redemption unless we do violence to ourselves, deny ourselves, mortify our members, imitate the example of Christ, and catch His sacrificial and expiatory spirit. He was innocence itself, and yet was He made the victim of sin; we are guilty—we contributed to nail Him to the Cross—we *deserve* to suffer. "The disciple is not above the master," and as St. Bernard well remarks, "it is not becoming that, under a head crowned with thorns, the members should be over delicate." No, no. Those deceive themselves, to their own eternal ruin, who think that they may be saved while reclining on a bed of roses, when Jesus entered into His glory by lying on the hard bed of the Cross. Those fatally deceive themselves who think that they may reach Heaven by treading the way of "primrose dalliance," while Jesus walked in a path bestrewed with thorns and marked by His own blood; and while He exclaimed: "How narrow is the gate, and straight is the way, which leadeth to life: and few there are who find it!" (Matt. vii, 14).

All the saints of God, from the days of St. John the Baptist down to the present time,—to say nothing of those who lived under the Old Law,—have acted on these principles, and have walked in this narrow and thorny path; and in so doing they did but imitate the great SAINT of SAINTS,

Jesus Christ Himself, "the Author and Finisher of our faith." This doctrine it was which peopled the deserts with holy men of God, who fled from the soft blandishments of the world and of the flesh, to crucify themselves in solitude. This doctrine it was which raised up whole armies of virgins and of holy celebrities, who, denying themselves and "crucifying their flesh with its vices and concupiscences," preserved to the end of life the lily of purity, and now are privileged in Heaven to be the special favorites of the Lamb, and "to follow Him whithersoever He goeth." This doctrine it was which made the martyrs smile on death, and even sigh for its approach, that their blood might be mingled with that of the great expiatory sacrifice, and that they might die for Christ and with Christ. This doctrine, in fine, was the basis of the severe penitential discipline which generally obtained among the ancient Christians, and which, though mitigated in rigor, still exists in the Catholic Church of the present day.

At our special request, the venerable Prelate has kindly added the following lines, by which this rich article is made doubly precious to the readers of the AVE MARIA.—ED.

The one who shared most in the Atonement, was the Immaculate Virgin, Mother of the Saviour. she stood, with a brave and loving heart, at the foot of the Cross; she shared in all His sorrows and pangs, and the nails which so cruelly pierced His hands and feet, and the spear which opened the way to His loving Heart, transpierced her own as well, in fulfilment of the prophecy uttered by the holy Simeon, that "the sword of grief should trans pierce her heart." She is the Queen of Martyrs—a Martyr of maternal love.

If she, on whose pure soul no shadow of sin was allowed to fall, nevertheless suffered so much, in conjunction with Christ, how can we miserable sinners, whose iniquities have been multiplied over the hairs of our head, hope to be exempt from all participation in the Passion of Christ, and yet to win and wear the crown of glory which He purchased at the price of wearing the bloody crown of thorns? Are we better and holier than Jesus, are we purer than Mary? We cruelly deceive ourselves if we cherish the idea of any such exemption.

From the days of the blessed Simon Stock, to whom the most holy Virgin gave the precious habit of the Scapular, even to the present time, there is not a single Christian, who, having known the spiritual and temporal advantages to be derived from the devotion of the holy Scapular, has not made it a duty to put it in practice, and wear its sacred livery. Among the Sovereign Pontiffs who have cherished the devotion to the Scapular, we shall cite only Clement VIII, of whom it is recorded that, after his exaltation to the pontificate, the officer who stripped him of his Cardinal's robes was about to remove his Scapular, representing to him that the papal costume combines the virtue of all other habits; but the Pope prevented him, saying: "Leave me Mary, lest Mary should leave me."

Lines on hearing the Litany of the B. Virgin sung.

The day was waning, and I stood alone
 Within a holy place. The solemn style
 Of ancient ages reign'd throughout the pile!
 High Gothic windows, with their diamond glass,
 Arch within pointed arch, and cornice carved,
 With skill elaborate, with mysterious lore
 Told wondrous tales of days gone by, and breath'd
 Religious thought o'er things inanimate,
 Until they seem'd to glow with living beams.
 The rose-leaf hue of fading light stole in
 Through crimson draperies, making rich gloom
 Around the solemn altar, and long aisle;
 And bathed the fluted pillars, like a mist
 Kiss'd by the setting sun—one single ray
 From the far western sky, where folds on folds
 Of glory lay, in gorgeous piles, streamed through
 A lofty window, and like some bright gleam
 From seraph's wing or cherub's brow, lit up
 The cross on which, in chisel'd agony,
 The "Man of sorrows" hung.

My soul was still,
 Save when the unseen spirit gently breathed [deep
 Sweet thoughts of contrite tears, and stirr'd its
 With hopes of heavenly birth, which, like the beam
 Of splendor on the cross, illumed the wave,
 That often tosses roughly the frail bark
 That bears us o'er life's sea.

But footsteps rouse
 Me from my spirit's calm, and worshipers—
 The old man, with Time's hoar-frost on his brow,
 The woman, bowed with years, the maiden, youth
 And fair-hair'd child—in meek simplicity,
 Kneel silently before their God; while tones
 Of solemn music roll, in cadence sweet, [priest,
 From the soft organ's peal. The white-robed
 In reverent awe, bows humbly down
 Before the mercy-seat, where, shined in love,
 The spotless Lamb dwells 'neath the mystic veil.
Kyrie Eleison! softly 'tis intoned,—
 The first, best prayer our sinful hearts can breathe
 Unto a sinless God.

Again it peals!

Kyrie Eleison!

Awful splendors round Thee stealing,
 Flashing glory through the skies,
 Seraph forms before Thee kneeling,
 Veil their faces from Thine eyes.

Christe Eleison!

'Mid the harp-notes round Thee swelling,
 And the loud hosanna's tone;
 Hear us from Thy holy dwelling,
 Let our cries come near Thy throne.

Spiritus Sancto!

Gently o'er my spirits brooding!
 Token of our Father's love!
 Bathed in light around Thee flooding,
 Calm our troubled hearts, O Dove!

Sancta Maria!

By the Saviour's birth-place holy,
 By the new-born eastern beams,
 By the Chaldean watchers lowly,
 Roused by angels from their dreams!

Ora pro nobis!

Pray, sweet Mother—gently pleading
 For us—wanderers through life's gloom;

Be our beacon,—brightly leading
 Us to worlds beyond the tomb.

Ora pro nobis!

Not to save us from the weary
 Steps along the rugged way,
 Or to turn aside the dreary
 Cloud that sometimes dims life's day!

Ora pro nobis!

That our spirits, meekly scorn
 All the pains and ills of earth,
 Humbly wait the blessed dawning
 Of a new celestial birth.

Ave Maria!

Shadows o'er the hill are stealing,
 Gloom is on the quiet glen,
 Hear us, Mother, lowly kneeling,
 Bless our contrite tears.—Amen.

The prayer was ended, and the shades of night,
 Shed gloom and dimness through the holy place,
 Save where two tapers burn'd upon the shrine,
 And the undying lamp sent mildly forth
 Its mellow rays. Yea, all was dimness there
 Unto the outward eye, but to the eye
 That never sleeps, an angel's calm lit up
 The soul's interior cells, and hope's bright wing
 Made all else radiant there.

La Femme Catholique---The Catholic Woman.

The European fame of Father Ventura, as an orator and writer, has for more than the fourth of a century equaled that of his most brilliant and eloquent contemporaries. The funeral oration on O'Connell, we believe, is the only work of his that has as yet been translated into the English language. Those of our readers who will recall his glowing "thoughts that breathed and words that burned," in that sublime eulogy, so far superior to any similar effort, not even excepting the famous panegyric of Lacordaire, will be delighted to enjoy the rich gifts of the eloquent *Padre*, as given in *La Femme Catholique*.

In a late visit to France, one of the happiest days we spent was in friendly intercourse with this learned and saintly man, whose conversation, as his writings, breathed a healthy, exhilarating tone on all social questions, profound and extensive knowledge on all political topics, and fervent, eloquent piety on all religious ones, converging all to the one brilliant focus—*faith*; tender, earnest, active, practical faith. We could not help noticing a striking resemblance between him and one of our greatest men in America. In age, in appearance, in originality of thought, in fixedness of conviction and boldness of expression, they were alike in a surprising degree.

During the four years that Father Ventura was the preacher of Napoleon III at Versailles, many wondered how the Emperor could bear such fearless denunciations; but such was the power and effect of his eloquence, that the court never uttered a complaint; on the contrary, all admired, even when they were forced to blush before his unsparing courage.

Father Ventura died in Paris a few years since, leaving behind him the well-earned reputation of one of the deepest minds of the age. His views

on Catholic woman are particularly characteristic of his genius. No one has ever portrayed the mission of woman in the Church as Father Ventura has done, in his two admirable volumes bearing the title of *La Femme Catholique*.

At the approach of the festival of the first two women of the Gospel, Mary Magdalen and Martha, her sister, we cannot resist the desire of introducing the feasts by some preliminary remarks from our illustrious author; and before long we shall show how justly we claim all those admirable figures as the property of the Blessed Virgin, to whom, after God, they owed all. In "The Catholic Women," the erudite author demonstrates, in the first part, the urgent necessity of educating woman from a religious point of view; of implanting Catholicity most solidly in her mind and heart, in order that she may be well prepared to play her part for the preservation of Catholicity in Europe at the close of the nineteenth century, as she sustained it in France at the end of the eighteenth.

In the second part of this work, he paints as a rare artist the minds and hearts of the most celebrated Catholic women of the five grand epochs of the Church: the epoch of Jesus and His Apostles, of the Martyrs, of the Fathers of the Church, of the Middle Ages and modern times.

In the first of these epochs we see woman nourishing with her goods, assisting by her manual labor, the Saviour of the world and His disciples, and co-operating by her zeal, generosity and devotedness in the foundation of the Church. In the second epoch he graphically paints her as amazing and confounding Paganism by her celestial love of purity, her wonderful courage and constancy in the confession of the true faith, in the midst of the most frightful torments. As virgin or mother, wife or widow, free or slave, innocent or penitent, always grand, sublime and heroic in her martyrdom, testifying in the most triumphant manner the divinity of the Christian religion and propagating it throughout the world.

In the third part he agreeably surprises us by showing how the Fathers of the Greek and Latin Churches, those great geniuses who astonished and enlightened the world as much by their science as by their virtues, those redoubtable scourges of all errors, were often but the precious gifts which the piety of Catholic women gave to the Church, and it is by their co-operation that they became so renowned and did such immense good. This surprise is increased at seeing, in the same epoch, Catholic women in their household, realizing in full perfection all the precepts and counsels of the Gospel, and contributing by their example as much as the Fathers by their preaching and writings, to popularize sanctity and to form the morals of a Christian people; and again seated on the throne, they labored for the conversion of the Cæsars, the overthrow of idolatry and the destruction of heresies.

In the fourth epoch, Father Ventura exhibits the Catholic women inspiring the founders of religious orders, and contributing by all means to construct temples, convents of both sexes, schools and hospitals, which during this long period arose as

by enchantment and covered the soil of Europe. We see them recalling princes to their duty, ameliorating the condition of the people, maintaining discipline and science among the clergy, defending the Pope, enriching the poor and the Church.

In the fifth and last epoch, Catholic woman is eloquently portrayed as confessing Jesus Christ with the same heroism as the female martyrs of the first ages; as queen, governing the states with the same prudence as the queens of the Middle Ages, combating Protestantism with more courage and success than ever man did, arresting the progress of heresy and impiety, preserving the faith, inspiring and forming saints, encouraging apostles, co-operating in the foundation of new religious orders, multiplying pious and charitable establishments, giving unheard-of and prodigious developments to the holy industry of charity, and maintaining them by the same generosity and devotedness as characterized the holy women of past ages.

We think we have said enough to interest our readers in this admirable work of Father Ventura, and we will finish by giving, in his own words, his portrait of the supernatural beauty of the mind and the heart of *Catholic woman*.

"Certainly we have nothing new to say on this subject. The only novelty is the order we have given to this series of prodigies, very ancient without doubt, but which in Catholic countries is renewed every instant even in our own days, under our own eyes, with the same constancy and the same efficacy. The traits of superhuman beauty in the mind and heart of Catholic woman, scattered through the numerous volumes of Catholic history, we believe have never been collected. It is these we now unite in order to draw from nature the portrait of the most beautiful, the most noble and the most sublime creation of the grace of Christianity. We regret not being sufficiently skilled as an artist to give such a portrait all the charm, brilliancy and life of which we believe it susceptible. Is is a celestial, angelic subject, worthy the brush of angels and the colors of heaven. But at least this imperfect, rough sketch may give to the mind of some one of the great painters of the soul, with which France abounds, the idea of treating in a more complete manner, and worthy of him, this same subject. Notwithstanding all that has been written on woman, we believe that a work expressly on the *Catholic woman* has yet to appear, and we hope that it will be written.

"Meanwhile by this compendium of the virtues, merits, grandeurs and glories of the Catholic women, which we have merely traced in the second part of our work, we wish to offer woman a mirror which she may be able to consult with profit, in order to show how she can enhance the beauty and grace of her soul and render it more worthy of the love of God and of the respect and admiration of men; to elevate her in her own eyes, to teach her what she is, what she is worth, what she can do under the action of Catholicity; to convince her that her dress, her most magnificent ornaments, the most splendid and most dazzling charms and riches consist in the robe of sanctifying grace, bleached to snowy whiteness in the

blood of the Lamb, (Apoc.), the girdle of chastity (Matt.), the ribbons of mortification, the sandals of the imitation of Jesus Christ (1 Peter), the ring of fidelity to duty (Luke), the bracelets of submission; the necklace of patience, the cameo of love of the Cross, the bouquet of fervor, the roses of chastity, the cosmetics of modesty, the perfume of good examples, the jewels of the merit of good works, the amplitude of devotedness, the saintly pride of faith, the self-possession, deportment of hope and the gold of charity. * * *

"The first part of this work shows what Catholicity is, and what it has done for woman; the second, what woman has done by the aid of Catholicity and for Catholicity; the third shows on what conditions Catholicity can transform and elevate woman, and on what conditions woman herself can, on her part, operate wonders and render herself worthy of Catholicity. * * *

"It is at least a hymn of glory to woman, whose strains modern Paganism has striven to hush; a hymn of glory to the power of the grace of Catholicity, whose love transports us and whose grandeur ravishes us. It is also certain that having proved, at least so we believe by this work, that nothing great or useful has been accomplished in the Church and in Catholic countries without the influence and co-operation of Catholic woman, we have presented a pledge of hope to those who are alarmed at the actual state of Christianity in Europe. From the tableau we have placed before your eyes, in exhibiting what the Catholic woman has been able to do in the past, we may naturally conclude what she is capable of doing in the future, thus inspiring the hope, in the approaching grand Catholic revival, that the Catholic woman will worthily play the great and important role that Providence reserves for her."

Ave Maria from Protestant Lips;

OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

[From "Women of the Old and New Testament," by various contributors, compiled by Wm. B. Sprague, we quote the following extracts from a poem by a poet of New England, whose name is not given. The subject of the poem is an inquiry after the abode "of the Mother of her Lord," during the forty days that intervened between the Resurrection and the Ascension:]

Of the Bright Cloud of Witnesses.

Of the bright cloud of witnesses
From Holy Writ that gleam,
One face of meekness, love and faith,
Dearer than all doth seem.

Thou chosen one of all the earth;
Thou Mother of our Lord.

* * * * *

For forty days of ecstasy,
We feel where thou didst roam,
But long in vain to see the spot
Which thou didst call thy home.

Oh, that one glimpse to our dim eyes,
One shadowy glimpse were given,

To teach us that an earthly home
May glow with light from Heaven.
Perchance it was a lonely place,
Men passed unheeded by,
And would have mocked if told how near
It towered to the sky.

* * * * *

There oft in early Cristian times
Were lifted heart and voice,
As in our Saviour and your God
Ye ceased not to rejoice;
While still ye talked day after day,
With earnest, tearful smile,
Of Him who departed hence
But for a little while.

Would we, indeed, of that bright spot
One shadowy glance were given,
To teach us how an earthly home
May glow with light from Heaven.

Then let us seek the Holy Word,
Which thou St. John did write;
'Twill be as if that household blest,
Arose before our sight.

Thy words were humble as thy home,
But for the light above;
Yet on thy page and on thy walls
One word is beaming—LOVE.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 3.—The Widow's Son.

FROM THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

[Continued.]

Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, was the descendant of an ancient and illustrious family. Many of his ancestors had exercised the dignity of consul at Rome. His father had been pretorian prefect in Gaul, and it was in that country he was born, at Bordeaux, or in a country residence near that city. The lands belonging to his family in Italy, Gaul and Spain, were so vast that the poet Ansonius, his tutor, did not fear to give them the hyperbolic name of kingdom. The glory of his ancestors, the splendor of his rank, and the amplitude of his fortune would have been, however, but empty titles, if they had not been supported by wisdom and virtue. He had, while still young, carried off a prize for poetry, which his teacher never would have obtained. The apology that he published to justify the Emperor Theodosius, against the calumnies promulgated by the Pagans, merited the praise of Saint Jerome. The letters and poems he has left us bear witness to the beauty of his genius as well as to the purity of his faith. He was connected with every great man his country produced. Saint Martin miraculously cured him of a sore that threatened to deprive him of an eye. His interviews with Saint Ambrose contributed powerfully to his conversion. His letters also bear testimony of the friendship which united him to the learned Bishop of Hippo. In fine, he received signal favors from Saint Anastasius, the Bishop of Bishops, and of Patriarchs.

Why did he forsake his lands, his palaces, his dignities, his wife even? Why did he renounce

all that he loved; all those things to which he had once been devoted, heart and soul?

When the spirit of God has once taken possession of a man, He rules absolutely, and reigns over all within. He overthrows, renews every thing. He casts out every thing that displeases Him, and leaves nothing but what is pure and unsullied. Man, astonished at the change, recognizes himself no longer. What he passionately loved becomes odious to him. The persecutor, struck with consternation, becomes an apostle; the voluptuous man performs prodigies of austerity, and he who seemed invincibly attached to the delights of the flesh, seeks for nothing but penance and mortification.

Paulinus, although not yet baptized, was a Christian in manners and in virtue, and preachers held up his life as an example, not only to the faithful, but even to the clergy. He cast off finally the name of pagan at the age of thirty-eight, receiving baptism from the hands of the Bishop of Bordeaux. In the primitive ages, baptism was not considered an empty ceremony, and men did not trifle with their vows to God. Without doubt, penitents might always find in the Sacrament of Penance the pardon of their sins; but the least infidelity was regarded as a great misfortune, and the loss of baptismal purity was so much feared, that many waited the approach of death before they had recourse to this Sacrament.

Paulinus resolved to retire to an estate that he possessed in Spain, near Barcelona, and to follow there the rules of monastic life. His wife, who would naturally have been the greatest obstacle to his resolution, seemed, on the contrary, rather to instigate it. By mutual consent, notwithstanding the unchangeable and holy affection that united them, they raised between themselves the barrier of continency, and whilst loving each other as spouses, they lived together with the chaste reserve of brother and sister. They strove mutually who should excel in modesty and good works, and made their residence a refuge for strangers, and a hospital, whilst their granaries were thrown open to the needy. In spite of their care to hide their virtues, the people could not but be struck with them. On Christmas day, while Paulinus was assisting in church at the ordination of some young priests, the faithful begged of the Bishop to confer Holy Orders upon him. Paulinus did not dare to accept the burden of the priesthood, but after some resistance he gave way, and the prelate imposed hands upon him. He understood then that God had called him to a most perfect life. He set free all his slaves, sold his goods, farms and castles; and distributed the price to the poor. Disengaged from all that could burden his soul and attach it to the earth, he had come to hide his virtues in the city of Nola. It was not permitted him to attain the obscurity to which he aspired. His humility enhanced the heroism of his sacrifices. After a few years, he was elected Bishop of Nola, with the unanimous acclamations of both clergy and people.

Cypriana was admitted without difficulty to

the Episcopal residence. The Saint was praying with tears for his flock, and offering himself to God a voluntary victim for the sins of all. He listened kindly to the old woman. When she had made known her misfortune, he remained silent for awhile. He had given away all that he had; his money, his furniture, his clothes, even to the sacred vessels and ornaments of the church, and excepting his own body, he possessed nothing more. He was desolated by the desolation of this widow; and we saw that she had trusted in him. He would not send her away without succor, and yet he had nothing wherewith to assist her. He remembered, at length, that he had read in the Gospel: "The Good Shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." Breaking silence then, he said to Cypriana: "Take me to the master of thy son."

They embarked the same day in a ship which was then setting sail for Carthage. The widow was ignorant of the intentions of the Bishop. She believed that he only meant to offer security for the ransom of Adeodatus, and to obtain that he should be set at liberty on promise of future payment. But Paulinus knew what he was about to do.

Misfortune is the visitation of the Lord; it is the breath of his mercy, breathed upon man to purify and convert him. How many sinners, slumbering in vice under the shadow of prosperity, have been awakened by the thunders of adversity, and affrighted, have shaken off their criminal drowsiness, and taken refuge in the bosom of religion! This change had been accomplished in Adeodatus. Deaf, as long as he had nothing to fear, to all advice and reproof, captivity had caused him to enter into himself. He remembered his past disorders, and, judging himself by the brightness of that torch of justice which God lights up in every human soul, he confessed his wickedness, and acknowledged that his punishment was well deserved. He was sensible that he had crimes to expiate. When obeying the rod of his master, he recollected that he had abused his former liberty. A secret wound had opened in his heart from the moment of his separation from his mother; he remembered, her and wept.

Confined in the hold of the vessel with the other prisoners, he heard their complaints and their sighs. All, in the midst of their grief, entertained the hope of being soon released from their chains. They had relatives and friends, who were no doubt already making exertions for their deliverance. Adeodatus alone was unlikely ever again to see the Italian shore and the city of his birth. His mother was the sole object of his regret. What did he leave in his native land? The poor have no native land. Is not poverty itself a kind of slavery? Since he must needs be a slave, what should the country signify to him? He would have been soon consoled, if he had had no mother; and he alone, of all the captives, would have endured his fate without a tear.

The voyage tired him. Besides, the thought of the future seemed harder than the reality itself. He wished to have his anxiety relieved, and to

enter on his new state of life. They disembarked. According to the promise he had made to Cypriana, Teutbert did not sell his slave. He brought him to his palace. Adeodatus was committed to the charge of the steward. As he knew no handicraft, he was employed in laborious, but simple work, in carrying loads, bringing water to the apartments and food to the horses. He resigned himself to his lot without giving any trouble; and as he was always docile and obedient, he was not ill-treated. From time to time, nevertheless, he sat down where he was not observed, and resting his head on his hands, he fell into reverie. He thought over the grief that his absence would cause his mother. He wished to know what had become of her, and that he could reassure her anxiety and console her affliction. He inquired everywhere if there was no one of the prisoners returning to Nola, who would take a message for him.

Paulinus, meanwhile, having arrived in Carthage, came with Cypriana to the house of Teutbert.

"Thou didst promise me," said the widow, "to keep my son with thee, until I came to reclaim him."

"I have kept my word. He is here, and I have already refused a merchant who offered to buy him."

This assurance calmed the fears of Cypriana. She then turned to the Bishop, and appealed to him, by a look, to explain the means by which he proposed to obtain the freedom of her son.

"I do not bring thee money," said he, "but it is of no consequence. Thou wouldst not refuse to exchange, if in place of this slave, I were to offer thee another?"

"Where's the other slave?" asked the barbarian.

"He is before thine eyes."

"Is it thou?" "My very self."

Teutbert scrutinized the old man in silence.

"No!" cried Cypriana. "I did not understand this! It cannot be that thou offerest to take upon thyself the chains of my son!"

"Woman!" asked Paulinus, "Didst thou not demand of me the ransom of thy son?"

"Alas! But if he cannot be restored to me except at such a price! Who will watch over thy flock in thine absence? Who will dry the tears of the unfortunate? At this moment too, when thy church is overwhelmed with so many evils to deprive her of thy presence would be a sacrilege."

"Why is thy mind troubled?" pursued the Bishop. "Is not God still with them? They are not orphans! Take thy son, and go back to thy home. Leave to Providence the care of watching over others, as he has watched over thee."

"No! I should not dare return to Nola. The whole people would cast stones at me, and drive me out of the city. Then, turning to the Prince: "I was under a mistake," said she to him, "If I cannot move thee, and obtain without ransom the son thou hast snatched from me, I have but one favor to ask of thee. Let me be thy slave also, that I may not be separated from my son."

The barbarian, incapable of any generous emo-

tion, calculated within himself what it was his interest to do. The idea of having two slaves instead of one pleased him at first. But he reflected that the widow was old, and that before long she would be incapable of working. He did not give her proposal another thought.

"Why dost thou hesitate?" urged the Bishop. Accept the exchange, and let her go with the son of her old age."

"What canst thou work at?" asked Teutbert.

"Any thing that I am set to do; but if thou employest me in thy gardens, thou wilt not regret having me in thy service."

"Ah!" exclaimed the prince. "What I had been just wishing for—a gardner!"

He called his steward, and without listening to Cypriana, he ordered her and Adeodatus to be sent back to Italy. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Religious Chronicle.

Saints Alexis and Vincent of Paul—The Sisters of Charity, of Mercy and Holy Cross in the Hospitals—Catholic Unity not affected by Civil Dissensions—General Butler's Opinion of Catholic Chaplains—Death of a Marshal of France.

This week the Church commemorates two saints, whose names should be on the lips of every Catholic for praise and invocation, Saints Alexis and Vincent de Paul. The first was one of those privileged souls that the Holy Ghost conducts by most extraordinary ways to the heights of perfection. The son and heir of a rich Roman Senator, he secretly withdrew from his father's palace, and in disguise traveled into a distant country, where, practicing all the rigors of the most extreme poverty, he dwelt in a dilapidated hut near a church dedicated to the Mother of God. After some time, when it was discovered that he was a person of distinction, he left his retreat and returned to his own land, and lived many years in the guise of a beggar under the marble steps of his father's princely mansion, receiving his food as a daily alms, bearing with inimitable patience the ill-treatment of the servants; and only on his death-bed did he make himself known to his parents.

This beautiful life is given us rather for admiration than imitation, but in St. Vincent de Paul we find a patron for all stations and conditions of life. He was the son of a poor peasant, and his early years were spent in keeping sheep—a fitting type of his after life. Touching anecdotes are told of his charity to others, of his giving away his few hard-earned coppers to those poorer than himself. His first mass was said in a solitary palace, that he might unobserved pour out his soul in gratitude to God. Once he was taken captive by pirates and sold into slavery. His third master was an apostate Christian who had a Turkish wife. She was attracted by the calm and joyous face of the slave, as he sat at his work; in it she saw nothing of all those eager emotions and stormy passions which darkened the faces of the other men whom she knew, and turning to him she asked him to sing. Clear and sweet, in that heathen country, rose the inspired hymn—"How shall we sing the Lord's Song in a strange land," and then his thoughts,

soaring beyond the memory of the old Jewish captivity, to the desire of freedom from earthly chains and burdens, he sang to her, the Mother of Mercy, "That after this exile she would show unto him Jesus the fruit of her womb." And then Vincent spoke to the poor heathen woman, of Jesus Christ and His dear Mother, of Their love and Their compassion for sinners; and the wife, running to her husband, said: "Oh, return to the blessed religion which thou hast renounced." At length repentance softened his heart, and, with Vincent, they sailed for Europe, where the man and his wife were received into the Church.

Vincent, seeing that the great evil of the times was the want of good priests, founded his Congregation of the Missions, consisting of priests who, though remaining secular, live together in community a strict and mortified life.

Men of all ranks—the noble and the laborer, the man of letters and the peasant—placed themselves under his saintly guidance, and by degrees Vincent changed the whole moral aspect of Paris. He founded hospitals for old men, women and little children. He might be seen in the streets of Paris on freezing nights in winter, when housetops were laden with snow, bearing in his arms some little miserable infant, a child of the poorest of the poor. The streets of Paris, then, were dangerous at night, being infested by bands of robbers. Sometimes they rudely stopped the Saint; he drew aside his cloak and showed his treasure, and the men fell back. "Oh, it is Mr. Vincent," and in shame they hurried away.

But we all know him best as the Founder of the noble Order of the Sisters of Charity.

Like all the other saints, his devotion to our Blessed Lady was most filial and confiding. Through her he loved to obtain all things necessary. "Oh most holy Virgin," was his prayer for his spiritual daughters, "who declared in thy canticle that it was because of thy humility that God has done great things in thee, obtain for this company grace to imitate thee; to obey, because obeying is to practice humility."

Saint Vincent's design for his daughters, was a bold one; he was going against all the traditions of the conventual life. The cloister, the grating, the veil and the cell—people asked where are these? But although not seen externally, Saint Vincent has not forgotten them; and how must the hearts of the Sisters have thrilled, when he first spoke to them the words which have become so celebrated, and which were to be the keystone, as it were, of their Order:

"The streets of the city, or the houses of the sick, shall be your cloister; hired rooms shall be your cells; your chapel shall be the parish church; obedience shall be your solitude; the fear of God, your grating, and strict and holy modesty your only veil." And then with that fervor, which always made the Saint eloquent, he added: "How beautiful it will be, to see in Paradise a daughter of Charity, who has lived in the world in this manner, whose cell has been a hired room, and whose cloister, obedience! Who could have believed," cried Saint Vincent, "that the Sisters of

Charity would be chosen by God to attend upon the army. Men go there to kill, and you go there to give life. Oh Saviour, be Thou blessed for this grace."

How little did the Saint dream that in time to come, the flag of every nation, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, going out to war, would be followed by a number of his daughters, ready to heal and console! The records of our late war contains a wonderful page of deeds of charity and devotedness, performed by the daughters of Saint Vincent, aided by two other Societies of later birth in the Church, namely, the Sisters of Mercy and of Holy Cross. Apropos to these Religious and their works of charity in the army, we take the following from the *Catholic Telegraph*: "Had it not been for that woman I would have died," said a severely scalded young Cincinnati soldier, who escaped providentially from the wreck of the *Sultana*, to his father, a non-Catholic and one of our most valued friends. The "woman" was a Sister of Charity, probably a Sister of the Holy Cross, by whom he was skillfully and tenderly nursed in the hospital at Memphis, and who attended him to Cairo, where she dressed his sores again and for the last time until they were dressed by the scarcely softer hand of his own mother in this city. "Son," said his father, "call her not woman; call her not Sister of Charity, but 'Angel of Mercy,' for such she was to you."

In more respects than one has our late war brought out the beautiful charity and heavenly spirit of the Catholic Church. General Butler's late testimony before the "Committee on the Conduct of the War," is the highest compliment that could be paid to the zeal and efficiency of the Catholic chaplains employed in his command.

Mr. Odell, one of the Committee put this question: "What has been your experience in regard to chaplains?"

Answer, by Major General Butler:—"Well, sir, a good chaplain is a very good thing; but a poor chaplain is indeed worse than none at all, as you can well conceive. The chaplains, as a rule, in the forces I commanded, were not worth their pay, by any manner of means. I think there should not be more than one chaplain to a brigade, except in one particular case. I am bound to say that I have never seen a Roman Catholic chaplain that did not do his duty, because he was responsible to another power than that of the military. I would not ask for more than one chaplain to a brigade, except in the case of Roman Catholic regiments. In that case there should be a chaplain to a regiment, for they have a great many duties to perform. They have always been faithful, as far as my experience goes."

That is not always the case with other chaplains, I remember running against a young man in one of my regiments, who, from his dress and uniform, I saw must be a chaplain. I said to him: "You are the chaplain—are you?" "Yes, sir," he replied. Yet the last time I had seen him before that, he was a journeyman printer!"

You have already heard of the noble testimony given by a Commissary Sergeant, of the 16th Connecticut Volunteers, just returned from the rebel

prison of Andersonville; and wherever our soldiers were brought in contact with Catholic clergymen in the South, they experienced the same charity.

The *Catholic*, June 24, justly remark that "While the country was distracted by the rebellion, there was no division in the Catholic Church. The Sees, for instance of disloyal Richmond and Charleston, still remained suffragan to the archiepiscopal See of loyal Baltimore, and Bishops McGill and Lynch throughout the rebellion still looked upon Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick as their rightful Metropolitan. While Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, etc., in the North, were in no way recognized by their coreligionists in the South, that part of the Church which happened to be located within the rebellious States maintained, as far as it was possible under the circumstances, communion and fellowship with the other portion in the loyal North. Had the whole country been Catholic, there would be no division; but as it was overrun with jarring sects, rebellion was inevitable. Here is food for reflection.

While on the subject of the power of Faith in time of war, let me pass from our own country to quote from *La Revue de la Presse* on the death of the Duke of Malakoff: "The edifying death of the hero of the Crimea has been the natural crowning of a life in which religion had its place notwithstanding the thousand preoccupations which attached it to the earth. This illustrious captain, decorated with all the insignia of glory, knelt every evening to say his prayers with the simplicity of a child. As soon as he felt the danger of the severe attack of pleurisy which nailed him to his bed of suffering, the Duke of Malakoff immediately demanded the aid of religion, and the last Sacraments were given him by the Bishop of Algiers. It was a moving spectacle to see the Church, in the person of one of her most illustrious Prelates, offering to one of the most renowned soldiers of the age those Divine Sacraments, which for the humble as well as for the great of the earth, are the strength of the agonizing and the pledge of heavenly hope.

Here let me relate a touching incident which Bishop Pavy related yesterday to the members of the Conference of Saint Vincent of Paul in Algiers, on the occasion of the pilgrimage to Our Lady of Africa; this incident, which the venerated Prelate had from the lips of the Marshal himself, admirably characterizes the profound faith which for some time animated this hero:

"At the last council of war, previous to the taking of Sebastopol, the General-in-chief, Pelissier, decided that a final assault should be made on the 8th of Sept. After the council, one of the French officers more valiant against the Russians than against human respect, sought an audience with the future Duke of Malakoff, and made use of some most pressing and very discreet observations upon the day he had selected. 'Might not the English, the violent adversaries of the *Papacy*, see in the selection of the 8th of September, the *Nativity of the Mother of God*, a premeditated coincidence savoring of devotion, and might it not be well not to

expose the French army to the reproach of bigotry?' 'That matters but a little,' replied General Pelissier, with his natural vivacity; 'if the English do not love the Blessed Virgin, they are a stupid set; that is all I have to say. A pious king of France consecrated the monarchy to Mary, and I wish especially to dedicate the French army that I command to this good Madonna! My pious date has been well and carefully chosen, and the assault will take place on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.' Sebastopol was taken on the 8th of September."

But a more genuine proof of the religion of the Duke of Malakoff has yet to be told. The last thought of the conqueror of Sebastopol—a thought on which he had a long time pondered—was to bequeath his victorious sword to Our Lady of Africa. There it remains a living trophy of his faith.

The consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. Manning as successor to his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman in the dignity of Archbishop of Westminster, took place in St. Mary's, Moorfields, on last Thursday, before twelve Prelates of the Church, a very large number of the clergy, not only of Westminster but also of other Dioceses, and a congregation which filled all the available space in the sacred edifice.

We understand that the Oblates of Mary, since their establishment a few years ago in London, have received the abjuration of three thousand Protestants.

The month of Mary has closed, and its termination has been most devoutly celebrated by the crowds of the faithful who had filled, throughout the month, the fifty-five churches of Rome, in which evening after evening they had listened to the chief preachers of Rome. In some churches, that sweet month still religiously lingers on till to-morrow. In the church of San Rocco, at the Ripetta, the zealous parish priest, and the Jesuit Father who for some years has preached there in May, have introduced the beautiful custom of parents offering their children on that last day of the month of Mary to the special service and protection of our Blessed Lady.

We are expecting a most numerous caravan of pilgrims from Vienna for the feasts of Pius IX's election and coronation, which take place on the 17th and 21st of June. They will, of course, remain for the feast of the Apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul. The caravan leaves Vienna on the 7th, and it is to pass through Munich, Zurich, Geneva, Lyons and Marseilles, on its way to Rome, where it is due on the 14th inst. I hope our English pilgrims will be ready to meet them there. —*London Register*.

O how good a thing, and how peaceable it is to be silent of others, nor to believe all that is said, nor easily to report what one has heard; to lay one's self open to few; always to seek Thee, the beholder of the heart; and not to be carried about with every wind of words; but to wish that all things both within and without us may go according to the pleasure of Thy will, O Lord, that we may not fall into sin.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Conversion wrought by an Image of the Sacred Heart.

We received the following recital from one of our Italian zelatrices, who received it from the Religious to whom it occurred.

This Religious received one day, in the Italian city where he dwelt, a visit from a rich and noble gentleman whom he had known in another city, and who came in tears to acquaint him with the frightful situation into which his weakness had thrown him. Left a widower shortly after his marriage, with an only daughter, he had permitted himself to be completely controlled by this child, who treated him more as a slave than as a father. Distinguished for her fortune, her beauty and her wit, she had no taste for aught but worldly diversions, and dissipated her whole fortune in dress and other frivolities. The sentiments of piety with which she had formerly been imbued were entirely extinguished in her heart, and her sole thought was to compel men to render to her the worship and adoration which she refused to her God. After exhausting all the enjoyments her country could yield to her, she announced to her father her wish to pass the carnival in Paris; and the unhappy father, though deploring the dangers to which his daughter was about to expose herself, nevertheless yielded to this new caprice.

He was then on his way to Paris, and was detained in the city where dwelt the Religious of whom we speak by a slight indisposition of his daughter. It was there that grace awaited this young wanderer. God inspired her father with the thought of making a last effort for her conversion, and he urged this Religious, who was well known to his daughter, to see her, and endeavor to change her heart. The Religious at first excused himself, saying that it was not the custom in his Order to visit ladies without particular reasons; he feared, moreover, that he would be badly received, and his zeal fruitless. The young lady's father was not discouraged; a second, a third time he came to beg the Religious to comply with his entreaties, and to console, if possible, an unfortunate father; he also assured him that his daughter was well disposed and consented to receive him. Finally the holy Religious permitted himself to be overcome, and recommending to God the undertaking, so uncertain but yet so necessary for the salvation of a soul, he accompanied the afflicted father to his hotel. There he found the young lady seated luxuriously on a sofa, and dressed with the most fastidious elegance. She received him coldly but politely; the conversation was upon different subjects. Meanwhile her father, on some pretext, quitted the room, leaving his daughter alone with the priest. The young lady appeared disposed to continue her frivolous conversation, but the Religious, impelled by zeal, and probably also by a divine inspiration, interrupted her with these words: "Know, Miss, that I did not come here to lose time, but to recall you to your duties, and to warn you that if you follow

the path you now pursue, it will lead you directly to hell." At these words the young girl, indignant, arose, and showing the door with her finger, said to the Religious, in a sharp voice: "And you, Father, know that it was not to hear a sermon that I received you; and if you have nothing better to tell me you may withdraw. I am noble, I am rich, I am young still; many admire me even for my wit; no one here has a right to require me to renounce all these advantages for the sake of leading the life of a recluse. No, I will enjoy myself; I will enjoy myself without scruple, and pass my youth as gaily as possible." "If I have no right to require any thing from you," gently replied the priest, "you would not certainly refuse a simple request." The gentleness of the man of God softened the anger of the young girl, and she calmly, though with some haughtiness, said: "Speak; what request have you to make?" "I wish to obtain your promise for something very easy to fulfill." Either urged by curiosity to know what he meant, or already beginning to feel the influence of grace, the young lady continued: "Well, what is the promise? If it is as easy as you say I will engage myself to fulfill it." At these words the Religious opened his breviary, and took from it a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which in sooth was neither new nor pretty. "I only ask of your kindness to recite every morning during nine days a *Gloria Patri* before this image. But it must be said kneeling, Miss, kneeling on the floor; do you understand?" The countenance of the young lady changed, she blushed at these words, then turned pale and took the offered picture, saying in an agitated manner: "Yes—yes; give it to me, I will do it; but go—go away." Grace overcame this rebellious heart; the priest understood it, and he passed on, blessing God as he went.

The next morning he was visited by the father of the young lady. "Father," said the latter on seeing the priest, "tell me what passed between you and my daughter yesterday? Ever since, she has remained on her knees a greater part of the time, her face in her hands, weeping bitterly. When I speak to her she only replies with sobs and tears." "Sir, it is the work of God," replied the priest; it is to Him you must offer your gratitude for such a favor." At these words they both repaired to the foot of the holy altar to return their thanks to their merciful Saviour. A few moments afterward the young lady herself entered the church, and made her confession to an unknown Religious; she wished to spare her benefactor the affliction he would certainly have felt at the sad recital of her wanderings.

The father and daughter left the city, and a month passed without any news from them; and then a charming letter, filled with the sweetest sentiments of gratitude, informed the holy Religious that she whom he had saved from the abyss had just entered a convent, where she had already found that true happiness which the world for so long a time had falsely promised her. A year and a half afterward he received a second letter, containing still more joyful news—it was written on the day of that young person's religious profession,

The Religious to whom the consolation of this conversion was granted, and from whom I had the history, considers it more prudent to withhold the name of the persons, cities, and even that of the convent where this Magdalen is cloistered; but the account has singularly augmented my devotion and confidence in the all-powerful Heart of Jesus.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

VERY REV. FATHER: I have read, with great satisfaction, your article entitled: "The Heart of Jesus is the life of men by the Incarnation." In fact, outside of this adorable Heart and its mysterious influence there is only *death*! yes, the death of the soul, of the intellect and of the heart. Humanity, though composed of divers members, yet forms but one stock, one body—*unum corpus multi sumus*.

Now, the heart which gives life to all the members of this great body is the Heart of Jesus. It alone unites us together, and it alone also unites us to God. As soon as we detach ourselves from it we separate ourselves from each other, and we lose, with the divine life of which it is the source, the true sentiment of human fraternity. This Divine Heart is, then, the center toward which all hearts gravitate. It is the indissoluble knot binding again together heaven and earth, so long divided; the sacred *bridge* thrown across the unfathomable abyss separating the divinity from humanity. It is the falerum of the moral world; its center of gravity, its Sun, its Hope and its Salvation; it is the Soul of our souls, the Heart of our hearts, the Life of our life.

But who shall open for us this tabernacle of benediction, this treasure enclosing all the riches of heaven and earth, this mysterious fountain whence flow graces and life? The august Virgin Mary—she from whose most pure blood was formed the Heart of Jesus, and who gave Him to the world. Her Son, in His turn, to glorify her, has given her all power over His adorable Heart, according to the thought of Saint Bernard, and has established her *dispensatrix* of all the treasures it incloses. Therefore this incomparable Virgin has a name manifesting her participation in the distribution of the benefits of the Heart of her Son; a name showing the boundless empire she exercises over It; by which she can obtain for men, who are her children, all the graces and benedictions they need. This name is "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart," whose feast, by a rescript of the Sovereign Pontiff, dated June 15, 1864, is appointed for the thirty-first of May.

Heaven has blessed this divine name; earth has received it with enthusiasm, as we have seen; will hell remain mute? No! it also will proclaim the power of *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*.

Pious readers, listen: In one of the largest cities of France, where spiritism made frightful ravages the devil for fifteen years, had manifestly possessed a certain woman; the exterior effects of this possession were surprising. For four years especially, says an eye-witness, the devil frequently spoke and acted through the unfortunate creature over whom he exercised such great power. He publicly avows that he regards me as one of his greatest adver-

saries, in consequence of my efforts to drive him away. Quite recently, I asked him to indicate to me himself the means of procuring the conversion of an unhappy woman who had fallen into the absurdities and disgrace of a frightful skepticism, and whose revolting incredulity surpassed imagination.

He replied: *Address yourself to your mistress* (it is thus he calls the Blessed Virgin when he speaks of her,) *and pray to her especially under the title of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; this is an infallible means of liberating that woman from the satanic spirit who obsesses her, and from the unbridled pride that overrules her.* As I had never heard of *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, nor of the Association of that name, my astonishment was at its height. Seeing my surprise and embarrassment, the devil said: "Ask this young girl whom I possess; she will give you all the explanation you require." I turned to the possessed and interrogated her, and she replied that she had been made acquainted, by means of a little circular, with the association of *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, for the success of difficult and desperate cases, either in the spiritual or temporal order; and that I might write to the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at Issoudun, if I wished, for fuller information; then she gave me the circular she had.

I beg of you then, Rev. Superior, to give me all the necessary details; for I wish to be the apostle of a devotion whose efficacy the devil himself proclaims.

Some time after, we received a letter from the same correspondent, asking permission to print new circulars to propagate our work in the populous city where he dwells, "Because," says he, "*Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* works prodigies around us." Let us then love our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and everywhere propagate her admirable association. J. C.

"You are wearied with waiting for me," said a religious of the Sacred Heart to a soldier, who called himself the son of *Mater Admirabilis*, because he was converted to God before her image. "No," said he, in reply; "they conducted me before the Holy Sacrament." "How long were you there?" "Stop sister; now that I have returned to my duties as a christian, while I am with the good God, I am unconscious of the flight of time. To consider that He is eternal, and that we are passing, occupies us; and all is said, in saying that. Afterward, prolonging our devotion, we come to the holy Virgin Mary, and cast a look at her immaculate heart, which is, ah! so beautiful, so vast, and peaceful! Asking permission to enter the interior of her soul, ah! how orderly do we find every thing within! And if she permits, we can pass over her virtues, in review. Stopping to consider her purity, humility and goodness, the times goes without our heeding; and however painful it may be, we must finally consider ourselves, and draw comparisons between ourselves and her. Therefore, my sister, when the time of mounting guard at night seems long, and we are stationed for sentry motionless as trees, I go in thought to visit the interior of *Mater Admirabilis*, and the hours fly."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Legend of the Infant Jesus.

Come, children, all whose joy it is,
To serve at holy Mass,
And hear what once in days of faith,
In England came to pass :
It chanced a priest was journeying
Through dark and gloomy wood,
And there, where few came passing by,
A lonely chapel stood.
He stay'd his feet, that pilgrim priest,
His morning Mass to say,
And put the sacred vestments on
Which near the altar lay.
But who shall serve the holy Mass,
For all is silent here ?
He kneels and there in patience waits
The peasant's hour of prayer.
When lo ! a child of wondrous grace,
Before the altar steals,
And down beside the lowly priest,
The infant beauty kneels.
He serves the Mass : his voice is sweet,
Like distant music low,
With downcast eye and ready hand,
And footfall hush'd and slow.
"Et verbum caro factum est,"
He lingers till he hears,
Then turning he to Mary's shrine,
In glory disappears.
So round the altar, children dear,
Press gladly in God's name,
For once, to serve at holy Mass,
The infant Jesus came.

Mizael de Mesre de Pas.

[Concluded.]

To the utmost of his power, he everywhere distributed all the pamphlets and circulars of the Bishops written for the defense of the Holy See. "It is strange," he said, "how very few persons have the courage to acknowledge their convictions? Every one trembles for his own petty interests; in the meantime, the activity of the wicked is busy calculating false doctrines. Does not this impose upon us the obligation of doing all in our power to circulate the language of truth?"

In the meantime, he grew pensive and serious, and his health was evidently suffering. In vain they sought to divert his attention. In silence he meditated on an act of heroic devotedness. A holy impatience of sacrifice consumed him; and humble as he was ardent, he waited God's moment. And it came at last. When the first announcement was made of General de la Moriciere's intended departure, his face grew radiant—he understood that the hour was come. He arose from his silence and obscurity, and after having, in the sanctuary of Notre Dame des Victoires, besought the protection of her to whom he was consecrated on the day of his baptism, he sought the presence of his virtuous mother.

"Mamma," said he, "what would my father have done? What would you do in my place?"

The eyes of this venerable mother filled with tears, and in this silence her heart replied. Not for an instant did she dispute with God the possession of this soul. She was a widow; her eldest son and daughter were married and living far away from her, her second daughter the consecrated spouse of Christ, and this last son alone remained as the supreme consolation of her old age.

Nevertheless, she did not hesitate. Recalling the words so often repeated by her pious husband, "all that I asked from Heaven for my children is that they may love and serve God!"—she prayed, wept, clasped her son to her heart, and as Jacob blessed Benjamin when leaving him for the land of Egypt, so did she bless her dear, gentle Mizael as he left her for the land of Italy.

Like many of his companions Mizael had a presentiment of martyrdom, and was not deluded as to the extent of the sacrifice. He knew that willing victims were needed in this grand cause of the Sovereign Pontiff, Vicar of our crucified Lord. His eldest sister also had a presentiment of his future, and she endeavored, even when accompanying him to the railroad depot, to shake his determination. "You are too young to work," she said, "ever to make a good soldier. Why not arm in your place, some strong, rugged men; they could indeed render much greater service to the Pontifical army?"

"My sister," replied the noble young man, "our Holy Father needs devoted hearts. If I die, I will pray that my blood may fall in benedictions on my country and on my family."

This was his last farewell. On the point of embarking at Marseilles, he wrote his mother: "My eyes are frequently filled with tears at the thought that the steamer will soon carry me so far from you. I seem to see yours still flowing; but I feel all my courage return, and I remember that on the other side of the Alps other tears are shed before God; tears which recall those of the garden of Olives. Good Mother, once more bless your son and with God's grace I'll keep strong."

He arrived in Rome in the early part of May, and was enrolled after some time as a guide in the Pontifical army.

On Sunday evening, 16th of September, about 8 o'clock, ten days before the battle of Castellidardo, Count Palffy was seeking a trustworthy guide to accompany himself and two carbiners upon a reconnoitering expedition. Mizael had just arrived from Loretto, exhausted with fatigue, after having marched the whole day and eaten nothing since morning. Without a moment's hesitation he offered himself, full of joy at the thought of the service he could render.

The little party had passed the bridge of Musone, when they were attacked by a party of the enemy lying in ambush. Mizael de Pas' arm was fractured and his horse killed. Faint with loss of blood and the violence of the pain, he was unable to move; and he was carried by some peasants to Loretto, where his wounds were dressed by the Sisters of Charity.

There, from his bed of pain, he heard the noise of the combat at Castelfidardo, and he questioned the Sisters with feverish uneasiness; and when at last he heard that the Pontifical army was vanquished, routed and destroyed, he seemed overwhelmed with anguish. His soul remained strong in the midst of his own suffering, but it gave way at the thought of the sorrows of the Church. In a short time he was aroused by the tumult of the remnant of the vanquished army returning in disorder to Loretto. As it was not known but that another battle would commence the next day, the wounded were transferred to the *Santa Casa* itself. Mizael was taken there in the afternoon, and remained two days.

With what joy, upon his bloody couch, did not this saintly youth foretaste the delights of his martyrdom so ardently sighed for! With eyes beaming with love he contemplated this humble dwelling, where the greatest mysteries of our divine religion were accomplished; where the angel had saluted the Virgin Mary; where the Virgin had conceived her Creator and her God; where the ineffable annihilation of the Incarnation commenced! There God made Man had grown under the eyes of His Mother and of the good Saint Joseph, obscure and unknown as the least of his own creatures; there He taught us the value of labor by laboring; of obedience by obeying: of humility, by humiliations; of silence and all the other virtues, by His own practice of them. During long years, this sacred roof had sheltered Heaven living upon earth and ignored by it.

What a spectacle! A Christian youth dying a martyr for the faith—a crucified disciple of a crucified God! It was doubtless in this contemplation that Mizael de Pas obtained that perfection of faith, patience, and angelic resignation, which marked the last moments of his truly celestial character. With him it was no longer resignation, it was joy! "Oh, how happy am I," he would continually repeat, "to have been the first to shed my blood for the Holy See!"

He suffered most excruciating pain; he offered his sufferings to God and their bitterness was changed into delight. "How beautiful he was in the midst of his suffering," wrote a French priest who had seen him the day after he was wounded. "What courage, what Christian resignation in this noble young man. There was something admirable, captivating, angelic, in the perfect serenity of his face at the time when he was suffering the most extreme pain." He smiled in the most engaging manner upon all who approached him, saying, "Pray to our dear Lord for me." Never was he heard to utter the slightest complaint; the only regret he expressed, was to have gained paradise without having done any thing for it.

By one of those events of Providence, which the incredulous call fortunate encounters, but which ravish Christian souls, the Superior of the French Sisters of Charity at Loretto had passed several years in a house of the Order founded in Lille by the father of Mizael de Pas, and thus the spouse of our Lord was enabled to return to the wounded and dying son, under a foreign sky, the hospital-

ity which the father had given her five hundred leagues away in her native city.

An amputation was at first deemed necessary. Mizael prepared himself for it on the 18th, by confession and communion. But the operation, deemed useless or impossible, did not take place; and in suffering and peace, he lived six days longer, never losing, even for an instant, his angelic patience. He frequently said to the Sister, when she wished to call the physician: "Do not trouble him; I would rather have you pray for me."

The night preceding his death, he saw the Sister who attended him weeping. "Sister, why do you weep?" "Because you are so very ill."

"Ah," exclaimed the heroic youth, "if I die, so much the better! I am happy to die and enjoy the presence of God. I feel no regret. It seems to me that I am now well disposed; later I know not what might happen."

Again he said, "I came for the glory of God, and I will die for his glory." He frequently kissed the cross, which Pius IX had blessed with a plenary indulgence for the hour of death. He constantly invoked the assistance of the Blessed Virgin—his devotion to the Mother of God was truly filial. He had been wounded on the day the church celebrated her Sorrows, and he begged to die on the day when she is especially invoked as the Mother of Mercy. "To-morrow," he said to the Sister, is the Feast of our Lady of Mercy; beg this good Mother to deliver her captive."

On the 24th he seemed better and dictated a letter to his mother. Toward four in the afternoon, while reading his prayer-book, his sight grew dim, and he knew that it was the approach of death. He immediately called the chaplain of the hospital; and although he had received communion that morning, yet he wished to receive the Holy Eucharist once more. He received the last Sacraments with angelic piety, and sweetly breathed his last at 8 o'clock in the evening. His soul, already so pure, passed through the crucible of suffering, escaped from the broken basket of his body, joyously entered the blessed eternity of the elect. Innocent victim, chosen martyr of the Church, gentle and holy Mizael,—pray for us.

It is not for me to speak of the tears shed for him by the family; but I will speak of those shed by the Holy Father and in memory of his sacrifice; Pius IX conferred upon his brother, for himself and his descendants the title of Roman Count. Never was a distinction purer or more glorious in its origin.

The mortal remains of Mizael de Pas were taken to France by his brother, and were received with the most distinguished honors. The *elite* of the city of Lille accompanied it in solemn procession to the territory of Pas, in the Diocese of Arras.

The heart of the Christian hero—that heart burning with love of God and the Church—was destined by his brother to be placed in the Church of Loretto, on the spot where he passed his last days on his hospital bed, but fear of the profanations of the revolutionists prompted the Sisters of Charity to preserve this precious relic in their own chapel.

AVE MARIA.

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Woman's Character Elevated by the Blessed Virgin's Divine Maternity.

The Church places on the lips and in the hearts of her children, in order that they may repeat it every day, and several times during the day, that sublime and tender prayer to Mary, composed of the most beautiful passages of the Gospel, which give in a few words all the grandeurs, all the sentiments with which we should offer her our devotion, and all that we hope to obtain through it: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God! pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

According to the pious and magnificent language of the Church, with regard to Mary, Mother of the God made Man, the mystery of the Incarnation ever presents to the mind of the Christian a woman, daughter of God the Father, Mother of God the Son and Spouse of the Holy Ghost; a woman at the same time virgin and mother; filled with the plenitude of the virtue and grace of God, and united and associated to God in the most intimate, most noble and most perfect manner; a woman, Mother of the Creator, and, by that title exalted above all angels, saints, and created beings; recognizing nothing above her, save God who created her; elevated to the highest dignity that a pure creature can attain; a woman the conqueror of satan, victor over sin, the joy of heaven, the delight of earth, the terror of hell, the queen of all the universe; a woman, the mother of good help, the mediatrix of pardon, and, after Jesus, who is the source, the channel of all grace, hope, merit and consolation. In a word, the Incarnation always speaks to us of a woman, whom the Son of God associated with Himself, to redeem and save the world; and the salvation of the world was accomplished by the Son of God, with a consent, the virtue and co-operation of a woman.

Hence the unique grandeur so astonishing, so incalculable and so incomprehensible, which is revealed in Mary by the mystery of the Incarnation, is reflected upon woman. In the economy of the mystery of the Incarnation, LIFE comes from the sex that introduced death; the sex, that in the first woman having conceived sin in the heart, caused ruin to the world, became the salvation of the world through the WOMAN, *par excellence*—through the perfect woman, who conceived in her virginal womb Grace and Holiness. The sex which Eve had, in a special manner, subjected to the power of the serpent, has been transformed by Mary into

the conqueror of the serpent, and has repaired and effaced in the person of Mary all the evil it inflicted on humanity, in the person of Eve.

The sex so humiliated by Eve, is exalted above our comprehension by Mary. The *Blessed amongst all women* is its honor and glory. It was then impossible for women to be considered an impure, or malevolent being among people believing in the mystery of the Incarnation; that is to say, the mystery of a God-Saviour conceived by woman and born of woman. It was impossible for the mystery of the woman, Mother of God, not to reflect something of its magnificence and splendor upon the woman mother of Man, upon woman in general; impossible that it should not surround her with the respect and veneration of all nations believing in Jesus Christ. Hence we find, wherever belief in the mystery of the Incarnation has established devotion to Mary, that woman possesses in the eyes of men something grand, delicate, and mysterious, which recommends her to the esteem and respect of all the world. * * * When the Son of God became Man, he required nourishment as other men, if for no other reason than to prove to us that he was true man as well as true God. Saint Augustin says, "The Son of God, having taken the form of a serf, wished in this form to be nourished by his own serfs; less in consequence of the conditions of his new nature, than by an excess of His bounty." Now where did the Divine Saviour seek these serfs by whom he condescended to be nourished? Among women. The Gospel proclaims it. Saint Luke says: "The twelve Apostles were with him and certain women who had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities. Mary, who is called Magdalen, out of whom seven devils had gone forth, and Joanna, wife of Chusa, Herod's steward, and Susanna and many others, who ministered unto him of their substance." (Luke iii). Saint Matthew also says: "And there were there many women afar off, who had followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him." (Matt. xxvii).

It is then evident that it was women who, uniting all they possessed, formed a treasury or deposit from which they furnished all that was necessary for the support of the Divine Master and his Apostles. It is also evident that these noble souls were not satisfied with placing all their wealth at the disposal of the Saviour and His disciples; but they followed Him everywhere and always, from one province to another, to serve Him with their own hands and see that He wanted nothing—*ministrantes ei*.

O fortunate beings! to have had the honor and

happiness of supporting with their goods, and assisting with their respectful and affectionate cares their Creator! It is true, as St. Augustin remarks, that their possessions, being a gift from the liberality of this same God, they only supported the Son of God with the goods which this Son of God had given them; and in consequence of having been received by woman, nourished with corporal food by woman, He recompensed the generosity of woman, by nourishing her soul with the spiritual food of His word. But it is also true that man has not done as much. Man in the person of Judas knew only how to steal and appropriate to self—*fur erat et latro*—the sacred pence furnished by the piety of woman; and we know not that man ever gave any thing to the Saviour, during His life; it was only after His death that he gave Him a hundred pounds of aromatics, a winding sheet and a tomb. Hence, in the person of Jesus Christ and his Apostles, the Church, as well as her Divine Spouse, at her origin, was served, nourished and supported only by woman. Woman, I now understand why the Church loves thee with a special tenderness, and particularly recommends to the Blessed Virgin the DEVOTED female sex—*Intercede pro devoto feminino sexu*. Thou hast nourished her Celestial Spouse!

SAINT ANNE,---July 26th.

This week the Church presents to our devotion the saintly Anne, who takes us back in spirit to the life on earth of our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother; back to the very birth of the Church herself; to her cradle among the hills of Judea, and farther still, back to the time ere she existed with her wealth of sacraments and priceless atonement; back to the time when no Mary Mother was invoked, because, alas, no Son had come to ransom fallen man! no tie then existed between the chosen people on earth and the departed suffering ones, and the bright link to the heavenly inheritance was wanting; because, alas! there was no Church triumphant; and while fallen man was waiting for the Messiah, the saintly Anne dwelt at Nazareth, childless and advanced in years.

The oriental legend of this dear mother of our heavenly Queen is full of touching simplicity. It tells how there was a man of Lower Galilee named Joachim, and he had a wife named Anne, and both were of the royal race of David. Their hearts were pure and righteous, and they served the Lord with singleness of heart. And being rich, they divided their substance into three portions, one for the service of the temple, one for the poor and strangers, and the third for their household. On a certain feast day Joachim brought double offerings to the Lord, according to his custom, and he said, "Out of my superfluity I will give for the whole people that, I may find favor in the sight of the Lord, and forgiveness for my sins." And when the children of Israel brought their gifts, Joachim also brought his; but the high priest Issacher stood over against him and opposed him, saying, "It is not lawful for thee to bring the offering, seeing that thou hast no issue in Israel." And Joachim was exceed-

ingly sorrowful, and went down to his house; and he searched throughout all the registers of the twelve tribes to discover if he alone had been childless in Israel. And he found that all the righteous men and patriarchs who had lived before him had been the fathers of sons and daughters. And he called to him his father Abraham, to whom in his old age had been granted a son, even Isaac.

Then Joachim was more and more sorrowful, and he went away into the pastures and he built himself a hut, and fasted forty days and forty nights, and he said, "Until the Lord God looks upon me mercifully, prayer shall be my meat and my drink."

And Anne, his wife, remained lonely in her house and mourned with a two-fold sorrow. And at the ninth hour she went into her garden and sat down under a laurel tree and prayed earnestly. Then looking up to heaven she saw within the laurel bush a sparrow's nest, and mourning within herself, she said, "Alas and woe is me! Who hath begotten me? who hath brought me forth? that I should be scorned and shamed before my people, and cast out of the temple of the Lord! Woe is me, to what shall I be likened? I cannot be likened to the fowls of the air, for these are fruitful in Thy sight, O Lord; nor to the unreasoning beasts of the earth, for all these are fruitful in thy sight, and praise Thee, O Lord!" And behold an angel of the Lord stood by her and said, "Anne, thy prayer is heard; thou shalt bring forth and thy child shall be blessed throughout the world." And Anne replied, "As the Lord liveth, whatsoever I shall bring forth I will present as an offering to the Lord." And the child was born and called Mary.

Then well might Anne rejoice, and well may we love and praise her, for her place was at the crib of the militant Church. She joined the links between its suffering and triumphant domains. Around her lowly abode, among the hills of Palestine, the dark night and shadows of the Old Law disappointed under the mild clear ray of Mary, the Morning Star, Bright Harbinger of the Son of Justice and Mercy.

The Fathers of the Church have made us acquainted with the virtues of Saint Anne. We follow them into her humble dwelling; we behold her piety, hear her vows and fervent prayers, and witness the joy of her late maternity; but after this we have but few records of her. This saintly mother, who had obtained her blessed daughter by prayers, brought her in her arms and presented her to the Lord in the temple, when she had reached the age of three years. She blessed her with many tears, and then returned to Nazareth, penetrated with sorrow for being deprived of the daily presence of her treasure; but the Lord comforted her by many consolations. Little more is known with certainty of the mother of our illustrious Lady, but it is usually supposed that she died while the Blessed Virgin was still in the temple.

In his sweet strains, let Father Faber sing to us of that blessed abode in far Galilee:

Saint Anne.

O Anne! thou hast lived through those long dreary years, [blight;
 When childlessness hung o'er thy home like a
 But angels, dear mother! were counting thy tears,
 And thy patience like Job's, has been dear in
 God's sight.

Thou wert meek when they scorned thee; thy rest
 was in prayer! [sweet;
 Thy sorrow was sharp, yet its sharpness was
 When those that were round thee gave way to
 despair, [complete.
 Thy faith was more certain, thy trust more

Oh the vision of thee in thy lone mountain home,
 With thy calm broken heart so heart-breaking
 to see, [come,
 In those dark after-years to thy Daughter might
 And the great Queen of sorrows learn something
 from thee.

But joy comes at length to all hearts that believed,
 And the sighs of the saints must at length end
 in song; [grieved,
 The best gifts of God fall to those who have
 And His love is the stronger for waiting so long.

Oh blest be the day when old earth bore its fruit,
 The fairest of daughters it ever had seen,
 In the village that lies at the white mountain foot,
 And the angels sang songs to the young Nazarene!

'Mid the carols of shepherds, the bleating of sheep,
 The joy of that birth, blessed Anne! came to
 thee, [blushing deep,
 When the fruits were grown golden, the grapes
 In the fields and the orchards of green Galilee.

Since creation was ever such gladness as thine,
 To whom God's chosen Mother as Daughter was
 given?

O her beautiful eyes, dearest Anne, how they shine,
 And the sound of her voice is like music from
 Heaven!

She was crown'd even then, lik a creature apart,
 The child God had called to be Mother and maid;
 Didst thou watch how the fountains of blood in
 her heart,
 Like the fountains in Sion, incessantly played?

O Anne! from that blood the Creator will take
 The Flesh that shall save the lost tribes of our
 race;

And His wonderful love the Eternal will slake
 At thy child's sinless heart, at those fountains
 of grace.

O Anne! joyous Saint! what a life didst thou live,
 What an unbroken brightness of innocent bliss!
 Every touch of thy child a fresh rapture could
 give, [kiss!
 And yet didst thou kneel ere thou daredst to
 And we too, glad mother! are gay with thy mirth,
 For he who loves Mary in mirth ever lives;
 There is brightness and goodness all over the earth,
 For the souls Mary welcomes and Jesus forgives.

Yes! gladness makes holy the poor heart of man;
 It lightens life's sorrows, it softens its smarts;
 Oh be with thy children, then, dearest St. Anne,
 For Mary thy child is the joy of our hearts.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN.---July 22nd.

"Whosoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she has done shall be told as a memory of her." This is the praise given from the mouth of our Saviour Himself. There is but one other passage in the whole Gospel: "All generations shall call me blessed." Hence divine authority gives us the assurance of the memory of but two created beings, living in the memory of man till the end of ages—Mary the Immaculate, and Mary the Repentant Sinner, whose feast we celebrate this week—the ardent penitent whose love and tears blotted out all past guilt; the beautiful Magdalen whose unholy passions were all extinguished in the chaste love of our Divine Lord; Magdalen the young, the rich and lovely Jewess, who, defying public opinion, came to the house of the haughty Pharisee; and heedless of the scornful glances of the invited guests, bowed her penitent head and in tones broken with sorrow, begs Him whom she confesses to be her God, to cure the ulcers of her soul; and her mighty love and deep contrition merited that wondrous sentence from the lips of the Saviour: "Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much."

Then with her sins all forgiven, and glowing with the beauty and love of Heaven, she went forth with no ornament save the luxuriant tresses with which she wiped the feet of Jesus; she sought the house of our Lady at Nazareth, where she shed her penitential tears upon the compassionate bosom of the Immaculate Mother, and the slave of satan became the chosen jewel of the Saviour's Sacred Heart.

She accompanied the Blessed Virgin during the time that elapsed between her conversion and the Ascension of her Lord. With Mary she entered Jerusalem when the Saviour came to that doomed city to celebrate the Passion. She saw the inhabitants come out in crowds to meet the Son of David, filling the air with their hosannas, and she heard the savage cry of "Crucify Him." With His holy Mother she was the first to follow, broken-hearted, the *Via Dolorosa*; she was at the Cross and first at the tomb, and her great love was rewarded by being the first person to whom Jesus appeared in His new life of the Resurrection.

She was also one of the favored witnesses of the Ascension, and for fourteen years after this event the greater part of her life was spent in celestial contemplation with the Blessed Virgin.

But in the persecution of the Christians, which continued after the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, Mary was apprehended—with Lazarus, Martha, Maximus and some seventy other Christians—put on board an old dismantled ship, and drifted out to sea without any sailors to steer the vessel. But our Blessed Lord watched over those who had so loved Him on earth, and He bore them safely over the stormy waves to the port of Marseilles, where, by the many miracles she wrought, Magdalen was instrumental in converting a great number of the Pagan inhabitants. But she did not remain long with the others. When Jesus was on earth she sat at His feet listening to His

words; and now she longed for solitude, where nought could divert her heart from the constant contemplation of her Beloved. So she went into a desert place, where she wept and did penance for her sins, as though they had never been forgiven, passing all her nights and days for thirty years in spiritual contemplation.

When the time of her death drew near, and her holy soul was on the point of leaving the prison of her body, the Son of God, her beloved Saviour, appeared to her accompanied by a multitude of angels, and ravished her loving heart with the announcement that He was on the point of drawing her home at last to Heaven. The holy Bishop Saint Maximus, who had accompanied her from Palestine, caused her saintly body to be placed in a magnificent sepulcher of white marble, on which she is represented in sculpture as in the house of Simon when she obtained the pardon of her sins; and over her sepulcher he erected a grand cathedral; and from the earliest ages of the Church to the present time, the place has been famed for its many miracles, and the immense number of pilgrims from all countries that have visited it.

Never has the memory of any monarch been so venerated as that of this illustrious penitent. All the Fathers of the Church have celebrated it, all nations enlightened by the Gospel have erected monuments to her glory, and after the Virgin, whom all generations call blessed, there has been no saint more celebrated, to whom more statues and altars have been erected and more churches dedicated. In all ages the Church has testified a most extraordinary respect and devotion for the mortal remains of Magdalen, even for the places formerly sanctified by her presence. The frightful and almost inaccessible grot to which she retired, and the church in which her body was placed became most famous for pilgrimages.

Saint Mary Magdalen.

From the highest heights of glory,

'Mid the sweets of endless calm,

Mary's spirit in its rapture,

On the earth is dropping balm.

On the bosom of the Saviour,

Like a flower of stainless white,

Lies the trophy of His mercy,

In a blaze of heavenly light.

And yet thou once wert wandering,

Once wert soiled with darker stains,

Who art now the fairest blossom

In the land where Jesus reigns.

Thou wert wretched, thou wert drooping,

Thou wert crushed upon the earth,

Who art greater now and grander

Than an angel in his mirth.

Thou didst fly unto the Saviour,

And thine eyes were fixed on His,

While thy guilty lips were printing

On His feet full many a kiss;

And then, wonder of compassion!

In one moment thou wert free,

And a gift of love unequalled

From His Heart came unto thee.

Like the rising of the ocean

Was the tide of glorious grace;

Like the beauty of the morning

Grew the beauty of thy face;

Like the glory of an angel

Was the purity within,

Like the whiteness of thy namesake,

Of the Mary without Sin!

Blessed swiftness of a pardon

Which thy guilt could not delay!

Happy penance of a moment

Burning life-long sins away!

O those gentle Eyes of Jesus,

And those tender Words He said!

O the value that He places

On the tears that sinners shed!

The sweet fragrance of thine ointment

All earth is filling now;

And thy tears are turned to jewels

For a crown upon thy brow;

There are thousands in all ages

Come to Christ because of thee;

Oh then, Mary, with thy converts

In thy kindness number me!

Queen of penance! Queen of fervor!

Thou art martyr too of love,

And thy likeness to thy Saviour

Makes the angels glad above.

Oh how wisely hast thou chosen

For thyself the better part,

To be braided like a jewel

On thy Saviour's Sacred Heart!

THE POPE'S MONTH OF MARY.

FIFTH DAY.

The Prayer of Pius the Ninth, whilst a Child—what the Infant Virgin asked of God in the Temple.

The first Christian king that reigned over France, Clovis the Great, having been converted by the miraculous victory which the Lord gave him over the Germans on the plains of Tolbiac, and having thereupon resolved to embrace Christianity, received upon his haughty brow the gentle dew of baptism, poured from the hands of the glorious St. Remigius, Archbishop of Rheims, and every day afterward meekly bowed his head, uncrowned, before the Cross of the Saviour. At the news of this happy change, Anastasius II, then the occupant of the Pontifical chair, sent him a paternal greeting in these memorable terms:

"The Chair of Peter quivered with joy when the news came that the net of the fisher of men—of the divine keeper of the Keys of Heaven—had been filled with so abundant and miraculous a draught. Thou art the son of the Church; be the consolation of thy mother. Be the pillar of iron to sustain her in the midst of the assaults of the demon. Thou wert in darkness, and now thine eyes are enlightened with heavenly brightness. We praise the Lord that the Church hath found an arm able to overthrow all her enemies."

This letter, from the venerable head of the faithful, communicated to his subjects by the royal convert, seemed to pass whole and entire into the heart of France, and to become, from that mo-

ment, her programme and her rule of action. Since that day, in fact, setting aside a few momentary intervals, France has always been seen by the side of the Church, loving her as a child loves its mother, defending her as a soldier defends his country—as a king his crown. Three hundred years after the death of Clovis, it was France that delivered, by the sword of Pepin and Charlemagne, the Church from the yoke which the Lombard princes were about to place upon her, as Constantine had delivered her from the dominion of the Roman Emperors. It was France that, at the voice of the Church, transported her valor and her devotion eight times to the tomb of Christ, to wrest it from the hands of the infidels; it was France again that, during seventy years, offered a refuge to the Vicars of Jesus Christ, and made Avignon to them a second Rome, whilst criminal factions had usurped the power in the Eternal City, and had ignominiously driven out the Royal Pontiff. And yet it was France that caused the first great anxieties of the innocent and pure life of our glorious Pius IX, and that justified what we have already said of him: viz., that Providence had caused him to be born in troublous times, willing thus to fortify him early against the cares of every kind that have surrounded him without ceasing. Let us say a few words now on the first alarms of so august a life:

In an outrageous paroxysm of audacity—by a prodigious perversion of her immense power, France, raising her own hand against herself, dared to efface from her brow the life of fourteen centuries; dared to plant in her heart the germ of a new future. Scarce was it sown, that fatal seed, than it took foot and grew, and all the powers of Europe tasted of its bitter fruits; a general war ensanguined the hand of nations and the thrones of kings. Italy received more than her share of evils in the terrible career of death. Plains of fire, mountains of cannon, forests of lances, rivers of blood, throngs of widows and orphans, a Pontiff dragged into captivity, such were the terrors that France came to spread around the cradle of Pius IX. But how did he, the holy child, reply to these acts of violence of that nation? Listen:

One day he was kneeling, according to his custom, by his mother's side, to recite with her his evening prayer. When they had finished: "My dear," said the Countess Mastai, "we will now add an 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary' for the intention of Pius VI, now in exile, and another for the French, his persecutors."—"Yes, mother; yes, with all my heart, for the Sovereign Pontiff, who is so unfortunate; but are not the French very wicked people, to keep the Pope in prison? and ought we to pray for them, then?"—"My dear, that is a stronger reason why we should pray for them. Ah! is it not their fault if the Pope is their prisoner; it is their government which is wicked." "Must we then pray for the wicked, mother?" "Doubtless, my child; did not our Divine Saviour, when he was dying, pray Himself for those who were crucifying Him?" "Very well, mother; then in place of one 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary,' that you would have me say for

the French, I will say two." And Pius IX, who was then about six or seven years old, prayed from that day forward, night and morning, with fervor, for the welfare of France, as well as for the unfortunate Pius VI.

Pious servants of the Virgin, is it not admirable, this magnanimity of soul in our Pontiff, still a young child! Is not this prayer sublime, that, in the midst of the misfortunes of his country, he addressed to God for those who were pouring out upon it the vials of bitterness? But where did he imbibe that elevation of heart so rare at his age? From Mary—from the infancy of Mary, passed, like his own, amidst the numberless afflictions of her brethren.

The prophets of Israel, we read, had announced that on some future day the sceptre of Juda would pass into strange hands—deplorable loss—destined to draw down upon the heads of the Jews mountains of wrath and frightful vengeance; and now the time was come. Herod, from Ascalon, a city of Idumea, reigned over the people of God. The throne of David became the seat, under this prince, of a long series of infamies and crimes. By his barbarous orders two high priests, Aristobulus and Hircanus, came to a cruel end. The first was drowned; the eighty winter's snows of the second could not save his life. Mariamme, the first wife of Herod, Alexandria, his mother-in-law, and a crowd of others, were immolated to his jealousy or resentment. To these early enormities were afterward added the most scandalous acts of impiety. A city and temple were built to Augustus, his protector, where the Emperor received divine honors; and when a certain Israelite, named Judas, disgusted with this audacious insult to the ancient faith of Juda, tried to persuade his brethren to tear down the golden eagle from the summit of the temple, Herod immediately had a funeral pile raised and cast him alive into the flames. Finally, to sum up all the horrors of which the Holy Virgin's native country was the theatre, at this mournful epoch, the Idumean prince, on account of a mere suspicion, caused his two sons, Aristobulus and Alexander, to be strangled, so that the public conscience, pushed to its extreme limit of indignation by these excesses, though it could take no better revenge on the monster than by declaring abroad that *it was better to be one of Herod's swine than one of his children.*

Whilst these calamities plunged the children of Israel into mourning, what was the august and sweet Mary doing? Mary lifted to heaven her eyes, her heart, her hands—Mary prayed. Hidden in the peaceful recesses of the temple, says Saint Bonaventure, she asked of God each day seven particular graces, the first, that she might love him with all her heart and obey his eternal laws to the very iota; the second, that she might love her neighbor, whether unrighteous or just, as God desired; the third, that she might be armed with the most intense hatred for sin, and for all that afflicts the Spirit of God; the fourth, that He would give her the most profound humility, the most perfect disengagement from the

trammels of worldliness, the greatest patience under every trial in the vicissitudes of life, and an angelic purity to the end of her days; the fifth, that she might see the time when that Blessed Virgin who was destined to bring forth the Messiah should be born, that she might throw herself at his feet, and beg to be numbered among the last of her servants; the sixth, that she might follow, on every occasion, with the most scrupulous docility the will of those upon whom she depended in the temple; seventhly and lastly, she entreated God to have pity on his people, and to send them the Redeemer for whom they had waited so long.

Behold, pious servants of the Virgin, upon what model the infancy of Pius IX was formed. His pious mother had, no doubt, told him all that we have just recounted of the misfortunes that afflicted Israel from the earliest years of the august Mary. She told him in what manner the Holy Child conversed with God in the Temple, praying either for her own spiritual benefit, or for that of her brethren and the entire world, and he, then, feeling assured of being agreeable to God in praying like Mary, for all both sinners and just, that in his childhood he beheld around him, added to his prayers the generous intentions we have mentioned above.

The Ave Maria.

Ave Maria! how strong is the claim
Of the journal inscribed with the loveliest name;
From its white leaves diffusing the hallowed perfume

Of the Rose ever bright with its mystical bloom.

Ave Maria! bright, beautiful one,
Whose praises the lips of an Angel begun;
And millions re-echo their cadences sweet,
Ave Maria! with graces replete.

Ave Maria! where Purity sprung, [among;
When blooming, immortal earth's foul weeds
Thy immaculate form as a lily divine,
Didst shelter the Sinless, the Holy enshrine.

Ave Maria! from Calvary's tree,
The lips that first uttered sweet "Mother" to thee,
Grew white while consigning our souls to thy care,
And well do we know we may never despair.

Ave Maria! the rays of thy love,
Are beaming unclouded from Heaven above;
And with confidence ever we look up to thee,
Our cynosure over life's perilous sea.

Ave Maria! thou see'st our strife,
And how weary we grow in the conflict of life;
How we "faint by the way" of perpetual care,
And are bleeding and bruised by the thorn and the snare.

Ave Maria! unshattered once more,
Unto us the "invincible armor" restore;
We see all around us the wild host of sin,
Oh, aid us to conquer, and Heaven to win!

CAMBRIDGEPORT, June 28.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 3---The Widow's Son.

[Concluded.]

Reduced to voluntary slavery, the grandson of consuls, the friend of the greatest men of his age, the proprietor once of dominions vast as kingdoms, the former governor of Rome, entrusted with the care of the gravest interests of the empire, he thought no more of his past greatness, and did not disdain to humble himself to the most menial labors. The change in his fortunes did not affect the peace of his soul. The Christian accomplishes without effort the most sublime sacrifices. He never falls from the summit of power, for he knows how to descend honorably. Prosperity sometimes crushes him, but misfortune never. What do I say? For the true disciple of Christ, adversity does not exist. In the midst of worldly losses, he does not lose his joy, for his joy is placed in God, and God never fails him.

Paulinus rose at daybreak. While the city was still asleep, and the silence of its slumbers was unbroken save by the sighing of the gentle sea-breeze, he prayed and offered his praise to the God who made the sun enlighten the day.

The labor of his hands left his spirit free. While his body was bent to the earth, his soul was elevated to God in prayer and meditation; he often indeed sung hymns and canticles aloud.

He pictured to himself the happiness of the widow to whom he had restored her only son. This thought alone would have been enough to console him, if he had stood in need of consolation. He made sure that Providence would watch over his orphaned flock. Since he had no other care, animated by this confidence, he did not feel the pressure of slavery. Heaven blessed his labors, and made fruitful the ground that he cultivated. The plants grew of themselves with unwonted vigor. The flowers multiplied and bloomed with extraordinary brilliancy and fragrance. The trees afforded an early and abundant harvest of fruit.

The other slaves at first looked upon him with jealousy; but little by little they were gained over by his kindness and charity. He became their friend, the depository of their griefs, and often their consoler. He made use of his influence to lead them to the practice of virtue in the performance of their duty. To the effect of example he joined gentle exhortations. He taught them how religion makes man free even in the midst of servitude. He assembled them to praise God with him. Together with piety, resignation entered their souls. They aspired to the reward of patience at the end of this mortal life. Their misfortunes appeared to them less heavy; and elevated in their own eyes above the degradation of their state, they became more faithful to their master. Teuthert soon perceived this change, and asked the cause. What was told him of Paulinus excited his curiosity. He wished to know the man whom all the household listened to and loved. He came down into his gardens to converse with him.

"I congratulate thee," he said to him, "on the skill thou showest in thy work. The women are delighted with thy flowers; and whenever my friends assemble at my table, it rings with the unanimous praise of the beauty and flavor of thy fruits."

"Thy soul is indulgent to thy slave; but thy praises are not really due to me; they belong to God, who alone gives to these trees their fertility."

"They tell me also that thy conversation has inspired my slaves with a zeal and a docility that they never had before."

"They have flattered me to thee. My conversation has not so much power. Thou art a merciful master; it is only just that they should show themselves devoted and graceful to thee."

"I commend thy modesty."

"I only speak the truth."

"Thou hast not always been a slave?"

"Since I came into the world I have always served. For thirty-eight years, in fact, I was under the hardest servitude. The foul fiend ruled me. Then I was set at liberty; and since, I have been free. I bear only the sweet yoke of the Lord."

"What rank dost thou occupy?"

"I am the last among sinners, and am not distinguished among my brethren save by the number of my iniquities."

"But how didst thou get thy living?"

"By alms and the patrimony of the poor."

"Thy language, however, is not that of a common mendicant. Thy mind is cultivated. Thou art evidently used to governing men, and I feel myself thine empire over the heart. Thy virtues declare the priestly character. Am I mistaken?"

"I cannot deny that, in spite of my unworthiness, I have been invested with the august office."

"And how, being a priest, couldst thou have been sold to the poor widow from whom I took thee?"

"Providence orders all the events of our lives."

"Slavery must have appeared very hard to thee, and thou didst doubtless bitterly regret thy lost freedom?"

"I might indeed lament to God that He has chained my arms, and forbidden me to gain souls to Him. But I have seen that He has opened to me here an unexpected harvest. I have instructed thy household in the Christian faith, and I have found hearts ready to receive the good seed."

"And if an opportunity of escape should be offered thee?"

"Why should I escape? I belong to thee; in robbing thee of my labor, should I not be guilty of theft?"

"I admire thee! Well; no one shall watch thee henceforth. Thou shalt roam through the city as thou wilt." Teutbert formed a sincere affection for his slave; he took so much pleasure in conversing with him, that he sometimes left the most aristocratic company to go and sit with him in the garden.

Paulinus made use of the favor he enjoyed, not to obtain self advantages, but to suggest to the prince, ideas of Christian justice and charity. When he received a gift, he hastened to take it to

those of his brethren who were in need. He induced him to purchase a great number of the inhabitants of Nola, who had fallen into the hands of cruel masters. In a short time the palace of Teutbert was full of them. Paulinus did all he could for these poor creatures. He visited them, consoled them, inspired them with hope and resignation. Teutbert learned from them that his gardener was Bishop of Nola. He was at first astonished, and afterward grieved. He foresaw that the friends of this great man, as soon as they learned his condition, would hasten to send his ransom, and take him away to his Diocese. How had a Bishop fallen into slavery? He questioned him several times about this, but the saint always, through humility evaded answering, and would not satisfy his curiosity.

The father-in-law of this prince was Gontharius, the elder brother of Genseric, and he reigned with military authority over the barbarous nation of the Vandals. About this time he had a dream. It seemed to him that he was in an immense plain, covered with a multitude of slaves. Upon all sides, above the horizon, there was a circle of smoke—the smoke of the cities he had taken and burned. The black and crumbling ruins he had made, were scattered upon the hill-sides. Armed with a long scourge, he dragged along his captives, who were cowering to the earth and weeping, and it seemed to him that the earth was also sobbing. Women, old men and children, cast themselves on their knees before him begging for mercy with clasped hands and tears. But he answered them only by blows with the uplifted scourge. Suddenly, from the midst of this multitude, there appeared an old man of venerable aspect and still in the vigor of manhood. He snatched from the hands of the king the scourge that he held, and broke it, strewing its fragments on the ground. And although his countenance was mild, Gontharius did not dare to resist him. At a sign from the old man, the slaves dispersed. The king dared not make any opposition; but the grief he felt for their loss awakened him.

The recollection of this dream haunted him continually. Still, he did not tell it to any one. But the figure of the old man who had appeared to him was incessantly before his eyes.

On the following day, as soon as he saw Teutbert, Paulinus advanced to meet him, and said:

"The time will soon come. Tell the king, thy father-in-law, to prepare himself to appear before God. His days are numbered."

"The king?"

"Yes, the hour of his death is not far off."

"But he is suffering from no disease. It would be hard to bring him such news as that. He will be angry with me and will not believe me."

"He will not be angry with thee, and if he refuses to believe thee, bring me to him."

"And how dost thou know what thou foretellest?"

"It is a thought that has taken possession of my spirit; but without doubt, it will come to pass."

The prince, moved in spite of himself, repaired

to the palace of his father-in-law, and announced the prediction of his slave. As the Bishop foretold, Gontharius was not angry; he only expressed his desire to see Paulinus. The aspect of the saint struck him with astonishment, and for some moments he contemplated him in silence, immovable, and as if frozen with involuntary terror. He had recognized the old man of his dream. From that time he had no doubt of the truth of his prediction; and when he was told that the old man was a Bishop, he begged of him to assist in preparing his soul for death.

Paulinus obeyed. He painted in words of fire, the pains of hell and the terrors of Divine justice. Then he represented to him, with the holy liberty of a minister of the Lord, the crimes he had committed; the slaughter, the pillages, the enslavement of so many men. To call the dead to life was impossible. Gontharius could not repair then in this the wrong he had done. He was seized with consternation. Sublime work of religion! Armed with the sovereign power given him by God, it is the slave who threatens and terrifies, and it is the king who trembles and cries for mercy.

"Thou canst, at least," said the Bishop, "satisfy in part the justice of God. Restore the riches thou hast obtained by violence; use them to redeem the prisoners whom thou hast sold as slaves, and for the rest, trust in the mercy of the Lord."

Gontharius followed this advice. He purchased back the inhabitants of Nola from those to whom they had been sold, and restored them to their native city. And because poverty there was then at its height, he made them a present of several ship-loads of wheat.

Tuctbert was no less generous. He set all his slaves free. He would have wished to keep the holy Bishop with him, but how could he retain the shepherd, while he yielded up the flock.

Paulinus returned in triumph to Nola at the head of the captives whom he had delivered. The people came out in crowds to welcome him, and among the first he recognized Cypriana, who exclaimed: "Blessed be the Virgin Mary, who has restored these children to their mothers, and to all the people their common father. My son has become my pride and my consolation; and now, that his liberator is in the midst of us, nothing is wanting to complete my happiness."

"Jesuit, by the Grace of God and the Police."

Listen to an *over* true tale, dear readers; for although the AVE MARIA admits no others within her pages, yet our singular title, we feared, might excite a doubt as to its veracity. This point being now settled, let us go back to 1864, and transport ourselves to the railroad depot in Angers, a celebrated city in France.

The four o'clock train had just arrived; a traveler, very pale and seemingly a good deal agitated, alighted. He had passed the night in the cars, certainly not the best place to obtain a fresh complexion, but evidently something more serious than the remembrance of a night's ride in an ill-ventilated train occupied his mind. His movements were undecided; he walked some fifty

yards in the direction of the city, then hurriedly retraced his steps, returned to the depot, and went up the street leading to the Cathedral; after walking very fast, he hesitated, stopped, and turned in a narrow alley; following it some distance, to his surprise he found himself in the open country; once more he retraced his steps, and a third time arrived at the depot.

"Night brings counsel," says the proverb; but there are many different kinds of counsel. Judge for yourself of whom our traveler had received his.

Captain Karl—— was a distinguished naval officer, and a member of the Legion of Honor; his breast was decorated with all sorts of foreign orders; he had, what is still better, within that breast so richly ornamented, an upright heart and a truly Christian soul. He did not believe that to be a good seaman it was necessary to be a bravado, nor to blush at the exercise of religious duties. On his vessel he reigned supreme in the hearts of the crew, who venerated him as a king and loved him as a father. It was a beautiful sight to see them all assembled around him for their morning and evening prayers; they were as courageous against their enemy as they were loyal to their captain and faithful to their God, and the renown of the brave Captain Karl—— and his crew was well established throughout the Chinese seas.

He had but recently returned to France, where the promotion of Vice Admiral awaited him, when a singular idea took possession of his mind.

At sea one is very near God, and to Captain Karl the beautiful star-light night, as well as the wild tempest, spoke sweet language to the other world; but the many duties of his post left him no more time than was necessary to salute his Creator twice-a-day, and say regularly the *angelus*.

In Paris, family affairs and the intercourse of friends so completely absorbed his time that he seemed to belong no more to himself than when on the high seas. Then arose the singular idea of which we have spoken. "I must take eight days," said Captain Karl, "to make a retreat with the Jesuits."

Captain Karl had seen the Jesuits in their missionary labors at Shanghai, he had met them in the most remote provinces of the Celestial Empire, and their courage under the persecutions of their enemies, their persevering energy amidst all the fatigues and difficulties of their apostleship, had filled him with an enthusiastic admiration for the sons of Saint Ignatius.

Then he said to himself—"If I make a retreat with the Jesuits it will be a salutary and fruitful repose for my soul, which up to the present has been devoured with so many cares and anxieties. I shall leave the Jesuits strengthened for the work that lies before me in life, and shall be less unworthy to serve God and my country in the noble naval service, in which I hope honorably to live and die.

This thought had taken possession of his mind with as much tenacity as if he had heard in the voice of conscience the voice of God, and when God spoke, Captain Karl was not in the habit of

selling his obedience; without farther hesitation he took the ten-o'clock-forty-minute night express train, expecting to breakfast with the Jesuits the next morning in Angers.

But he had calculated without a certain individual of darkness, who, from the station at Choisy, argued close in his ear, pretty much in this style: "But, my dear friend, have you seriously thought of the result of the steps you are now taking? What are you going to do at the Jesuits? Have you not, ever since your childhood, been in the habit of making a sanctuary in your heart, where you can keep a spirit of recollection worth all the cloisters in the world? In truth, people will think your conscience must have been pretty well loaded when you had to go so far in order to relieve it! If it was absolutely necessary to make a retreat, why not do so in Paris? The idea of going to Angers is perfectly ridiculous! Could you not have remained quietly shut up in your own house and told Valentine, your valet, not even to open the door to a cat? And, again, let me tell you (here Satan strongly insisted on this point,) you do not know these Jesuits, nor their arts! It is no secret that their dwellings are like the lion's cave; we know what enters, but what comes out is altogether another thing. Ah, my friend, it is easy to see that you will soon become their victim! They will at once understand that you are a rich, influential man, a renowned officer, who would reflect much honor on their society. They will so wind themselves around you during the retreat, that without much trouble and scarcely before you know it, you will be a novice." Once upon this chapter, Beelzebub, who is artful, eloquent and indefatigable, never ceased for an instant. So skillful was his arguments, that on arriving at his destination, Captain Karl scarcely knew what resolution to take.

After all, a retreat, and especially a retreat with the Jesuits, was not an affair absolutely necessary for his salvation. The reflections that had occupied his mind, since leaving the Choisy Station, should not be thrown lightly aside. And if those good Fathers were going to make him enter their net in spite of himself, would he not bitterly regret all his life his folly in carrying out this silly design. "Enough! it is a settled affair," he said, speaking aloud to himself. "These good Fathers will not have a visit from me this time! I'll take the return train, and make my retreat in our own parish. This night's ride has been a most ridiculous affair after all. Luckily, I did not acquaint any of my friends with my determination!"

Scarcely had he taken this resolution, when the Captain felt himself a prey to secret remorse. Doubtless he had not recognized the horns or club-foot of Satan in his traveling companion, or he would have immediately said, *Vade retro*. Yet, still, he could not help feeling that these suggestions had but slight foundation, and the thought that he was betraying great inconsistency; in returning by the next train, also greatly annoyed him.

From these oscillating thoughts resulted his zig-zag course and diagonal paths around the de-

pot. His sudden turnings, stoppings, rapid walking and hesitations, added to his contracted brow and anxious, uneasy expression of countenance, betrayed a very troubled conscience. All this was quite sufficient to excite the attention of the guardians of the morals and public security of the good city of Angers, who by chance or duty, happened to be at the depot so early in the morning. Two of the police had just arrested an intoxicated disturber of the peace, who had overwhelmed them with quodlibits, and divers glutinous projectiles, such as addled eggs and rotten apples. Their equanimity of temper had been somewhat ruffled by such unceremonious behavior, and they had become in consequence exceedingly sensible to the least infringement of the public tranquillity that should reign at daybreak, above all other hours, in a large city. These two police turned the corner of Saint John's street, just at the moment that poor Captain Karl turned the opposite corner, and striking his forehead, exclaimed in an excited tone: "The decision is made once for all, I'll do it," took the direction for the third time toward the depot. The police stepped up and said to him, "Traveler, your papers."

Railroads have rendered such invitations very rare, and the Captain, believing it a piece of stupid pleasantry, replied "what paper?" "Your passport!" "Ridiculous! passports are not required now-a-days. Besides, I am a naval officer in the Imperial service, Captain of a vessel just arrived from China."

"Perhaps so; but we would like to see the proof. It is not customary to come from China to Angers without having something in one's pocket by which a friend could know you, a little book or portfolio, a leaf of a journal or a *carte de visite*: haven't you any thing of this sort? Besides, from the look of your face I guess your conscience isn't any better regulated than your papers; what are you doing, wandering up and down the streets around the depot at such an hour?"

The poor Captain began to find his position ridiculous; the lionest policeman was only doing his duty. All appearances were strongly in his favor, and against Captain Karl. But how could the latter tell him the history of his retreat and his hesitations? Besides, even if he told him, the police would not believe him.

The watch, long accustomed to deal with different sorts of rascals, could not help finding in Captain Karl's face an honesty that might easily satisfy for the missing papers; and while he had a strong inclination to arrest him, he at the same time wished to discover a motive sufficient to release him. "Well," he said, "you haven't exactly the appearance of a member of the House of Correction. If you came here, it must have been on business. I suppose you must know somebody here?"

An idea soon flashed across Captain Karl's mind—"Ah, yes, you are right—I have a letter for the Superior of the Jesuits."

"If he goes security all right. Forward, my brave comrade, let us march to the Jesuits. We have been talking long enough."

"With a policeman on each side of him, Captain Karl was obliged to pass through the greater part of the city. He consoled himself with the thought that at such an early hour, and in a strange place, where he had never before set his foot, there was not much probability of his being recognized.

"I suppose God intended me to make this retreat," he said to himself, as they went along, "since He has sent me the police to force me to it. Those frightful Chinese, whom I used to put under arrest and march through the streets with the drums beating, when they were uncivil to any of our nation, would certainly enjoy the joke if they could see me conducted as a malefactor through the streets of a European city."

It seemed to the Captain that his escort took a pleasure in making their promenade as long as possible. At length they reached the College of the Jesuits. It was not necessary to arouse the Superior, for it was six o'clock, and the Jesuit's day commences at four; it was merely required to wait until the good religious had said Mass. Then they handed him the letter, which was the last plank left to the poor Captain.

"Is it possible I have the pleasure of seeing you, my dear sir," said the Superior, in the most cordial tone; I am rejoiced to welcome one of whom our Fathers in China have so frequently spoken, one who has been for them, on so many occasions, a powerful protector."

"Yes," replied Karl, smiling, "it is I; and I now in my turn, come to beg you to release me from a no slight embarrassment;" and turning, he pointed to the police, who were a few paces in the rear, but had not as yet been noticed by the Father, so great had been his joy at meeting the Captain. Karl continued:

"These gentlemen met me at the depot, and they found my appearance so suspicious, and my papers so badly regulated—(the fact is, they were reduced to the letter you have just read)—that if you do not go my security, they will conduct me straight to the guard-house."

The good Father, as you may well believe, did not hesitate to act as security; and the mortified police stammered their excuses, while making their way to the door. The Captain, warmly shaking their hands, laughingly said—"You are brave men; and you may well boast of having rendered me, without knowing it, a signal favor." (Karl himself could not measure the extent of that favor).

The Superior laughed heartily when he heard of Captain Karl's wanderings around Angers, when, in place of going straight to the Jesuits, he had fallen into the suspicious hands of the police. "The finger of God is there, my dear friend," he said to the Captain. "This is the first time, at least to my knowledge, that a person has been brought by physical force to make a retreat! Who knows? He who directs all things—the least step of the last policeman as well as the movements of the heavens—He, without doubt, has some design over you."

Strange lights illuminate a mind during a re-

treat! Captain Karl had not come, however, to be enlightened upon his vocation. His future career was clearly traced out for him, and he only sought to strengthen himself in the practices of a truly Christian life, which exerts so powerful an influence when practiced by those in the first ranks of society. Nevertheless, from the second day of the retreat, the idea of remaining among these Jesuits, where God had conducted him by force, never left him.

Captain Karl still remains in the novitiate at Angers. His superiors destine him for the Chinese mission, that country so well known to him. He loves to relate the gentle violence God used toward him, and the means ex-parliamentary which Providence employed to overcome his hesitations. He entitles himself "Jesuit, by the grace of God—and the police."

THE SLAVE'S INTERVIEW WITH PIUS IX.

It is almost superfluous to tell our readers that the Catholic Church has constantly proclaimed, and will ever proclaim herself the advocate of freedom. The Church alone has had the strength to resist the ideas, customs, interests and laws of a pagan world, and to triumph over all the obstacles opposed to the emancipation of the slave. Scarcely had she succeeded in obtaining this favor for the serfs of the middle age than she exerted her power in favor of the negroes, whom the cupidity of the whites had violently carried off from Africa to be sold in America.

The numerous Councils held during eighteen hundred years show the ardent solicitude of the Pontiffs, Bishops, and all the hierarchy, in favor of the serfs and slaves. With regard to the negroes, six Pontiffs, actuated, not by a hypocritical humanitarianism, but by charity of Jesus Christ, have reproved and condemned with extreme rigor the odious traffic in human lives; these were Pius II, Paul III, Urban VIII, Benedict XIV, Pius VII and Gregory XVI. On many occasions Pius IX has expressed the same horror for slavery and pity for the slaves as his predecessors. Illustrative of his sentiments we give the following little incident:

A few years ago, a family from New Orleans, accompanied by a mulatto slave, visited Rome. The family took up their residence at the German Hotel, in Condotti street, the most fashionable part of the Eternal City. Sarah, the young slave, had made her first Communion. She loved God with her whole soul, and felt a most earnest desire to be confirmed. Near Condotti street is the French Church of Trinita dei Monti, to which is annexed the renowned Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and it was the joy of the poor mulatto to go there every morning to Mass.

Sometimes, when the principal door of the church was locked, she would ring the convent bell and Sister Cesarie B—, opening the door with her characteristic urbanity, let her into the church.

Sarah prayed—prayed long and fervently. Nevertheless, she seemed sad; she begged God to grant her the grace of Confirmation, and God

seemed deaf to her prayer. But God had heard her; for one day Sister Casarie said to her:

"What is the matter with you, my child? Your eyes are filled with tears."

Sarah told her sorrows to the good Sister, and the latter, tenderly pressing her hand, promised that her pious desire should be fulfilled. From that moment the young slave became the object of particular religious care; she was duly instructed in all that was necessary for the reception of the Sacrament; and a Bishop, to whom the circumstances were related, gave her Confirmation.

Poor Sarah's dark face beamed with joy. The Bishop, touched by her tender piety, asked her if she would like to see the Pope and receive his blessing. We may imagine what would be the slave's delight, if such a favor were possible. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart had among their pupils the daughters of one of the officers of the Pontifical Court; they therefore solicited this officer to ask permission some day of the Sovereign Pontiff to place Sarah where she would have an opportunity of gratifying her pious wish.

But when the application was made the Pope gave no reply. And Sarah, informed of the failure of the project, became sad. Sadness upon a negro's face seems doubled; it is sadness spread over what was previously sad.

Several days passed, and Sarah prayed more earnestly than before, ardently begging God to bestow upon her that second Confirmation in faith and love which the sight of the Vicar of Jesus Christ would give her, when one day a dragoon presented himself at the German Hotel, carrying a letter with the seal of the Vatican, and addressed to Miss Sarah. But there was no one of that name in the fashionable hotel to claim it; for who, among that aristocratic crowd, could believe that such a message was for a mulatto girl, a slave? The dragoon went from door to door, in his vain search. Finally, thinking that only a religious could be the person for whom a letter bearing the Pope's arms was intended, he turned to the Convent of the Trinita dei Monti and again renewed his inquiries for Miss Sarah. There the greater part of the religious are of distinguished birth, and have generous sentiments with regard to the slaves, and they immediately suspected that Pius IX had granted an audience to the poor mulatto.

When Sarah heard the news they could see her grow *pale* under her dark skin; then she wept tears of joy and gladness. The Sisters arranged her toilet. They dressed her in a black robe, threw over her crisped hair a long black veil, according to the etiquette of the Pontifical court, and then had her conducted to the Vatican at three o'clock Sunday afternoon.

The princesses of the blood royal alone have the favor of penetrating as far as the Pope's apartments, in gala dress and attended by their court. To every other female the parts of the Vatican reserved for the Pope, are as narrowly closed as a convent of Chartreuse; it is, as we may say, cloistered. Pius IX receives them Thursdays and Sundays, and they await their turn in the gallery of Raphael. From that place, one, or several to-

gether, are admitted to an audience in the vast library of the Vatican, or in one of the halls of the museum. The Sunday we mention was near Easter, and a large number of ladies were awaiting an audience. One of the Pope's chamberlains, clothed in a violet *soutane*, appeared and said in a loud voice: "Miss Sarah."

Sarah was in a corner; she arose, and passed through the groups with the simplicity of a Christian, and went to prostrate herself at the feet of the Pope. Pius IX, after having left her some time in this posture, where hearts penetrated with a truly filial love feel the most unspeakable consolation, raised her up and said:

"My daughter, you were there among the rich and great ladies and princesses; the last, without doubt, in their eyes, but perhaps the first in the eyes of God, and this is why I have called you at once."

Sarah could not speak; but she raised her large eyes, from which the tears were gushing, toward the Vicar of Christ; and the Pope quietly permitted those tears to flow, which are as dew to the pious soul; then he spoke to her most tenderly of the negroes; asked many questions about their condition; commiserated their sufferings and blamed the egotism and harshness of the masters who divided husband and wife and separated the mother from her children.

"When you return to your country, my child, how will you then support your position?"

"Most Holy Father, I will bear it without pain, since I have been confirmed and have seen you."

"Well, my child, I give you my blessing; and you will bear it to all your brothers and sisters in slavery. Tell them that I love them as a father, and that in my heart they occupy a place equal to the whites; say to them that in affection my prayers go across the sea to them, to present them to Jesus Christ, and to obtain for them faith, hope and charity. The time will assuredly come when this ulcer of slavery, such as you know it, will cease in your country. But be assured that this slavery is not the more terrible; among free white men there is a servitude more to be deplored than that which binds the negro—the slavery of the world and the flesh."

Before dismissing poor Sarah, Pius IX gave her a large box full of medals and rosaries.

"Distribute these things in my name among your brothers and sisters, and tell them that I love them and bless them."

We know now whether or not that blessing has been realized. But the eye of the Christian can trace its beneficent course across the fields of our late terrible battles; inspiring acts of heroism, devotedness and admirable conversions.

Thy blessed forerunner, the most excellent among the saints, John the Baptist, in Thy presence leaped for joy through the Holy Ghost, while he was yet shut up in his mother's womb, and afterward, seeing Jesus walking among men, humbling himself exceedingly, said, with devout affection, *The friend of the Bridegroom that standeth and heareth Him, rejoiceth with joy for the voice of the Bridegroom.* John iii.

The Holy Scapular.

I loved my own pure Mother—

I loved her with love sublime;

Nay, not with the love of time;

Not with the fickle affection to smother, [another;
'Neath snow-drifts of change, and the thoughts of
O no! for once awakened, my love could not die,
For my beautiful Mother, the Queen of the Sky!

Many I saw around me,—

Though humble I strove to be;

Humble, dear Mary, for thee—

Who knew not the blissful devotion that bound me;
Who never had sought the fond mercy that found
And with a sweet pride, which I cannot define, [me,
I longed they should know me forever as thine.

A pledge for thy protection,—

For sake of thy dear Son,

That His will on earth be done—

A tangible proof of thy deathless affection,
A vesture, announcing our holy connection:
O this did I crave; and my pride was *not* pride,
For it sought but thy glory, nor sought to divide.

O then my own true Mother,

She gave me for love I bore,

The robe that St. Simon wore:

St. Simon, her child—and she made him my brother;
Joint heir of all gifts children hold with each other;
And the *justs* of *Mt. Carmel*, her penance and prayer,
With her SCAPULAR ROBE, I am honored to share.

O'er my heart she placed it tender,

The buckler of her defense:

No foe shall tear it thence;—

When morning and night my homage I render,
And press to my lips her insignia of splendor,
I believe her fair hand with the rays of her grace
The blest sign of Mercy above me doth trace.

For I know that Blessed Mary

In fires, on field, on flood,

Midst famine and scenes of blood,—

With truth and a constancy never to vary—
Hath come to her children, albeit unwary, [love,
And guarded them safe, since they wore out of
Her Scapular vesture, her seal from above.

When clouds refuse their treasure

To the thirsting arid plain,

While the flow'rets cry for rain,—

And Mary reminded of her gracious pleasure
At sight of her Scapular, sends in full measure,
The store of their waters, and plenty and health
Return to the peasant the source of his wealth.

I rest me then unfeared;

I walk where foes abide,—

Grim foes on every side;—

For Mary, my merciful Mother, is cheering
My pathway, with voice as sublime as endearing.
I feel me a princess; the child of my Queen;
Her breastplate invincible, ever my screen.

And when I shall be dying,

I know that Mary will come,

To tenderly lead me home;

Aye more: in sweet patience awaiting and sighing,
To end my purgation; reward my relying,
And show me how potent is *truth to the token*,
Of trust in her care and my pledge all unbroken.

Weekly Chronicle.

Our Lady of the Pillar—A Church in a Wedding Basket.

From a most entertaining correspondent of *Le Rosier de Marie*, we translate the following: "Last year, on the occasion of the marriage of a certain Miss Schneider, her father wished to make a wedding present to the city of *Æuget*, and what do you suppose the gift was? I fear you could never guess. It was a church! Said to be very beautiful. Last week it was consecrated by the Bishop of *Autun*. We have not received the full details; but the fact in itself is so beautiful, that I am sure a notice of even ten lines will delight all your readers. To put a church into the *wedding basket* is as rare as it is worthy of praise, and it will most assuredly bring happiness to all concerned.

"Another marriage and another new church was the occasion of another interesting incident. About twelve years ago, in the Diocese of *Troyes*, a church had just been completed in the parish of *Jeugny*. A stone-cutter named *Perouche* had worked for along time at the building. He was a stranger in the place, but finally married a young girl of *Jeugny*, and the first wedding celebrated in the new church was his own. According to the custom, a special gratuitous ceremony was granted him. The young man was much affected by the honor conferred upon him by the Church, and he promised to testify his gratitude by bestowing a present upon the new building; but to accomplish this required quite a change, in his straitened financial affairs.

"Twelve years passed, and the promise of the first bridegroom of the church of *Jeugny* was forgotten in the parish; but not by himself. He paid a visit lately to the former home of his wife. Fortune had favored him. On entering the church he recalled his voluntary promise, and as his eye rested upon the vacant place in the tribune, destined to be filled by an organ at some future day, he immediately declared that an organ would be his wedding gift.

"On returning to Paris he purchased a magnificent instrument, defrayed all the expenses of transportation and erection, and assumed also the payment of the instruction necessary for the future organist."

Is not this a beautiful incident? Nevertheless it is but a simple application of a fundamental law. The young *Perouche* had made a promise to the Church of God, which he honestly determined to fulfill; and for this God has recompensed him. In order to enable him to realize his promise, God had enriched him. He had but to render to God what belonged to God; and he could keep without scruple the major part to increase it still more.

Mr. Lagrange, a French sportsman, with his horse *Gladiator*, at the Epsom races, gained the first prize; from his winnings he sent five hundred dollars to a Religious Order who were building a new church at *New-Market*, London. Eight days after, with the same horse, he won a prize of twenty thousand dollars at the races of the *Bois de Boulogne*, France.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Missions of Oceanica.

Extract from a letter of Rev. Father Poupinel, Visitor of the Missions of the Society of Mary.

Rev. Father: For many months I have been anxious to write you, but have been prevented by pressing and multiplied occupations. Praised and loved be the Heart of Jesus, who on the day of the feast grants me leisure to express to you my sincere and lively gratitude, and to say how happy I am to be able in these distant regions to establish the Apostleship of Prayer.

This work of apostolic charity is surely one of the delicious fruits produced by the adorable Heart of Jesus. And how providential this thought, which calls all Christians to combat the enemies of God and the Church, by union of prayer and good works.

It developed in the epoch when the Church is attacked by most powerful enemies—more violent than perhaps at any other period; but it is also the epoch of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of which the Church is the heavenly messenger, in multiplying and sending to every part of the globe apostles of charity.

For the last seven years, obedience has established me Visitor of the Missions of Mary in Oceanica. I have visited all the islands and tribes where our Congregation labors to evangelize the people, even to the savages in the islands of the South Sea; and I have been touched and consoled by the success of their Apostleship. But in their progress they encounter many enemies and great obstacles. It is difficult to convert pagans—and untiring zeal and vigilance is necessary to maintain in the faith, and advance in the Christian life, these new converts. One of our oldest and most devoted missionaries writes me: 'I beg you to obtain many prayers for us; we all greatly need the Apostleship of Prayer. Without grace and the aid of prayers we can do nothing.'

From the Heart of Jesus, then, Rev. Father, let us ask grace to convert the infidels, heretics and sinners. Pray also that we may obtain the grace of strength, patience and abnegation, so necessary to the missionary in his ministry where privations, fatigue and trials of all kinds abound. If the Son of Man permitted the enemy to tempt his soul and overwhelm it with sadness; if an angel from Heaven came to comfort the Man-God in His agony, and we also imagine how the missionary has his days of sadness and agony, when his courage seems almost failing! Jesus, who loves His apostles with the love of predilection, will send angels to console them, but it is not necessary that these messengers come from Heaven; the Associates of the Apostleship, by the fervor of their prayers, will be the blessed angels who will restore to the hearts of these evangelical laborers, strength, devotedness, and the spirit of sacrifice.

All the Mariast Missionaries in Oceanica are firmly resolved to maintain themselves in close union with the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer.

Apostleship of Prayer at La Trappe.

In reading the lives of the Fathers of the desert we involuntarily regret the days when the Church offered the world such examples of devotion and mortification. How the silent preaching of these illustrious penitents, who formerly peopled the solitudes of Egypt, would strengthen our wavering faith, and give a little vigor to our effeminate hearts! In burying themselves, as it were, in those narrow cells—more like tombs than human habitations; in passing the night in prayer and meditation, and the days in hard labor; in observing a perpetual fast, clothing themselves in hair-cloth, excluding all recreations, all conversations not strictly necessary, and yet in this life of mortification preserving their hearts full of joy and their countenances beaming with serenity, they taught the degenerate Romans of the fourth century how the enemy of the spirit can subdue the revolts of the flesh, and how the hope of eternal goods can sweeten the bitterness of the present life. We too need this double lesson, and happily for our age there yet exists some places where the monasteries of La Trappe replace the Thebaide; where we may behold the daily works of mortification and penance united with the holy joy that once illuminated the deserts.

At the present time the community of La Trappe comprises thirty-one houses of men and nine of women. We now speak of the great Abbey of La Trappe in France, six miles from Mortagne. As sight of human habitation vanished and we enter the forests that formerly belonged to the monastery, a winding road, hidden beneath the thick shade of the beech trees, heightens the impressions of this life of solitude, and completes the isolation of the inhabitants of this new paradise from the profane world.

It is truly a new world which opens to our view on leaving the forest; to the left several lakes united by little rivelets reflect in their tranquil waters the rays of the sun; gentle image of the souls whose tranquility, unruffled by agitating winds, reflect the luminous rays of divine truths. Here we see a fine building of recent date; this is the agricultural colony, of which we will have occasion to speak hereafter; farther on, vast fields admirably cultivated, planted with apple trees which make of this plain an immense orchard; to the right green prairies irrigated by the waters of the lakes, in which we see herds of cows quietly pasturing; between the lakes and prairies, a causeway at the end of a long avenue, shaded on each side with poplars, leads to the door of the Monastery.

But the emotion produced by the landscape is effaced by others more impressive, as soon as we cross the threshold of the house of God. It is not the edifice itself which produces these emotions; built with scanty means, after the revolution, it has none of the majesty of our ancient abbeys. But what is wanting in the material edifice is abundantly compensated by the beauty of the virtues it encloses. If Saint Bernard returned in our days to France, he would not regret Clair-

vaux; here he would find himself at home, where in full rigor his rules are observed as in their primitive days. After the revolution, the Congregation of La Trappe restored in full force the prescriptions of Saint Bernard, and the Cistercian rule is still in all its severity. We will indicate the principal points, trusting that they be of particular interest to our associates, since the good Trappist Fathers have given the interests of the Apostleship of Prayer a special part in the merit of their prayers and austerities.

At La Trappe the fast is perpetual; even on Sunday nothing is taken before noon. From September until Easter the fast is not broken until two o'clock; on the fast days of the Church the repast is not taken until three o'clock, and this is the only meal in the twenty-four hours. Nothing is taken in the evening. There is no exception to this rule save in the case of the sick and aged who are in the infirmary, and young novices; the latter are allowed four ounces of bread in the morning. The food of this one meal is scanty, little better calculated to satisfy nature than the fast itself. Neither meat, eggs nor fish ever find a place in the refectory of La Trappe. The carps which the lakes of the monastery furnish in abundance are served to strangers; the religious never taste them. The rules only allow vegetables seasoned, three times a week with milk; the other four days salt and water form the only expense of seasoning. But we must confess that at La Trappe the sauce which rendered the black broth of Sparta so delicious is never wanting; twenty-four fasting hours—and five, at least, of hard labor—seldom fail to provide a good appetite.

At La Trappe, as among the solitaries of Egypt, every one works. But here, not satisfied with making a few mats, which might render the fasts of the ancient anchorites comparatively easy, the Trappists devote themselves to very hard agricultural labors. From the Rev. Father Abbot to the lay brother, all are by turns plowmen, reapers and gleaners.

At the time of our visit all were engaged in gathering apples, from which they make cider. The Fathers, in their white habit, tucked up to the knee, and covered with their black Scapulars, share everywhere the labor of the lay brothers; and from the activity they all displayed, the son of the peasant could not be distinguished from the man of rank and fortune. It seemed that on entering La Trappe they had clothed themselves with another nature; delicate constitutions, in place of sinking under this appalling regime often found there a strength before unknown to them. We were assured that it was almost an unheard-of thing for a novice to leave on account of his health.

This phenomenon, so strange at first sight, is nevertheless easily explained. It is evident that the greater part of sicknesses is exiled from La Trappe, with intemperance, their fruitful source; we also see that the two great remedies of Hippocrates, diet and exercise, are largely administered; finally, the preoccupations and moral

shocks, the fatal effect of our state of society, which so often materially affect health, have no place in this empire. La Trappe furnishes one more proof of the vivifying power of Christian mortification. These fervent religious understand that their withdrawal from the world is their precious treasure, and they guard it with a jealous care. Even those who have the charge of receiving strangers, absolutely interdict all conversations on political subjects. The others preserve an absolute silence. When necessity obliges them to say something to their brothers they communicate by signs. Neither the Fathers nor the Brothers have private cells; they all sleep in a dormitory, the Reverend Father Abbot, with the others, and their bed is of hard straw, on which they take their rest without ever laying aside their every day religious dress. At two o'clock they rise for matins, and on festivals at midnight. Almost all time not devoted to manual labor is spent in the choir.

From this slight sketch, our readers will easily understand that their lives bear no great resemblance to the Trappists. Our education has made us so delicate that we can scarcely understand how the body can be reduced to such a state of servitude; nevertheless this life is not only possible, it is also happy; a thousand times more happy than the life of the slaves of sensuality.

We owe them deep gratitude for the part they give the Apostleship in their merits, and their labors to extend its diffusion. The many guests who visit La Trappe, priests in particular, know how efficacious has been their assistance in making known its power and many date their association to the Apostleship from the time of their visit to La Trappe.

All the Fathers of the Order take a lively interest in our work, and the intentions of each month are regularly hung up in a conspicuous place, where they can be known by the Brothers as well as the Fathers, in order that they may be made the subject of their prayers and the offering of their labor.

Our little journal (*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*), is read aloud in the refectory, and is heard with deep interest; and we were able to judge ourselves of their sympathy in the work when we were invited to speak of it to the entire community assembled in the chapter-room. We shall never forget the emotions with which we were penetrated at the sight of those one hundred and fifty religious, clothed in their majestic white cowl, their Scapular, and large woolen cloak. Assuredly it was not difficult to speak of the Apostleship of Prayer to men whose entire life is but an uninterrupted exercise of the Apostleship. To recall its efficacy, merits and consolations was merely to speak of the crowns they conquered every day; and while we encouraged them to fight the good fight, it was impossible for us not to feel the effects of the example of those who, being our masters, wished to become our auditors. What we teach they practice; their part is without question the better one, and we beg of God the grace of not being excluded from it.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE MIRAOLE OF ELISHA.

A DIALOGUE FOR OUR LITTLE BOYS.

WILLIE—

Come, Master Eddy, play with us!
Just drop that pensive look;
For cousin Charlie's here you see,
And you must leave your book.

EDDY—

Perhaps you'll choose, dear Charlie,
A seat beside me here;
It is a very pleasant story
I have been reading, dear!

CHARLIE—

A story! If it is a story,
I'll gladly sit with you;
I love to hear your stories so,
Because they're always true.

WILLIE—

Yes, Eddy, for the story first,
And I will wait the fun
To chase the meadow bobolinks
With my big new tin gun—

EDDY—

I was just reading how in Shunem
Once lived a woman great,
Who had a kind and generous heart,
Though owning vast estate.

How to her house Elisha came,
The prophet of the Lord,
And she with pious gladness heard
His pure and holy word.

Methinks I see the tall palms wave
Above her mansion fair;
Before its cedar portals stands
The good man welcomed there.

And when she feared that he might shrink
From so much pomp and care,
She asked her husband just to build
For him a chamber there.

CHARLIE—

And had she little boys and girls
To play beneath the trees,
Where they might come, to kneel with her,
Around the prophet's knees?

EDDY—

Not so the sacred story runs;
Her generous love to share,
This kindly matron had no child,
This noble house no heir.

And so in rich reward one day
For all her kindness done,
The prophet called her to his door
And promised her a son.

CHARLIE—

And was he born? And was he good?
All dutiful and mild;
And did he love the prophet too?
Was he a holy child?

EDDY—

Yes, he was born, and he was good,
Was dutiful and mild,

And loved the reverent prophet too,
And was a precious child,
But one sultry summer day,
To see the reaper-train,
This little son, this only child,
Played 'mid the bearded grain.

But ah, the scorching sunbeams lit
A fever in the brain;
His little hands clasped to his head,
He sobbed aloud for pain.

They bore him to his mother's arms;
"My head! my head!" he cried,
And moaned upon her lap until
At hour of noon he died.

Then rose that mother in her grief
Up with that precious dead,
And silent laid him down upon
The prophet's holy bed.

Great faith was in that mother's soul;
She calmly closed the door,
And left her dead alone, to seek
The man of God once more.

From Carmel's heights Elisha saw
The woman e'er she came,
And sent his servant forth to ask
Three questions in his name:

Well is it with thy husband! say?—
The prophet's questions fell—
Well is it with thee, and thy child?—
She answered, "*it is well.*"

But when she near the prophet drew,
The mother in her soul
Broke through the barriers of awe,—
She wept without control.

With prayers and tears she clasped his feet,—
Her grief was sore to see,—
"Asked I," she cried, "O man of God!
Asked I a child of thee?"

"As lives the Lord! as lives my soul!
I will not e'er leave thee,
Unless thou hear my prayers," she said,
"And follow after me."

And as the prophet reached his room,
Still dead the fair child lay;
He shut the door upon them twain,
The dead and him—to pray.

The cold flesh waxes warm again,
The prophet clasping lies—
The fresh breath through the nostrils creeps,
He opens now his eyes—

Without, the pallid mother stands,
Alive with hopes and fears;
And when her name the prophet calls,
O, with what rapture hears!

And when she found her child alive,
What thanks her warm heart found;
She hastened to his holy feet,
Bowed to the very ground.

CHARLIE—

I think because that woman gave
That man of God such care,
A reason also why the Lord
Did hear his holy prayer.

I think 'twill learn us also, too ;
 Say, Willie, wont it you,—
 For those who teach us holy things
 To acts of kindness do ?

Willie—

O yes, dear Charlie, but I wish
 Some prophet just lived here,
 Who when we grew so sick and died
 Might to our help appear.

Eddy—

Ah, Willie, that's a wish that's vain ;
 We all must fade and die ;
 And when that solemn hour has come,
 No mortal help is nigh.

Yet there's a Prophet greater far,
 Who once had had human birth,
 Who to save us from endless death,
 Was crucified on earth.

And there's a tender Mother, too,
 Who sits by Him above,
 And even little children share
 Her watchful care and love.

This Shunem woman is her type,
 Our Lily of the Word,
 And she is Mother to us all,
 Sweet Mother of our Lord ;—

A Mother when our days are bright,
 And all things pleasant run ;

A Mother when we droop and die,
 Who claims us for her Son.

God Loves Little Children.

Come now, my little children, the AVE MARIA has a very important question to ask you this week. It is this: Do you often think of God and how much He loves little children? If you never have, then please commence right away; and when you awake in the morning, or play among the flowers, or under the shade of the big apple tree, or nestle down to sleep in the sweet little beds prepared for you by your good mothers, think that God loved you all so very much that He wanted to be like you, so He became a little child in the arms of Mary His Mother. And when He grew up and went preaching to all the people of Judea, He used to lay His hands on the heads of little children and bless them, and He was very angry with those that prevented little children from coming to Him.

Our dear Lord loves to hear the sweet voices of little children speaking to Him in their prayers; and the prayers of a good, innocent child go up to Heaven quicker than the prayers of grown-up people. God loves to speak to children, and He has often spoken words to them that He would not speak to any body else. Listen, and I will tell you about Samuel, and some time you may read all about it yourself in the Bible, and how the little boy became a great priest and prophet when he grew up to be a man.

This good little child lived with a very old priest. Almighty God wanted to say something to the priest; but He would rather say it to the child and let the child tell the priest. So one night, when the little boy was fast asleep, God called him by name, "Samuel!" This awakened

him. He did not know that it was the voice of God; but he thought it was the priest, so he jumped out of his bed and went to him, saying, "Father, did you call me?" The priest answered, "No, my child, I did not call you; go back to your bed and go to sleep;" and the obedient boy did as he was told. In a little while he heard the same voice calling him again and again. Each time he went to the priest, and at last the priest said to him, "Perhaps, my child, it is the voice of God which calls you; so if you hear it again, say, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant hears Thee.'" After a little while he heard the voice again, and he said what the priest had told him. Then God spoke to this good boy and commanded him to tell the priest what he had heard.

Now you see how God loves to speak to innocent children, and you may be sure, dear little children, He will also speak to you if you will only let Him. You will not hear His voice in your ears, as Samuel did, but you will hear it in your heart.

A few years ago a very wonderful thing happened on a high mountain in France, called La Salette. Many people in that country were very bad; they used to swear and blaspheme the Holy Name of God, and they did not keep Sunday holy. One day the dear Blessed Virgin Mary, our Lady, the Mother of Jesus Christ, was seen on this hill. The light of Heaven shone around her; she came with tears in her eyes, to tell the people that, if they did not repent of their sins, God would send horrible punishments upon them; and to whom do you think the Blessed Virgin spoke? Perhaps to some great or very learned men—not at all. She spoke to two little children, who were guarding their flocks upon the hill, and she bade them take this message to the people.

Many hundreds and thousands of little children have loved God most tenderly when they were young; good men and women were almost always very good when they were little children. When you grow older we want you to read the life of a holy priest, called M. Vianny, who lately died in France, after converting thousands and thousands of people and working many miracles. When he was only three years old he used to go, often in the day, into some quiet place to say his prayers. In the long winter evenings he would sit for hours by his mother's side, talking with her of God and holy things. The first present she gave him was a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, which he would not exchange for all the toys in the world.

As he grew older—about eight or nine years of age—he used to go, with his young companions, to a lovely little valley, and there, by the side of an old willow tree, he would make a little altar and place on it his precious statue of the Blessed Virgin; and after they had all knelt down before it and recited the Hail Mary, he would rise and gravely address the others, telling them how much they should always love the Mother of God. Sometimes the others grew tired and ran off to play; then the little John Mary would kneel by his dear statue, for long hours, in silent prayer, offering, through the sweet heart of Mary, his innocent heart to God.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

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THE CURE OF ARS AND VOLTAIRE.

The house of Kelly & Piet has recently imported an English abridgment of the life of the saintly Curé of Ars, compiled from the French of Abbé Monnin. We regret that a full translation of the original work, in two volumes octavo, has not been given to the English reading public in place of this meager synopsis. It is one of those rare works that captivate the hearts of all Christians; of a beauty and simplicity alike charming to the unlearned and the intellectual, as it describes the days of the saintly priest whose holiness drew the wise and simple in crowds to his humble little country parish.

In the English epitome we have but a dry skeleton of this Saint of our day. The fascinating chapters upon "his amenity of character, vivacity of mind, grace of conversation and amiable repartees," are cut down to a few paragraphs. The beautiful chapter on his devotion to the Blessed Virgin is entirely omitted. From the original we give our readers the portrait of Mr. Vianney, and the points of resemblance to one very widely different from him—we mean Voltaire:

The venerable Curé of Ars presented in his person all the characters which constitute, if it is permitted to use the expression, the *physiology of the Saints*. Holiness is frequently accompanied by exterior signs, scarcely susceptible of being analyzed by words; it is *felt* rather than expressed. * * * The whole saint carries Jesus Christ in him, not merely in his soul, but in his body. Jesus Christ breathes in his thoughts, sentiments, acts, and even in the expression of his features, reproducing, as much as it is possible in the human physiognomy, the dignity, grace and loveliness of the Saviour. The whole person of the saint becomes a most pure and clear crystal through which shines forth the glorious and Divine form of Christ our Lord: *That the Life of Jesus may be manifested in our mortal flesh.* (2 Cor. iv. 2). This fact alone renders the Divine action evident, as it were, palpable to experience and even to scientific observation. It is a ray of grace, the intimate fusion of the natural and supernatural, the showing forth of the divinity through the transparent folds of the body. And such is the power of this transformation that men the most destitute of religious feeling are subdued by the ascendancy, exercised on all around them by the saints. They recognize them, they know not why, as superior beings; they admire, without understanding them, as those who have been born blind feel the rays

of the sun though they see them not. The Curé of Ars was favored in a high degree with the wonderful gift of appearing, to the eyes of all, the image of Jesus Christ. * * * Without thinking it, without willing it, without knowing it, this man so weak in bodily presence drew all within the sphere of his attraction. We might say of him that he had a system, as the stars, and that his simple movement regulated the gravitation of the thoughts and affections of his satellites. Once to meet his eye or hear his voice, was to be fascinated by his look and words; the eye was dazzled and the ear deaf to every thing else. Men of the world, accustomed to the power of far different spells, have acknowledged that, after they had seen the Curé of Ars, his image seemed to haunt them; his remembrance followed them in all places, and they could think of nothing else.

His hair fell thick and long, as a white aureola, round that calm expressive face; beneath the sweet majestic expression of which might be discerned some traces of the rusticity of his early life—a rusticity tempered and subdued by benevolence. It was but the frail transparent covering of a soul which no longer belonged to earth. The eyes alone betokened life, they shone with an exceeding luster; there was a kind of supernatural fire in Mr. Vianney's glance which continually varied in intensity and expression. That glance dilated and sparkled when the saintly Curé spoke of the love of God; the thought of sin veiled it with a mist of tears; it was by turns sweet and piercing, terrible and loving, childlike and profound. When fixed upon any one, it was a very furnace of tenderness and compassion; it had that mysterious attraction bestowed by our Lord upon the eyes which are continually raised to Him.

Next to the eyes, the profile was most remarkable, the lines of which were bold, harmonious and well-defined. Although the sweetness and serenity of his face, betokened the divine peace that dwelt within, its characteristic and familiar expression when at rest, was that supernatural melancholy which belong to the constant sentiment of the invisible while yet in this visible sphere. It was deepened by the habitual contact with sin and sorrow, impressing many a bitter thought upon his soul, and casting their mournful reflection upon his countenance. But when he came forth from that habitual state of recollection to converse with man, it was with a bright and gracious smile, ever ready to respond to every look that was turned upon him; there was not one of his features that did not smile.

Every one remarked the striking resemblance between the *mask* of Mr. Vianney and that of Voltaire. We say *mask*, for the physiognomy was widely different. Place the bust of the Curé of Ars beside the frightful statue which ornaments the ante-chamber of the chateau of Ferney, and one is immediately impressed with the resemblance of the lines. But the contrast of the expressions is no less strikingly different.

"There are," says Father Gratry, "human faces which seem luminous, etherealized, expressions simple, open and expanded by an overflowing love. Others are double, and seem contracted and destroyed by deadly passions. The first, transparent, and as clear as day; the second, enigmatical, complicated and hidden; the latter repulse and frighten; the former attract, and little children on the bosom of their mothers turn confidently to them, and nestle in their arms. Simplicity of expression and countenance! Duplicity of expression and countenance! Proud, voluptuous look; despicable and contemptible ugliness, when accompanied with weakness; satanic ugliness, if strength unites them. Pure and limpid expression full of love; goodness and gracious beauty, if weakness accompanies it; celestial beauty, if both be sustained by bonds of strength and courage. By expression I speak of the soul as expressed by the body. The gospel says 'If your eye be simple.'"

This contrast could not possibly be better expressed than in the faces of the Curé of Ars and the infidel old man of Ferney, notwithstanding the strikingly marked resemblance between the busts of those two persons.

Is it not a subject worthy of remark that, in the same country, with an interval of one hundred years between their existence, these two men reached so brilliant a renown by a path so entirely opposite? That their names have rendered celebrated two villages obscure and unknown before their time? Ars and Ferney have become synonymous with the two extremes in morals—the poles, as it were, of love and hatred! The eighteenth century ran to Ferney, the nineteenth to Ars. And notwithstanding the contrary signs, and the dark clouds which are gathering and seem to threaten the future, we see many evidences of the triumph of truth in our age. Ars is destroying Ferney. And in considering the strong resemblance between these two men, in whom are personified, in the highest degree, the love and hatred of Jesus Christ, we are reminded of divine wisdom playing with the things of earth: *Ludens in orbe terrarum*.

Ferney very soon forgot Voltaire, but Ars will not so soon forget her pastor. In times to come, not Ars alone, but the entire world, will speak of the humble priest, will relate his works, exalt his virtues, glorify his memory, and preserve his portrait in places where neither the portrait of Voltaire nor any of his admirers will ever enter. The pastor of Ars will live, after all contemporary things the most stable, most beautiful and grand will have passed away forever. He will live the life of memory promised to the just, which is the recompense of time, the *avant courrière* of eternity.

But we cannot leave this portrait of the Curé of Ars without surrounding it with the framework of his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and placing before it some of the flowers of piety he daily planted in the hearts of his penitents for this good Mother. He literally breathed the love Mary.

The Curé of Ars particularly recommended three devotions: devotion to the Passion of our Lord and to the Holy Eucharist, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and devotion to the Souls in Purgatory.

He said his Mass at the altar of the Blessed Virgin whenever it was in his power, and he never omitted saying it on Saturdays. Every day he recited the *Regina Cœli* in thanksgiving for the favors he received through Mary. Every evening after night prayers (said with his parishioners in the church) he recited aloud the beads of the Immaculate Conception. On his first arrival at Ars, he organized an association of prayers in honor of the Blessed Mother of God. The fundamental practice consisted in reciting an *Ave Maria* whenever the clock struck, with the invocation "Blessed be the most holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary Mother of God. O Mary, may all the nations glorify thee and may all the earth invoke and bless thy Immaculate Heart." This pious practice he never omitted; and in order that all his parishioners would faithfully observe it, he placed a large clock in the steeple which could be heard all over the village.

By the title of devout servant of Mary, M. Vianney was first known to his parishioners, and he made use of every means to increase the devotion to Mary. Even before the commencement of the pilgrimages, her festivals were celebrated with great pomp at Ars; the communions were numerous, the offices solemn, and the sermons most touching. This religious animation, the fruit of the example of the saintly pastor, continued constantly to increase. On the days dedicated to the Mother of God, there was always a greater number of strangers than usual at Ars. Her image was seen everywhere—in front of the church, over the door, and also in the houses.

The heart of the Blessed Virgin was the refuge of the Curé of Ars in all his troubles—the arsenal from which he constantly borrowed the weapons he used against his infernal enemies. One of the exercises he most frequently recommended was a *novena* to the Sacred Heart of Mary. "I have so often drawn from this source," he would say, "that it would have been long since exhausted, if it were not inexhaustible." In his instructions he never wearied in speaking of this heart so pure, so beautiful and so good—the work and delight of the Holy Trinity.

"The Father delights to regard it as His masterpiece, as we love our own work, particularly when it is well done; the Son regards it as the heart of His Mother, from which He drew the blood that redeemed us, and the Holy Ghost regards it as His temple." "The heart of this good Mother is but love and mercy. She wishes only to see us happy. To be heard favorably, it is only necessary to invoke her."

"God so loved us as to die for us; but in the heart of the Saviour is justice, the attribute of God; in the Blessed Virgin's we find but mercy."

"The greater sinners we are, the greater her compassion and tenderness for us."

"The child that cost the most tears to the mother is the dearest to her heart. Does she not rush to the rescue of the weakest and most exposed? In an hospital does not the physician give his greatest attention to the most dangerous cases?"

"Behold how good is the Blessed Virgin! Her great servant, Bernard, often said *Hail Mary*; and one day this good Mother replied: 'Hail, my son, Bernard!'"

"Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is tender, sweet and nourishing."

"When we speak of earthly things we soon grow weary. When we speak of the Blessed Virgin it is always refreshing, never tires."

"The *Ave Maria* is a prayer that never wearies."

"We never enter a house without speaking to the porter; let us not forget, then, that the Blessed Virgin is the portress of heaven."

"When we wish to make an offering to a distinguished person, we present it through the medium of a favorite friend, in order that our homage may be the more agreeable. In like manner, when we present our prayers through the Blessed Virgin, they obtain altogether a different merit, because the Blessed Virgin is the only person that never offended God. All that the Son asks the Father is granted; all that the Mother asks the Son is equally granted."

"When our hands have touched aromatics, they render fragrant all that they in turn touch; let us then pass our prayers through Mary's hands and she will make them fragrant."

"I think that at the end of the world, the Blessed Virgin will be tranquil; but, as long as the world lasts, *she is drawn to all sides*. The Blessed Virgin is like a mother with a great many children; she is continually occupied with one or another."

"Twice has the Blessed Virgin given us birth; at the Incarnation and at the foot of the Cross, hence she is doubly mother."

"The Blessed Virgin is often compared to a mother, but she is a great deal better than the very best mother; for the very kindest mother punishes her child, when it causes her displeasure; she even whips it, thinking to do it good. But the Blessed Virgin does not act in this manner; she is so good that she ever deals lovingly with us and never punishes."

"The prophets published the glory of Mary before her birth, they compared her to the sun. And the appearance of the Blessed Virgin may well be compared to the beautiful sun on a foggy day."

"The Son has his justice; the Mother only her love."

"Before her coming, the wrath of God hung over our heads, as a sword ready to strike us; as soon as the Blessed Virgin appeared on the earth His wrath was appeased. She knew not that she

was to become the Mother of God, and when she was a little child she used to say: 'When then shall I see that beautiful creature who is to be the Mother of God?'"

"All the saints had great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and every grace that comes from Heaven passes through her hands. A saint one day asked her what she preferred we should venerate in her, and she replied: 'My Immaculate Purity, it is the means of obtaining all things!'"

Mr. Vianney continually thanked God the Father for having made the Blessed Virgin so great, so beautiful, and so good! With a heart burning with her love, he blessed our Saviour for her Immaculate Conception; he congratulated the Holy Ghost for the glory which returned to Him from the saintless purity of His Spouse. These were his favorite devotions.

To encourage the devotion of the Rosary, he often related that Saint Dominic was preaching one day in a church, when one of his relations entered with his suite; and this man appeared so hideous in the eyes of that Saint that he could not help speaking of it in a loud voice. Every one became afraid of him; his wife, children and neighbors fled from his presence. Saint Dominic induced him to recite the Rosary, and as soon as he did so, the demons who surrounded him fled away, and his face resumed its ordinary expression.

Another of Mr. Vianney's favorite examples was the following: "There was a good saint who was always saying 'Holy Mary, pray for me now and at the hour of my death.' One day he heard the Blessed Virgin reply, 'Do you wish to come with me to paradise?' 'To paradise!—to paradise!—to paradise!' he exclaimed, and died; with tears gushing from his eyes, the Curé of Ars added, 'Oh! how beautiful to die in this way.'"

To complete the contrast between the two men whose busts so closely resemble each other, and to show to what opposite extremes the same qualities in the heart of man are carried by nature and grace, we turn from the fascinating life of the Curé of Ars to give our readers the celebrated *critique* and portrait of Voltaire as drawn by the artistic hand of Count Joseph De Maistre.

"The immoderate admiration with which so many have surrounded Voltaire is the infallible sign of corrupt hearts. And if any one on entering a library feels drawn toward the *works of Ferney*, he may be assured that God does not love him. Ecclesiastical authority is frequently ridiculed for condemning books in *odium autoris*; yet, nothing is more just than to *refuse the honors of genius to those who abuse its gifts*. If this law was severely observed we should soon see these empoisoned works disappear; but since their promulgation does not depend upon us, let us, at least, guard against an excess much more reprehensible than we believe—that of exalting beyond measure these guilty writers, especially Voltaire. He pronounced his own judgment when he wrote—

"Un esprit corrompu ne fut jamais sublime."

A corrupt heart was never sublime.

This is literally true; Voltaire, then, with his hundred volumes was *only pretty*. I except in trag-

edy, where the nature of the work forced him to express noble sentiments which were foreign to his character; and even on this scene of his triumph he cannot deceive the experienced eye. In his best pieces he bears the same resemblance to his two great rivals that a cunning hypocrite bears to a saint. I do not contest his dramatic merit, but I maintain my first assertion that whenever Voltaire speaks in his own name he is merely pretty (I can find no better word). Nothing can warm him, not even the battle of Fontenoy! I cannot bear with the exaggeration of calling him *universal*. There are wonderful exceptions to his *universal genius*. In his odes he is dull. This is not surprising, for impiety had quenched forever in his heart the divine flame of enthusiasm; he is not only dull but ridiculous in the lyrical drama, his ear being as absolutely closed to the beauties of harmony as his eye was to those of art. In the style of writing most analagous to his natural character, he drags, consequently he is cold, and often heavy and coarse, not above mediocrity in comedy, for the wicked can never be comic. For the same reason he knew not how to write an anagram—the least mouthful of his gall spreading over no less than a hundred verses. If he attempts satire, he slides into libel. In history he is insupportable, notwithstanding his art, elegance and grace of style, for no qualities can replace gravity, good faith and dignity, which constitute the life of history, and in these he is wholly deficient. Of his epic poem I have no right to speak; to judge a book it must be read, and to read it one must be awake. A drowsy monotony spreads over the greater part of his writings, which have but two objects—the bible and its enemies; he blasphemes or he insults. His pleasantry, so vaunted, is far from being irreproachable. The laugh it excites has nothing genuine, it is a grimace.

Have you never remarked that the Divine anathema is written upon his face? After so many years it still strikes the eye. Go and look at his face, as seen in the palace of the Hermitage! I never see it without being thankful that it has not been transmitted to us by the chisel of a Grecian sculptor, which might perhaps have been able to throw a certain *beau idéal* around it. As it stands now, all is natural. There is as much truth in this head as there was in the mould taken from his corpse. Look at that abject forehead, that never knew the blush of modesty; those two extinguished craters, that still seem to boil over with hatred and lasciviousness; that mouth—I am wrong, but it is not my fault—I should rather say that frightful *ricтус* (sardonic grin), running from ear to ear, and those lips pinched with pitiless malice as a tightened bow ready to dart sarcasm and blasphemy. Do not speak to me of this man; I cannot bear to think of him. Ah, what evil he has done! Like that insect, the scourge of our gardens, which inflicts its deadly sting on the very roots of our most precious plants, Voltaire with his *sting* is equally fatal to the two roots of society, women and young men; he impregnates them with his poisons, which they transmit from

generation to generation. His stupid admirers in vain seek to confound us with sonorous tirades in which he has spoken well of the most venerated objects; they do not palliate the remainder. These willfully blind defenders do not see that they complete the condemnation of the guilty writer. If Fenelon, with the same pen that portrayed the joys of Elysium, had written "*The Prince*," he would have been a thousand times more wicked and guilty than Machiaval. The great crime of Voltaire is the abuse of talent, and the deliberate prostitution of a genius created for celebrating God and virtue. He cannot be excused, as many others, on account of his youth, levity, or the violence of his passions—not even by the sad weakness of human nature. Nothing can absolve him; his corruption is of a species that belongs exclusively to himself; it is rooted in the most minute fibres of his heart, and fortified with all the strength of the understanding. Ever united to sacrilege, it defies God while it seeks the ruin of man. With an unequaled fury this insolent blasphemer declared himself the personal enemy of Jesus Christ; he dared, from the depths of his nothingness to ridicule His name, and the adorable Law brought to the earth by the Man-God he called *infamous*.

Abandoned by God, the greatest of all punishments, he knows no restraint. Other cynics astonished virtue—*Voltaire astonishes vice*. He plunged into the mire, wallows in it, inebriates himself with it; he delivers his imagination to the enthusiasm of hell, which gives him all its strength to drag him to the very limits of evil. He invents prodigies, monsters before which we grow pale. Paris crowned him—Sodom would have banished him! Insolent profaner of the universal language and its greatest names! How can I describe the feelings with which he inspires me? When I reflect upon what he could have done, and what he has done, his inimitable talents inflame me with a sort of holy anger for which I have no name. The last of men—meaner than the meanest of those who love him—suspended between admiration and horror, I sometimes would wish to raise him a statue! !—by the hand of the hangman—*par la main du bourreau*.

It is not our fault if the name of Voltaire has found a place in the columns of the AVE MARIA. Shades are needed even in the most brilliant paintings. But we have not done with him yet. The striking similarity in some points between him and the saintly Curé of Ars—which is so graphically portrayed in the Abbé Monnin's life of the latter—we beg to extend to the end, and show our readers how wide a difference is to be found between the servants of Mary and the enemies of her Divine Son, especially and above all, at the supreme moment that closes the career of vice and virtue. Mr. Vianney died the death of a saint; Voltaire died the frightful death of a reprobate; the former amid the tears and blessings of a nation, the latter amid scenes of horror, making his death-chamber, as it were, the vestibule of hell.

O man! consider the end of thy ways and be wise!

SAINT MARTHA.---July 29th.

Saint Martha of the busy hand and generous heart,
Quick step and beaming eye;
Give courage for our daily works,
And at our death be nigh.

The Feast of Saint Martha falls upon the 29th, the day of our present issue. This saintly hostess of our dear Lord appears to be scarcely known or revered among the Christians of our day, yet she is one of the most celebrated Saints of the first epoch of Christianity, one of the chosen few who lived in familiar intercourse with our Blessed Mother. And inasmuch as the imperfection of being "troubled about many things," for which she was lovingly chided by our Lord in the first days of her conversion, is the characteristic of our own age, it will not be amiss to bring Saint Martha before the readers of the AVE MARIA, and show what great things this natural activity, when purified by grace, enabled her to do. She should be one of the saints of our choice, for she was one of the first friends and pupils of the Blessed Mother of God; one who had the best opportunities to learn and to imbibe the spirit and virtues of our Blessed Mother. Let us go back to past ages and learn how to Mary's lovers this sweet Saint has shown the road; and then may we learn from her to love the Mother of our Divine Redeemer.

In the territory of Jerusalem is situated the little town of Bethany, so often mentioned in the Gospel, celebrated for the frequent visits of the Saviour, consecrated by the hospitality which He there received, illustrated by the miracles He operated, and by the tears He shed. In this little town was born the blessed Martha, the venerable hostess and most devoted servant of the Son of God.

Her father was a Syrian by birth, and illustrious not only by the nobility of his family but also by the important offices he held. He was one of the satraps of the province, governor and prince of Syria and all the maritime country.

Saints Martha, Mary and Lazarus possessed remarkable talents, and a perfect knowledge of Hebrew letters, in which they had been thoroughly instructed. The three were remarkable for beauty of person, gentle and engaging manners, and the charms of elocution.*

Being of noble race and illustrious birth, they enjoyed by right of inheritance a rich patrimony and large possessions. They owned valuable property in Jerusalem, and three other estates—one in Bethany of Judea, about two miles from Jerusalem; Magdalen, in Galilee, on the Sea of Genesareth, and another in Bethany beyond the Jordan, where Saint John administered baptism. Martha being the eldest, by the desire of the others took the principal charge, and made a noble use of her riches, she never married. Her amiability and gentleness rendered her universally beloved. She was most charitable to the poor, and enjoyed the

respect, veneration and admiration of all on account of her great riches, and her rare beauty and modesty. Add to this her unbounded liberality and hospitality, and we have the character of Martha. When the days of our Lord's mortal life were coming to a close, in going to Jerusalem He tarried with the two sisters and Lazarus. It was at this time our Divine Lord addressed her those well-known words: "Martha, Martha, thou art eager about many things," &c. This repetition of her name is a mark of His love for Martha, for on account of her alms and charity He had great affection for her. Our Lord did not blame the life of Martha, while exalting Mary's. For if Martha had been reprehensible in preparing the repast of our Lord and His disciples, He would have told her to abandon it; He merely checked the little imperfection of her generous heart that caused her to be troubled in the midst of her hospitable duties.

At the resurrection of Lazarus we see her display her great faith, for which she is praised by our Saviour; and when Lazarus returns to the house with his Lord and the Apostles, with what joy does the blessed Martha, with her characteristic hospitality, serve the assembled guests. On the day of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the city poured forth her people to meet Him; when the air resounded with the cries of "Hosanna to the Son of David," and after all the wonderful miracles He had performed, even then, Jesus, finding no one in that city to offer Him a repast or a night's repose for His head, turned with His twelve toward Bethany to the hospitable house of Martha, whom "Jesus loved." And during that week of untold anguish when the Son of God wept and hungered, and gave His last instructions to the ungrateful city of Jerusalem, it was to Martha at Bethany He ever returned for His daily food. Oh, happy hospitable house of Bethany! Oh, happy Martha, to whom was given the precious privilege of bestowing on the Saviour His last refreshments and lodgings before the eve of the Passion!

During the years of our Lord's public ministry, and after His passion, our Blessed Mother frequently visited Martha and Mary, and passed much time in their house at Bethany.

After the Ascension, this venerable hostess, the image as it were of the divine liberality of her Lord, was one of those who, with Saint Magdalen, Lazarus and Maximin, was sent a drift upon the waves of the sea, in a dismantled vessel; Divine Providence conducted them to the shores of Europe, and they landed near Marseilles.

By the inspiration of the Holy Ghost they divided the country between them, for the better propagation of the word of God among the pagans. Saint Martha with a few companions, gave testimony of the Gospel in the cities of Arles and Avignon and the surrounding country. She possessed in an eminent degree, the gift of miracles; by the sign of the cross she cured the lepers and paralytic, gave sight to the blind, hearing and speech to the deaf and dumb, and raised the dead to life.

*This sketch will seem wonderful, and perhaps new to many of our readers; but in substance it is all contained in a rare and valuable work entitled: "*Monuments Inédits de Sainte Marie Madeleine*," by the Abbe Feignon. The gravity and learning of the celebrated Sulpician are sufficient guarantees for the truth of the statements contained in it.

After having delivered the frightful desert of Tarascon from all the savage beasts and reptiles that infested it, she built there a house, or rather an oratory, in which she dwelt for seven years. Her food was the fruits of the forest trees, and the roots of herbs; and this nourishment she took only twice a day. But while she so diligently mortified her own body, she acted very diligently with regard to others. She never forgot her ancient hospitality. To the crowd of poor who daily visited her, she gave in abundance; as she had served the Head of the Church in person, so she continued to serve His suffering members; and the rich themselves, who came in great numbers, never went away empty handed; her generosity had always a gift for soul or body.

Her own garments were of the coarsest material. During these seven years she wore a hair shirt and a knotted cincture of horse hair. She always went barefooted, and the branches and roots of the trees, over which she spread a rough covering, served for her bed.

In the midst of such delights, Saint Martha spent her time in prayer and meditation, never wearied in adoring in Heaven Him whom she had loved to serve on earth.

She frequently went to the neighboring towns and villages to preach the faith of our Lord, and her labors were crowned with wonderful success, for whatever she taught by words she established by miracles.

One day, near the city of Avignon, while teaching the word of God to an immense crowd, a young man on the other side of the Rhone, seeing the multitude, wished also to hear this mighty person, who cured the sick and raised the dead to life; but there was neither bridge nor boat by which to cross the stream. He attempted to swim over; and the people on the bank soon saw him struggling in the waves and finally sink. All were edified with his zeal and deeply grieved at his death. In the afternoon of the next day his body was found and brought to Saint Martha, accompanied by a large concourse of people of both sexes, who besought on their knees the servant of God to let them see by the resurrection of this young man the truth of the wonders she had told them concerning the Saviour. Saint Martha, as was her custom, consented with joy, on condition that all who were present should embrace the Christian faith. She then approached the young man, saying, "In the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Son of God, arise and tell us the great things which the goodness of God has done for you." And he immediately arose, confessed his belief, and begged to be baptized; and all the crowd, seeing this miracle, testified their belief in the Christian religion and prepared for baptism.

From this time Saint Martha was honored and esteemed throughout the whole country of Gaul; and she converted a multitude of soul to God. Saint Maximin, the director of the holy life of Saint Magdalen, hearing of all these wonders,

resolved to go and see Saint Martha. He met the Bishop of Arles and Orange, who happened to be visiting her at the same time, and they both dedicated to the Saviour as a basilic the house which Saint Martha had made illustrious by so many miracles and the sanctity of her life. When the Bishops were at table, Martha served them with her accustomed hospitality, and as a great many other guests were also present, the wine gave out; then the hostess of our Lord filled the vessels with pure water, in the name of Jesus Christ, and it was turned into delicious wine. Before the Bishops left, St. Martha obtained a promise from Maximin, that her sister Magdalen would visit her before her death.

During the time of the persecution of the faithful in the province of Aquitaine and neighboring country, she gave shelter to the Bishops Frontin of Perigueux, and Georges, together with a large number of Christians, and served them with the greatest charity and liberality, until the storm passed and they were free to return to their homes. In bidding them farewell, the servant of God said: "O Bishop of Perigueux, know that at the end of next year I shall leave my mortal body, and I beseech your holiness to come and bury me." "My daughter," replied the Bishop, "if God wills it, and I live, I will assist at your obsequies." Saint Martha then informed all those who resided with her, that her death was near at hand, and during the whole year she lay upon her bed of dried roots and boughs, consumed by a burning fever.

While suffering with joy and meditating upon the things of God, she suddenly saw a brilliant crowd of angels, carrying the soul of her sister Magdalen. She immediately called the persons of her household and informed them of it, begging them to return thanks for her sister's happiness. "O my blessed sister," she exclaimed, "why did you not visit me, as I expected, and as you promised? Will you go without me, to enjoy the embraces of our Lord Jesus? of Him whom we loved so much, and who loved us so much? But I will follow you wheresoever you go! Nevertheless, I would not detain you. Go, then, enjoy, enjoy eternal life, be forever happy, and do not, I beseech you, forget your sister, to whom you are so dear."

Filled with joy by this vision, Saint Martha was more anxious than ever to die and be with Jesus Christ. Her poor mortal body was wearisome to her; she longed for the company of her glorified sister; but at this last hour her charity for others burned brighter than ever. Forgetting her own suffering, she exhorted, instructed and strengthened the faithful. The rumor had spread abroad that the Saint of God was dying, and the Christians flocked in crowds to Tarascon. They pitched their tents around her dwelling, resolved not to leave while this precious life lasted.

The evening of the seventh day, Saint Martha ordered seven wax candles and three lamps to be lighted. About midnight, those who had been watching being overcome with fatigue, were sleeping soundly, when a sudden gust of wind extin-

guished all the lights. The servant of God, understanding the cause, made the sign of the cross and armed herself by prayer against the snares of the demons. Then she awakened the watchers and begged them to relight the candles. They hastened to obey, and in their absence a burning light swiftly descended from heaven, in the midst of which appeared the special messenger of the Saviour, Magdalen herself, bearing in her hand a brilliant flambeau which in an instant relighted the seven candelabras and three lamps; then, approaching the bed, she said, "Hail, holy sister!" After Martha had returned the salutation, Magdalen continued: "Now, you see that I did come and visit you before your death, as you made me promise by the holy Prelate, Maximin! But behold your Saviour, your well-beloved, who comes to call you from this vale of misery. In like manner did he act with me—appearing in person to invite me to the palace of His glory. Come, then, and do not delay!" Having said these words, she ran joyfully before the Saviour, who entered, and approaching Martha, looked lovingly upon her and said: "Here I am, your Lord, whom you assisted so devotedly with your wealth; on whom you so many times bestowed generous hospitality, and to whom, since the passion, you have done so much good in the person of My men bers. It is I; I, prostrated at whose feet you said: 'I believe Thou art the Messiah—Son of the Living God.' Come, then, holy hostess of my pilgrimage; come from this exile; come and receive your crown." On hearing these words Martha strove to rise and immediately follow her Lord, but He continued: "Wait awhile; I go to prepare you a place. I will return and place you near me—so that where I am you also will be," and saying these words, He disappeared, and Mary with Him. But the light which had surrounded them remained, and when the attendants returned they were greatly astonished at seeing the candelabras and lamps burning with extraordinary brilliancy. At day-break Saint Martha begged to be carried out in the open air. Oh how long were the minutes to the soul that had seen her Lord and was now waiting His reappearance! The morning was as a thousand years in duration. They spread a straw matting under a tree; on this was placed a rough hair-cloth upon which ashes were strewn in the form of a cross. At sunrise, the servant of God was laid upon the ashes, and at her request they elevated before her the image of the Saviour attached to the cross. There, after a little repose, she turned to the multitude of faithful who surrounded her and begged them, by their prayers, to hasten the moment of her deliverance. While the crowd was bathed in tears, raising her eyes to Heaven, she exclaimed: "O Saviour! Thou who didst deign to receive my hospitality, why dost Thou delay? when shall I go and appear before Thy face? Since Thou didst speak to me this morning, my soul has melted within me! My limbs have lost all motion. In the ardent desire to possess Thee my nerves have become paralyzed, my bones are withered and dried up, even to the very marrow, and all my entrails are consumed.

My God, do not delay! Hasten, hasten, O my Saviour!"

She then remembered that she had seen the Saviour expire on the cross at the ninth hour, and calling for the history of His Passion, which she had brought from Palestine, she begged Saint Parmenas to read it aloud for her, and while listening to the recital of the torments she had seen her well-beloved suffer, she wept bitterly and for the moment forgot her own exile. She listened attentively, and at the passage wherein it is related that Jesus rendered His soul into the hands of His Father and died, she heaved a profound sigh—and her exile was ended. She was happy with Magdalen at the feet of her Lord.

Happy, glorious Saint! In our great needs, when we sometimes grow weary with all that lies before us, then give us thy love of work and thy spirit's manly power; and aid us by thy prayers so that we neither faint nor linger on the way, but imitating thy strong courage may we merit the grace to rest with thee and Magdalen, near our Blessed Mother and at the feet of our Lord, through the long, long bright day of eternity.

GREAT GOD! IT IS JESUS!

Stray leaf from the diary of an old soldier, gathered by the Rev. Father Marie J. de la Gémme.

"If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema!"

The scourge of God, that man whose birth was a public calamity, that extraordinary being, who deluged the world with blood and tears, was marching over smouldering ruins, at the head of those dauntless heroes, whose valor and deeds of glory had set the imperial diadem upon his brow, and borne his name to the ends of the earth. He drew near to the capital of —, whose sovereign, a true model of the Christian ruler, thought it better to evacuate the city, preferring the peace and tranquility of its inhabitants, to the glory he must acquire by its defense. The entire population thronged his path, following with tearful eyes and straining looks the retreating form of their father, who saw a child in every subject; and when he had passed from their view, they mingled tears and sobs and prayers, calling upon the Almighty to preserve their sovereign and his august family.

On the following day, I left the capital with the corps under my command. After marching during the whole night, I found myself at early dawn with my advance guard, and surrounded by several officers, engaged in discussing the vanity of worldly things, when suddenly I perceived some persons approaching us, and heard the sound of a bell. As I advanced toward them, I distinguished a venerable, grey-haired priest, but poorly clad, accompanied by two peasants, who walked at his side with uncovered head, regardless of the sharp frost; one of them ring his bell at short intervals, the other carried a lantern. "Great God!" I exclaimed, "it is Jesus!"

I cannot describe the overpowering rush of emotion that seized upon me at this sight—at the sight

of the Saviour, whom I had so long neglected,—forgotten—so unworthily forgotten! It was Jesus, going to console and strengthen some dying Christian; Jesus, the first name I had learned in my mother's arms; Jesus, whom I had so often called upon in sinless infancy!

I sprang from the saddle, and prostrate on the earth, offered the adoration of a heart bursting with grief and love, to Him who is everywhere invisibly present; to Him, whose creative hand, passing over the face of this vast universe, marked out the path of the sun; to Him, who loves by a chain of blessings to lessen the immense interval that separates Him from His creatures.

"Allow us, Reverend Father, to escort the most Holy Sacrament. Be not astonished at the evolutions I am about to order; it is to honor Jesus Christ, the King of kings, the God of the universe."

I issued the necessary command, and the venerable pastor, who carried Mary's Son, soon found himself surrounded by the corps of officers, marching in the midst of the military escort toward the neighboring village.

How shall I describe my own emotions? I was walking by the side of Jesus, of my God, my Redeemer; of Jesus, who had displayed His power over me only by the number of His favors, and whose mercy I had yet so often braved! How vividly then did the happy hours of my childhood paint themselves upon my mind; bright but fleeting days, o'erfraught with charms; blissful days, when Jesus was the dearest object of my warm affections; when the book which often repeated Jesus' name was the chosen volume of my heart, whose pages bore the impression of my fervent love, wherever the sweet and hallowed name was found; days when Jesus spoke to me in every poor, every wretched, every suffering creature! But oh! how fully did one thrilling memory seize upon my heart! That happy day, on which I came with lighted taper and unwonted array, led by the virtuous tutor who formed my youth, into the hallowed sanctuary, and for the first time drew near, my heart fluttering with mingled dread and hope and love, to the heavenly banquet that was to unite me with my God. Alas! those days had fled like a vision of the night; and now, looking back upon myself, I trembled as I asked what had become of those hours of innocence and bliss; what had I done with that noble work of God, quickened by His breath, made to His own image, but yet in me so foully marred by sin? I was horrified as I thought of what I was, what I had been, and what I was to be, and my eyes were filled with tears.

Meanwhile we had been advancing in religious silence, save that the tramp of the horses' hoofs and the note of the clarion heralded from afar the approach of the thrice—Holy God.

On reaching the village, I accompanied the man of God and the officers into a respectable dwelling, and found the sick bed occupied by an elderly man, and surrounded by the kneeling inhabitants of the place. He was an old officer, loaded with years and glory, who now awaited his Creator full of faith, and hope and love. He

looked with surprise and gratitude at the unexpected and unusual escort.

"My son," said the priest, with gentle voice, "though the God of power and majesty comes to you now with the pomp and the honor of military attendance, yet I do not announce the God of armies and of battles, but the God of peace. Come, my child, cast yourself into the arms of the God of love; offer Him both your laurels and your sufferings, and say to Him, with truly loving heart, 'Thy cross, my Lord, is my only hope. My life I place in Thy hands, and bow in all things to Thy holy will. But if it please Thee yet to leave me for some few days in this vale of tears, I wish to give them all to Thee, O best of Masters, thus to repair those which I have passed forgetful of Thy claims!'" The priest had spoken and the dying hero received his Saviour, the God of peace and charity, whose gentle accents ever whisper to our hearts: "You who groan beneath the weight of misfortune and of pain, come to me; I will dry your tears, I will soothe your sorrows, I will drive away your fears, and in return, I ask but your heart!"

At the close of the touching ceremony, the minister of God addressed the dying man: "My son, now thank these gentlemen; and if your strength allow, speak to them a word of edification."

He turned his fast failing eyes toward us, then raising them to heaven, and clasping to his heart the emblem of a crucified Redeemer's boundless love, whose image he pressed to his lips, now wet with the beads of death, he spoke with faltering voice, "Gentlemen, at the awful hour, when passions cease to rule, when the brightest glory sinks to naught, and the deep conviction comes upon the soul, that *all is vanity save to love God and to serve Him alone*, the thought that he had served his king more faithfully than his God, wrung these words from the Marshal de Luxemburg, one of the greatest captains that France can boast: 'I would rather have the merit of a glass of water given to the poor for the love of Jesus Christ, than all the splendor of so many victories, utterly worthless at the tribunal of Him who judges kings and warriors.'"

These words made a deep impression on all our hearts. But can my hand retain its firmness whilst I pen the record of my crime? Will not my tears blot out the trembling lines I wrote? Alas! in less than fifteen days the touching scene had vanished from my thoughts; I was again outraging the loving goodness of Him who had given His blood and His life for me! Yet the inward monitor we ever bear about with us cried out against my iniquities, the hidden crimes of my heart and my base ingratitude toward my God. Then did the terrors of remorse seize upon my soul; my trembling mind was beset by gloomy phantoms, fearful shapes which seemed to start from the earth and hunt my every step. Prostrated upon my bed, methought I saw pale death advance toward me; I counted his steps; I saw him as he bent over my couch and glared upon me by the dismal light of his funeral torch. I felt the clammy chill of his fleshless hand; I

breathed his grave-born odor, and heard the rattling of his bones. My hair stood on end with terror. I felt myself hanging by a single thread over the yawning gulf prepared from the beginning of time. I saw the lurid flame enkindled by the breath of an angry God; their pale and gloomy light revealed me in the midst of the reprobate, bearing on my brow, in characters of blood, the word—DESPAIR!

I seemed to hear the voice of the destroying angel repeatedly exclaiming: Thou shalt burn forever! and the fiery vaults rolled back the echo of the fearful cry with redoubled force. Chilled with terror, fainting with affright, I raised my weak and trembling hands towards Heaven, and cried out in accents of hopeless dismay: Have I, then, lost my God? Shall I never behold His face? Shall I never see Him whom I have called by the endearing name of Father? Shall I never behold the Queen of Heaven, Mary, that tender Mother? Must I be debarred from the delight of her presence; never gaze upon that heavenly beauty, those peerless charms! Never look upon her adorable Son who was so long—and my voice was choked with emotion by the thought of Him I no longer dared to name. But what is it that now meets my dying gaze? Who can approach a guilty, wretched slave, who feared not to defy his God, to insult Him by preferring the most criminal of His creatures, His greatest enemy, the demon? Who is it that presses in His arms, strains to His breast with the liveliest affection, the most tender love, a wretch covered with the foul leprosy of sin? Ah! fly far from me; fly a monster of ingratitude, who has used the very favors heaped upon him by God to pierce his Benefactor's Heart! But yet, grant me to know who Thou art; let me look upon Thy features; hide not from my admiration and surprise, the looks of one who is so compassionate—GREAT GOD! IT IS JESUS!

Yes, it was Jesus; Jesus the One, the changeless Friend, who, when we forsake Him, forsakes us not, but seeks and comes to meet us. It was Jesus; it was the voice of the best of fathers that I had heard; it was Jesus, the good Jesus who allowed me again to weep upon His bosom my tears of sorrow and repentance. It was Jesus, whom I shall never again forsake!

O Jesus! O my Master and the Beloved of my heart, *if I forget Thee, let my right hand be forgotten! Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I make Thee not, till the last hour of my life, the only object of my joy and gladness!*

From our Blessed Lady's purity came her deep simplicity. This is a grace which belongs to the regions near God. In our close valleys we know but little of it. It is the soul's highest imitation of the Divine Nature. It betokens already that great victory of grace, when oblivion of self no longer requires an effort, but has become like a second nature. Mary did not reflect upon herself. She did not confine herself to the subtleties of lofty science on the mystery before her. She blended the earthly and divine in every act of worship, with something like the simplicity with which they were blended in the Incarnation of the Son of God.

A FANCY.

Something, you may call a fancy,
Struck my heart again to-day,
As I turned, dear Salvadora,
Toward my little shrine to pray;

Pray
For dear Salva did I say?

But the fancy I must tell you,
For an old Castilian sound
Rings, as if from precious metal,
When that name is breathed around;
Spain,
In its high, chivalric reign.

And within that fancy hideth
Yet another, dearer still;
As love hides its dearest treasure
From world's eyes with wondrous skill:
Blame
Not the friend who loves thy name.

Every morning, every evening,
Often through the busy day,
Comes a pray'r to soothe my spirit,
Waft my heart to heav'n alway:

Salve!
Salve Regina! thus I pray.

Salve, Salve! thus the fancy
Fastened on my mind to-day.
Salve, Salve! thus in anthem
Prays thy name for thee alway:

Pray
With thy name, dear friend, this day!

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 4.—Notre Dame du Gavet.

CHAPTER I

The aspect of the peaks of Brittany is singularly picturesque. In the evening, when the darkness of night is gradually spreading over them, and their brown tints, fringed with gold, makes them stand out in bold relief against the empurpled sky, one would take them at a distance for the massive pillars of a temple built by the hand of Titans. The howling of the wind, and the low roaring of the sea, resemble the confused murmurs of an assembled multitude.

Night crowns their summits with gloom and mystery. The moonlight casts their lengthened shadows on the plain—gigantic, well defined—immovable. One would fancy them the phantoms with which bards have peopled their songs. It might be imagined, that the spirits of Celtic heroes were passing through the mists of the night, and stepping with shadowy strides on the tops of the cliffs.

It is well known that these provinces were for a long time the center and the asylum of Druidical worship—a sublime worship, it must be acknowledged, appropriate to the spirit of heroism and adventure which distinguished a people who gloried in withstanding the fury of the waves and braving the thunderbolt.

Christianity has succeeded at last in driving the sanguinary divinities of Druidical worship

from this their last retreat; but the strife was tedious. The Celts loved their superstitions. They had always been accustomed to venerate their sacred altar-stones, and to listen to the predictions of the Druidesses, and to the mystic chants of the bards.

For a long time after the conversion of the country, sorceresses preserved their hold on the popular belief. The morn at length rose upon this ignorance, and the Gospel dissipated the shades of superstition. Or if there were still some few weak minds who clung to the old fear of the evil eye, to put their confidence in the efficacy of certain formulas, the Lord of Sostang, at least, knew nothing of these terrors.

Still he could not pass through these mountain gorges without a vague feeling of inquietude. He instinctively put spurs to his horse, which, already exhausted by the length of the journey, scarcely had the strength to finish it, and fell again into a weary amble whenever his rider relaxed the application of the stimulus.

The nobleman was brave, and, except Almighty God, was afraid of nothing in the world. Besides, except the rival claimant with whom he was at law, he had no enemy. And since he lived according to the laws of Christ, rendered exact justice to his vassals, and never encroached upon the rights of others, his conscience was burdened with no crime, and he suffered no remorse.

Nevertheless, he hastened to leave these cliffs which seemed to threaten and to pursue him. He thought he heard strange sounds; the wind moved the tops of the trees with sinister whisperings. If he raised his eyes, he imagined he beheld on the pyramidal shafts of the rocks fantastic figures like the spectres of demons.

And yet, what should demons have to do in a country so long penetrated by religious truths? Did they come to weep for the fall of their empire, and sigh over their abandoned altars?

Ah no! It is long since the people have forgotten their pagan divinities. Hell has had time to console itself for the loss of homage paid to Tarann, to Heutha, to the frightful Teutates. It would rather glut revenge by weakening the true faith. For misfortunes had passed over these provinces—civil war, pillage and devastation. The blood of the worshippers of the ancient gods had been spilled through so many wounds that it was now exhausted.

But piety had suffered by these calamities. Sanctuaries raised to the memory of saints and martyrs had been ruined, and the poverty of the peasantry prevented their rebuilding them. At a short distance from the demesne of Sostang, there was formerly a chapel of our Lady. What had become of it? The walls had crumbled slowly away till scarcely one stone remained upon another. There was no trace left of arches or of pillars. A thicket closed the way to it. Ivy and other creeping plants covered what remained of the masonry, assisting the work of destruction by their luxuriant vegetation, and brambles had burst through the crevices of the flagstones that had formed the pavement.

The place would have been no longer distinguishable, if the devotion of the villagers, surviving the ruin of the edifice, had not taken care to preserve the altar. They still continued to come there to invoke the Mother of God, who, retaining also her regard for the spot, continued to receive their vows and listen to their prayers.

She was honored there under a title dear to the peasantry. She was pleased in this place to confer her favors upon little children. So that, for more than sixty miles around, mothers were accustomed to frequent the shrine of "Our Lady of the Cradle"—*Gavet* in the Breton language, signifies a child's cradle.

The hope of the homestead, the blessing of marriage, innocent and tender infants, what anxieties and cares you cost us! What prayers your parents pour forth for you into the bosom of God! You suffer, they suffer in you, and would be willing to deliver you from suffering by taking it upon themselves. They importune Heaven, and do it violence by their sacrifices, and by the fervor of their vows.

The altar of Mary was always covered with presents. Some brought the first fruits of their harvest, in the hope of obtaining a blessing on them; others hung around it the first products of their orchard, in thanksgiving for benefits already received.

They had learned from their ancestors to venerate the ruined chapel. Tradition said that during the crusades the barons of the country had brought back from Jerusalem the cradle in which the daughter of Joachim had slept in her infancy, and had placed it upon this very altar.

As he passed by these ruins, Philip de Halegoët experienced a sort of terror. The wind howled mournfully through the foliage of the trees. The bushes seemed to wear fantastic forms. The night-birds flew with fright from their hiding places, and beat the air with heavy, noisy wings. His horse hung his head with sadness and drowsiness as he ambled along.

Philip never beheld the dilapidated chapel without emotion. But the demons, enemies of the worship of the Mother of God, had rendered the rebuilding of the sanctuary almost impossible.

No doubt the neighboring peasantry were ready enough to impose taxes upon themselves, and to make collections for this object, but they were so poor that the greatest sacrifice on their part would not have been sufficient to build one of the walls.

The Lord of Sostang, who alone of all the country would have been able to rebuild the edifice, for many years had been engaged in a vexatious law-suit, and had no idea yet of the time when he might hope to see the end of it.

It was about a tract of land of moderate extent, which was part of the inheritance of Lady Claudia de Barrin, his wife, whose right to it was disputed. The affair was simple, and, in principle, easily enough decided, but the lawyers and counsellors had so embarrassed the whole matter that both of the adversaries had commenced to doubt of their own right to it.

They had exhausted all the means afforded by

law, and from one court to another, the affair had been finally referred to the parliament at Rennes.

There, since the counsellors were more experienced and knowing, they enveloped the procedure in new difficulties so complicated that the unravelment was hopeless. One took his stand upon the written code, another opposed to it the custom of the country. Despairing of success, the fictions of the law were brought to bear on both sides, and the judges, bewildered, undecided, not daring to pronounce sentence, let the cause go on, hoping that the parties would finish by coming to an understanding, when the inheritance itself was exhausted.

In fact, the expenses were already very great. And Philip, who was not willing to divide the land, was beginning to fear that the lawsuit would consume even his own demesne of Sostang, with his manor house and his whole estate.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Letter of Recommendation of the Most Reverend
John B. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati.

VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN,
*Provincial of Cong. of Holy Cross,
Notre Dame, Indiana :*

VERY REV. DEAR SIR: When my approbation was solicited for the publication of the first numbers of the "AVE MARIA," I withheld it on the ground that it had already secured the approval of your excellent Bishop, and, through him, of his Eminence, Cardinal BARNABO, which I deemed sufficient. I must confess that I had also some slight misgivings as to the expediency of the publication in the form in which you inclined to present it to the public. But as you kindly renew your application for a word of encouragement from me, and as satisfactory evidence has been afforded me that the "AVE MARIA" has thus far contributed, and bids fair to contribute still more largely in future, to the advancement of piety and the honor and glory of Jesus and His and our Blessed Mother, I hereby authorize and request you to have my name added to the list of those who embrace every opportunity of showing fealty, devotion and love to the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

Yours, very truly, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,
JOHN B. PURCELL,
Archbishop of Cincinnati.

MT. ST. MARY'S, CINCINNATI,
Fest of St. Bonaventura.

In Retreat.

Across St Joseph's waters clear
I watch the sunset glories fade ;
While o'er the tranquil convent creeps
A tender gloom, a holier shade.
The happy outline of the woods,
The chapel spires above the green,
The placid lake, the winding stream,
The flowing meadow lands between ;
Thus in the hush of twilight stands
"Our Lady's" sacred precincts fair ;

Till slowly chimes the *Angelus*

Its tuneful call to vesper prayer.

Proud world ! upon this peaceful shore

Your baffled waves ignobly beat ;

The echoes, even, of your storms

Break not the peace of my retreat.

Here life's sublime benignant flow

The worldling's wildest flight transcends ;

The being drawn from God's still height,

In God serenely, grandly ends.

Weekly Chronicle.

Peter's Pence—Death of the Venerable Mother Magdalen Sophia Barat, foundress of the Order of the Sacred Heart—Result of a Vow to the Sacred Heart—Letter from Lima.

We have but little news from Rome this week. The generosity of the Catholics for the Holy Father seems to increase. From every quarter of the globe, offerings of money and rare works of art are sent to his Holiness through the *Archconfraternity of Saint Peter*. As regards Italy, the intervention of Divine Providence is clearly shown in the late change of events. *Saint Peter's Pence* have been most liberally bestowed this year, and far surpass the general expectation. There is not a Bishop, priest, religious, or person of any importance coming to Rome from any part of the Peninsula without bearing Pius IX some appropriate gift as a testimony of their love and the generosity of the faithful. The greater part of the journals devoted to the cause of the Church have opened subscriptions in his columns for the collection of *Saint Peter's pence*. The *Unita Cattolica* has already received four hundred thousand dollars. On Pentecost she deposited something like twenty thousand dollars at the feet of the Holy Father, and a rich casket of jewels joyfully given by the Italian Catholics. * * * *

Almighty God has taken to Himself one of those souls who have labored most successfully for the glory of His adorable Heart and devotion to His Blessed Mother, the Venerable Mother Magdalen Sophia Barat, Foundress and Superioress General of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. She died in Paris, on the Feast of the Ascension, aged eighty-six years. She was but twenty-two when, associated with a few pious persons, she undertook to erect a new Society upon the ruins of the ancient religious orders, which the Revolution had almost completely destroyed in France. This pious undertaking was placed particularly under the invocation of the Sacred Heart, and was especially designed to propagate its devotion. With what success the efforts of this pious person were crowned, we may judge from the fact, that at her death she left eighty-seven flourishing houses of her Order, in which three thousand five hundred religious are engaged in educating female youth, both in our own country and in Europe. The spiritual daughters of this saintly religious have been singularly distinguished for their great devotion in establishing, not only among their pupils, but among the ladies of the world, the Confraternity of the Children of Mary. Since the commencement of her spiritual family, sixty-four years ago,

we understand that eighteen hundred of her religious have been called to receive the reward of their labors, and it is given by faith for us to imagine the beautiful spectacle of those daughters coming to meet their beloved mother on her death-bed, and conducting her to the throne of our Lord, in whose service she so devotedly labored.

In a late number of the *Rosier de Marie* we read the following letter from one of Madame Barat's spiritual daughters, dated from Rockhampton, near London, December, 1864:

"I am going to communicate to you a circumstance related to me by the person herself to whom it occurred. You have heard of that terrible church-burning which happened last year in Chili, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, at which two thousand persons perished. The one of whom I speak had that morning, in the same church, been received as a child of Mary. At the moment of the terrible accident she was crushed to the ground and trampled upon by the crowd. Many had fallen upon her; bruised and almost suffocated by the intense heat and stifled air, she resigned herself to death, when suddenly remembering the Sacred Heart, she made a vow to enter the novitiate of the Order, if God spared her life. At the same moment a strong arm seized her, drew her from beneath the dying, and placed her on her feet. Too weak to stand alone, she was again falling, when her waiting-maid with a desperate effort sustained her at the sacrifice of her own life. At this juncture Miss M—— felt herself animated with supernatural strength; she passed through the church, which, as an ocean of fire, was one blaze of ardent flames, where naught was heard but the cries and prayers of the dying; she gained the sanctuary, sacristy and at length found herself in the street without having experienced the slightest injury. Immediately repairing to San Iago, she accomplished her vow. A journey she was obliged to make to England procured me the opportunity of seeing her. She added that when the dead were carried out from the Church, many instruments of penance were found under their elegant costumes."

In the *Rosier de Marie* we also find an interesting letter dated Lima, S. A., from which we extract the following: "I arrived in Lima upon the eve of Christmas, the grand festival of our Saviour and Mary, and so dear to mothers and children. With us Christmas is associated, and sometimes ornamented, with a white mantle of snow; here how different! One from our latitude might suppose it to be the eve of Saint John, so intense is the heat during the day, and even during the night also, under this warm sky of South America. Here Christmas comes amid the fragrant flowers of midsummer. To this surprise, another is added in hearing the strange fantastic sounds of the bells of Lima; as at an early hour the chimes of the innumerable churches of this antique and picturesque city call the faithful to the offices of the feast. Amid the full sonorous sounds are mingled hundreds of others, hoarse, asthmatic and cracked, doubtless from metal whose birthday dates back to the first conquest. Yet, in lis-

tening to this mingling of wild and musical sounds, on the eve of such a festival and under the charm of a climate whose beauty is a hymn to God, one feels a powerful undefined expression, which the most regular and harmonious sounds elsewhere have never produced, and tears of sweet emotion fill the eyes.

The cathedral is a fine monument of the *renaissance*; on this festival, as well as on another, it is filled with an immense, animated and eager crowd, dressed in a thousand varied costumes. The most variegated are those of the monks and country people.

On leaving the church, the scene was one of the most interesting and brilliant imaginable. The miseries of the world seemed completely ignored by the joyous population of this charming clime. Nothing could be seen that indicated I was in the heart of a city tormented and impoverished by almost forty years of anarchy.

I must not omit to speak to you of the honors with which the Peruvians surround the *Presidentess* (Patroness) of their Republic, Mary the Immaculate Virgin, the festival of whose Divine Son I have commenced to relate.

On Christmas the *nacimientos* take exclusive possession of the popular favor. *Nacimiento* signifies the episode of Christmas, displayed under the porticos of certain convents, and sometimes in private houses, under the auspices of noble and pious women. The crowd, in which I willingly mingled, visited the *nacimientos*, as it were, in procession. The *nacimiento*, or crib, is not here, as in Italy or other places, confined to the scene of the birth of our Saviour; arranged in a little frame, it is a complete history of our Lord, filling a space more or less large, according to the locality; it commences at the stable of Bethlehem, and ends on Golgotha. Arid mountains, steep rocks, green oasis, silvery lakes, torrents, all artistically and naturally arranged and painted. Twinkling stars shine in the azure of heaven: one, the most brilliant, suspended by a thread, guides the magi to the Divine Infant; and as all the figures are mobile, the scene receives frequent modifications; thus the kings and shepherds, who on the first days of Advent were very far from Bethlehem, on Christmas Eve stand on the threshold of the stable. We then pass successively the scenes of the massacre of the Innocents, the flight into Egypt, the decollation of Saint John Baptist, and all the episodes of the Passion. In this manner they keep the festival of Christmas-night in Lima; the night proclaimed *good, par excellence*: in the language so essentially Catholic of the Peruvians, *noche buena*!

It was three o'clock in the morning when I returned to my friend's hospitable mansion, and from my window I heard the *serenos*, which every time the clock strikes, modulate with melancholy sweetness the first words of the Angelic Salutation, and tell the hour of the night and the state of the weather. These accents, plaintive as those of the flute, repeated by every bell, from every part of the city, create a sort of pious concert, of most touching and affecting charm and sweetness.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Blessed Margaret Mary and the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The Blessed Margaret Mary continues her apostleship. In Europe and America, wherever there exists a monastery of the Visitation, the solemnities of her Beatification are the occasion of splendid triumphs for the Heart of Jesus. From all quarters we have most interesting accounts, which we would be most happy to reproduce if the limits of our little journal permitted. But among all these celebrations, there is one most particularly distinguished for the magnificence of its decorations and ceremonies, the number of the Prelates and illustrious orators, and the crowd of faithful who assisted, and, above all, by the presence of the relics of the Blessed Margaret Mary. The 26th, 27th and 28th of June were appointed by the Bishop of Autun for the solemn *triduo* at the Paray le Monial, to celebrate the Beatification of the saintly person who shed an unwonted glory on this pious house. The necessity of going to press before this date obliges us to postpone the full description of the festival until our next number. To-day, we place before our readers the admirable pastoral letter of the Bishop of Autun to prepare his diocese for the worthy celebration of this solemnity.

The illustrious Prelate, in the words of the Sovereign Pontiff, establishes the fact that Margaret Mary had a special mission to make the Heart of Jesus known and loved. But to accomplish this mission, she had to be prepared by Him who gave it. To become the worthy instrument of divine love, she must have felt in herself all its influences. Love separates to unite, it mortifies to exalt, it destroys the life of the senses and passions in order to give the life of the spirit and God. This is accomplished in Margaret; it detached her from the world and herself, to unite her to Jesus Christ, by the double bond of suffering and Eucharistic communion. Thus delivered from all fetters, implicitly submissive to the impulses of divine love, Margaret was ready to fulfill her mission, and it only remained to her venerable panegyrist to give a more complete knowledge of the manner she accomplished it.

From the origin of the Church, all its dogmas have been planted in the conscience of the pastors and faithful. They have been preserved as a sacred deposit, and nourished, so to say, by the Scriptures and tradition; then we see them expand in the open day, when the moment arrives, for, each particular truth must concur with greater force and *celat* to the glory of God, and the sanctification of His elect. The church never invents a new dogma, never adds a treasure to revelation; but age after age she pronounces solemn decisions, which enlighten and confirm what had before been the faith of all. She practises to-day, what she has practised from the beginning. Only, she is happy to vary and embellish the manifestations of her love for Jesus Christ, and at the same time to give more efficacious aid to the piety of her

children. From this point of view we must judge of the practices of piety and devotion established by the Church. To speak only of those which belong to the Passion—the cross, the crown of thorns, the Precious Blood, the five wounds, the flagellation, have always been objects of veneration and love; yet, at different epochs, under the direction of the Spirit of God, the Church has been inspired to give a greater light to each, and authorize new means to honor them.

When then Margaret Mary presented to men the Sacred Heart of the Saviour, as the natural and living symbol of charity and the object of a special devotion, and when the Church established for this purpose festivals, processions and confraternities, it was not the birth of a new devotion, but only a new and popular form of a devotion that dates back to the cradle of Christianity.

Mary first adored in the crib and at the foot of the cross the Heart of Him whom she loved at the same time as her Son and his God. Saint John, reposing on the bosom of her Master, drew from the fountain head the devotion of the Sacred Heart. And during the course of ages, all the most loving souls have enjoyed the sweetness of this devotion. But it was, in some sort, an individual devotion. To Margaret Mary belonged the glory of its public establishment and propagation throughout the whole world. Sublime Apostleship, by which our Blessed one has powerfully co-operated in the principal work of the Redemption!

The great design of Jesus Christ has been to establish upon earth the reign of His charity. He wished to be loved. And in this design, He has succeeded; and during eighteen hundred years, He has received from souls what He was the first to give them, namely—love, sacrifice and devotedness.

Jesus is the Sovereign Attachment, the unique Beloved of all that is greatest in the world by genius or virtue. He asks renunciations, and they are made; He asks blood, and it is given; it is an honor to receive humiliations as He did; it is gain to be poor with Him; it is sweetness itself to mingle our tears with His; it is true life to die and be buried with the Author of Life itself. Such is the spectacle we admire in Margaret Mary! Her entire existence was a generous emulation of sacrifice with Jesus, a sublime folly of love which corresponded to that of Calvary and the Eucharist.

But we must acknowledge that the victory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is far from being complete; by the side of the best and most noble portion of humanity, which returns Him love for love; there is a multitude of indifferent, ungraceful and rebellious souls. The God of Love often complained of this to His blessed servant. "In this," He said, "was the most exquisite torment of My Passion. Ah! if men would return Me love for love, all that I have done for them would seem to Me very little! And if I could I would have done much more, but they are cold toward Me and repel all My advances." At another time He revealed to her that His sorrow was still greater at the thought of the ingratitude of those hearts that had been consecrated to Him. * * * *

The devotion to the Sacred Heart is, then, a supreme effort of Jesus Christ to make Himself loved. We read in the life of Saint Gertrude that Saint John the Evangelist, having one day appeared to her, she asked him, why he whose head had reposed on the bosom of his Lord at the Last Supper had never written anything for our instruction on the beating of the Heart of his Divine Master. The Saint replied in these remarkable words: "I was charged to announce to the infant Church the doctrine of the Word Incarnate of God the Father; but with regard to the sweetness of this Divine Heart God has reserved to Himself to make it known in the last ages, when the world is growing old, in order to reanimate with it the flame of charity which will also be growing cold." The same was announced to Margaret Mary. "On Saint John Evangelist's day," says she, "after having received from my Divine Saviour a grace similar to that received the evening of the Last Supper by the beloved disciple, the Divine Heart was represented to me on a throne of fire and flames, from which, rays proceeded on all sides more brilliant than the sun and transparent than crystal; the wound it received on the cross was plainly visible; it was surrounded with a crown of thorns, and above it the cross was displayed. The Saviour made known to me that His great desire of being perfectly loved by men had inspired Him with the design of manifesting His Heart to them, and of giving them in these last days this last effort of His love."

"Another day the Divine Master said to her: 'I seek a victim for My Heart, which will sacrifice itself as an immolation for the accomplishment of My designs.' Then the humble virgin, throwing herself at His feet, mentioned several holy souls whom she believed capable of corresponding with His designs. 'No,' replied the loving Saviour, 'I wish for no other than thyself.' And He promised her all the graces necessary for the ministry given her. Wonderful harmony, which an eloquent writer has delineated in the portrait he has traced of the Blessed Margaret Mary: 'Of a frail and delicate temperament, such as God gives to the souls He destines for great sufferings; of an exquisite sensibility, His gift to those who must love much; joined to intelligence, good sense and sound judgment; a gentle yet invincible will; a patient and unalterable soul, that would not waver at any opposition; an ardent love, a strength in devotedness, which no sacrifice could overcome; and, above all, an elevation, delicacy and depth of heart, that rendered her capable of comprehending that of her Divine Master.' Add to these happy dispositions, a faithful correspondence to all the designs of God, heroism in sacrifice, passionate love of suffering and of the Eucharist, and you will readily understand the truth of the Sovereign Pontiff's words: 'Margaret Mary has shown herself, with the grace of God, worthy of her sublime mission.'"

From Portugal we have received the following:

I can scarcely tell you how I was affected in seeing among the intentions of the Apostleship of

last month, the cure of two hundred and fifty-four sick, particularly one of our Portuguese associates; and to the prayers, offered through the Apostleship, I attribute the entire restoration of my sight, after a long period of partial blindness, for the cure commenced at the date of the last Messenger of the Sacred Heart. The poor old woman whom we recommended to the prayers of the Associates at a time when she would neither speak of God nor the salvation of her soul, lately died in the most edifying dispositions.

Fruits and Progress of the Apostleship of Prayer.

We are happy to transmit to our dear Associates a favor of which they will know how to appreciate the advantages. The hope we expressed in our last number to obtain for them a special participation in the prayers and good works of all the members of the Order of La Trappe has been realized. The letter we wrote on the subject, to the Very Rev. Superior General did not reach him, but as soon as he heard of our desire he wrote us as follows:

"MY VERY REV. FATHER: The last Messenger of the Sacred Heart announces your praiseworthy desire to obtain for your legions of associates a special participation in the prayers and good works of our Order. As soon as our Rev. Superior General had been informed of this desire, he gave it according to the full extent of your wish, charging me to transmit it to you in writing.

"The Reverend Father Dom Charles Seisson, our Superior General, willingly grants to all the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, present and future, a full and entire participation in all the masses, offices, prayers, fasts, abstinences, alms—and in general, all the exercises of piety and penance which are practised, by the mercy of God, in the different houses of our Order. And in return, his Reverence beseeches you, Rev. Father, to recommend in a particular manner to the prayers of the Associates the different houses of our Order; so that we may all console the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Rev. Father General is also by rule the Local Superior of La Grande Chartreuse; but it is in his quality of Superior General that he grants this participation in the graces and merits of all the houses of the entire Order.

Perhaps it will be a gratification for the Associates to know that the ferial office with us is always followed by that of the dead, (Vespers, Matins of three nocturns, and Lauds,) and that we recite daily, even during the last days of Holy Week, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. Ever since the time of the Crusades, we recite daily prayers for the recuperation of the Holy Land; they consist of two psalms—*Deus, venerunt gentes* (lxxviii.) *Ad te levavi oculos meos* (cxxxii), followed by analogous versicles and the prayer; *Deus, qui ad exhibenda nostræ redemptionis mysteria, terram promissionis elegisti, libera eam, quesumus, ab instantia paganorum, et restitue eam cultui Christiano, ut gentilium incredulitate confusa, populus tuus Christianus, in te confidens, de tuæ virtutis potentia gloriatur.*"

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

JANE W-----

Died on the 25th July, 1823, aged 7½ years.

JANE W. was intrusted to our care at the age of six years and a half. Her ingenuous and intelligent expression of countenance attracted the notice of all who looked upon it. Even at so tender an age, she possessed a rare disposition to piety, united with an intelligence beyond her years; so much so, that the most serious persons took pleasure in conversing with her, and were quite surprised at the propriety of her answers, and the liveliness of her repartees. Hardly had she begun to learn her prayers, when she was observed, from time to time to retire where she could be alone, and to repeat them in an attitude of profound recollection, with clasped hands and closed eyes, so that nothing could distract her attention. At the same time she displayed a most scrupulous care not to wound in the slightest degree the angelic virtue of purity; she took every sort of precaution whilst making her little toilet, and did not like any one to be present but the person who was appointed to preside at it. God must have been pleased to favor Jane with His choicest blessings, for she belonged to an English Protestant family, and had never been baptized. The Superioress of the Convent, delighted with all she heard of this child, and seconded by the influence of a person of high rank, toward whom Jane's family had many obligations, obtained Mrs. W's consent to have Jane baptized, and brought up in the Catholic faith.

Jane was an angel whom God would allow to be seen only for a while on earth. A short time after her baptism, a disorder in the knee, which soon extended to the hip, obliged her to keep her bed for several months, and caused just fears to be entertained for her life. The mistress of the fourth class, who daily visited our little patient, and who taught her, by conversations adapted to her age, the holy use she might make of her sufferings, found her in such surprising dispositions, that she thought it advisable to prepare her for her first communion, as the doctors had decided that her complaint allowed no hopes of recovery. The Superioress, having been consulted on the subject, feared that the parish priest of the church of the Foreign Missions might disapprove of it, as the child was only seven years and a few months old; "Nevertheless," said she to Mother R., "you may continue to give her instruction; M. Desgenettes shall then examine her, and decide the point."

The zeal of our catechist was fully crowned with success. Jane did not know French sufficiently well to learn all that it was necessary she should know; but the indefatigable Mother R. taught her every thing *viva voce*, and in a short time the child, who had a good memory, was able to answer every question perfectly. The pastor was consulted; he came to see her, and was delighted with her. Mother R. had taught Jane to make her examination of conscience, and she went to confession with so much simplicity and ingenuousness, and with signs of such true compunction, that M. Desgenettes could not find words to express his admiration.

"Certainly," said he, "I will take charge of this first communion; we should be too happy if we could always find hearts as well prepared in a more advanced age." The nuns therefore began to think still more seriously of preparing her for this great occasion, and Jane was overjoyed at the happy prospect. Three days before her first communion she made a little retreat, and performed all the exercises with the most wonderful recollection,—her spiritual reading, meditations, and prayers,—the choice and duration of which had been carefully adapted to the weakness of her age. As soon as she had received absolution, she, of her own accord, asked pardon of all those who surrounded her for any pain or trouble she might have given them.

The great day being at length arrived, Jane, dressed in white and crowned with roses, was carried into the chapel on a couch, which was also covered with white drapery and surrounded with garlands of flowers. Her parents and all the members of her family were present at this ceremony. At the moment of communion, M. Desgenettes, who celebrated the holy sacrifice, holding the Blessed Sacrament in his hands, approached her couch, and made her a short discourse, in which he reminded her of the feelings of holy love and gratitude which should fill her heart when our Lord should have taken possession of it; and he then administered to her the holy communion. The touching sight of the goodness of a God who was no longer satisfied with saying, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," but who came now to give Himself to a child of seven years and a half,—the air of deep devotion, the angelic countenance of the little girl, and the tears which fell from her eyes,—all these deeply touched the happy witnesses of a ceremony which was so well calculated to move the heart. Mrs. W. seemed most especially affected, and was still more so, when, after Mass, she approached her child's couch, and asking her how she did, she replied, "Oh, mamma, my dear mamma, I am happier than words can express; and I desire nothing more, except to see you a Catholic. Alas, dear mamma! shall I not see you again in heaven?" She renewed her entreaties on this subject to her mother in the course of the day, and it was with tears that this admirable child implored her to grant her this favor; for the thought of her mother's conversion had been her only anxiety during the course of her illness. She had more than ten deep wounds from the knee to the hip, and the dressing of these wounds was to her a daily martyrdom; and though she dreaded the moment of the dressing, the thought of obtaining the conversion of her mother by her own sufferings, elevated her above her feeble nature, and caused her to repress every complaint; and when the violence of the pain caused her to cry out, she reproached herself for it afterwards, and would say to the infirmarian, "See, dear Mother, how little courage I have; I cannot even suffer this for mamma."

During the ceremony of first communion, they had hung our little patient's room with white drapery and an altar, on which there was an image of the

Blessed Virgin, surrounded with vases of flower, had been erected opposite her bed and tastefully decorated. After they had placed her in this new sanctuary, the child, being fatigued, fell asleep with her little hands crossed on her breast. Her countenance, during this sleep, bore an expression of innocence and happiness which it is impossible to describe, and which appealed so deeply to the heart, that those who surrounded her could not tear themselves away from her bed. The nuns wished all their pupils to witness so edifying a sight; all of them came to see her in her sweet sleep, which so little resembled an ordinary sleep, that they felt tempted to apply to her the words of Scripture; "I sleep, but my heart watches."

In the afternoon, her companions were present in her room at the renewal of the baptismal vows, which she made in the hands of the parish priest, and at her consecration to the Blessed Virgin. Hymns, appropriate to the occasion were sung before and after these two ceremonies. In the evening she was placed in a more especial manner under the protection of the Mother of God by receiving, the holy Scapular, the duties and obligations of which had been previously explained to her.

Several priests had been to see our little Jane; and one of them, well known for his zeal and apostolic labors, conversed with her for a long time, and departed filled with admiration at her answers, and at the sentiments of piety with which God had filled this young heart. "Really," said he to us, "you have a little preacher there, who is, far more eloquent than we are with all our sermons."

It happened, nevertheless, that Jane committed a slight fault some days after her first communion; her mamma had brought her a box of sugar-plums, and Mother A., who had charge of our little patient, fearing that she might make herself ill, had recommended her not to eat any of them without leave. A person who was not aware of this command, and who saw the box of sugar-plums lying on the child's bed, said to her: "Why, Jane, where did this come from?" "Mamma gave it to me," said she, smiling. "And you do not even touch it?" "No, dear Mother." "A sugar-plum will do you no harm," said Mother N., and at the same time she put one in her mouth. Shortly afterwards, Mother A. asked her whether the box had been opened. "No, dear Mother," replied she. But this "no" was no sooner uttered than she felt her fault, and deplored it so deeply, that when M. Desgenettes came to see her with another priest whom she did not know, and when he asked her whether she had been good ever since her first communion, "Alas! no, Father," cried she, bursting into tears; "I have told a lie." M. Desgenettes represented to her in vain that it was not usual to go to confession aloud; but she refused to receive any consolation, until she had been assured that God had forgotten and forgiven everything she had done, on account of the sincerity of her repentance.

No consolation of religion was refused to this favored child. The Archbishop, who came shortly after Jane's first communion, wished to see her, and being delighted with her answers, he at once granted the request they made him to administer

to her the Sacrament of Confirmation; saying that a pure and innocent heart was the best preparation for receiving the Holy Ghost. The complaint which had attacked the little girl made very rapid progress, and mortification was expected to reach the region of the heart. In this dreadful state, she desired but one thing, which was, to receive holy communion once more before she died. In the midst of violent pains, two days before her death, she was heard to cry out, "Let me renew my first communion!" Though it was hardly three weeks since she had made her first communion, God was pleased to grant her this much desired favor. The day before her death, she went to confession, received the holy viaticum and the Sacrament of extreme unction, with most touching devotion and recollection of mind. A few moments before she expired, being in possession of all her faculties, she turned herself suddenly towards an image of the Blessed Virgin that stood near her bed, and cried out, "My dear Mother, my sweet Mother, grant me grace not to offend God before I die; grant me mamma's conversion!" They were her last words; and shortly afterwards this little angel went to enjoy the vision of that God who had bestowed on her so many favors.

Her companions wished to see her once more. Her features still preserved their expression of innocence and simplicity; and this last sleep reminding them of the day of her first communion, most of them, in spite of the involuntary horror death naturally inspires, kissed her with respect; being more inclined, said they, to sing the *Laudate* than to say the "Prayers for the recommendation of a soul departed," for the innocent and happy Jane.

Flowers of my Mother.

"Mary, Mary! why, you have been robbing my garden!" exclaimed Mr. B., one morning, as his little daughter came running into his room, carrying a large nosegay of flowers.

"Yes indeed, papa; and I am going to rob it every morning, as long as the flowers last."

Mary was a beautiful little child of six years. Her head was covered with ringlets of chestnut brown curls; but there was a certain subdued quietness in her large dark eyes, that corresponded with her deep mourning dress—both told the sad tale that Mary's mother had been dead six months.

"And for whom has my daughter gathered all those flowers?"

"For my mother," replied the child.

"How, your mother?" exclaimed Mr. B., in an agitated voice.

"Yes; yes indeed, my poor papa. I know we have lost my good, beautiful mother; we will go to heaven, I hope, one day and find her—so nurse tells me; but while I am waiting for that day to come, our dear Lord has given me another Mother—come and see her statue on the beautiful altar I have made her.

And with childish eagerness and affection, Mary drew her father into her little chamber, and showed him the statue of the Blessed Virgin which she had surrounded with all her choicest treasures.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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AVE MARIA.

"*Ave Maria!*" when in infancy
I prattled on my gentle mother's knee,
She sang that sweet refrain:
And while all other memories of that day
Have vanished one by one, like dreams, away—
Not so that sacred strain.

My boyhood, 'mid the classical retreat
Of Georgetown College—(Learning's ancient seat),
Charmed by the Muse's Lyre,
Still loved yet more, in ecstasy to dwell
Upon the old angelic canticle,
Which did fresh hopes inspire.

When, afterward, as through long checkered years,
My life went marching on, with smiles and tears,
And ministerial duties, in,
But yet not of the world, incessant rang
The cherished song my mother sang,
When free from care and sin.

And now, when, having reached the rugged steep
Of life's meridian, looked down the deep,
Dark vale to which I must descend,
"*Ave Maria!*" (heavenly roundelay),
Steals on my ear, as in my childhood day,
Sweet, cheering to the end.

THE INFINITE SALUTATION;

Or the Ave Maria Popularly Explained.

AVE MARIA—HAIL MARY.

These words, sweetly spoken by the angel to the Virgin, in the quiet chamber at Nazareth, in Asia, have ever since resounded over the whole world, like an immense chime suspended in the heavens and ringing day and night. Since the angel first uttered these words, they have been repeated, again and again, by millions of human lips, and the hands of your watch cannot point to a single second, during which this salutation is not uttered somewhere on this earth.

In Catholic countries, as soon as a child begins to speak, it is taught to lisp the Hail Mary. And, as he grows and becomes a man, he says this prayer repeatedly during the day, so that when age creeps upon him he has said it many hundred thousand times during life; and when he is dying, those who stand around his bedside still greet his enfeebled hearing by repeating the prayer, "Hail Mary!" Nay, even after his death, pious neighbors and relatives still continue this salutation around his coffin, as they carry it to the cemetery where, after consigning his remains to the dust, they linger to breathe the beautiful

prayer, "Hail Mary!" And as long as the Catholic Church continues to exist, that is to the end of the world; yea, even when the fabric of the universe is about to be dissolved; when the sign of the Son of Man shall appear in the heavens, and worldlings shall cry out in terror and dismay: "Fall upon us, ye mountains, and cover us, ye hills"—even *then* and *there* will be heard, from the lips of countless pious Christians, the beautiful words, "Hail Mary!"

Now, who must she be that is saluted so often as there are leaves in the forest, blades of grass in the meadow, dew-drops glittering in the morning sun, or snowflakes scattered over the face of the earth during a long and dreary winter? Now, is it just and right that a creature should be so highly honored and so often saluted? In order to answer this question, I will commence by giving the following comparisons and illustrations:

The sun has just gone down. What if it were never to rise again? We would have to light candles, and all work would be accomplished by candlelight. And a sorry working it would be. Disorder and confusion would reign supreme, while sadness and fear would assert their dominion in the human heart. But the greatest difficulty of all would be found in tilling the ground. All work in the field would have to be suspended; and even if it were possible to prepare the soil, in a measure, it would not repay the labor. For, being deprived of light, all vegetation would lose its natural color, become sickly and finally die. To what great suffering would the human family be exposed? If, in years gone by, the harvests have failed, and famine devastated many countries because sunshine and rain were not equally distributed, how would it be, if the sun were never again to make its appearance? Not a seed would sprout and grow; it would become cold and colder, until land and water would become one vast frozen mass of ice, and both the rational and irrational creation would perish, one after another, by hunger and cold, until all creatures would be exterminated, and the earth left a vast dark lump of ice, without light, without motion, without life—in fact, an immense grave-yard, inclosed by eternal winter and everlasting night.

Now, if it had almost come to this, but there still remained a spark of life and warmth in men, even after the extinction of their last lorn hope—and if at this point they saw, far from beyond the peaks of distant mountains a faint twinkling as of a burning forest, and they could notice how this faint gleam expanded and became stronger,

announcing in due time the coming of a new day; and if they could again begin to distinguish the clear blue sky, and behold the sun, shortly afterward, grandly, majestically, ascending above the horizon and inundating the earth with its silver rays—what joy! what heartfelt rejoicing would not reign among the thousands and millions of human beings, all looking toward the east and embracing each other, with tears in their eyes, exclaiming: "May God be thanked and praised forever!—we are saved!"

Without the sun, darkness and death would reign on earth, and hence it is not a matter of surprise to us if we see the heathens looking upon it as a divinity and honoring it as such. That they were wrong in doing so, is certainly true. Still, even, we must admit that it is the ethereal fountain through which God distributes light, life, existence, growth, beauty and joy to every creature on earth. Now, if there is another creature through whom God bestows all illumination, all life and the blessings, both temporal and eternal, upon the soul of man, it would be wrong, of course, to adore that creature, inasmuch as it is not God; but certainly we must be permitted to rejoice in its greatness; and if it should chance to be a rational creature, who, through her own consent, had become a willing instrument in the hands of God for the salvation of the world, who will dare hinder us from honoring and praising that creature? But I will come to the point, and express myself in plain terms: The Saviour of the world and of all men is Jesus Christ—and the creature through whom God has given this Saviour to the world, is Mary. Hence we are perfectly justified in saying: Hail Mary!

Are you a farmer? Tell me, when you carry the sheaves of golden grain to your barn in teeming loads that can hardly enter at the gate, is the field worth nothing to you that has produced you such an abundant harvest?

Are you a vinegrower? Tell me, when there is a rich yield of grapes, as there was, for instance, in '34 or '57, and the newly-made wine tastes sharp like brandy, so that even the flavor of it almost threatened to affect your brain, and the neighbors rejoiced, discharging rifles and fire-arms throughout their vineyards from sheer joy, while the merchant came and offered you a high price for your wine, even before he had tasted it, would you part with the vineyard that has borne you such excellent wine, even if a Jew were to come to you and offer an immense sum?

Or perhaps you are a miner, working under ground in a deep shaft? How unhappy would you be if your lamp were to be extinguished in the dark, deep, rocky bowels of the mountain, leaving you benighted and in unseen danger? For this reason, is your lamp not of great value?

Or you are a Christian; you have learned to see your sins in their most hideous light? You have often thought of them with bitter sorrow, and found consolation in Jesus Christ? In this case, does the Cross, to which He was nailed, not become in you a most holy sign? And if you could see the real Cross of Christ, would you not con-

template it with the greatest reverence, and sincerely think that nothing visible could appear more venerable in your eyes?

Now, if you already honor the cross upon which Jesus has hung, is the Church wrong in honoring also the Mother who bore Him? And if the miner is careful of his lamp, should not also that Mother be most venerable, from whom the "Light of the World" has sprung and taken His human origin? And if we appreciate the soil that produces bread and wine for the nourishment of our body, should we not regard her as worthy of great veneration and honor, from whom the living bread and heavenly fountain of life have sprung, for the nourishment of our souls? Is it therefore wrong if thousands and millions of Christians exclaim often, with feelings of reverence, love and joy, in the words of the Archangel, "HAIL MARY?"

And if you know that the bitter passion and death of your Saviour has redeemed you—of which you may learn more by reading the Stations of the Cross—ask yourself the question: Did Jesus suffer alone on that occasion?

Saint Mary ad Nives.

Gracious and pure, as the Virgin it represents, stands the venerable Liberian basilic, known also as Saint Mary Major, and Saint Mary ad Nives—whose festival we commemorate August 5.

At the foot of the hill upon which it is erected, stands the obelisk brought by Augustus from Egypt, to adorn the grand circus. Vanity of man and his projects! death destroyed the monarch, and the monument which he had destined to enhance the glory of his reign, served to elevate, even to the heavens, the magnificent testimony of his nothingness.

The Cross, victorious over Cæsar, the world and the devil, now crowns the obelisk. We saluted it with respect, and rapidly ascended the superb marble steps that lead us to Saint Mary Major. This celebrated basilic occupies the square of *Macellum Livie*, that famous market-place, surrounded with marble porticoes, where the luxurious Romans sought the rarest productions of the known world. This edifice must have been superbly magnificent, since Tiberius consecrated it to his mother Livia. It was afterward the theater of the martyrdom of an immense number of Christians; and by one of those harmonies which Rome presents at every step, this place, dedicated to a lascivious woman, but purified by the blood of the martyrs, elevates the most beautiful church to the Queen of virgins.

Saint Mary Major owes its foundation to the gracious *miracle of snow*. At the commencement of the fourth century, there lived in Rome an illustrious patrician, descended from one of the consular families. Being childless, he and his wife resolved to consecrate their immense fortune to the God who had given it to them. While occupied with this holy design, the Blessed Virgin appeared to them, and informed them that she herself wished to become their heiress. "You will build me a basilic," she said, "on that hill which will to-morrow be found covered with snow."

It was the night of the fifth of August. And the next day, the Esquiline was clothed in a white mantle of snow. The whole city was soon witness of this miracle, and Pope Liberius repaired to the spot, accompanied by all his clergy. The building was immediately erected by the pious couple, and the name it yet bears, of *Santa Maria ad Nives*, was given to it.

In memory of Pope Liberius, who dedicated it the following year, it is also called the Liberian basilic. To these names are joined two others, no less honorable. *Saint Mary of the Crib*, because it possesses the Crib of the Saviour of the world, and *Saint Mary Major*, because it is the most important of all the churches in Rome, dedicated to the Queen of Heaven. It is one of the most richly ornamented of all the churches of the Eternal City. It is worthy of remark that portions of the double colonnade that extends through the nave, are inlaid with the first gold brought from America. The Court of Spain, having received it from the hands of Christopher Columbus, resolved to offer it in homage to Mary; and for this purpose sent it to Rome, as an offering to the most beautiful church consecrated to Mary, the Star of the Sea.

The high altar is raised eleven steps above the mosaic floor. It consists of a large antique urn of porphyry. The cover, of black and white marble, sustained at the four corners by four golden angels, serves as the table of sacrifice. This urn is supposed to be the tomb of the putrician John and his wife. The canopy, the magnificent homage of Benedict XIV, is supported by four superb columns of porphyry, entwined by golden palms, and ornamented by four marble angels holding in their hands a triumphal crown.

On each side of the high altar are the chapels of Sixtus V, and the Borghese family. No words can describe their magnificence. In visiting the latter, we remembered with emotion that lately it was opened to receive the mortal remains of the young Princess Borghese, (daughter of the late Earl of Shrewsbury—Tr.), whose memory embalms with the sweet perfume of sanctity the Roman palace, of which she was the joy and delight, and this hereditary chapel where she reposes surrounded by her children. Above the altar of this chapel is the Madonna of Saint Luke, placed on a background of *lapis-lazuli*, sparkling with precious stones, and sustained by five golden angels. * * * In this dear temple the Queen of angels and of men is surrounded, as with a brilliant court, by the sacred bodies of a multitude of saints, whose blessed souls already form her court in Heaven. In the first rank of the brilliant hierarchy, behold the Apostles, Peter, Paul, Andrew, James, Philip, Thomas, and the other members of the Apostolic College, present in a portion of their relics. Under the papal altar reposes the body of Saint Matthias; the head of Saint Luke, the historian of Mary, is in the Chapel of the Crucifix; in the second rank appear the martyrs of both sexes and every age, and then the relics of saints innumerable, of all degrees, form a brilliant crown of rubies to adorn the brow of the glorified Queen

of Saints. After having venerated and recommended ourselves, our friends and our country to this august assembly, we turned toward the holy door. When we enter Saint Peter's, Saint John Lateran, Saint Paul's beyond the wall, and Saint Mary Major, we see to the right a door walled up, on which shine in golden letters these words: "Clement, Urban, Benedict, opened me in such a year; Innocent, Leo, closed me in such another." You ask, "What is this door?" and you are told, "It is the holy door." Here is usually the end of the traveler's curiosity and the guide's science; and without understanding it, you pass by one of the most beautiful customs in Rome—a loss to which we will not condemn our readers. Know, then, that the four grand basilics or principal churches in Rome, besides the usual entrance, have a door called *holy*; and furthermore, every twenty-five years, on Christmas Eve, the Sovereign Pontiff makes the solemn opening of the Jubilee or holy year. A magnificent procession commences the day. At the hour of vespers, the Vicar of Jesus Christ leaves his palace and repairs to St. Peter's, accompanied by the Cardinals and Prelates. All form an august circle around the Pontiff, who stops in front of the walled door. An assistant presents a little silver hammer to the Holy Father, who strikes with it three strokes upon the door, while the *cortege* intones the mercy, power and charity of the Blessed Trinity. The ceremony is finished by workmen breaking down the wall, and the holy door remains wide open. It is then washed with holy water, and the Sovereign Pontiff, followed by his court, crosses the threshold, chanting psalms of joy, and the Vespers of the Jubilee commence. While this ceremony takes place at Saint Peter's, Cardinals deputed by the Holy Father perform the same at Saint John Lateran's, Saint Paul's, and Saint Mary Major's.

Beautiful in itself, this ceremony becomes still more so from its mysterious sense. The holy door is on the right, the baptismal font is on the left—the two opened for man to reach Heaven. The first is baptism, which can be possessed but once; the second penance, which is never irrevocably closed. But, at this time, why is it broken? Why is a hammer used instead of keys? To express the supreme power of the Vicar of the Man-God. Keys are employed, under ordinary circumstances to open doors; and these doors remain—they can be closed; but the hammer opens by demolishing the door, when all can freely enter. The last is employed in extraordinary and solemn circumstances, when the crowd is immense.

Ancient Rome, in the days of her triumph, threw down a portion of her wall, either to add this novelty to public enthusiasm, or to leave a free passage to the conqueror, with the *cortege* of prisoners loaded with chains and the soldiers crowned with laurels. Christian Rome preserves these customs, ennobling them by the mysterious signification which Christianity gives; inviting all nations to the grand triumph of penance, where vanquished passions and expiated sins are chained to her triumphal car. Could Rome employ a more eloquent ceremony to proclaim that, as queen and

mother of the world, she calls to her bosom mankind dispersed to the four winds? She invites them with equal love to come and draw from the inexhaustible treasure of grace and mercy, which opens for all without distinction of tribes or of nations.

Turning from the holy door, the attention is arrested by a magnificent column of white fluted marble, which rises in front of Saint Mary Major. This antique ornament of the temple of Peace, on the Forum, was placed in front of the Liberian basilica by Paul V, and crowned with a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The following inscription encircles the base:

PAX UNDE VERA EST
CONSECRAVIT VIRGINI.

"He consecrated it to the Blessed Virgin, source of true peace."

Thus, the obelisk of Augustus chants the glory of the Infant God; the white column of the Forum proclaims the prerogatives of the sweet Virgin, His Mother. It might well be called a lyre, touched by angels. Let us blend an ear to its strains:

IMPURA FALSI TEMPLA
QUONDAM NUMINIS
JUBENTE INCERTA
SUSTINEBAM CÆSARE
NUNC LÆTA VERI
PERFERENS MATREM DEI
TE PAULE NULLIS
OBTACEBO SECLIS.

Cæsar placed me, sad and somber,
In the temple soiled by crime;
There I graced the false god's triumph,
Called by pagans all-divine;—
Now with joy I bear the Mother
Of the true God born on earth—
Paul, thy glories through all ages,
Loud I'll chant in strains of mirth.

Then it manifests the cause of its joy in making known the excellence of the august Virgin:

IGNIS COLUMNA
PRÆTULIT LUMEN PIIS
DESERTA NOCTU
UT AERMearant INVIA
SECURI AD ARCES
HÆC RECLUDIT IGNEAS
MONSTRANTE AB ALTA SEDE
CALLEM VIRGINI.

Pillar of fire crowned with glory,
Led the just to promised land—
Guiding through the night of darkness,
O'er the desert's dreary sand;
So I come with light and gladness,
Bearing proudly to the sky,
Mary Mother, Queen of Heaven,
Ray of light to guide on high.

Honor to the Roman Pontiffs who, in poetic language, have celebrated these magnificent contrasts! Honor to Rome, where all the monuments bear, graven on bronze or marble, the immortal dogmas of Christianity.

In all things look to thy end, and how thou shalt be able to stand before a severe Judge, to whom nothing is hidden; who takes no bribes, nor excuses, but will judge that which is just.

A Petition to Mary.

When life's brightest day is beaming;
When its brightest sunbeams cheer me;
When the bliss as fair as dreaming,
Hovers on the threshold near me;
Mary, Mother! bless and guard me;
All earth's joys are vain and fleeting;
Keep thy loving watch beside me,
When such joys thy child is meeting;
Virgo Maria, hear!

When thy weary one is sleeping,
And her trusting heart has given
Life and soul into thy keeping,
Watch her from thy home in Heaven;
Ask my Saviour, ask for me;
Mother! Mary, *He* will hear thee,
That when lost in life's dark sea,
I may find a haven near thee;
Ave Maria, hear!

When life all its cares is bringing;
When sin's heavy chains have bound me;
When its woes and pains are flinging
Clouds of grief and darkness 'round me;
Hear me, Mary! list my pleading;
Help me! all my passions quelling;
All my prayers, my sorrows heeding;
All the heavy clouds dispelling;
Help of Christians, hear!

When thy child's short life is ending—
Then, O Queen of Angels! hear me;
Death were easy, thou attending,
And thy mother love so near me.
Lead me through the heav'nly portal;
When my earthly life is done;
To the blessed life immortal,
In the mansions of thy Son;
Gate of Heaven, hear!
BEAVER MEADOW, June, 1865.

SANCTUARIES OF OUR LADY.

Our Lady of Guadalupe, in Mexico.

Mary, full of zeal for the propagation of the faith, has raised up new sanctuaries in the new world, which, during so many ages was buried in the darkness of idolatry. It is there that God in His wisdom had resolved to indemnify the Church for the losses which the delirium of some proud minds, enemies of all discipline, had caused it to experience in the north of Europe.

The ministers of salvation in America found a vast harvest ripe for the Gospel. They met there some savages, who, aided by the assistance of Heaven, followed the principles of natural religion. There was one among them for whom Providence seemed to send a missionary. He was instructed in the mysteries of the faith, received the sacrament of regeneration, when the apostolic man, almost immediately after having given a new child to the Church, was stopped by death, at the beginning of his career, and called to a better life.

Among the Indians converted in Mexico there was one, in 1531, John Diego de Inanlidlán, so named from the place of his birth, about eight miles from the city of Mexico. He was poor, but

he feared the Lord; lived contented with his condition, and showed himself in all a fervent Christian. His wife, named Lucia, and his uncle Bernardino, served God, as himself, in simplicity of heart. His devotion made him go every Saturday to the capitol to hear Mass in the church of Saint James. In his journey, he had to pass the foot of a hill which divided the distance between the city and his habitation. This hill had enjoyed great celebrity among the idolaters. They had paid there their adoration to a goddess, to whom they gave the name of mother of the gods. Mary deigned to open their eyes, and show them in this place the Mother of the true God, and their true Mother.

Saturday, 9th of December, 1531, as usual, at the rising of the sun, the pious Diego went to Mexico to satisfy his devotion. He had arrived at the foot of the hill, when he heard the most melodious strains of music, which he took at first for the warbling of the birds. These delightful strains continuing, excited his curiosity; he turned around and perceived a little cloud resplendent with light and bordered with a rainbow of most brilliant colors. Penetrated with joy, he stopped and earnestly contemplated this spectacle. The harmony ceased, and he heard himself called by name. He distinguished a road which came from the bosom of the cloud; he ascended the hill and saw a majestic throne, on which was seated a Virgin of incomparable beauty. Her face was brilliant as the sun; from her garments issued rays of so bright a light, and in such abundance, that the surrounding rocks seemed to be transformed into precious stones. Who can conceive the astonishment of Diego? He was at first plunged into a kind of stupor; but she, whose presence ravished all his senses, drew him from it, in addressing him and saying to him in a tone of familiarity: "Where are you going?" "I am going," he replied, "to hear Mass, in honor of the most holy Virgin." "Your devotion is agreeable to me," said the unknown person, "your humility pleases me. I am that Virgin, Mother of God. I wish a temple to be built here, where I will distribute my favors and show myself your Mother, that of your countrymen, and those who will invoke my name with confidence. Go, on my part, to notify the Bishop of my desire." We cannot form an idea of the astonishment of the good Indian; and in this astonishment he felt a joy so calm, that it could come only from Heaven. Under any other circumstances, he would not have dared to present himself to his first Pastor; but she, who had given him the mission, inspired him, by her looks and words, with a confidence which placed him above all fear.

He hastened to the house of the Prelate, and rendered him an account of what had passed. The Bishop, John de Zumarraga, a Franciscan Religious, endowed with a rare prudence, listened to his recital with attention. The ingenuousness of Diego, the tone of conviction and truth which animated him, gave a kind of certainty to his words. But this was not sufficient to determine the Bishop. Before undertaking any thing he required surer testi-

monies of the will of Heaven. Diego, confused, retired in silence. He satisfied his devotion at Mexico, and then resumed his journey, occupied with what had happened. He took the accustomed road,—that of the hill. What was his astonishment when he again found Mary there! She seemed to wait for her good servant; she received him with kindness, which renewed his confidence, and made him speak to her with freedom. He represented to the Queen of Heaven, that it would avail but little to make him her ambassador. Poor, humble Indian! He was not aware, that our Lord, jealous of displaying His grandeur and power, ordinarily makes use of the weakest instruments to accomplish His greatest designs. Nevertheless, Mary, without explaining herself more clearly, sent Diego again to the Bishop. She consoled him and animated his hopes. On the morrow, which was Sunday, he did not fail to return to Mexico to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. He had even the courage to present himself anew to the Bishop. The Bishop kindly received him, but persisted in his first answer. A certain sign of the will of Heaven was necessary. Diego returned to the hill; he enjoyed again the favor that Mary had deigned to grant him. The Immaculate Virgin, this time, promised him a sign the next day.

Full of confidence, Diego regained his habitation. There an unexpected trial, a domestic affliction, mixed its bitterness with the sweetness with which his soul was inebriated. His uncle had been suddenly attacked by a very serious illness; he was a prey to the most acute pains. Afflicted by this event, and occupied with the cares that the sick person called for, Diego forgot the promise made to Mary of returning to the hill on Monday. The sickness becoming more alarming, he set out for Mexico on Tuesday, with the design of calling a priest to administer to his uncle the helps of religion. In passing the hill, he remembered his forgetfulness, his involuntary fault; and to avoid the reproaches he thought he merited, in his simplicity he took another road. But Mary presented herself anew to him, and affectionately said: "My child, where are you going? What path have you taken?" The good Mexican, greatly confused, acknowledged himself guilty; he begged Mary to attribute this want of fidelity to the sickness of his uncle.

The holy Virgin pardoned him, and as a new proof of goodness, she announced to him the cure of his uncle. As to the sign required by the Bishop, she ordered Diego to ascend the hill; to go to the place shown him on Saturday, and there gather a bouquet of flowers. The order given by Mary was of a nature to astonish any reasonable mind. It was not the season for flowers; besides, the place was covered with thorns and brambles. But as Diego had a simple and upright heart, he knew only how to obey her will. He ascended the hill, and found there an enchanting pasture. The freshest and most beautiful flowers presented themselves to his astonished looks. He chose at his pleasure from the multitude, and then presented to Mary what he had gathered. Mary

made a nosegay of them, and charged her pious servant to carry it to the Bishop. Diego, proud of his precious deposit, took the road to Mexico. The message that was confided to him absorbed all his thoughts, and poured into his soul an ineffable contentment. In the mean time, the flowers, which he had concealed under his mantle, spread afar the sweetest perfume. This betrayed him.

At his arrival, the servants of the Bishop stopped him, and asked him with curiosity what it was he carried with so much mystery. Diego gave evasive answers, and made every effort to free himself from their importunities. But they triumphed over him, and opened his mantle or cloak. The sight of these flowers filled them with amazement. The Bishop was apprized of the facts. The Indian appeared before him, and reopened the mantle which he had endeavored to keep closed. There, to the great surprise of all present, and of Diego himself, an image of Mary was seen impressed upon the mantle or blanket of the Indian. The Prelate and his household had no sooner cast their eyes on this image, so fresh and lovely that it seemed to have just come from the hand of the artist, than they fell on their knees and remained silent and immovable, unable to do any thing but admire the supernatural beauty of her whose features they contemplated. Afterward the Prelate arose, took the mantle from the shoulders of the pious Mexican, and exposed it in his chapel until a sanctuary could be raised for it. All the people of the city went to the Bishop's chapel to honor the miraculous image.

The Prelate, followed by a great concourse of people, went the following day, December 14, to the hill. He interrogated Diego in detail; he wished to know in what place the holy Virgin had appeared to him. Diego could not determine with exact precision. However, a new prodigy drew him from his embarrassment—a spring suddenly gushed forth and designated the spot of the apparition. Since that time it has not ceased to flow, and its waters have operated many cures. Diego had spoken of the sickness of his uncle, and the circumstances which accompanied it. This was for the prudence of the Bishop a new matter of examination. He sent commissioners to the sick man and they found him well. He related, that when the sickness was most violent, Mary appeared to him, cured him, and told him that she wished to be honored in a new temple, under the name of Our Lady of Guadalupe. They remarked, not without astonishment, the impossibility of making a painting on a mantle so coarse as that of Diego's; and had it even been made, it could not have been preserved. Nevertheless, the picture traced on this rough mantle was exquisitely finished. The concourse of people increasing every day, the Bishop had the holy painting carried to the cathedral, until the sanctuary destined for it should be completed. They hastened to raise it on the place marked out. The edifice was constructed, and the holy image carried there. Numerous miracles proved more and more the truth of the fact on which was founded the devotion to Our Lady of Guadalupe, in this image.

But the new sanctuary not being ample enough for the great crowd that flocked around this image of the Mother of God, they thought, toward the year 1695, of building another. The Archbishop of Mexico, Francis de Aguien, laid the foundation stone. It is the superb church now seen there. Two millions two hundred and seventy pounds were spent on it. On the first of May, 1709, the holy image was transferred to this church, and placed on a throne of solid silver, worth \$80,000. Gifts were multiplied from day to day; altars of beautiful marble were constructed, and decorated with the most costly ornaments. The large lamp of gilt silver weighs alone more than 629 marcos, and in the workmanship we are assured that art surpasses the material. Around the sanctuary is a railing of solid silver, and this first railing is protected by another of most precious wood, adorned with silver figures of exquisite workmanship.

A Viceroy of Mexico, Don Antonio Maria Bucarelli, had the holy painting placed in a frame of massive gold, and enriched the high altar with twelve candlesticks of the same metal. In 1749, a chapter was founded to serve this sanctuary. A city was also built around it. Mexico was solemnly dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe, and a feast, December 12th, was established, with a privileged octave. Benedict XIV, extended this feast to all the states of the Catholic king. To augment the devotion to Mary, and render it in some manner perpetual, a monastery of Franciscans, whose sanctuary is contiguous to the church, was established. Guadalupe is for America what Loretto is for Europe. Confraternities have been formed in many places of Spain, Italy, and in Rome, particularly under the name of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The image represents the Immaculate Conception, with the inscription—*Non fecit taliter omni nationi*. We may perhaps be astonished at this goodness of Mary toward the pious Diego, which extends even to familiarity. But for the good of the Church, and the interest of religion it is necessary to strike, by such prodigies, nations newly converted, who have need of the milk of favors and the consolations of grace. "We ourselves," says Saint Bernard, "when we plant young trees, water them till they have taken root; but as soon as they are finely rooted, we cease to water them." In going through histories of nations recently converted to the faith, we frequently find proofs of this Providence of God over them, and of this maternal goodness of Mary. What is not her tenderness for the faithful, and, above all, for innocent souls! Saint Bernard speaks of Mary with a kind of transport. In one of his missions in Germany, being in the church of Spire, he happened to repeat three times, with great fervor—"O clement! O pious! O sweet Virgin Mary!" These words were afterward added to the *Salve Regina*.

The *Salve Regina* is the prayer to be addressed to Mary when invoking her as Our Lady of Guadalupe. O let us, then, call upon her with great fervor, that she may turn upon us the eyes of her tender mercy. With what confidence should we not invoke Mary!

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 4.---Notre Dame du Gavet.

CHAPTER II.

Some days after, as the Lord and Lady of Sostang were taking a little morning exercise on horseback, their horses brought them by chance to the deserted chapel. Lady Claudia, who was very pious, dismounted, and giving the bridle of her palfry to her husband, knelt before the altar, and devoutly offered a prayer to Mary.

"Do you not think, my lord, that it is shameful for us to allow a chapel, built upon our hands, in which our Lady has wrought so many miracles, to be overgrown thus with brambles and weeds? As for me, I cannot suffer it, and if you will permit me, I shall begin collecting the money necessary for rebuilding it."

"You are right, I know, and the same idea has occurred to me several times. But the state of our affairs precludes our thinking of so great an expense."

"This lawsuit which causes you so much anxiety—will it never come to an end?"

"I fear not."

"It would cost more money than would suffice to rebuild this sanctuary."

"Most assuredly."

"Do you know what we ought to do? Let us place the affair in the hands of the Mother of God. She will be our advocate and plead for us. If she gives you the advantage, you will consecrate to her the price of my lands, and restore her chapel."

"With all my heart; and I feel myself her debtor already."

"You solemnly promise her this?"

"I swear it."

"May our Lady," continued Claudia, "hear the vow you have pronounced! If she wishes her chapel to be raised from its ruins, it is for her to give you the means of keeping your word."

"May she claim my promise from this very evening."

The Lord of Sostang and his adversary were connected by blood. The origin of the lawsuit had displeased the whole family; but when their relations saw the obstinacy with which each of the parties maintained his right, and the ruinous expense incurred about a matter of disproportionate importance, they raised their voices against it on all sides.

Many efforts were made to reconcile them, and to restore good feeling between them; but both were so irritated that each refused alike to lend an ear to any proposition of arranging the matter, and the attempts were fruitless.

"Time," thought the peace-makers, "will exhaust this enmity. They will tire of going to law. Weariness and care will make them long for a settlement. Let us wait!"

The moment appeared to have arrived, and new steps were taken to arrange a compromise.

The Lady of Sostang thought she saw in this the hand of the Blessed Virgin, and energetically begged her husband to put an end to the quarrel. Philip, indeed, showed no reluctance to withdraw

his pretensions, and accepted, for the sake of peace, all the clauses that the arbiters deemed equitable.

But, on the other side, there was found so much obstinacy and ill-will, that the design was obliged to be abandoned.

"You see how it is," said Philip to his wife, "our Lady releases me from my promise."

"It seems to me, on the contrary," answered Claudia, "that she will prove the part she has taken in the matter more remarkably, by causing your right to be declared by parliament."

Few men are capable of retaining within their own breasts the feelings that possess them. Whatever the state of our mind may be, in joy or sadness, it reflects itself upon the creatures that surround us, and gives a new color even to inanimate objects.

The cliffs overhanging the roads along which the Lord of Sostang was riding had no longer any thing in his eyes of gloom or menace; the moon shone in the splendor of her light from the midst of a pure sky, and the stars were pale in her brightness, as in the presence of the orb of day.

The rocks, broadly illuminated, appeared covered with a robe of white gauze. Upon their peaks, lost in the sky, were no longer the monstrous figures of the dark spirit of the night that Philip had formerly fancied he could trace; it seems to him rather that radiant angels were assembled there in adoration.

In the distant murmur of the waves, in the sighing of the breeze, in the rustling of the foliage, he heard the voice of prayer, and the echo of holy hymns.

Even his horse, as if a part of his master's joy had been communicated to him, galloped on with unwearied bound, snuffing the free air with elevated nostril.

When he passed by the ruins of Our Lady of the Cradle, Lord Halegoët uncovered his head, and bowed low; no bird of the night was awakened by the noise of his horse.

Before setting foot in the court of his castle, he shouted to his footmen: "Run and tell Lady Claudia that we have gained the suit."

"Yes, my lady," said he, when they met, "the parliament has decided that the land lawfully belongs to us; and it must be that the Blessed Virgin has herself pleaded in my favor; for neither has any new proof or argument been produced, nor have my lawyers uttered a syllable."

"We will not be ungrateful, and we will accomplish our vow—shall we not, my lord?"

"We will begin its accomplishment to-morrow."

When the villagers knew of the intentions of their lord, they wished to co-operate according to their means, by devoting all their spare hours to laboring upon the chapel.

They undertook the building of one of the wings; a neighboring monastery claimed the honor of erecting the other, and the main body of the edifice alone was raised at the expense of Philip.

The sum which he had resolved to consecrate to it was reserved for the embellishment and decoration of the sanctuary.

An architect offered the benefit of his talents

without asking any remuneration but the glory of working for our Lady.

Animated by the gratitude of the Lord of Sostang, the work advanced rapidly. Did the money in his hands begin to fail, his friends begged the honor of lending him even more than he asked. He had the consolation of living to assist at the ceremonies of the dedication, which was fixed on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the patronal feast of the little church.

The principal altar is dedicated to the Mother of God; the two others are placed under the invocation of Saint Joachim and Saint Anne.

The lord of Sostang gave to one of his sons the title of sacristan of Notre Dame du Gavet, showing by this that he deemed nothing more glorious than to be in the service of the Queen of Heaven.

The faithful assembled in crowds from all the neighboring provinces. Old men told the wonders of which they had been witnesses in their youth, and each one hoped that the miraculous time would come again.

Their confidence was not deceived. The Reverend Mother of Blemurr asserts that at the moment she writes, the prodigies have not been interrupted.

No. 5—The Baptism.

The Roman theater had reached its last decline. The histrionic art had never in the queen city of the world reached the height to which it had risen among the Greeks. Delighting in the sanguinary tragedies of war, the Republic found insipid those heroic pictures that charmed the inhabitants of Attica. The comic muse, as portrayed in Terence and Plautus, was never popular; to amuse this populace of freedom something more pungent than witticisms was needed. Even in the time of the elder Cato the people loudly hooted obscure farces, and they loved neither tragedy nor comedy, naval shows nor chariot races; they delighted in the sight of blood, flowing from the wounds of gladiators, butchered to make a Roman holiday, or streaming from the mangled limbs of Christians expiring in agonies of torture, prolonged until the strength of their tormentors was exhausted.

Nero, after having terrified the Romans by his dramatic successes, as a rare holiday sport, devoted their city to the flames; but his favorite amusement was to make flaming torches of the bodies of the Christians.

But at the time of our legend, this refinement of cruelty did not yet exist; yet the crowd, even then, rushed with eagerness to the circus whenever the faithful were to be delivered to wild beasts. They were no longer contented with having the holy martyrs torn by tigers; but even while they were in chains, they overwhelmed them with the most insulting revilings.

The Christians were happy in the midst of these persecutions; for God changed these abusive words into pearls and diamonds, and formed of them the starry diadems with which His glorified saints were crowned. But what pained these holy ones far more than the torments of martyrdom, was to see the august ceremonies of their faith

turned into ridicule; not only by freedmen and slaves, but by the buffoons upon the stage.

No one was more successful in acting this foul part than Ardelion; hence he stood high in favor with the populace. His very appearance on the stage was sufficient to excite the wildest shouts of admiration from every tier of seats in the amphitheater?

Ardelion possessed fine talents, and he had no equal in the art of provoking laughter. His contemporaries compared him to Roscius; but he was much more learned.

On a certain day, the martyrdom of a band of Christians, in the public circus, was to be precluded by a farce, composed expressly to ridicule the mysteries of our holy religion. Ardelion, as usual, was to play the principal. But to write this farce it was necessary to know those mysteries; and this was not easy, for the faithful hid with care their religious rites.

Among Ardelion's slaves was one called Tertia. He knew well that she was a Christian; her modesty and dignified conduct sufficiently distinguished her from other women of her condition; but he had hitherto feigned to ignore her religion, on account of the edicts which would have obliged him to denounce her to the judges. He had several times sought to draw her into conversation on the subject; but Tertia, fearing some profanation, had always evaded his questions, and without appearing ashamed of her faith, had baffled his curiosity by vague replies. Knowing well the constancy of the Christians, he felt assured that he could not obtain any information by threats or severity; he therefore resorted to duplicity and falsehood.

"Tertia," said he to the slave, "I have heard of the doctrines of the Christians; they appear to me to be beautiful, but I am not yet sufficiently acquainted with them. I do not know why, but I feel thoroughly impelled to embrace their faith. But can I not first receive further instructions? I fear, should I engage myself irrevocably, without a perfect understanding of the subject, to find myself pledged to absurd and impious doctrines."

"Our enemies," replied the slave, "spread these reports to ruin us; you will find in our worship only what is good and pure. If your desire is sincere, I will present you to our learned men; and I am sure, when you know our belief, you will abhor the abominations of idolatry."

"Well, good Tertia, you will lead me to them; but will they not despise my profession?"

"We despise no one. The Kingdom of Heaven is open to all—to whomsoever is able to gain it."

"Will they not forbid me to appear on the stage?"

"When you have become a Christian you will regulate your own life; no one will constrain you."

"After all, if they should exact it, it would matter but little; I am tired offering myself every day to the laughter of the foolish crowd. But, then, if I visit your learned men, I shall be counted among their disciples. I value my head, and I have no wish to lose my life."

"Baptism will free you from these fears. He who has been tortfied by it, ffr from fearing death, desires and implotes it."

"Yes, that is what I have often seen, and I cannot comprehend it. What, then, is this baptism which has such power, and so completely changes the nature of men?"

"It is the first of our religious rites, by means of which we are transformed from children of darkness into children of light."

"Ah, it is doubtless some grand feast, where you are served with magic beverages and enchanted meats?"

"Oh no! It consists only in pouring pure water on the head, and pronouncing the sacramental words."

"Cabalistic words! I supposed so; invocations to earth and hell."

"We invoke God alone. Earth and hell are the works of His hands; we are not permitted to invoke them. We are baptized in the name of the Triune God—of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

"Are there no other ceremonies?"

"That is, at least, the only necessary one."

"What! is no more needed to transform men, and change the weak and timid into heroes? As soon as they have thrown a little water on my forehead, shall I become capable of braving every torture?"

"Yes, and if your faith should ever waver, you could always strengthen and re-establish it by our other Sacraments."

"And what are they? Those secret mysterious festivals for which you are reproached?"

"The hatred of our enemies alone forces us to celebrate them in secret."

"Do you there drink rare wines which inspire your courage?"

"We drink a mysterious wine; but I am not free to reveal our mysteries. If you seek the truth, come: you shall learn all our doctrine."

"Let us wait a little while. To become a Christian, now-a-days, is to seek death. It is good to think twice."

"At least, I beseech you not to abuse the confidence, which, perhaps too lightly, I have reposed in you."

"Fear not, Tertia; I shall not betray you."

Yet, in spite of this promise, Tertia bitterly repented her indiscretion. She vaguely felt that some misfortune would come of it, and she was filled with sad forebodings, which were soon realized.

She heard that a magnificent spectacle was to be represented in the circus, where Christians were to fight with wild beasts; and, before their martyrdom, Ardelion and other buffoons were to caricature their religion. At this intelligence Tertia was overwhelmed with grief and remorse. Hastening to the venerable priest, who had baptized her, she confessed her fault, with many tears, and following the good man's counsel, she fasted and prayed to expiate her guilt.

In baptism she had taken the name of Mary, and she now invoked with fervor the patroness to whom she had been given, conjuring her to enlighten her ignorance, and teach her to repair the scandal caused by her involuntary error.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAINT JOACHIM.

God raises and confirms.

Long had he knelt in prayer, this man of God,
His soul was sorrowful and full. He thought,
Had thought before this hour, the hope was dead,
And grace with the dead hope, had reckoned won
And poured upon its grave; he, sure, content
With what Jehovah, Great, withheld, as gave;
But when a neighbor mocked him in the gates
This morn, and called him but a barren stock,
A withered root, a fruitless branch in Israel,
The old man felt a sudden—no, not sting;—
The scorner could not reach his good heart so—
But what upon the altar of his faith,
A thousand times had bled, his whole soul moved,
And straightway fled unto his prayer-place up,
Far up the mountain-side,—a little cleft
Within the hills, from all the hamlet's stir
Off shut and still. A very hermit's shrine?
Not so; it shut out all the world beside,
But overlooked the cottage where his Anna
In the early morning spun. Dear prayer-place!
Within the cleft an ancient laurel stood,
Beneath the tree, a pillar rose of stone,
Where he was wont still in the summer morns
To climb and pray. But winter winds are out
To-day; it is of storms the month; cold rains
Sift slowly over the deserted hills;
His kine are in the manger stalled, the sheep
Are in their fold; but he, poor scoffed old man,
Struggling as one conscious of his struggle not,
So greater far the struggle in the soul
Than, 'gainst the winds his slippery pathway up,
Too late! too late! had not yet learned, and knelt
Beside the dear old stone, told simply out,—
As any poor child beaten in the street,
Might to his father come,—at first his wrongs
And sorrows unto God—as almost crushed;—
Then as he longer prayed—he could not stay
His prayers—Isaiah's visions, Daniel's dreams,
Messiah's face, in on his strugglings shone.
"Years and signs ripen fast; and David's sons
So few! But Lord, my vine! Oh, I could wait
A thousand years, Messiah from my loins,
To look from Abraham's Bosom down and see!
When I might hope, no human hope! Lord, Lord,
What hath thy servant done? I cannot live
Reproached! my grey hairs mocked! last of my
By-word unto my tribe, a house that first [race!
For the Messiah looked! Oh, take me where
The wicked cease, the disappointed rest!"
He laid his head upon the wet stone down!
And as he ceased an angel by him stood.
"Thy prayer is heard! and Anna thy chaste spouse
In full time from this holy day shall bear
The Heir of Joy, the Child of Grace,—a sign
To thee, go to the vineyard down, thy wife
Shall meet thee with this message in the gates.
Look down upon thy house!" and he looked down,
The storm had paused—a rainbow arches over—
Not far up in the sky but touching earth
On either side—his cot. And as he looked,
The angel, he was gone. And Joachim
Wondering much, hasted as a young man down
Unto his house; and ere he drew near, saw
The sweetly serene matron of his home,

Up from her garden coming to the gates;
 And never in the first fair bloom of youth
 Had she appeared so lovely in his eyes.
 He would have clasped her in his reverent arms,
 Or bowed at her feet, so much of promise
 In her softly heaven-lighted face she brought,
 So much of glory had the angel left
 With her, but waited as he had been told,
 The sign—nor waited can it hardly yet [him
 Be wrote; for straight her happy hands toward
 She held—and told him—

What may in our next
 A chapter after this be shown; thus, on,
 As these good saints may help. So for us pray!

Our Lady of the Angels.

At the age of twenty-five, when it became a question with Francis of Assissi to choose between the world and God, without hesitation or reservation, he gave himself wholly and entirely to God; and as he felt the most tender and lively devotion to the Blessed Virgin, he retired to a little chapel consecrated to "Our Lady of the Angels."

This charming name arose from a general belief, throughout the country, that the voices of angels, in heavenly concert, were frequently heard within its walls. The laborers of the neighborhood solemnly affirmed, that they had heard these celestial sounds, while the darkness of the night was illuminated by the brilliancy of the light that shone through the windows, and when, with fear and veneration, they approached the sacred chapel, they saw, amid the floods of mysterious light that filled it, the bright angels of God grouped around the holy image of the Blessed Virgin! According to tradition, this image had been brought from Palestine by four pious hermits, in 353. They obtained from Pope Liberius permission to dwell in the valley of Spoleto, where they built this little chapel; and as they had enriched it with a fragment of the sepulcher of the Blessed Virgin, it was at first called *Saint Mary of Josophat*. In the sixth century it was enlarged by the monks of Saint Benedict. And since that period, on account of the wonders just related, it has been called *Our Lady of the Angels*. It also bears the name of *Portiuncula*, because the field in which it was built occupied a narrow strip of land at the foot of a mountain near Assissi. In this holy spot Francis was favored with such consoling visions and graces that he frequently exclaimed: "It is truly the temple of angels, the dwelling that Mary loves!"

Francis was soon joined by some pious companions, and they all dwelt together in a poor little cabin. Although he had possessed fine estates and worldly wealth, yet he had renounced it all in favor of the poor; and in his new life he had been inspired to abandon himself entirely to the care of Divine Providence. We may then judge of his joy and gratitude when the Benedictines, one day, gave him this little chapel, that he loved so tenderly, together with the house attached to it. Thenceforth it became his habitual residence.

Six hundred years have elapsed since the blessed Francis went to receive in Heaven the reward of his life of pains, mortifications and intense love of

God. And as a sweet perfume his memory still embalms all the vallies, mountains, towns, cities, and solitudes of Umbria; along the road he so often traveled, barefooted, and clothed with his cord, cincture and coarse habit, it seems that the echoes still repeat the prayers of the seraphic religious, and the sweet words which Jesus Christ addressed to the spouse of holy poverty, this future prop of the Church.

After traversing the valley of Spoleto the pilgrim discerns, in the midst of the plain, a grand monastery and a magnificent church—this is "Our Lady of the Angels," not poor and humble, but clothed with the mantle of a queen. Under the great dome of this church is found the little chapel, the dear *Portiuncula*, still breathing the sweet perfume of the presence of the spirit of St. Francis. It was there he wept and prayed, there he received from God the grace to found a great Order in the Church. The place is truly blessed. All generations, during six centuries, have visited it and have there found strength, resignation and hope; our Lord Jesus Christ promised this for them to Francis, and His promise is infallible.

"Our Lady of the Angels," is one of the most magnificent and venerable sanctuaries of Italy. Its glory is derived from that wonderful vision granted to St. Francis, wherein our Lord and the Blessed Virgin appeared to him—and through the special intercession of the Mother of God our Saviour in person granted the celebrated indulgence of the Portiuncula.

This indulgence is gained on the second of August, commencing at the first Vespers and ending with the second Vespers; during the time that elapses between these two Offices, a plenary indulgence is gained for every visit made into the church. It matters not how often these visits are made during the twenty-four hours, a plenary indulgence is attached to every one of them, provided the person is in a state of grace, and receives the Sacrament of Penance and the Holy Eucharist on the same day.

During more than six hundred years, on the return of this festival, pilgrims from every part of the world have hastened to "Our Lady of the Angels," to reap the immense benefits of this festival of grace and mercy. It has been no surprising thing in our century to see twenty and thirty thousand pilgrims arriving from every quarter, and camping in the open plain two or three days before the holy time of the indulgence. In the olden time there have been as many as a hundred thousand present on this occasion of God's mercy to man.

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Saint Susanna—Saint Laurence—Piety of the Neapolitans—Figlii della Madonna.

This week, our foreign files, as well as our own Catholic weeklies, contain no religious items of any interest; but the varied Ecclesiastical Calendar, ever ancient yet always new, brings to us the beautiful festival of Saint Susanna. • A thousand years are but an instant with God, and in proportion as we fill our hearts with the spirit of

our holy faith, so does the sweet influence of the saints of the olden time gather around us, as though we were living among them, and the return of their feasts are gala days, bringing jubilee to the heart and fresh vigor to the steps, albeit the way be stony, and the air hot and heavy.

And we must confess that it is one of our weak points, if so you please to call it, to prefer chronicling the sayings and doings of the glorified children of our holy mother, the Church, than to indite weekly items of her militant state, how edifying soever they may be; and since midsummer brings us no important contemporary event to chronicle, instead of apologizing for this dearth of news we feel more like congratulating our readers. And as a schoolboy, at an unexpected holiday, rejoices with his companions at the freedom from the daily routine of lessons, and indulges in glowing visions of birds' nests and rare and juicy berries to be gathered in the free wild woods, so we, too, dear readers of the AVE MARIA, will rejoice at our holiday, and we will go to the brilliant pages of Ventura, and become a little better acquainted, than we have ever yet been, with Saint Susanna. He will tell us how, as a Roman virgin and martyr, she was not even surpassed by Saint Cecilia herself. In Saint Susanna we find the same elevation of heart and mind; the same rare talents, beauty and nobility; and the same holy enthusiasm and love for faith and virginity.

Her father was the celebrated Gabinus, a near relation to the Emperor Diocletian, and a brother, on the mother's side, to the Pope, Saint Caius. By birth she was consequently connected with all that was most distinguished in the priesthood and in the Empire, and she was equally remarkable for her marvelous beauty. Gabinus was not only one of the greatest lords of the Empire, but at the same time a very learned man. Being converted to Christianity, he became a priest after the death of his wife. Susanna, his only child, carefully taught by the most erudite masters, was thoroughly versed in literature and philosophy, but above all in the Christian religion. With her, to know Jesus Christ was to love Him, and this ardent love prompted her to consecrate her entire life to Him by the vow of virginity.

The Emperor, having heard wonderful reports of the highly cultivated mind, and surpassing beauty of Susanna, his relative, resolved that she should marry his son, Maximin Caesar, and hesent Claudius, one of his lords, and also a relation of Gabinus, to inform the latter of the honor he intended to confer upon his daughter. Susanna was present at the interview; and far from being flattered, she was horrified by the proposal. "Oh uncle," she said to Claudius, "how could you have accepted the commission of making me such a proposition? Do you not know that I am a Christian? How, then, could you dare speak to me of marrying a pagan—the cruel persecutor of my Christian brethren? This circumstance alone should cause us to disown any relationship with him. Glory be to the Almighty God, who has deigned to associate me with His saints; for I am

confident that this refusal will obtain for me, through our Saviour Jesus Christ, the recompense of the palm of martyrdom. And, besides, my father well knows that I am already consecrated to God by the vow of virginity; and you, my father, I am sure would not wish me to be faithless to the God to whom you yourself have consecrated me; I will love and serve Him, and Him only who possesses my faith and my heart."

"And I," replied Gabinus, "am happy to see these dispositions in your soul, my daughter. I bless you for them, and exhort you to remain faithful to them. The merit of your constancy and offering will draw down benedictions upon all the family."

Her uncle, Pope Saint Caius, being also present on the occasion, said: "My niece, since you are solemnly consecrated to God, remember to be ever faithful to His commandments."

And Susanna, bathed in tears, replied: "I hope, with the aid of your prayers, that the Lord Jesus Christ will grant me the grace to become the temple of God, of which Saint Paul speaks.

Claudius, touched by the words of his little relation, stepped forward to embrace her. Susanna drew back, and her uncle said: "As a relation, will you not, my little niece, permit me to kiss you?"

"I could not refuse your kiss, because you are my uncle; but your mouth has been defiled by your sacrifices to idols; this is why I cannot receive your embrace."

"And what must I do to cleanse my mouth from this defilement?"

"You must do penance, and be baptised in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Claudius, touched by grace, consented; and returning home, said to his wife, "I am going to become a Christian; Caius, the Bishop, and Gabinus, the priest, have persuaded me; but my niece, Susanna, above all has conquered me, and it is to the prayers of this young virgin I owe the grace of my conversion, and that the Lord has drawn near me with His grace."

This announcement filled the mind of Prepa-digna with astonishment; but soon yielding to the same sweet inspiration of grace, she hastened to the house of Susanna, and throwing herself at the feet of the holy Pontiff, Caius, bathed them in tears, exclaiming—"You have saved my husband—save now his wife and children; here we are—make all Christians." Susanna, transported at these joyful tidings, warmly embraced her. "Oh, dearest aunt, how happy I am to hear that you are a Christian; may God be blessed forever."

Susanna—their niece by nature but their mother in the faith—took the entire charge of this interesting family of catechumens, instructing and preparing them for the reception of the Sacraments.

The Emperor, receiving no answer from Claudius, sent his privy counselor, Maximin, brother to Claudius, to ascertain the success of his negotiations. Claudius answered—"My dear brother, what could I do? I spoke to my very dear niece, whom I venerate as my mistress; I informed her of the Emperor's desire, but I find that this miracle of beauty and wisdom is a saint consecrated

to the Eternal God. It is folly to speak to her of marriage; and, moreover, I tell you that it is by her instrumentality that I have been redeemed from my sins." In a word, Maximin also saw Susanna, and, with his entire family, was converted to Christianity through the powerful influence of this wonderful virgin.

Diocletian, hearing that Claudius and Maximin, far from executing his orders had themselves yielded to her exhortations and become Christians, sent them and their families to Ostia, where they were burnt alive and their ashes thrown into the sea. Wonderful triumph of grace! Claudius and Maximin, in seeking to persuade Susanna to become the bride of Caesar, king of earth, were persuaded by her to become martyrs of Jesus Christ, King of Heaven, and now she only needed the crown of martyrdom herself, and this was not long in coming. Diocletian, finding she was unchangeable in her resolution to remain a Christian virgin, caused her to endure horrible torments, and finally to be beheaded in her own house, in order to avoid the public indignation. On the same day, Pope Caius dedicated her home as a church, which it continues to be until the present day. It is one of the most ancient and venerated churches in Rome, both on account of the many Christian virtues it recalls, and the precious ornaments of piety it contains.

We now pass to Saint Laurence. It was under the reign of Valerian, in the third century, that the Church rejoiced in having, as an archdeacon, one of her most illustrious children. Ordered by the prefect to hand over to the imperial treasury all the possessions of the Christians which he held on deposit, he hastened to distribute them among the poor; then assembling all the lame, the blind and the infirm, he said to the prefect: "Behold the wealth of the Christians." Irritated at what he regarded as an insult, the prefect ordered the archdeacon to be seized, and caused him to undergo the most horrible tortures for his contempt of the Emperor's orders. Laurence was thrown into prison, and then roasted alive on a gridiron. The martyr laughed at the flames and his executioners, prayed for the salvation of Rome, and expired singing the praises of God. The prayer of the martyr was heard; Jupiter was soon precipitated from the capitol, and the Roman eagle gave place to the cross in the diadem of Caesar.

The Church has carefully sought to preserve the memory of this illustrious drama of the third century, by erecting five monuments of art and piety at the different places of the different acts—the beginning, continuation and end. The Church of Saint Laurence, marking the spot where this illustrious martyr baptized Saint Hyppolitus, together with all his household. On the same hill we find Saint Laurence in *Panisperna*, where the saint suffered the horrible torture of roasting to death.

We should try and get into our hearts, some of the tender devotion that is found under the warm sky of Italy, where the simple country-woman kneels at the feet of her Madonna, to re-

late with the artlessness of a child, her domestic troubles, desires, hopes and fears, finishing by saying: "I have now *told* you all; it is for you to *act*, dear Mother; I am going away, but I rely upon you. Do you now understand me? *Addio, mamma; mamma, addio*," and with the smile of hope and confidence, she wafts a last kiss to her Mother.

In the more elevated ranks of society, piety, and particularly filial confidence in Mary, preserves the same touching and lively character of faith. One of the most distinguished magistrates of Naples has written, for his own family, a highly esteemed work, in which he speaks as follows to the Blessed Virgin: "You find, perhaps, my Mother, that you have already given me a great deal—I do not deny it; but you owe me much more than you have yet given me. Permit me to settle my accounts with you to-day. Every form of government in the world, and even nature itself, give children a sacred right to the possession of their mother, particularly when those possessions have only been granted the mother in consideration of her children. This point once established, see how rich you are! Your wealth consists not merely in rare treasures, but in exhaustless mines!

"Now think, I beseech you, that these riches have not been given you for yourself alone, but for your children—for me, the last of all. Would you be what you are without me and sinners like me? Was it not to redeem us that the Son of God became man and chose you for His Mother? You see, then, that all you have belongs to me! Now what you have given me is nothing in comparison with what you possess. You are then in my debt!—you owe me a great deal! What can you reply to all this?" In another place he says: "Listen to me, Mother; now you really must grant me my request. If you refuse, what will be said of you? Either that you cannot, or will not grant me my petitions. No one will believe you cannot, for you are too well known for such an idea ever to gain credence; that you will not—Oh I confess I would rather hear that you cannot. What! my Mother, the Mother of grace and clemency, not willing to hear favorably one of her children? Oh, Mother, what will become of your reputation? Think well on it and get out of the difficulty if you can."

In *Les Trois Rome* we find another interesting incident of this tender piety among the Neapolitans: "As we returned to our hotel an acquaintance of our guide invited him into her house. He accepted, and we followed him; and we were soon surrounded by a crowd of children, who, recognizing me as a priest, came to kiss my hand. We asked the good woman if it were possible these children were all her own! 'Yes,' she answered; 'only two of them are *figli della Madonna*.' It is not rare in Naples to see the poor adopting two or three children to fill the place, perhaps of some of their own who were dead, as this virtuous woman had done, and in the Neapolitan language they are known by the touching name of *children of the Blessed Virgin*."

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Apostleship of Prayer in China.

We have lately received the most consoling accounts of the religious movements taking place in the immense Chinese Empire. Our Associates will not hesitate to attribute this to the Apostleship of Prayer, and it will be another motive to redouble our zeal and confidence in the association of prayer.

MISSION OF KOU-TCHEOU.

"*My Rev. Father*: The dear Associates will be happy, I am sure, to know the admirable results obtained by their pious and holy league; and I am happy to make it known to them, at the commencement of this month consecrated to the Divine Heart of Jesus. Among the twenty-two apostolic vicariates, confided to the foreign missions, there is one which particularly attracts the attention of the missionary—the vicariate of Kou-Teheou. This vicariate is governed by Mgr. Faurie, from Bordeaux. Two or three years ago it contained only a few thousand Christians; this was not enough for the Divine Heart of Jesus. To augment this number, we called for the assistance of your admirable work, which has indeed met with wonderful success. You would scarcely believe it, did you not know what the Divine Master can do. In the one year of 1864, *sixty thousand in fideles*, in this mission alone, were ranged under the standard of the Cross. Decidedly, the moment of this grand harvest has arrived. Courage, then, dear Associates of the Apostleship. Courage!—see what your prayers and good works can do. But this is not all. God has already deigned to grant our dear Associates a magnificent recompense. Among these crowds of infidels who have come into the pale of the Church, the Divine Master has selected two whom He has crowned with the palm of martyrdom.

"In 1858, the chief of the National Guard, of a village, in hatred of the faith having put to death several Christians, all the faithful of the place fled away except the Hoa family, who were still neophytes. Soon after, the Viceroy having published an edict in favor of religion, they all returned to the village, to the great displeasure of their persecutor.

"Against Hoa, in particular, he nourished a bitter hatred. He could not pardon the courage he had shown; and for this he was frequently menaced. In reply, this courageous man nailed to his door the edict of the Viceroy, hoping by this means to be secured from all violence. But it was useless. On the morning of the Feast of the Holy Innocents, 1864, at daybreak, this monster entered Hoa's home, drew him and his wife from their beds, dragged them into the street and cut off their heads. At this news, all the inhabitants ran to see their mangled bodies, and a heart-rending sight met their eyes. These generous martyrs had two children—one a little babe not yet weaned, and the elder scarcely three years old. After having in vain called their parents, these poor little ones went out of the house and there found

them lying in the street, dead, and bathed in their blood. Weeping, they threw themselves upon the lifeless bodies. The youngest tormented with hunger, sought the breast of his mother; the other with piercing cries called his father. All the spectators were moved to tears. Suddenly the cruel butcher appeared, frantic with fury and carrying a sword in his hand." 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'if you disapprove of what I have done, so much the worse for you all.' No one dared brave the rage of this tiger, and the poor children remained alone by the dead bodies of their parents, sometimes calling them, sometimes clasping their arms around them, or embracing their bloody heads. In the evening, the elder dragged himself to the door of the chapel, where his father was accustomed to go to pray every evening. There seated on the threshold, he sobbingly cried: "Papa, finish your prayers—come give me something to eat. I am hungry! Come, papa, come."

"Dear child,—at these cries the catechist could restrain himself no longer; he caught the poor little one in his arms, and running to the dead bodies, seized also his baby-brother, and fled to the mountains with his precious treasure. The rest of the Christians soon followed him, but their exile did not last long; and the murderer has already learned that the times are past when the enemies of religion can give vent to their hatred against Christians. He has been arrested, and the Viceroy has forbidden the Bishop to intercede for him, his Grace having once before, in 1858, obtained pardon for this miserable wretch. May the blood of his victims obtain grace for him to detest his crimes and abjure his errors, and may it hasten the hour of regeneration for all of this immense Empire."

MISSION OF KIANG-NAN.

Letter from Father Olive, dated Shanghai, Feb. 16th.

"REV. FATHER: In my turn, I come to make known the consoling fruits which the admirable work of the Apostleship produces here. Father Adinolfi wrote to you on the same subject last August. Since, then, our work progresses, and God daily blesses it.

"Our first and greatest success has been the increase of piety and zeal among our Christians. Their prayers are frequent, and, with some, almost continual. A large number most edifyingly assist every day at the Holy Sacrifice; many even hear, daily, two and three Masses. Every Sunday, and on minor feasts, confessions and communions are numerous. But on the first Sundays of the month, and on grand festivals, the confessionals are literally besieged from morning till night. It is but seldom that we can hear all who present themselves, even when four or five priests are occupied in the sacred ministry. I could also speak to you of many other good works, practiced in private or in common, by our Christians; of the self-imposed penances; of their generous alms, to Pagans as well as Christians; and all this to enlarge the treasury of the Apostleship, to offer a sweet and holy violence to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and by so doing to obtain the conversion of sinners and Pagans.

"Another good, produced by this holy work, not less precious and encouraging, is the zeal manifested by our Christians for the propagation of the faith, and the baptism of the Pagans. As we mentioned last year, we do not find in the Chinese nature that warmth of soul and spirit of proselytism which characterizes the nations of Europe. We must not expect often to find among them those beautiful examples we admire in other nations. But we have among us Christians, who show most edifying zeal and devotedness, which is certainly susceptible of great development; and I am convinced that your magnificent work of the Apostleship is calculated to obtain this result. The facts are there to prove it; we instruct and frequently baptize the Pagans. Since last August, we have had *eighteen hundred baptisms* in this parish, among whom *thirteen hundred were adults*, and all these conversions we owe, in a great measure, to the members of the Apostleship.

"You are already informed of the organization of the work in our parish. Once every month we distribute to the members tickets indicating the general and particular intentions, and the different works that may be accomplished for these ends. * * * * * Last October, our Rev. Father Superior and Father Carrère made an apostolic excursion into the grand centers of the west, and, notwithstanding our small number, if God permits, we will establish permanent missions in those far distant regions.

"You see then, Rev. Father, how, more than ever, we need the prayers of the Apostleship. They will not be wanting, I am sure, when it is a question of gaining for our Lord Jesus Christ *forty or fifty million infidels*, whose dispositions were never more encouraging.

"What a beautiful triumph for the Divine Chief, if all these people were ranged under His standard! What a consolation for our tender Mother, the Holy Church, now so afflicted and cruelly tried! What an ample compensation for the sad losses she sustained by impiety in old Europe."

Principal Monthly Intentions for the Apostleship.

First. The *Ave Maria* for the conversion of America. *Second.* The Associations of Charity.

During six months our prayers have been especially offered for the Capital of the Church, the preservation and independence of its Head. Although we have not yet obtained all we desire, we can nevertheless bless God for the encouraging signs that glimmer on the horizon; and for some time past we have seen many reasons to be hopeful for the future. Although we continue to have this great object constantly in our prayers, nevertheless we recommence, for our monthly intentions, the series of the general interests of the Church, which have been for some time interrupted; and during the coming month we recommend, in a special manner, to the Heart of Jesus, all persons devoted to the *corporal works of charity*.

First. These works are, without doubt, one of the most powerful weapons we can use to obtain the triumph of God's cause; they furnish religion a demonstration more eloquent and more persua-

sive than all written apologies. In our day, particularly, the strength of this argument is irresistible, and while minds are closed to all proofs of reason, and pay but little attention to the most conclusive testimony, the faith of Christians, as displayed in their works of charity, touch their hearts, and incline them to embrace a faith which bears such fruit. We bless God for this disposition of our age, for the arms of benevolence are those best adapted for the servants of the Heart of Jesus. After having used them Himself to gain souls, this Divine Master bequeathed them to His disciples, as the most certain pledge of their triumph.

Follow this Divine Saviour during the whole course of His public life, and you will see Him dividing His time between preaching and the care of the sick. In seeing Him act, it would seem that He attached more importance to the second work than to the first. It is true that He did not stop with the cure of the body, but that He also remitted sin; but it was almost always by the body that He passed to the soul; His benevolence was the precursor of His zeal. His career is summed up in a few words by Saint Peter: *He passed His time in doing good, curing the sick and those possessed by the devils*. The more thoroughly, then, that we participate in the spirit of Jesus Christ, the more we will feel His compassion for those who suffer and His desire to assist them. The love of the sick, the poor and the afflicted will become for our heart, as it was for His, a veritable passion. Our greatest joy will be to alleviate the sorrows of our brethren, and we will prefer rather a thousand times go to the house of mourning than of feasting.

Second. Nothing is more calculated to make us love our brothers than devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Seen by the light of this Divine Heart, the most degraded souls will appear sovereignly precious; and how did not Jesus Christ Himself esteem them? Was it not for each one of those souls He descended from Heaven, suffered and died? Do they not all appear to us tinged with His blood? Are not these souls destined to reign in Heaven, and may they not become, tomorrow, the temple of the Holy Ghost? Nothing is better calculated to sustain in the weariness and disgust which surround the works of charity, nothing more calculated to insure constancy and good fruits, than this profound respect for the souls who are their object. But, for this, frequent recourse must be had to the Heart of Jesus, which is its source. Withdrawn from this Divine source, influenced by natural sentiments, we would soon see in these souls nothing but the vices which degrade them, and we would weary of our almost useless labors to regenerate them.

May all the apostles of this Divine Heart rival each other in their zeal and generosity in the corporal works of charity. By their active, constant, and indefatigable devotedness, far better than by words, will they defend the cause of religion, and contribute to its triumph. To hasten these happy results, the Associates will particularly pray during the present month.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Little Scholar of the Rosary.

As all our little children of the AVE MARIA are now enjoying high holiday, we think it a very good time to tell them the pretty story of the Little Scholar and the Rosary, so when they return to their schools in September, and their lessons seem hard to them, they must not be discouraged, and grow homesick, and be tempted to write sad letters to their dear parents at home; but rather remembering Bernard, our little scholar, they will turn to their dear Blessed Mother, and beg her to listen to all their little troubles and help them with all their hard lessons. So now, all of you take your seats around the AVE MARIA, while she tells you about Bernard's troubles—and about his good mother on earth and his Blessed Mother in heaven, who will help you all just as she did this little boy, provided you please her Divine Son by your good conduct.

Bernard lived a great many years ago. He was the only son of a very wealthy widow lady, and she was exceedingly anxious that her son should grow up and be a very learned as well as a very good man. She sent him every day to a school in the neighborhood; for as he was very young she did not like to part with him to go away to a great distance. Bernard was an angelic child, good and innocent; but he was not very quick at writing his compositions, and the Latin verses, which was one of the school tasks of his class, became an insurmountable difficulty. Many a weary hour did the poor boy spend, striving, by hard labour and toilsome perseverance, to accomplish what many a thoughtless, quick-witted scapegrace had finished in a few minutes; the more he tried, the harder and more hopeless it seemed to get either ideas or verses out of his dull and tired brain.

One evening, when he returned home, after a day of unusual trouble, he sat down in disconsolate mood on the steps leading into the garden, and leaning his head on his hand, he gave himself up to very sorrowful reflections. He knew how much his mother cared that he should grow up a learned man, and then he was at the foot of his class, with the reputation of being the dunce of the school, and all because he was not born a poet: it was certainly a little hard. Verses, he thought, were such unnecessary things: he could be a doctor, a soldier, or even a preacher, and still keep to simple prose; he could save his soul and the souls of other people, and never have made two lines rhyme; "What can be the use of it all?" he muttered; "if they would but have kept to grammar!" Now, when he had come to this point in his melancholy meditation, he was joined by his mother, whose quick eye had caught a glimpse of her darling, and recognized in his attitude, and the heavy sorrowful way that his head lay on his clasped hands, that something unusual was the matter.

"Bernard," she said,—and at the sound of that gentle voice the poor boy started to his feet—"what is the matter? Your hair is hanging about,

your cap is on the ground, and I see something very like tears on those white cheeks: moreover, this is not the first time that you have come home in the same way; but for many weeks past I have watched you with an aching heart, and with a sore misgiving lest the trouble should be in your own conscience." Bernard hung his head, but did not say a word. "What is it, my child? Have you fallen into some grievous fault at school, and fear to declare it to me?" No, mother," replied Bernard, "they call me dunce, and fool, and they speak truly; but though now I could cry, as though my heart would break, it is for no fault that you would deem a grievous one: it is that I am not a poet." And with these words, Bernard hid his face on his mother's knee, and sobbed aloud.

"A poet, child!" said his mother; "is that your only trouble? Heard you ever that poets were happier or better than other men, that you should crave a gift that brings little ease, and oftentimes less of grace; covet the better gifts, Bernard, for this is hardly worth your tears; a holy heart and a spotless faith were fitter things to weep after."

"But, mother," replied Bernard, earnestly, "you know not how the case stands with boys: we have to learn so many things you would marvel to find the use for; and among them all there is none so strange to fit a meaning to as the making of these verses. And yet Master Roland says I am a dunce, if I do not make them; and shall abide as I am, the laggard of the school, till I better know how to scan my lines, and have learnt the difference between a trochee and a spondee; and that," he added, with a heavy sigh, "I shall never learn."

"And so you are in disgrace with Master Roland because you write bad verses, is that the case?" said his mother; "perhaps it rather is, that you do not try to write them better."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Bernard, in a pitiful voice, "you know not what it is. For first there is the toil to find the words, and that is not so easy; for what sounds brave enough in plain-speaking prose, will never do for verse: then there are lines both short and long, and syllables and feet to be counted on your fingers, and seldom counted right; moreover, I know not how it is, but when I think I have them in their right number, Master Roland is sure to tell me they are all in the wrong place."

"Bernard," said his mother, "I do not think I can help to mend your verses, but I may chance to be able to mend your courage. It was but the other day that Master Alan told me of a student whose books were as grievous to him as any verses of yours can be, and yet he found the way not only to read them, but to write them too; and died a great doctor and professor of the university."

"And what was his way?" asked Bernard. "Perhaps his books were written in prose; it might have been different if they had been poetry."

"His way was a very simple one," replied his mother; "he asked our dear Lady's help, and every day said the Rosary in her honor. I think there is little to hinder you from doing the same. Master Alan has given you a Rosary, though I do not see that you often use it; take it before her

altar every morning before you go to school, and say the prayers as he has taught you; and remember that no one ever prayed to Mary without obtaining relief."

Bernard was not slow in following his mother's counsel; and not content with saying part of the Rosary, he every day recited the entire fifteen mysteries, on his knees, before the image on our Lady's altar. Nor was it long before a singular change was observed in the boy; not only did his former dullness and heaviness of capacity gradually disappear, but a certain depth of feeling and gracefulness of imagery was displayed in his school-verses, that placed them far above all the ordinary standard of such productions. How, indeed, should it have been otherwise? His soul was drinking at the very sources of spiritual beauty; and in the mysteries of joy and sorrow and glory which formed his daily occupation, he penetrated to the very depths of that divine life and passion, which supplied him with a profounder pathos than could be caught by the study of any human emotion. Moreover, the gracious names which were thus constantly on his lips sank into his heart, and brought their sweetness with them; the presence of Mary was with him like an unseen companion; and all day long he felt shining on his heart the earnest gaze of those "merciful eyes" he so constantly invoked: it refined his rudeness, and warmed the sluggish intellect with the flame of spiritual love; and whilst others would praise their favorite poets for their airy images and lively fancy, Bernard was happy in the thought that the inspiration of his pen was caught from no phantom of earthly imagination, but from the influence of his Blessed Mother.

The masters marveled at the change, and said many learned things about the development of the understanding; and when they praised and questioned him as to whence he drew his thoughts, he was wont to answer, with wondering simplicity, that any one might do the same, for he found it all in the Rosary. This reply, which he constantly gave, soon became talked about among the rest, and gained him the title among his companions of the Scholar of the Rosary.

Every one now predicted great things of Bernard; he was the head of his class and of the school; and the highest awards of learning, he was told, were now within his grasp. But their hopes and expectations were not to be realized; for the Scholar of Mary a higher and very different distinction was in store. One day he came home as usual, and complained of an aching pain in his eyes; before the morning the inflammation had increased to such a degree, that he could not bear the light, and was obliged to keep his bed in a darkened room, where, spite of every care and remedy which his mother's tenderness could bestow, he suffered the extremity of pain. For two months he lay in this state, whilst the disease gradually assumed a more dangerous character. The physicians desired that every ray of daylight should be excluded from his room, and the utmost care taken to keep the slightest object from irritating the eye; an order which was strictly obeyed.

Nevertheless, in spite of his pain and increasing weakness, nothing prevented Bernard from fulfilling his customary prayers. Every day, as usual, he recited the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, and comforted his mother, when she grieved over the blindness that threatened him, by saying his devotion was one which needed neither book nor daylight to help it, but only the familiar touch of those dear beads that never left his neck. Alas, blindness was before long not the only evil she had to dread; it was soon evident that the malady had reached a fatal form, which no human skill could avail to remedy. Bernard was to die. All the great hopes excited by his newly-displayed talents vanished into thin air; and those whose tongues had been so busy with his precocious genius, were now loud in deploring the loss of one from whom so brilliant a career might have been expected. As to his mother, she thought little of such things; and if she mourned her own loss, her grief had its consolation too; for she knew the innocence of his soul, and had the sure hope that she was but trusting him to the arms of a more loving Mother than herself. But there were the last death-bed duties to be performed; the priest was in the house; and before administering the Viaticum and the Holy Unction, he was to receive the last confession of the dying child.

His mother entered the room to prepare him for the coming of the priest; and as she did so, she desired the attendant to bring a candle into the still darkened chamber.

"What need of a candle?" said the boy; "tell them that it is not wanted."

"It is for the priest my child," she replied. "You will try and bear the light for a few minutes; for the good father is come to hear your confession, and he could not see to enter without a light."

"But there is light," he replied; "the room is full of it, and has never been dark to me. I wonder that you do not see it."

"What light?" asked the priest, who was by this time bending over him. "Your mother and I are standing here, but to our eyes the room is darkened still."

"It is from our Lady," replied the boy; "she is here by my bedside, and the rays are shining from her, and make it day. There has never been darkness here since I have been ill."

The priest felt an awe stealing over him, and involuntary bowed his head toward the spot indicated by the child.

"And does that light hurt your eyes?" he asked; "you could not bear the daylight."

"It is joy," answered Bernard faintly,—"joy and glory; the sorrow is all gone now!" and the priest saw that in his last words he was still thinking of the Rosary. And so he died; and those whom he left needed not the evidence of miracles to assure them that the Scholar of Mary had been taken to the fullness of that glory, something of whose radiance even then rested over his dying bed.

SWEET Heart of Mary, be my Salvation.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUG. 12, 1865.

No. 14.

DEATH OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The day and the hour were come; the saints of Jerusalem once more behold the daughter of David, still poor, still fair, still humble, for one would have said that this admirable and holy creature escaped the destroying action of time, and that, predestined by birth to a complete and glorious immutability, nothing in her was to perish. Mary alone was calm, though the vast chamber was crowned with the old disciples and new Christians, all equally anxious to see and hear her.

The night had fallen, and lamps with many branches seemed to shed, with their pale light, something solemn and mysterious over that sad and silent assembly. The Apostles, deeply moved, stood close around the bed of death. Saint Peter, who had so dearly loved the Son of God during His life, contemplated the Virgin Mother with profound sorrow, and his speaking glance seemed to say to the Bishop of Jerusalem—"How much she resembles Christ!" In truth there was a remarkable likeness, and the bowed head of Mary, recalling that of the Saviour during the Last Supper, finished the effect. Saint James, who had received from the Jews themselves the surname of the *Just*, and well knew how to subdue his feelings, sternly represses the tears which moisten his eyelids.

The Prince of the Apostles—a frank and impulsive man—was deeply affected, and strove not to conceal his emotion; Saint John had wrapped the folds of the Greek mantle around his head, but his sobs betrayed him. There was not, in all the crowd, a heart unmoved, or an eye unmoistened with a tear. Mary, sympathizing in the general emotion, and almost forgetting the splendor which awaited her on high, in order to wipe away the tears of those that loved her, applied herself to confirm the faith of her children, to revive their pious hopes and to inflame their charity; she told them with unequalled eloquence of those mighty and sublime things which people hold their breath to hear, which raises man above himself and renders him capable of any undertaking. Her speech, so mild, that the Scripture has compared it to a honey comb, became gradually strong; the daughter of Daniel and of Solomon, the inspired prophetess who had extemporaneously composed the triumphal hymn of the *Magnificat*, soared up to considerations so high that the listeners forgot in their ecstasy that death was to close their mystic strains. But the fatal hour approached. Mary

extended her protecting hands over the poor orphans whom she was about to leave, and, raising her beautiful eyes to the stars, which shone brightly in the firmament, she saw the heavens open, and the Son of Man extending His arms toward her from amidst a luminous cloud. At this sight a rosy flush overspread her face; her eyes sparkled with maternal love, joy attained its light, adoration became ecstatic, and her soul disengaged itself without an effort from its fair and virginal covering and fell gently into the bosom of God.

Mary was no more; but her countenance, which had assumed the appearance of a tranquil slumber, was so sweet to look upon that it seemed as if death hesitated to set his seal on that trophy which he was to retain only for a day. The death-lamp was lit: the windows were all thrown open, and the summer breeze made its way into the room with the flickering beams of the stars. One would have said that a miraculous light filled the room where Mary drew her last sigh; it was, perhaps, the glory of God which surrounded the soul of the predestined Virgin. When the death of Mary was no longer doubtful, there was nothing heard at first but tears and lamentations; then the funeral chant arose on the stillness of the night, the angels chimed in with their golden harps, and the echoes of David's mouldering palace sadly repeated the wail over the tombs of the kings of Juda.

The faithful brought in profusion the most precious perfumes and the richest stuffs for the burial of the Queen of virgins. They embalmed her according to the custom of her people, but her blessed remains exhaled a sweeter odor than the perfumed bands wherewith she was bound. The preparations being duly completed, the sacred body of the Mother of God was placed in a portable litter filled with aromatics and covered with a sumptuous veil, and the Apostles bore it on their shoulders to the valley of Josaphat. The Christians of Jerusalem, bearing lighted tapers and chanting hymns and psalms, followed sadly and reverently the remains of Mary.

Arrived at the place of sepulture, the mournful procession stopped. Through the care of the holy women of Jerusalem the tomb was deprived of its gloomy aspect, and the sepulchre-case presented to the view only a flowery arbor. The Apostles gently laid down the mortal remains of Mary, and in doing so they wept. Of all the panegyrics pronounced on that occasion, that of Hirotheus was the most remarkable. Saint Denis, the Aeo-

pagite, relates that as he praised the Blessed Virgin, the orator seemed as one inspired.

For three days the Apostles and the faithful watched and prayed beside the sepulchre, where they heard distinctly the sacred concerts kept up by heavenly spirits. One of the Apostles, returning from a distant country, and not having been present at the death of Mary, arrived just then; it was Thomas, the same who had placed his hands in the wounds of His glorified Master. He hastened to take a last look, and to water with his tears the cold remains of the privileged woman who had borne in her chaste womb the Supreme Master of nature. Overcome by his tears and entreaties, the Apostles removed the block of stone from the door of the sepulchre; but they saw within only the still fresh flowers whereon Mary's body had reposed, and her white shroud of Egyptian linen, which shed a delicious fragrance. The pure body of the Immaculate Virgin was not a prey for worms; during her life earth and Heaven had each a share in that wondrous creature; after her death, Heaven took all and glorified all.

The Assumption.

Unfold, unfold, ye living gates of Heaven,

She comes, the Queen of all the shining host,—

The moon beneath, her crown twelve stars of even,

The sun above in her great glory lost!

Behold, the Lamb, delighted, has gone down

To meet this fair one! Leaning on the arm

Of her Beloved, flowing with sweets, her crown

Gemmed with a holier glow, every charm

Hightened to full perfection by His light,

She advances, greeted with the acclaim

Of all the Heavenly powers: "O vision bright,

Whom God has given holiest creature's name,

Mother of Jesus! Hail, our Heavenly Queen!"—

Ten thousand harps swell high the azure dome—

"O blessed Earth, where one so fair was seen;

More blessed Heaven, to which our Queen has come!"

Up the Mount, even to the throne of God,

Her Son has led His Virgin Mother—"Fair

Daughter, well hast thou done My will. The rod

Of justice blooms a branch of olive rare.

Man, of thy flesh, sitteth upon the Throne,

United unto God. He ruleth Heaven

And Earth, angels and men; to Him alone

Are Justice, Judgment, Power and Mercy given."

"Dear Mother, thou didst give Me flesh of thine

Wherewith mankind was freed from sin; I place

For thee the Throne of Mercy." "Fair Spouse mine,

Forever I o'ershadow thee with grace."

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done

To me according to thy Holy Will."

The choirs salute their Queen beside her Son,—

Let Earth be glad, there reigns our Mother still!

Hail Mary, Queen of Mercy! grant our Lord

May look with pity on thy children here,

That, humbly trusting in His holy word,

Our souls may have some part in thy blest cheer.

We walk the vale of sorrow thou hast known,

Give us from Him the grace to walk as thou

Hast done. The seed along thy pathway sown

Brought lowly flowers;—bright garlands are they now.

So grant to us thy dear Humility,

That every act may spring from God's pure Love;

Then all thy glory we may hope to see,

Where He ASSUMED thee, in His home above.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 5---The Baptism.

It was on the eve of the day marked for the triumph of the saints. Ardelion, standing before a mirror of brass, was practising his comic gestures, when Tertia entered his apartment, and without uttering a word threw herself, bathed in tears, at his feet.

"What is the matter?" impatiently exclaimed the actor. "If you have been guilty of a fault, be resigned to receive the lash and leave me in peace."

"I have committed a great fault—alas, would that I could repair it by submitting to any bodily pain whatever! Only listen to me, my master."

"Not now, not now; do you not see that I am engaged?"

"What I have to say to you cannot be delayed; and it concerns my salvation."

The actor had neither heart nor soul, and his natural insensibility was increased by a wilful hardening of his conscience; but there was in the accents of Tertia a grief so profound, so real, that in spite of himself he pitied her. "Speak," said he, "but be quick; what do you want?"

"I implore you not to perform in derision our holy mysteries. I should be guilty of your sacrilege."

"Humph! and is that all you had to say to me?"

"Oh, my master—I entreat you!"

"Why, you should be grateful to me for making your mysteries known. Perhaps," he continued, mockingly, "I shall gain many proselytes."

"Alas, if you could but represent our faith in truth."

"Never fear; your God will be enchanted with the glory I shall throw around Him."

"Beware, my master; He is not deaf and powerless, as your idols are. When He rises, He is terrible. And to this hour no one has mocked Him without punishment."

"Ha, indeed! He has then become powerful since His death! for it is certain that He was not able to save His own life. Besides, what is there to fear? He will laugh at my jests; and, if He is a wise God, He will know how to turn them to advantage."

"He has power to do so. But you will still be guilty of the blasphemies you pronounce. Oh, I beseech you, do not provoke Him. Renounce this applause, which may cost you too dear; you have fame enough. God will reward you for this little sacrifice, and in recompense, He may even open your eyes and admit you among His children."

"Well, well, Tertia, that is enough for the present. Leave me, and I will think over it."

May retired in despair; she passed the night

in prayer, accusing herself and imploring pardon of God.

When the hour arrived at which Ardelion, in his litter, was carried to the theater, the slave placed herself in his path. She spoke no word; but by her attitude, her imploring look, the actor knew what she would have said. But the litter bearers passed on, and he soon forgot his Christian slave, and thought only of his part. Once, in looking back, he fancied he perceived in the distance a woman whose figure resembled Tertia's.

He entered the circus and hastened to his chamber, where the slaves rejoined him and aided in robing him.

Meanwhile, Mary, urged by despair, became reckless of her life. She fled from her master's house, without knowing whither she was going. Guided, doubtless, by an instinct from on high, she arrived, in hurrying through the streets, at the house of the manager of the games.

A sudden resolution seized her, and entering she addressed him: "Sir, I too am a Christian, and I come to combat the wild beasts."

"Unhappy wretch, what fury leads you to destruction? Who are you?"

"I am a servant of Jesus Christ; open the lists for me, that I too may win a crown with my brethren."

"Take back your words, else I cannot refuse your demand."

"Hesitate no longer! I have trampled under foot the orders of your Emperor, and despise the gods of the Empire."

"Reflect a little longer. You are young; life is sweet. You may repent when it is too late."

"I have already reflected, and am now ready; I worship Jesus Christ and Him only."

"Since you will die, you shall take the place of her who died last night. This will stop the people from murmuring about being cheated out of one of their victims, for the number will then be complete. So saying, he caused Mary to be led into the prison, where were already assembled the elect of God—those whom His mercy had selected to enter that day the Kingdom of their Lord, and share the royalty of Christ.

Four victims were found in that dreary dungeon, Mary made the fifth. On entering, she saluted them: "The Lord aid you with His strength."

"This day," answered an old man, "we shall bless Him together. Who art thou, my daughter?"

"My brethren call me Mary; in the world I am Tertia, the slave of the actor Ardelion."

"Give thanks to the Son of God, O Mary, for thou art not far from victory, and thy brethren shall envy thy triumph. How has Heaven brought thee into the arena?"

"Alas, father, I here seek an expiation. Martyrdom is a reward which thou hast merited. I beseech thee, pray for me."

"Whatever thy crime has been, thou canst hope it is pardoned thee, since thou hast been led here."

At this moment their jailor entered to lead them to the arena. He conducted them to its utmost limits, close to the barriers, that the cruel populace might feast their eyes on their destined

victims. Shouts and cries of savage joy saluted these meek saints. The wild beasts in their cells echoed the roars of human being as cruel and merciless as themselves; Mary shuddered, but she lifted her heart in prayer. After having in this manner presented them to the crowd, their executioners led them to the center of the circus. Then the old man spoke to them:

"My children, we are blessed among men, that God has thought us worthy to shed our blood for Him, who died for our sins. We trust not to our own strength; pray the Lord to give us courage, and defend us from all weakness."

He began to recite the prayers of the Church, and with lowered voices the others followed him. At this moment, the confused sounds of the eager crowd were suddenly hushed, and all eyes were fixed upon the stage. Ardelion appeared, and a tumultuous burst of applause, from all parts of the theater, saluted the favorite of the populace.

Around the sanded space which bore the name of arena, was erected an iron balustrade, too high to be cleared by beasts of prey in their most furious bounds. A wide gallery, pierced with several doors, separated the spectators from this inclosure. Beyond this gallery, and overlooking it, the seats arose in regular terraces, forming an immense horse-shoe, the two ends of which touched the stage. The whole building was open to the sky.

The throne of the emperor was prepared in the center of the seats, opposite the stage. His gilded chair was placed upon a magnificent platform, covered with gold-embroidered purple cloth. On seats below the emperor were grouped his principal officers.

It was at the foot of this throne that the fatal blow was given, after their defeat, to those unfortunate gladiators whom the people in their caprice condemned to death by the well known signal of turning down their thumbs, and here it was that the little band of Christians stood.

Notwithstanding the immense dimensions of the circus, it scarcely sufficed to contain the eager and impatient crowd which thronged every tier of seats in the amphitheater, and there was not an empty place in the ranks of the consulars or patricians. The martyrs remained standing in modest but fearless attitudes, and they sustained with a holy courage the insulting jeers and the malignant frowns of the ferocious multitude. Conspicuous among the little group was their priest and leader, Aritus. He was an old man, and familiar with suffering. He had already undergone the apprenticeship of the combat, and the glorious scars of the tortures he had suffered were not yet healed; his body was maimed and bruised, but his soul was invincible. He confronted with a calm countenance the dreadful fate now approaching him; a fate which he had long desired and implored. Two brothers, whom he had baptized, and who had shared the labors and fatigues of his ministry, had been found worthy of also sharing his triumph. They were still in the bloom of youth, and they would have regretted being called so soon from the vineyard of the Lord, were they not about to confess Him

so gloriously before men. The fourth victim had been the most highly favored of God. A laborer called at the eleventh hour, he had been baptized on the eve of his arrest, and now he was to exchange the white robe of the catechumen for the empurpled garment of the martyr, with no higher claim to this grace of Heaven than his fervor and his innocence. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Lady's Burial Place.

"Maria assumpta est in cælum."

Amid the groves of Notre Dame is one shrine called "*The Blessed Virgin's Tomb*." It stands almost at the entrance of a little religious wood. Outwardly, it is of modest pretensions; one old patriarchal tree, a similitude of SAINT JOSEPH guarding the door, towers comparatively as high above the other tress of the grove as Saint Joseph above other holy men. A wooden harp and a circular bed of pinks find repose under the tree; a curtain of blue—MARY's banner—drapes the door—

Within;—eight are its sides, and concave-versed
Its roof, a tranquil blue, lifts up into the gold,
As some soft sky into a crown, twelve stars
Dropped as the crown-rim in the blue. I rest,
The footstool of a quiet prayer-desk on,
As privileged beneath, and having prayed,
Am lost in gazing up, dear hopeful roof! [where
Yet, keep remind its like, this shrine, that other
As Heaven, as earth, between, ere she passed up,
Rested from all the weariness of earth,
Fresh from her lasting morn, our mother slept.
It was like a poet's thought,—and devout
As fair, this monument of her! dear house!
The candles among its flowers are seven;—
I trace with reverent eye the shrine whose altar
Is vault. There lies the snowy pillow left,
As sanctified,—anear, two saint-boys come,
With flower-baskets on their heads, look down
In marble-wonder there—"She is not here!"
And yet, once looking up, we all else lose,
Save that one, representative face that beams
As though it, too, stood waiting to ascend;
Dear image fair of her at such an hour!
O, holy imagings, born in the dreams
Of those old, haloed artists of the Church,
Who never moved a hand until in prayer
Their soul they steeped; and brow, Madonna calm,
And tender lid, cheek of the angel mould
And mouth of purity in marble bloomed!
No more may goddess forms in marble lure,
Or other face for Mary's child on canvas glow!
Assumed *Maria*, pray for us!—"She hears [one
Thee no!]"—Who says? Peace soul! 'twas only
Who never knew the givings of that love.
"Not here! who sits a Queen in Heaven, *not here!*"
The sun sits in the heavens, yet he is here.
The moon slips never from her seat, yet hangs
Her silvery presence round the mountain's brow,
Imprints herself within the seas and holds their
Figures in the poor lunatic's touched brain, [tides,
Or, tender as a mother, slants a beam
Over the babe's brow in slumber at the breast;
And Mary is our moon, our own fair light;—

Shine ever o'er us in our night, sweet Queen!
Ye windows of my Mother's burial-house,
Anon, slow for the burden of content
That drugs these airs, my eyes to ye off-drift!
No color-contrast puzzles here, nor seam
Within the one smooth vision cuts,—
As two round rubies opposite inwalled,
The afternoon is looking through to her.
Shedding your crimsonings, ye worship well,
Painting the air round Mary's tomb. Pour out
Your tides, the gold-flowers at the altar drink,—
Thick metal stalk and flower in stiff brightness
Rustling stand, each sparkle-grained leaf catching
Scintillations—shine overflows each cup.
Here, lilies of gold to first catch the sun,
There, red roses of charity whose hearts
Burn in the shadow of the golden bush;
And last, flowers immaculate, or white,
Our Lady's pure boquet, on either side
The thought, image, or memory of her,
That, veiled in its snow-lace, stands in dream
Of mornings in the skies. How dear a place
To say "Who thee assumed"—those mysteries,
Decades of glories—it is the very place.
"We have our Rosary of the full day told."
It is for having been once said less sweet,
Or more? Our Mother's blessed beads, where hearts
Too sad for other prayer, or happier, laden
But with the weariness of summer noons,
Leaned worshipfully down, *Aves* over
And now drop into *Maria's* worshipped hand,—
Sweeter than all new prayers under the sun!
Dear gift! It was a mother's thought, that prayer,
That we may always say and always love.

Ah, now again those red transparencies!—
And, those warm windows are to me a heart,
Whereon one drop of Passion-blood hath dropped,
One that perhaps was very dark before,
With the softly diffused sun in that great drop,
Illuminated slowly up for God;—
Where the trees shadow as ghosts of old sins.
Withdraw not, O sweet fire! sweet blood! sweet
And I am often to these windows drawn, [life;—
I love the lingering look into the woods,
That through them stand in such vermilioned airs;
And whether the trees, as enshadowed, now
Condense against the sky that equal gold
As vermeil burns, and lean as ecstasied
Upon the airless vault—a heart entranced,
Or time, some wind is in the woods without
And brings the stir of leaves out on the glass,
It is yet the pulses that dear blood feeds
That leap to shine as from His garden wafts
Some South wind bearing sweets to His beloved.

A soul being saved so sees the world,
As those tossed trees are sunned, His hazy air
Of gold, His breath tangling its wilderness,
Yet distanced and strange—and as some vision,
And so it cares to go no more out there.
But what is ticking oft among those flowers?
Is it a spirit-watch so I may learn
To heed the hours? or rustle of a wing,
The brush of an alighted angel's wing,
Against a rose? or Mary's sanctus-bell?—
Mother, I love thee! *Mother, I love thee!*
What veils us, celestial dew and blending light?—

It were the sweetest thing in all the world
To alway work for thee! I WILL.

THE ASSUMPTION.

Jesus had gone. The glorified body of the risen Saviour had passed from the theater of His mortal sufferings; His humanity had been assumed by the Divinity. And although this was one of the joys of His Blessed Mother, it also had its shade of sorrow, for she was then left alone on the earth. With uplifted eyes she followed the soaring figure of her Divine Son, exclaiming: "Oh remember me, when Thou comest to Thy Kingdom! Leave me not long after Thee, my Son!"

And yet, for the consolation and happiness of the Church, He left her many years upon the earth. But her long exile and pilgrimage had its end. Tradition tells us that when she had the consolation of knowing that the doctrine of her Son, His works and name, were well known, she was filled with an inexpressible longing to behold His Divine face, and she besought Him to deliver her from her body and transport her to Heaven. An angel appeared before her, saluting her as of yore—"Hail Mary, blessed by Him who gave salvation to the world, I bring thee a palm-branch from the garden of Paradise, that on the day of thy death it may be carried before thy bier. Rejoice, O full of grace; for in three days thy soul shall leave thy body, and thou shalt enter Heaven, where thy Son awaits thy coming."

What joy to the heart of our Blessed Mother were these glad tidings! She thanked her Divine Son, and, kneeling, she prayed that the disciples might be reunited around her, so that she might give up her soul in their presence. We know that this request was not refused, and He who in former times transported the prophet Habakkuk from Judea to Jerusalem, with the same power gathered around His Mother's couch the Apostles from their far-distant missions. The noise of the approaching event reached the ears of all the Christians of Jerusalem and the neighboring countries, and they also assembled in crowds to be present at the death of their great and good Mother, all bearing lights, perfumes and aromatics. And from Ephesus came John, his face of virginal, angelic purity glowing and beautiful with divine love, yet wearing a saddened, startled look at the unexpected news; she had been with them so long, he had almost learned to think she would not go before them. From Antioch came Peter; deep furrows, caused by contrite tears, marked his cheeks, and his noble brow, formed for the tiara, was clouded with sorrow at this new and great loss. And the other Apostles, dispersed in different parts of the world, were suddenly caught up by a miraculous power, and found themselves in Mary's dwelling. Philip from Egypt and James from Spain, Bartholomew from beyond the Red Sea and James the Younger—he who in his beauty was so often thought to resemble the Saviour—and Matthew, Andrew, Jude and Simon, Thaddeus—all save Thomas, were present.

The palm-branch, which the angel had left, shed

light from every leaf, and sparkled up as the stars of morning, and tradition says that when all were assembled, from the humble couch where she was seated, Mary blessed them, and giving Saint John the shining palm, desired that he should bear it before her to the tomb. Then this Holy Virgin, who in times gone by had intoned the triumphal *Magnificat*, spoke words of sublime import, and they who heard them held their breath in wonder and delight. The face of Mary was fresh and brilliant as in early youth; her eyes, beaming with heavenly joy, were turned toward Heaven. And then the house seemed filled with a mysterious sound; a delicious odor perfumed the air, and Jesus Himself appeared, accompanied by a brilliant *cortege* of angels and saints, and the soul of Mary, leaving her mortal tenement, ascended with her Son to Heaven. But her body remained, and the Apostles gently and lovingly bore it to the valley of Josaphat, and laid it reverently in the sepulchre. For three days the faithful watched and prayed beside it, hearing distinctly the sacred concert of celestial harmonies, soothing, as it were, the last sleep of Mary. On the third day Thomas returned, and hastened to take a last look at the cold remains of the Blessed Virgin and water them with his tears. The stone of the sepulchre was moved—and behold, the coffin was empty! Lilies, emblems of purity, were growing in the place that had been touched by her pure remains; but the immaculate body, too sacred to be left in the tomb, had been borne away on the wings of angels as soon as the voice of God had awakened it from its slumber. Perfumes filled the air—the fragrance of the Mystical Rose that had been transplanted from earth to Heaven. With arms extended and eyes raised toward her Divine Son, the Virgin in ecstasy ascends, while the courts of Heaven resounded with the glorious refrain—"Ave Maria, gratia plena;" and the Thrones and the Dominations, the Virtues, the Powers and the Principalities, the Cherubim and the Seraphim, the Angels and Archangels, and that crowd of saints which no man can number, bow down and proclaim her their Queen. In an instant she has passed the highest spheres, leaving far below the most exalted hierarchy of celestial spirits; on—on—even to the throne of God Himself—and the Three Divine Persons receive her, and bind her radiant brow with a diadem of twelve stars, more brilliant than rubies or diamonds; then, placing her on a throne at the right hand of Jesus, they proclaim her Queen of Heaven and Earth, and the praises of Mary, joined to those of Jesus, henceforth sound forever through the Heavenly Jerusalem. AVE MARIA!—the glorious anthem of triumph in Heaven; the battle cry of the Church militant against the powers of hell, and the plaintive minor modulation, the sad, low, sweet tone of love and suffering sounding through the purifying flames of purgatory.

Kingdoms and empires have their limits, but from the date of that first Assumption, the heavens and the earth are Mary's. And now, on this, the anniversary of our Mother's triumph, millions of voices bless her name, and AVE MARIA echoes

and re-echoes throughout the highest Heaven. On this day her banner floats o'er every clime: Europe bows with joy beneath her sceptre, Asia honors and loves her, Constantinople raises her statue and venerates her with love, Smyrna invokes her with confidence, Nazareth and Bethlehem live in her souvenirs, Jerusalem can never forget her sorrows and joys, China has opened her jealously-guarded gates to the victorious Queen, Thibet and the Corea bend to receive her maternal blessing, and Our Lady of Africa claims the homage of the children of the desert. The two Americas, from the east to the west and the north to the south, show their loyalty by erecting temples and monuments to Mary, Queen of Heaven and Earth; and our own, once more, United States, more emphatically than all other nations, pledges her fealty to the Immaculate Conception of *Regina Celi*.

Behold our Sovereign Queen venerated in all regions, reigning in all hearts, receiving all homage! More than two hundred million souls for her dominion in the Church militant. An humble virgin of that far land in Galilee, unknown in her days of exile, to-day receives the prayers and homage of the entire world! Unheard of prodigy! but one word explains all. It is the Divinity of the Son surrounding the Mother with the resplendent magnificence of His glory. It is by the power of His divine grace that the Blessed Virgin reigns in all hearts—living image of sanctity, mirror of justice, and model of perfection. The Church itself, in ecstasy, as it were, to-day, unable to praise, as they deserve, her inexpressible virtues and her ineffable grandeur, unites them all in three words—*O Benigna! O Regina! O Maria!*

"All generations shall call me Blessed." The graces that descend from heaven this day, the sorrows consoled, the passions vanquished, the triumphs of faith and virtue, the communions received, the clouds of incense which ascend to heaven and return to earth in torrents of blessings, all go to show our love and confidence in the Queen of Heaven and Earth; these, all these, are living, breathing testimonies of the truth of that wondrous prophecy.

How to say the Hail Mary.

Extract from Cardinal Wiseman's Review on Chaloner's version of the Four Gospels.

"There is another alteration, of more importance, especially when considered in reference to the present times, and the influence it has had upon established forms of Catholic speech. In the first edition, in conformity to Catholic usage in England, the word '*Dominus*' is almost always translated by '*our Lord*.' The amended text changed the *pronoun* into an *article*, says '*The Lord*,'

"In the '*Ave Maria*,' Catholics have always, till lately, been accustomed to say, '*Our Lord* is with thee,' as it is in that version, and as it was always used in England, even before that translation was made. But in conformity with the change of the text, we have observed of late a tendency to introduce in the prayer a similar variation, and to

say, '*The Lord* is with thee,' a change which we strongly deprecate, as stiff, *cantish*, destructive of the unction which the prayer breathes, and of that unction which the *pronoun* inspires between the reciter and her who is addressed. We have no hesitation in saying that this difference, trifling as many will consider it, expresses strongly the different spirits of our, and other religions. It *never* has been the custom of the Catholic Church to say '*The Redeemer—the Saviour—the Lord—the Virgin*.' '*Redemptor noster*'—'*Dominus noster*,' and so '*our Saviour*,'—'*our Lord*,'—'*our Lady*,' are the terms sanctioned, and therefore consecrated by Catholic usage since the time of the Fathers.

"We own it grates our ears, and jars upon our feelings, to hear the former essentially un-Catholic forms used by preachers and writers; they want affection; they are insipid, formal; they remind us of Geneva caps, and smack of predestination. The Rheims translators have explained their reason for their translation in a note, page 585, as follows: '*We Catholics must not say the Lord, but our Lord; as we say our Lady for His Mother, not the Lady*. Let us keep our forefather's words, and we shall easily keep our old and true faith, which we had of the first Christians.

"Nor is such a modification of the word '*Dominus*' peculiar to the English Catholics; the Syriac version, and after it the Syriac Church, calls Christ not simply '*the Lord*,' but '*our Lord*,' even where the Greeks has '*O Kurios*.' If, therefore, it be too great a departure from accuracy in translation to restore the *pronoun* in the text of our version, let us at least preserve it in our instructions, and still more in our formularies of prayer."

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

A tomb adorned with flowers all rare,
Hung round with tapestry as fair
As loving hands, and hearts that grieve,
In their devoted sky can weave,
Stands by the rock beneath the grove
Where Jesus prayed for man in love;
Prayed with his tears and bloody sweat
Till rock and sod were warm and wet.
'Tis here the Blessed Virgin sleeps:
No more she sighs, no more she weeps.

Silent along the track
Paved by the golden stars,
A mighty angel casting back
Light in majestic bars,
Swept from the blue inane, adown,
A dazzling cross upon His crown:
He kneels in awe beside that tomb,
Inhaling odor of its bloom.
The portals softly turn aside,
And Mary's tomb is open wide.
Ave Maria! born of light,
Death cannot hold a form so bright.

With pallor like the rays
Of light on drifted snow,
With upward, clear, and constant gaze,
With gesture calm and slow,
Behold the Blessed Virgin rise!

Nay. Droop your lids, presumptuous eyes:
But list in awe, and hear the tone
From choir to choir in grandeur thrown,
As holy Gabriel raptured glides
Through ranks where changeless love presides.
"Ave Maria," o'er ond o'er,
Surges along the sapphire shore.

The choir of angels greet her first,
And melodies mellifluous burst,
Like organ-notes diffused with thought,
More high than sage of earth e'er taught.
They rise and swell, as fountains fair
Throw water-drops upon the air;
And graceful wings bend low—more low;
Bright tresses kiss her feet of snow,
As rolls the greeting—"Come, O come!
Ave Maria! welcome home!"
And the sweet refrain they still retain,
"*Ave Maria!*—welcome home!"

On, in her path of light,
The sinless Virgin rides:
Archangels dazzled by the sight,
Each one his forehead hides,
And fervent cries, with trembling tongue,
Responsive to his harp fresh strung—
"O Queen of charity divine,
We bow—we are forever thine.
We long to speed at thy behest,
To execute what seemeth best.
For love of thee, earth is our care—
Ave Maria! send us there."
And they still repeat the words so sweet:
"*Ave Maria!* send us there!"

Gracious but rapt, her eyes intent,
On one dear object only bent,
The Bride of God the Paraclete
Stays not upon the crystal street.
The Principalities behold,
And, prostrate, every crown of gold:
"O Queen of Purity!" they cry,
"Welcome thou! welcome to the sky!
Ave Maria! 'tis from thee
The clean of heart learn purity,
We honor thee for God alone,
To whom the secret heart is known."
And they still repeat the words so sweet,
"*Ave Maria!*—God alone!"

Now prostrate Powers cry out aloud,
"Queen of defense, disperse the crowd
Of fallen angels that each hour
Exert on man malignant power—
Ave Maria! drive them far,
Ave Maria! Morning Star!"
And they still repeat the words so sweet,
"*Ave Maria!* . Morning Star!"

A thrill goes through the universe:
Hell reels with her unfruitful curse,
As Mary on, triumphant, speeds
Where the sublime archangel leads;
The holy Virtues humbly fall,
And on the spotless Virgin call,
"*Ave Maria!* Queen of strength!
O welcome to thy throne at length;
The elements above, below,
Thy sway through us henceforth shall know;

Air, water, grains, and fruits shall prove
The mystic agents of God's love,"
And they still repeat those words so sweet,
"*Ave Maria!* of God's love!"

The Dominations, choir of zeal,
At her approach in homage kneel,
And in deep reverence they repeat,
"*Ave Maria!* wing our feet
To teach poor man God's will to meet!"
And holy Thrones with folded hands,
Surround the path whereon she stands;
Angels of Peace, bowed low they wait
In worship half annihilate.
"*Ave Maria!* Queen of peace!
Bid wars and strife forever cease!"
And the calm refrain they still retain,
"*Ave Maria!* Queen of peace!"

But Mary will not pause her here,
Although the blissful goal is near.
The Cherubim and Seraphim
Veil their bright brows, their beauty dim
Before the beauty of her face,
Long since pronounced as "FULL OF GRACE!"
Her Son divine clasps to His heart
That form, of His own life a part:
Mary is crowned at last on high
As Sacred Empress of the sky,
Angels of love, of light, of peace,
Chant the glad hymn that ne'er will cease,
"*Ave Maria!* born of light,
Death cannot claim a form so bright!"
And the words so sweet they still repeat
"*Ave Maria!* born of light."

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

The magnificence of the kingdom of Mary on earth is a sublime and touching proof of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

"And a throne was set for the King's Mother, and she sat on His right hand." (3 Kings, ii).

"My soul doth magnify the Lord. * * * All generations shall call me blessed." (Luke, i).

Behold a great wonder! Millions of men, people and kings are on their knees before the altars of a simple daughter of Eve! On this ever-memorable day—on this almost eighteen hundredth anniversary of the celestial triumph of the sacred Virgin—the vast mass of humanity, from pole to pole, and on every spot of the two hemispheres, is prostrate with respect and overflowing love before the immortal throne of the august Queen of the universe. She is surrounded by the splendor of incomparable majesty; in her virginal hands she wields the scepter of grace and glory, and her brow is encircled with the radiant diadem of time and eternity. Such a phenomenon is more than human. It takes possession of the soul by its overpowering grandeur. How great, then, must not that woman be! She is more elevated than the heavens, purer than the angels, more beautiful than the Cherubim, more holy than the elect, more powerful than kings, stronger than conquerors, more admirable than the concentration of all virtues, the most marvelous of all prodigies! Her glory is surpassed by only one other—that of the Most High God. She is the Mother

of the King of the Eternal Hills, and sits at His right hand, amid the dazzling splendor of the saints: "And a throne was set for the King's Mother, and she sat on His right hand." From the bosom of the ineffable delights of our true home, she looks down graciously upon this land of exile, and beholds, with inexpressible satisfaction, the long series of human generations bowed down in humble posture, offering her their homage in the countless shrines set apart for her especial veneration. She sees the fervor and devotion with which they chant her praises, extol her power, and rejoice with her in her bliss and exaltation. At the sight, her whole soul is inundated with ecstatic joy, and she again breaks forth in her own prophetic words of thanksgiving: *My soul doth magnify the Lord.* * * * *All nations shall call me blessed.*

Let us look around us here on earth. The spectacle presented to our view provides us with ample matter for admiration, and to every reflecting mind must bring the conviction that the kingdom of Mary is the sacred work of an Almighty Power. There never has been, and there never shall be a kingdom here below which can bear comparison with that of the Virgin, the beloved of nations. Regal splendor sinks into insignificance in presence of her sovereign grandeur. Impiety calls for miracles, and yet before its very eyes it has one which is at once stupendous, actual, perpetual, unparalleled in the annals of nations; it beholds the universal, splendid and prodigious kingdom of one of the lowliest of God's creatures; it sees this creature honored, invoked and blessed as the great and powerful Queen of all the empires and states which rule the world, of all the tribes and races which populate the earth. Kings and conquering nations have long dreamt of universal monarchy, but we now see that which was considered a chimera has become a magnificent reality. A woman wonderfully privileged can, even like God Himself, claim the entire universe as her empire. This is a marvelous, a palpable, an overpowering and indestructible fact, which the contracted limits of human wisdom shall never be able to explain, except by the hypothesis of divine intervention. Our conclusion must therefore be, that the Catholic Church, which proposes, encourages, and consecrates devotion to Mary, is a religion instituted by Heaven. Our conclusion must be that Jesus Christ, the Founder of the Church, is truly the God-Man, to whom supreme adoration is due in Heaven and on earth. It is in vain that incredulous philosophers combat us with the ridiculous pride of their supreme contempt; it is in vain that they despise a stern truth which crushes them, the fact still remains an overwhelming reality, stamped with the glorious impress of divinity.

But this is not all. If we descend to details, and make a special study of each of the constituent parts of this phenomenon, we shall find that the undertaking presents difficulties of a very formidable nature. The kingdom of Mary is the most beautiful and the most illustrious which the world has ever seen. Such is the case. But why and how? What constitutes the greatness of a

kingdom? What are the principal conditions requisite in order to assert the superiority of any particular kingdom over all others? Our answer, dictated by religion, history, reason, the voice of mankind, is, that that kingdom is superior, which stands forth pre-eminent: first by the eminent qualities of the sovereign; second, by the extent of its dominion and the number of its subjects; third, by the wisdom of its laws, and the beneficence of the government; fourth, by the ascendancy of power which the prince exercises over the hearts of his people, and the reciprocal love of the people toward their ruler; fifth, by the duration of the reign. These are, we think, under favor of Heaven, the fountain-heads and inviolable laws of supreme greatness. Considered, then, under these aspects, the kingdom of Mary here on earth is more magnificent and more admirable than all other kingdoms. Hers stands alone among all created empires. It crowns Catholicism; it is its glory, and decks its brow with a splendid and undying halo of divinity. Her kingdom is an immense, triumphant acclamation of the glory of Christ, the victorious and ever blessed God.

Let us first examine the kingdom of the Blessed Virgin with regard to the qualities of the sovereign. Here the task is overpowering. Her riches and merits are so eminent that the human tongue becomes powerless in the effort to repeat them and describe them as they deserve. Nothing short of eternity and divine illumination is required in order to understand the unspeakable excellence of this creature, who is in herself more wonderful than all the combined wonders of the natural and supernatural order. What can equal the glory of her royal birth? She was announced to the universe from the beginning of the world. She was typified by the celebrated women of the Old Covenant, and sung by the seers of Israel. She is the daughter of patriarchs and kings, and appears before us in all the luster of an unexampled pedigree. Her pedigree is an entire people—that people to whom was made the promise of Redemption; that people to whom God spoke on the heights of Sinai, amid the flashing of lightning; that people who heard the voice of the prophets, and who were themselves a nation of prophets and precursors. No royal cradle was ever surrounded with splendor like that which environed Mary's. This Blessed Virgin alone, of all the human race, holds in her hand a golden chain, which passes in an unbroken series of links through forty centuries, and unites her with the very origin of things at the throne of God Himself. But in the spiritual order of things this august Princess has claims to even higher distinction. From the very dawn of her existence she was unsullied; her soul was decked with the most sublime original sanctity, and all favors were lavished upon this chosen Virgin. It would almost seem that the Great King kept a constantly jealous eye on the beauty of this illustrious Queen. He would not have even the Seraphim compared to her; she was to stand alone, unapproached in perfection. What shall we say of her other privileges? They are unheard of.

After her Immaculate Conception she was no longer the slave of sin; her senses were no longer swayed toward rebellion; she did not feel the weakness of the flesh; she conceived and remained a virgin; she brought forth without pain; she became the Mother of God; she was glorified with unprecedented honors, and vested with unlimited power. God showered down upon this favored Virgin the plenitude of His grace, the fullness of His might. Who shall recount her virtues? Human intelligence cannot grasp them. Her living faith, her firm hope, her burning charity, her heavenly purity, her marvelous humility, the holy ardor of her union with God, her continual ecstasies in prayer,—all these simply baffle human expression. In her soul, as in a radiant mirror, was reflected all the dazzling majesty of the sanctity of God.

Such is Mary! Look at the princes and potentates of the earth, whom we view with awe, and behold how they recede and dwindle into obscurity in the presence of so much real grandeur! They cannot boast of such an inseparable union of the highest birth, fortune, power and virtue. That their authority is sacred, we admit and believe, notwithstanding the feverish independence of modern times; yet, in the face of history, we cannot deny that their many weaknesses have often done much to dim the prestige of their power. We see them robed in purple and moving in pomp for a brief period on the stage of this world. They may play their parts brilliantly, and elicit the admiration of the people; but they vanish, never to return. Many of them have for a time spread the fame of their conquests and gigantic deeds, but death came and claimed them. Those fleeting representatives of royalty have entered upon their last sleep, and now repose under the cold slab of a forgotten grave. Call forth their memory from the tomb, and what is it? An empty phantom! Oh, how dim does not such transitory glory become, when compared with the dazzling magnificence of the imperishable Kingdom of the august Sovereign of the universe! The ravages of ages, like the furious blast of the storm, have swept away every thing, royal houses not excepted; but the Blessed Virgin stands firm and erect, still glorious, still triumphant in the midst of the successions of generations, still proclaimed holy and blessed. In all nations, in all eras, her eminent qualities must command respect, praise and love. Her glorious kingdom shall co-exist with that of her Divine Son. *Et regni ejus non erit finis.* The splendor of the first of these two kingdoms is nothing more than the rays of the divinity of the second. It is God drawing near to man, and saying to him: "It is I."

*Like God Himself, she claims for her domain all space, all time [duration].

Fear the judgment of God; dread the anger of the Almighty; but presume not to examine the works of the Most High, but search into thine own iniquities, how many ways thou hast offended, and how much good thou hast neglected.

[At the urgent request of several friends we publish in our regular issue, the beautiful letter from Rockford, Illinois, which we gave an insertion among the letters of the "Clients of the Blessed Virgin."]

Very Rev. Editor of the AVE MARIA:

To-day, in passing over the beautiful country, whose ocean-like grandeur seemed to me an embodied *Magnificent*, I thought of your AVE MARIA. This morning I clipped from a newspaper a little scrap containing Count Montalembert's eulogium of America. "It takes its place to-day," says he, "on the highest step, among the great people of the world." The Count's most admirable biography of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, in which he shows himself so well qualified to stand as the champion of the Church against the invasion of fashionable modern ideas, distinguishes him as one who can appreciate the capabilities of our lovely Republic. His opinions are untrammelled, are just. Could he have looked from our carriage, to-day, and marked the vast swell of the emerald sea; (the grains and grasses) stupendous undulations stretching for leagues before the unlabored sweep of the vision, interspersed with rich groves, bright glimpses of the river, and stately water-elms, I am sure he would say: "Americans, to be worthy of their grand patrimony, should stand first among nations in their moral and religious character."

"*Ave Maria gratia plena!*" said I, in my heart, "to whom should these peerless estates belong but to thee?" Then the remembrance of your holy enterprise, so broad, so silent, so significant, fell as naturally upon my heart as the answer to a prayer.

In the publication of your AVE MARIA, Very Rev. Sir, there appears something far beyond the ordinary issue of a new journal; an interest indicating great results. The very name is the synonym of lofty success, and to honor its name what may we not expect from the AVE MARIA?

It is, Sir, my unexaggerated conviction that the American world of literature will contract a debt, in your regard, that Heaven alone can cancel. A new current of thought and sentiment, toward the Blessed Virgin, must be the response to your undertaking; for to know Mary is to love her, and to instruct the people in her devotion is to instill those virtues which are like the foundation, the security, and the perfection of Christian society. Indeed, your responsible office might well cause you to tremble, were not the Blessed Virgin herself the patroness of the enterprise, your strength, your inspiration. The interesting points attracting my attention in your late numbers, have been, the department for children and that of the Apostleship of Prayer, forming two unobtrusive but most powerful means of wielding an influence wide as the world, lasting as time, and involving consequences to be felt throughout eternity.

If we see little active faith among many who are Catholics, we will find two causes have been brought to bear upon them: first, that in childhood the heart had been diverted from practices promotive of faith, and further, that the spirit of unbelief, characterizing the eighteenth century,

has infected all society, and rendered it, I am ashamed to say, almost a puerility, to the minds of some, to avow a strong belief in the efficacy of prayer. To illustrate my meaning, in the first point: trashy reading, we know, is scattered broadcast over the land, and when children are offered non-Catholic story books, tales of bandits, the villainous heroes gilded with false traits aping virtue and seducing the youthful imagination, they, in their experience, contract a taste for these vile things. The journals of the day—the newspapers—what true votary of Mary would not shudder to see a child peruse them? The very advertisements should put the type to blush. Yet pure minded children are inevitably exposed, so long as they are left without a substitute. No wonder, in their natural and harmless desire for inviting reading, that they take in deadly poison, if no wholesome food be offered in its stead. In the children's department of the AVE MARIA, we shall look for the antidote to this frightful virus. How joyfully must every parent who is intelligent enough to see the danger, and pious enough to recognize the remedy, greet the advent of this feature. May the angelic protectors of innocence inspire you in carrying forward this department, as they certainly must have prompted you to its establishment.

Of the second point, the Apostleship of Prayer, I wish I might speak worthily, or as I feel. It seems to me the most perfect response to the necessities of a country which had almost completely unlearned the *faith* of our forefathers over the sea, of three centuries ago. The world accomplishes its cold prodigies by strong physical agencies. No one doubts the result. No one is laughed at for believing in them, though he may be quite unable to explain the intricacies of scientific operations. Shall a like strong spiritual force be denied to exist, subject to the piety and constancy of souls who desire much at the hands of God, and who, to gain their desire, have but to ask with a strength proportioned to the momentous results they seek? Shall associated power here be spurned? I trust not. The delicate chain that binds heart to heart, the golden chain kept bright and beautiful by the breath of angels, who come to telegraph the prayers of the just along this line, finds its terminus in the Sacred Heart, the *source of all power and life*. Alas, shall the trust of the world, in its hard mechanical skill, be more lively and earnest than our faith in the Adorable Heart, which shed its last drop for us? The wings of your AVE MARIA bear the indignant denial to such a question far over the land.

Very Rev. Father, if humble words of mine be one ray of encouragement upon your path, happy am I to cheer you on, and to unite my intention to the grand tide of supplication ascending to God, through the holy channel which it is your good fortune to promulgate. M. H. S.

Rockford, Illinois, July 10, 1865.

How happy and prudent is he who strives to be such now in this life as he desires to be found at his death.

The Assumption.

Lo! Angel troops descending,
With glad song and radiant mien,
Round the Virgin lowly bending,
Welcome to her *throne* their Queen.

The Earth resigns its treasure,
Yields to Heaven its Mystic Rose;
In exile long it blossomed,
Now in clime celestial blows.

Bright spirits fill the mansion,
Jeweled crown and palms they bear,—
For the fairest flower of Jesse,
Queen of Heaven they now declare.

Oh, long had been her waiting,
Waiting for the blessed time;
Waiting for that blissful ending,
Of Earth's cares in Love Divine.

Since Jesus left her dwelling,
Who her sorrow could express?
The heart's fond, eager longing,
And the spirits deep distress—

The days so long and dreary,
The years that slowly fled;
For, when passed without her Jesus,
Heavy weighed they on her head.

But the deep joy of that ending,
Still less a theme for mortal skill:
Who can tell the blessed transports,
That to-day her bosom fill?

Jesus comes in haste to meet her,
In a blaze of wondrous light;
Divine Son of Blessed Mother,
Glorious with the Godhead's might.

While Angel choirs rejoicing,
Loud, triumphant anthems ring;
And glad hosannas sounding,
Praise the Mother of their King.

Hail, Blessed Queen of Heaven!

Hail, Mary, full of grace!

The solace, through dark ages,
Given to Adam's suffering race.

Hail, Queen of Saints and Angels!
Queen of Prophets, Virgins bright!
Of Confessors and all Martyrs,
Who in Jesus won the fight.

Lo, the gates of Heaven open:
Thrones and Virtues bow to thee,—
Saints, Angels, and Archangels,
And Dominions bend the knee;

The Cherubim and Seraphim
And Powers swell the glad refrain,
And *our own Blessed Mother*,
Queen of Heaven they now proclaim!

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

ROME.—It may not be uninteresting to present occasionally to our readers a few sketches of Roman manners, wherein are portrayed the customs of Catholicity itself, and for this, I shall make use of a little personal adventure to illustrate these charming and venerable customs.

Saturday, June 24, feast of Saint John, as I

was waiting in the hall of the Vatican for the honor of kissing the foot of his Holiness, quite an aged priest entered. His deportment was humble without affectation; he was tall, and slightly stooped; thick silvery locks fell in gentle waves beneath his black cap. I respectfully saluted him as he seated himself near me, on one of those wooden seats, whose traditional form is found in the paintings of the first ages of the Church.

Permit a digression, if you please. Here, changes are very rare; all that regards the exterior, such as furniture or costume, has been regulated by a profound wisdom and exquisite taste, by a wonderful union, as it were, of art with the immutability essential to faith and Catholic dogmas. This immutability, applied to exterior forms, has an important signification. It proves *a posteriori* to the enemies of Rome, that far from having modified, as they accuse her of doing, the worship of the true faith, she has remained even scrupulously attentive to the Apostolic Traditions.

It is sufficient to glance at the riches of Christian antiquity accumulated, by Pius IX, in the Lateran museum, to be convinced that the sacerdotal vestments of the four first ages, the sacred vessels, the ornaments of the Church, the symbols as well as the rites and dogmas of faith, have passed through the different ages, even to our day, without the slightest modification. Whence it is evident that the foundation of Protestantism is falsehood, a truth which an analysis of history proves most conclusively. The marble, the paintings, the inscriptions in the catacombs, the antique basilicas of Saint Laurence and Saint Clement fully attest it, and doubt is no longer possible. In my letters I have frequently insisted upon this point, which is not the least glory of the pontificate of Pius IX. I am never weary of dwelling on this fact, because it will mark in ecclesiastical history a return of souls to truth and unity. But my digression is finished, and I return to my subject. The door leading into the apartment of the Holy Father had not yet been opened; there were neither private officers nor the Noble Guard present, so that the venerable priest and myself were to be admitted as exceptional cases. It was a feast day, and the Pope—not having affairs of the state nor of the Church to discuss—would simply, before going out in his carriage, pass through the library to bless the Christian women and families who were assembled, according to custom, outside of the pontifical inclosure. Five o'clock in the afternoon rang on the great bell of Saint Peter's. "It is getting late," murmured the priest. "Is your Reverence in a hurry?"

"Yes, sir; I belong to the Chapter of Saint John Lateran, and I should regret not being present at the solemn vespers, to-day."

"In that case, take my turn of admission; it will give you a few minutes more."

"Oh, my audience will not be long. Every year I have had a similar one, for the last half a century; and each time I bring the same tribute to the Pope, receive the same paternal reception and benediction."

"May your Reverence still continue for many years to honor our great Pius, and enjoy his paternal smile and amiable words."

"Ah, this is the nineteenth time I have saluted our saintly Pius on the feast of St. John. He has entered the twentieth year of his glorious pontificate, and notwithstanding the popular adage, *non videbis annos Petri*, I am sure he will receive, for at least ten more good years, if not from my hand—for I am much older than he is—at least from the hands of another, the little tribute from the basilica. In an extraordinary epoch, such as ours, do we not need an extraordinary Pontiff? I feel sure of the long life of Pius IX."

"May God grant it. And you have brought an annual tribute since the commencement of the pontificate of His Holiness?"

"Yes, and during Gregory's, those of Leo XII, Pius VIII, a great part of that of Pius VII, and twice under Pius VI."

My curiosity and interest were both excited. The priest held in his right hand a white handkerchief of fine linen cambric, which evidently contained an object of price or devotion; my curiosity getting the advantage, I said: "Excuse the question—but, Father, does that handkerchief conceal the tribute you are bringing the Holy Father?" "Precisely."

"And would it be an indiscretion on my part to ask to see it?"

The priest smiled, and slowly unfolding his handkerchief, handed me a round, flat purse, made of silver cloth, the Pope's arms beautifully embroidered with gold in the center, and a golden embroidery around it. It was fastened with white silk cords, terminated with golden tassels, and it emitted a very pleasant perfume.

"Ah," I exclaimed—"is that the tribute? what perfume does the purse contain?"

"*Dei garofani benedetti*—blessed cloves," seriously replied my pious companion.

"Blessed! and why? on what occasion and for what purpose?"

"It is a very ancient and touching tradition, sir, and I am astonished that you do not know it. In former ages the churches of the East Indies were in the habit of sending to the basilica of St. John Lateran, the head and mother of churches, —*caput et mater ecclesiarum*—tributes from nature; some sent rice, others coffee, cinamon, ginger, vanilla, etc.; spices of all sorts—including cloves—arrived; they were blessed and distributed to the priests and to the faithful. In order to perpetuate the memory of the homage from those churches which at that epoch were so far distant from us, but which have almost become our neighbors by the progress of modern improvements, the basilica of the Lateran continues to receive cloves. An elegant temple is erected in the sanctuary, and on the eve of Saint John the people bring spices in baskets, which the clergy bless and return to them. And this," added the old priest, taking the purse from my hand, "is the Pope's portion."

At this moment the door opened, and the priest from the Lateran passed into the Pope's room. He soon returned, with tranquil, happy countenance,

illuminated by the interior light whose source is in the heart of Peter's successor. I saluted him profoundly, and entered in my turn. I may not relate the details of the interview with which the holy Father honored me; the most ordinary sentiments of Christian etiquette teach the faithful to preserve preciously, for themselves, such details, or merely to use them to illustrate his generosity and paternal kindness. I shall confine myself to merely saying that Pius IX, seeing me look at the purse which he had just received, and perhaps suspecting my desire, had the extreme kindness to give me a portion of its contents. I took the clove as a treasure, and I am disposed to make use of them in the Roman fashion, by distributing them to any of my friends who would like to have them. After leaving the pontifical chamber I remained a few moments in the halls of the Vatican and saw the holy Father pass through these halls to the library, where the females wait to render him filial homage. He walked with that easy, simple, noble step which characterizes his attitude; two Prelates of his household accosted him, and, at the moment he entered the gallery of Raphael, he must have felt the freshness of the air, for the Prelate on his right offered him the large red hat worn by the Popes. The red color of this contrasting so strongly with his white robe, recalled to my mind the signification which the Church attaches even to the smallest things. The white robes of Pius IX, I said to myself, mark the purity of his life, the candor of his soul, the sanctity of his intentions and his acts. His feet are covered with red, which indicates that the road he walks is thorny, strewn with sharp stones that wound the feet. So it is that our lips press with tenderness on those blessed feet which recall our Saviour and Calvary, the nails and the wood of the cross. His head is covered with red to direct our thoughts to the sufferings, injuries, outrages, injustice and ingratitude which overwhelm him; the crown of thorns is hidden under the hat of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and martyrdom waits for the successor of Peter. If this martyrdom is not always bloody, it is no less painful; the long history of pontifical vicissitudes is before us to prove it.—*Rosier de Marie.*

CORPUS CHRISTI IN ROME.—The celebration of Corpus Christi took place, as usual, on Thursday. The Pope said Mass at an early hour in the Sixtine chapel, and the procession was formed in the Scala Regia, immediately after descending the magnificent stair case known by that title, and traversing the entire length of the colonnade of St. Peter's. Tapestries of arras and gobelins were displayed all down the sides of the Vatican gallery, alternating with rich silk draperies. The colonnade was closed in by white awnings. The "orphans" headed the procession, and were followed by the religious orders, mendicant or monastic, the canons regular, the secular clergy, the scholars of the Roman Seminary, the parish clergy, the chapters of the minor and major basilicas, preceded by their respective crosses and tents, representing the cupolas of the churches.

These were followed by the cantors of the Pon-

tifical Chapel, the procurators of colleges, the apostolic preachers, the Generals of the mendicant Orders, the Papal chaplains, carrying the tiaras and mitres belonging to the treasury, the Prelates and consistorial advocates. Then came the Cardinals walking two-and-two, in mitre and cope, each bearing a torch, and followed by his household, then the senator and magistracy of the city, and lastly, the Pope himself borne on the "*Tulumo*," or portable altar, on which he appeared kneeling and bearing in his hands the remonstrance containing the Adorable Sacrament. None, who have ever assisted at this ceremony, can ever forget his expression of rapt devotion, or the halo of sanctity that seems to surround Pius the Ninth when engaged either in celebrating Mass or giving Benediction, or any other office that brings him in contact with the greatest of Christian mysteries. The procession was closed by the papal household, the Swiss and Palatine Guard, the French and Pontifical generals with their staffs, and the hussars and mounted gendarmerie.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the benediction from the high altar, given by his Holiness, the countless religious and clergy kneeling, circle behind circle, round the Confession of St. Peter, with their lighted torches, and the glorious music of the *Tantum Ergo* swelling full and clear from the choir of the Sixtine and Julian Chapels. No one could assist at the great act of faith which Rome annually consecrates to the Adorable Sacrament without a feeling of bitter grief at the narrow circle the "liberty of public worship" is reduced to while we are kneeling for the triumphant passage of the Host. In how many towns of United Italy was it insulted by the hypocritical Government whose professions are believed by its overt acts? In Naples, that day, when above twenty thousand persons assembled to accompany the procession of the Duomo, including all the leading nobles and bourgeoisie, some dozen *commorristi* in the pay of the Questura obstructed the passage and attacked the assistants with sticks, raising the cry of *Viva l'Italia; abbasso i Bourbonisti*. (Every Neopolitan who worships God as the Church teaches him, is a Bourbonist according to the Questura), and various other insults. The gentlemen composing the procession, however, stood firm, and with the people, replied, by a shout of *Viva Christo; Viva Dio; Viva la Santa Chiesa; Viva la fede dei nostri avi*. "Long live Christ; Long live the Holy Church; Long live the faith of our ancestors," and forced their way through the assailants. The Questura then arrested several of the most zealous of the confraternity, though the attitude of the crowd was so menacing, they were obliged to be liberated the same evening, by order of the prefect. The ceremony then proceeded—every balcony hung with tapestry or silk draperies—every window raining flowers—every voice joining in the rich chant; and when Mgr. Tipaldi, who officiated, turned on the steps of the Duomo to give the final benediction, the popular emotion was at its highest point, and found vent in tears, cries, and shouts of enthusiasm."

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

THE FRIENDS OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

Saint Angela, Carmelite, Virgin.

Those who know how admirable, and often unforeseen, God is in His dealings, will not be astonished by the following remarkable history. Distinguishing in the lives of the saints what is peculiar from what is suitable for all, they will, we doubt not, seek the virtues which every Christian ought to practice, leaving the choice and inspiration of the means to God; they will learn to distinguish between merely interesting details, and the lessons which tend to edification.

Saint Angela was born in the second half of the twelfth century. Her father is supposed to have been Wladislas, King of Bohemia. Her countenance was beautiful, and breathed chastity—chastity enhanced by the integrity of her faith and purity. In her early youth she was instructed by Religious ladies, whose name has not reached us. Being very intelligent and possessed of great purity of soul, Angela made rapid progress in sacred learning and the love of God, and resolved to have no spouse but Jesus Christ. Thus she lived until her fourteenth year.

One evening, as she was in prayer before the high altar of the convent, she fell insensibly into a gentle sleep and had the following vision: she saw the glorious Virgin, Mother of God, surrounded by a multitude of angels, who sang beautifully for their Queen. Angela awoke, but the apparition continued. The angels sang the antiphon of the Church: "*Ave, Regina Ccelorum.*" * * * "*Ave, Domina Angelorum.*" When it was finished, one of the heavenly chanters approached Angela and said: "Flee immediately; go to Jerusalem, and there consecrate yourself to God in the Order of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel. Your father intends to give you a spouse, but not the Spouse whom you desire." That same day a young prince, the son and future heir of the King of Hungary, had arrived at the Court of Wladislas, in order to sue for the hand of Angela.

She obeyed the angel, and abandoned the convent that night, whilst its inmates were asleep. On her work table she left a note, stating her flight and the motives which induced her to take such a step. On her way she began to consider how she could escape her father's pursuit, and how she might best shun the inevitable dangers of a long journey. Having reached a poor peasant's hut, she bartered her costly purple robes for some rough male attire, and, in order to remove all suspicion of dishonesty from the family, she left the following in writing: "I, Angela, take the clothes which you have given me, and in return give you my garment; you may sell it, or dispose of it as you please." In the morning the king's officers appeared at the monastery, and demanded the daughter of their royal master. Every place was searched in vain. All in the monastery were in consternation. A messenger having made his re-

port to the king, he became furious, ran to the convent, and straightway to Angela's cell, where he found the note she had left: "You shall seek me and shall not find me. For this reason I now let you know the resolution I have taken. I love Jesus Christ above all things; to Him I have pledged my faith and heart; I have fled because my soul ardently desires to see and contemplate closely the sacred spot where my Spouse lies in the mid day. You now know where I am; if, then, you desire to be my father, and have me for your daughter, do not, I beseech you, dare to separate me from my Heavenly Father. You are my father, but in Heaven I have another Father, who is the King of kings and Lord of lords. I have His message, and it says to me: 'Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thy ear, and forget thy people and thy father's house, and the King shall greatly desire thy beauty!'"

The surprise and affliction of the king were unspeakable; his grief was too much for him. His officers conducted him back to his palace, and tried to console him. "Royal master," they said to him, "calm your sorrow. If a divine inspiration has urged her to flee, the will of man must yield to that of God. If it is a whim, you will soon be consoled by seeing her here again." Messengers were sent in every direction, but in vain; the love of Jesus Christ lent wings to the royal fugitive. Toward evening she found a resting place in the dwelling of a poor pagan, and in return for his hospitality she expounded the holy Scripture to him and converted him to Christianity.

Resuming her journey early on the following day, she struck into a dark, wild forest of terrifying appearance. Three travelers observing her, and not being able to account for a maiden of her appearance being in such a place, hastened their pace and addressed her. This meeting was the work of Providence. One of the three was a knight, on his way to the Holy Land, there to combat the enemies of Christ and defend His Sepulcher. "Sir knight," said Angela, "will you kindly allow me to make this journey with you?" The warrior made inquiries about her name and family. "Sir," said she, "I shall tell you when we leave the kingdom of Bohemia. My name is great and illustrious." The soldier asked no more questions. In consideration of the youth of his companion he bought two horses in a neighboring village, and they rode to the frontiers of Bohemia. Then the knight, turning to Angela, said: "Tell me seriously, why do you wear such clothes? They do not seem to have been made for you; they are not in keeping with your figure, your mien, your hands." "Listen, good knight," she replied. "To satisfy you, I shall tell you my history in a few words. When but a child, my noble father placed me in a convent, there to be brought up in the fear of the Lord. Through love for Jesus Christ, I have a great desire to see Jerusalem, and venerate the spots sanctified by our Redemption. Fearing to be recognized and overtaken, I exchanged my costly robes for these you now see on me." These words satisfied the good knight, and he said

nothing more; God watched over the secret of His servant.

Having reached Constantinople, Angela went to pray in the church of Saint Sophia. There He, whom the Scripture names the Eternal Wisdom, appeared to her in the form of a beautiful child. He spoke to her of Heaven, and impressed her soul with a sublime knowledge and ardent love of the happiness which never perishes. Before leaving her, He gave her a Carmelite manual, in order that she might sing the praises of God, and by anticipation begin the life she was to lead at Carmel. She always preserved this gift of Heaven with great veneration.

We cannot follow the two holy travelers through all the details of their journey. A vessel conveyed them to Tyre. It was there that Angela met Saint Brocard, who admired the ways of God in her regard, and gave her permission to put on the Carmelite habit on her arrival in Jerusalem. With what love and tears did Angela and her protector greet the Holy City! They devoutly visited all the places memorialized by Jesus, whether in the city or outside the walls. Angela, having returned her thanks to him who had been to her an instrument in the hands of God, put on the dress of her sex and presented herself at the convent of the Carmelites. The Prioress met her with a smile, as if she had been expecting her. And such was really the case; for during the night she had had a dream, in which a young virgin came to her, with a breviary in her hand, and on her knees requested to receive the habit. In Angela she recognized the virgin in her dream. It is useless to dwell upon Angela's joy as the doors of the cloister opened before her; the joy of the Sisters, and their questions, and their tears, as they heard her relate her history. Here the new spouse of Christ began another journey of a very different kind; a journey of which God alone knows the mysterious progress and the sublime termination, and of which man can say only a few words. To her, Carmel is only the starting-point of a career of abnegation and love, called sanctity. She runs along with giant strides. At the termination of her novitiate, she was the model of her companions; her love of discipline, her assiduity in prayer and meditation, her continual mortification, earned for her the reputation of being very holy even among the sanctified. The love of Jesus Christ was the soul of all her virtues; for Him she had trodden under foot the grandeur of the world, the luxury of worldlings; for Him she had abandoned father, country and wealth; her only desire was to be closely united with Him in the retirement in which she had found Him.

So great was the opinion of her virtue and prudence that, after the death of the Prioress, she was appointed her successor. Heaven directed the choice. Such was the sanctity of the house that no fewer than six were deemed worthy of the office, and this gave rise to some difficulty in coming to a decision. They had recourse to the prayers of Saint John, formerly Carmelite, then Patriarch of Jerusalem. During the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, and whilst making the me-

mento of the living, the holy Bishop was suddenly wrapt in ecstasy. Six virgins passed before him. Five of them bore in their hands burning lamps, which spread a brilliant light; the sixth, who was Angela, carried a crystal ciborium. An angel stood by her side, and said to the Patriarch: "Choose her who walks last, and who, in her humility, carries her light in the crystal in order that it may not be seen by men." The Sisters were overjoyed with the will of God as announced to them by the Saint.

The dignity of Prioress made no change in the life of Angela; in her zeal and demeanor she remained the humblest of all. She was a mother to the poor, the infirm and the suffering; her zeal for the house of God and the honor of His worship knew no limits; day and night her only study was to please Jesus Christ, and offer Him the most perfect love and abnegation. Our Saviour, on His side, refused her nothing. This was known, and many had recourse to her with confidence, a confidence which God often rewarded with miracles. She governed the monastery of Jerusalem during twenty-five, or, as some say, thirty-five years, and lived to a great age. When Heaven, outraged by the sins of the Christians, resolved to deliver Palestine into infidel hands for several centuries, it was revealed to Angela. It was Saturday, a day which she devoted in a particular manner to devotion to Mary. The august Mother of God appeared to her and said: "My daughter, flee; leave this land, which the sins of the Christians have rendered an abomination in the sight of my Son. He will use the enemies of His name as instruments against them. Return to your native land; your people need prayers, for the wrath of God threatens them." Thus did God guard His faithful servant.

We have no particulars concerning the last years of her life. We merely know that she went to Bohemia, and in prophetic words announced the menaces of God to her countrymen. It is probable that she there founded a monastery, and chose a retired cell, in order to conceal the secret of her heavenly vision; and there, in divine contemplation, she awaited, like Saint Anne, the coming of her Lord. When He did come, great was her joy. With singular devotion she received the last Sacraments of Holy Eucharist and Extreme Unction. Then, with a radiant countenance and a heart inundated with joy, Angela, the sister of angels in her innocence, and the spouse of Jesus in her love, breathed forth her soul to her Lord amid choirs of angels, who celebrated her entrance into Heaven, and conducted her to the company of those virgins "who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

And now, that she is in bliss, may she not forget those who are still making the journey and fighting the battle of this life. May she obtain for us the grace to hear the voice of Jesus, and follow it as she did, in order that, having removed every obstacle to His reigning in our souls, we may live by Him and for Him, who is our only wealth—our only real happiness in this world and the next.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Assumption.

Dear little children of Mary, we had intended to give you a beautiful story in this paper, all about the glorious Assumption. There would not have been grown-up people in it—only our dear Blessed Mother and little children. But the pen that promised to write it, either took a holiday to itself, or was busy writing something else; all, at least, that the AVE MARIA knows is, that the expected story never came, and to-day the printer is calling for the Children's Department, so we shall have to give you that pretty story of the little boy who, in the quiet meadow, where his good mother sent him to play, so learned to love his Blessed Mother and the holy Child Jesus, that he was always thinking of them, and when he grew sick, it was not hard for him to die. It was only going home—home to his heavenly Mother, home, to his dear Lord Jesus—and he knew his good father and mother on earth would soon follow him.

But listen to the pretty story; learn it by heart, and sing it at your little plays; it will keep you from being peevish or disobedient; it will teach you to be ever good, kind, pure, gentle, and truthful; and these virtues will be the beautiful fruit you will offer our Blessed Mother and the Child Jesus; and so, my little children, whether you die young, or live, as I hope you will, to be good men and women for the happiness and consolation of your parents, it matters not. Our Blessed Mother and the Child Jesus will remember all these virtues or fruits you offered them when you were little children, and they will say to you, as they did to the boy in the story—

"And for the fruit and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given,
A thousand-fold to thee."

Now, little children, listen attentively and learn well the lesson it teaches you; and then, when death does come, you also, every one of you, will have your own Assumption into Heaven, where you will be welcomed by the Divine Jesus and His Blessed Mother:

The Boy and the Child Jesus.

Among green pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so mild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child.
There oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.
Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.
"And now from highest Heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees what'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spake his tender mother;
And on an evening bright,
When the red sun descended
'Mid clouds of crimson light,—
Again the boy was playing;
And earnestly said he,
"Oh, beautiful Lord Jesus,
Come down and play with me.
I will find Thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for Thee a crown;
I will get Thee ripe red strawberries
If Thou wilt but come down.
"Oh, holy, holy Mother,
Put Him down from off thy knee;
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me."
Thus spake the boy so lovely;
And while his mother heard;
But on his prayer she ponder'd,
And spake to him no word.
That self-name night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy;
She thought she saw the young Jesus,
There playing with the boy.
"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to Me,
Rich blessings shall be given,
A thousand-fold to thee.
"For in the fields of Heaven
Thou shalt roam with Me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Shall have, dear child, thy fill."
Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair Child Jesus spoke;
And full of careful musings,
The anxious mother woke.
And thus it was accomplished;
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
Upon his death-bed lay.
And thus he spoke, in dying;
"O mother dear! I see
The beautiful Child Jesus
A-coming down to me;—
And in His hand He beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries;
Dear mother, let me go."
He died—but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain;
For she knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again.

Story of Paul, the Indian Boy.

In Oregon Territory, the faithful and devoted missionaries have converted many Indian tribes. Father de Smét, in his travels in the Rocky Mountains, gives a most interesting account of the appearance of our Blessed Lady to the good little Indian boy, Paul. This special favor took place on Christmas eve, 1841, a few hours before midnight Mass, in the village of Saint Mary. This is what he himself related with his innocent lips to Father de Smét: "On going into John's wig-

wam, to learn my prayers, which I did not then know, I saw some one who was very beautiful. Her feet did not touch the earth, her garments were as white as snow; she had a star over her head and a serpent under her feet, and near the serpent was a strange kind of fruit. I could see her heart, from which rays of light burst forth and shone upon me. When I first beheld all this, I was frightened; but afterward my fear left me, my heart grew warm, my mind clear, and, Father, I know not how it happened, but all at once I knew my prayers.

"Several times this same beautiful person appeared to me, and once she told me that she was glad that the first village of the Flathead Indians had been called Saint Mary!" Little Paul had never seen or heard any thing of the kind before; he did not even know whether the person was a man or a woman, because the appearance of the dress she wore was entirely unknown to him.

After closely questioning little Paul, Father de Smét was convinced of the truth of the appearance of the Blessed Virgin. In gratitude to Heaven for this signal favor, the pious Missionary consecrated the entire tribe to the Immaculate Mother of God, and on the Feast of Corpus Christi, a statue of the Blessed Virgin was erected in memory of her apparition to little Paul.

From the entrance of the village chapel to the spot where Paul received such a special favor, the greensward on both sides was bordered by garlands hung in festoons. Triumphal arches, gracefully arranged, arose at regular distances. At the end of the avenue, in the middle of a kind of repository, stood the pedestal which was destined to receive the statue. At the head of the procession was borne aloft the banner of the Sacred Heart, followed closely by little Paul, carrying the statue, and accompanied by other little boys who strewed the way with flowers. Then came the two priests, in cope and surplice; finally the march was closed by the chiefs and all the members of the colony, emulating each other in their zeal and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. When they reached the spot, one of the fathers delivered a short address in which he reminded them of the signal prodigy and assistance of the Queen of Heaven, and incited all to have the liveliest sentiments of confidence in the protection of Mary. Oh how ardently we wish that all our children of Mary could have witnessed the devotion and recollection of these her forest children, particularly of little Paul, who seemed to be an angel of piety and innocence.

Catherine, the Indian Girl, or the Saint of the Mohawks.

Catherine was the only daughter of a Mohawk Chief who lived in what is now called New York. Her mother was a Christian of the Algonquin tribe, who had been captured by the Mohawks. This holy child was born in the village where, a short time before, Father Jonges had been martyred by the savage Indians. The small-pox, which made her an orphan, when only four years old, also injured her sight, and, shunning

the light of the sun, she passed her childhood with an old uncle, in a cabin at the door of which the tomahawked priest had fallen. The child had not received the grace of holy Baptism—but she could remember some of the things her mother had taught her—parts of "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary"—which she would repeat over and over again, until once a Huron who was a Catholic, was taken captive and taught her all these prayers, and the happy child was never tired saying them. "Holy Mary, Mother of God"—these words were music to her ears, and when she would say "Our Father, who art in Heaven," she longed—oh so earnestly to know Him, her only desire was to love and serve this Father, and honor the Mother of her God.

Catherine grew up very beautiful, and her relations were very anxious that she should marry. But she earnestly and steadfastly refused; entreaties and arguments were of no avail. Then they tried harsh usage and treated her as a slave; all the hardest and most unpleasant work was laid upon her; they scolded her, and often beat her very cruelly, but so great was her patience and gentleness, that they softened even the hearts of her persecutors. At last she had the happiness of seeing a priest. Father Lamberville came the village during the corn-harvest. Luckily, Catherine had cut her foot very severely and could not go out to help the Indian women gather in their corn; and then, while the majority were all out in the field, Father Lamberville took the opportunity of visiting the few who remained at home, and to him the young girl opened her heart and set forth with touching simplicity her love for "Prayer" and her ardent yearning for baptism. This sacrament, however, he dared not lightly confer; he gave the whole winter to instructing and making inquiries about her character, and she came forth from the trial white and pure as the blossom of the thorn. Of all that knew her, none could say aught but in her praise. Even when they blamed her for what they considered defects, the Christian priest knew these to be virtues. At Easter he baptized her, and gave her the name of Catherine.

But her trials came with her virtues; the time she took to say her beads twice a day, and her visits to the chapel, caused her to receive many scoldings and rebukes. The young girls of her own age mocked and insulted her; the children were taught to pelt her with earth and stones, and to taunt her with the name of Christian as she passed by them.

One day a fierce young warrior dashed into the cabin and swung his battle-axe over her head, but, without looking up, she quietly crossed her hands upon her breast and awaited the blow. The brave, astonished at this courage, and ashamed of himself, left the hut.

She bore, all persecutions they inflicted upon her in order to make her marry with the greatest patience. She heard that the Algonquins, were Christians, and she knew that she had a half-sister among them, so she resolved to steal quietly away from her persecutors. (To be continued.)

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OUR LADY'S ASSUMPTION OF A. D. 1790, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

The first name in the hierarchy of this Republic is a name from the Declaration of Independence. But it is in England that this act of the sacred drama opens. In the center of a well-watered valley, running downward through Dorsetshire to the Channel, stands the antique Castle of Lulworth, a gothic pile of four round towers united by massive battlemented curtains. This was the home, first, of the Norman De Lolleworth; in King John's days, of the princely Newburghs; then of the Binden Howards—for these a home, for others a temporary refuge. For here the austere monks of Our Lady of La Trappe found a shelter when driven from their mountain forests by the merciless *Sans Culottes*; and later, by another effort after universal equality, the old walls became the abode of the royal house of France, before they moved to that castle of sadder and darker history, the Scottish Helyrood.

It was the scene of many a hard fight in olden times, as when De Clare stormed it for the Empress Matilda; but none of its memories can interest us so much as that of the mid-summer morning which gave to the United States their first Bishop. The day was not unhappily chosen. For the discovery and consecration of the land, from Maine to Florida, from the Chesapeake to California, by the servants of Mary, and the solemn dedication of it to her name, may be likened to her nativity. The growth of the French and Spanish churches is her beautiful youth. Then came the dark times of Puritanic conquests, the destruction of the Catholic Missions, and the disappearance of the Catholic Indians, as the dark times of her sorrows from the flight into Egypt until the crucifixion; and now the new rising of the Church is visible on the Feast of her Assumption, when she went up into the presence of the King, her Son, "and the King arose to meet her, and bowed to her, and sat down upon His throne: and then a throne was set for the King's Mother, and she sat on His right hand." (III Kings, ii, 19).

So that from the Feast of our Lady's Assumption, in the Castle Chapel of old Lulworth, unto that which has been celebrated this year throughout the length and breadth of North America, the devotion to Mary has grown steadily; and now there is scarcely a county without a church to her name; scarcely a square mile from the Gulf to the Arctic Ocean wherein that name has not at least been proclaimed. In that short space of a single

human life, seventy-five years, the least has become a thousand and the little ones a most strong nation.

In Europe, every town and village has its own patron, who absorbs most of the devotion of the people; but in this country, placed under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin by Spaniard and Frenchman, by Englishman and American in the first flush of new independence, nearly the whole devotion of the people concentrates in her; or turns, for her sake, to Saint Anne among the Canadians, or to Saint Joseph among the faithful in the United States.

What antique Catholic land, even Spain or Ireland, can show what this country shows, even by the somewhat imperfect record of the Almanac—*one church in every fire* bearing the beautiful and endearing name of the mother of our Lord and of us? What territory of one tenth its vastness has ever been placed by four independent and not intercommunicating powers under her peculiar protection and patronage?

We adopted as a principle, at the outset of this work, that a devotion advances in proportion to its own merits and to the ardor of the ministry who propagate it. The whole of Orsini's "Life of the Blessed Virgin," and our own humble continuation of it, is an exhibition of the merits of Mary; and the latest illustrious historian of America, Puritan though he be, supports us in our claims for the early pioneer servants of Mary in the land. How this swift growth has come about in so short a time we are about to look at more in detail. We are to see the priest and the religious, the energy of man and the patient labor of woman, under new difficulties and trials peculiar to their position, extending to the people who surround them their own earnest devotion to God and to Mary. Coeval with the consecration of Bishop Carroll, the daughters of our Lady of Mount Carmel, were in Maryland, suffering from poverty almost extreme, fasting eight months in the year, sleeping on straw, obtaining a modification of their cloistered austerity to enable them to become teachers, and offering perpetual prayers for the country wherein they came to dwell.

The Poor Clares followed, but did not continue long. When they declined, the Visitation of Our Lady took their place, and now between four and five hundred of these daughters of Mary teach reverence to her name in these States.

Already the Sisters of Charity were at Emmitsburg, with their venerable foundress, Mother Seton, in 1809;—to-day where are they not? Their

orphan asylums and schools, their hospitals, and barracks near the battle-field mark their presence.

And to all these the fervent priests, so few at first in number; the early Bishops—penniless, sometimes barely clothed, and often without light or fire in winter; traversing distances on horseback which we grumble at passing over in the railway train now; enduring all this cheerfully and heroically.

Bishop Carroll found himself spiritual governor of all the territory then owned by the United States, and his Missionaries started from Baltimore for the West as one would strike out to sea alone in a bark-canoe. For the uncut forest surged around them with its vast green waves of verdure; the Indian, rarely friendly, lurked in its dim recesses; the road was oftenest no clearer than a hunter's trail or a forsaken deer-path. They themselves were scholarly men, nurtured in European habits, necessities, and ideas of distance. But in the spirit of Marquette, Jogues, Brebœuf, they put their trust in God and went wheresoever He directed. Borne by them, the devotion to our Lady followed the course of the great natural boundaries of this mighty land. Flowing westward from the bay which the first Missionaries called Saint Mary's, from the town which its first settlers called Saint Mary's, this river of devotion, checked as might be supposed, by the chain of mountains—by Alleghany and Cumberland and Blue Ridge—divided into three streams. One of these streams ran northward, as if to seek the old wells of devotion among the red men and the French; and, this soon carried on its bosom a saintly Cheverus to hear, through the gloom of the forest, the song *Magnificat* and the *Salve Regina* from the lips of our old friend, the ever faithful Abenaki. A second ran southward, to visit again, after an interval of two centuries, the spot where the blood of Jesuit and Carmelite, of Augustinian and Franciscan had mingled to baptize the Carolinas. And the third followed the course of "the beautiful river," and flowed with the course of its yellow waters, through the fertile heart of the land, to the river wherein De Soto had been buried, and to which Marquette had given the name of the Immaculate Conception.

Let us look at a type or two of the men who led these missions. As early as 1795, there was one, Father Smith, who was missionary for an enormous district in western Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania. There, for forty-one years, he toiled in humble faithfulness, and thence his soul ascended to the judgment which his life had merited. It will not be uninteresting to consider some points in the life of this servant of Mary, this glorious although uncrowned pioneer of her honor in this country. This Father Smith, missionary of far more than what now constitutes the diocese of Pittsburg; this rival of Father Gomez in the South, and of Father Chaumonot in the North; this founder of Our Lady of Loretto in the center of the continent, was not always known as Father Smith. In his own country, the vast Muscovite empire, then ruled by the Czar Alexander I, he was known as the Prince Augustin

de Gallitzin. His father, Prince Demetrius de Gallitzin, was ambassador of Catherine the Great, to Holland, at the Missionary's birth. His mother, the Princess Amelia, was daughter of that famous field-marshal Count Von Schmettau, who illustrates the military annals of Frederick the Great.

The young Gallitzin was decorated in his very cradle with military titles, which destined him from his birth to the highest rank in the Russian army. High in the favor of the Empress Catherine, his father, a haughty and ambitious nobleman, dreaming only of the advancement of his son in the road of preferment and worldly honor, was resolved to give him an education worthy of his exalted birth and brilliant prospects. Religion formed no plan of the father, who was a proficient in the Gallic infidelity and the friend of Diderot. It was carefully excluded. Special care was taken not to suffer any minister of religion to approach the study-room of the young Prince. He was surrounded by infidel teachers. His mother, a Catholic by birth and early education, was seduced into seeming Voltairianism by the court fashion of her native country, and her marriage with Prince Demetrius confirmed her habits of apparent infidelity; we say apparent, for she retained, even in the *salons* of Paris and in the society of Madame du Châtelet, a fervent devotion to Saint Augustin, that grand Doctor of the Church, who had been a great worldling and heretic. After the marriage of the elder Gallitzin with the Princess Amelia, he brought her to Paris and introduced her to his literary infidel friends, especially to Diderot, in whose company he delighted. This philosopher endeavored to win the Princess over to his atheistical system; but though she was more than indifferent on the subject of religion, her naturally strong mind discovered the hollowness of his reasoning. It was remarked that she would frequently puzzle the philosopher by the little interrogative—why? and as he could not satisfy her objections, she was determined to examine thoroughly the grounds of revelation. Though having no religion herself, she was determined to instruct her children in one; she opened the Bible, merely for the purpose of teaching her children the historical part of it. The beauty of revealed truth, notwithstanding the impediment of indifference and unbelief, would sometimes strike her—her mind being of that mould which, according to Tertullian, is naturally Christian.

A terrible illness called her mind back to God; she saw the truth and beauty of the Catholic faith and she returned to the protection of Mary on the Feast of Saint Augustin, in the week following the octave of our Lady's Assumption. It is to the happy influence and bright example of his mother that, under God, we must mainly ascribe the conversion of the young Augustin. At the age of seventeen, the young prince was received into the Church. He was, in 1793, appointed aid-de-camp to the Austrian General Von Lilien, who commanded an army in Brabant at the opening of the first campaign against the French Jacobins. The sudden death of the Emperor Leopold, and the murder of the King of

Sweden by Ankerstrom, both suspected to be the work of the French Jacobins, who had declared war against all kings and all religions, caused the Governments of Austria and Prussia to issue a very strict order disqualifying all foreigners from military offices. In consequence of this order the young Prince de Gallitzin was excluded. Russia not taking any part in the war against France, there was no occasion offered to him for pursuing the profession of arms, for which he had been destined by his military education. It was therefore determined by his parents that he should travel abroad and make the grand tour. He was allowed two years to travel; and lest, in the meantime, his acquirements, the fruits of a very finished education, might suffer, he was placed under the guidance of Rev. Mr. Brosius, a young missionary then about to embark for America, with whom his studies were still to be continued. In the company of this excellent clergyman he reached the United States in 1792. And the next we see of him, he is a seminarian with the Sulpicians in Baltimore, November 5, 1792. In this moment of his irrevocable sacrifice of himself to God, the feeling of his inmost soul may be gathered from a letter which he wrote at the time to a clergyman of Münster, in Germany. In it he begs him to prepare his mother for the step he has finally taken, and informs him that he has sacrificed himself, with all that he possesses, to the service of God and the salvation of his neighbor in America, where the harvest is so great and the laborers so few, and where the missionary has to ride frequently forty and fifty miles a day, undergoing difficulties and dangers of every description. He adds, that he doubts not his call, and he is willing to subject himself to such arduous labor.

Prince Gallitzin was the second priest ordained in the United States; and he, as early as 1799, was settled for life in the bleak and savage region of the Alleghanies. From his post to Lake Erie, from the Susquehanna to the Potomac, there was no priest, no church, no religious station of any kind. Think, then, of the inevitable labors and privations of this missionary; and again understand how the devotion to Mary was spread over North America. During the long missionary excursions, frequently his bed was the bare floor, his pillow the saddle; and the coarsest and most forbidding fare constituted his repast. Add to this, that he was always in feeble health, always infirm and delicate in the extreme, and it was ever a matter of wonder to others how the little he ate, could support nature and hold together so fragile a frame as his. A veritable imitation of Paul, he "was in labor and painfulness, in watching often, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakedness." When he first began to reside permanently on this mountain, in 1779, he found not more than a dozen Catholics, scattered here and there through a trackless forest. He first settled on a farm generously left by the Maguire family for the maintenance of a priest. A rude log church, some twenty-five or thirty feet square, was sufficient for a considerable time for the first little flock that worshipped according to the faith

of their fathers on the Alleghany. He commenced his colony with twelve heads of families; he left behind him when he died six thousand devotees of Mary. But the population grew rapidly, allured by the saintly reputation of Father Smith. It was he who purchased enormous tracts of land, who built the grist and saw mill, he who found himself oppressed by death in his old age. Of course he expected his father's inheritance, and when that prince died in 1803, he was pressed to quit his beloved Loretto and go to claim his rights in Russia. His mother and friends urged him to come; his Prelate was on the point of commanding him; but, when he met Bishop Carroll, he gave reasons for remaining among his flock, which that Prelate could not refute. He stated that he caused a great number of families to settle in a wild and uncultivated region, where they formed a parish of considerable size; that the Legislature proposed to establish there a country seat, and that numbers still flocked thither. The Bishop at length fully acquiesced in his remaining, as he could not send another in his place. The apostolic missionary then wrote to his mother, that whatever he might gain by the voyage, in a *temporal point of view*, could not, in his estimation, be compared with the *loss of a single soul* that might be occasioned by his absence. Had he gone, it would have been in vain, for the Emperor and Senate of St. Petersburg settled the question by disinheriting him for "having embraced the Catholic faith and clerical profession." Nevertheless, he hoped to share with his sister who had inherited all, and she did supply him, until the ruined German prince, De Solm, whom she had married, made way with her fortune as he had done with his own. Then came his days of debt, dreariest of all days to men. But he lived so that none should suffer but himself. He neither ate nor drank nor was clothed at the expense of any creditor or others. His fare was black bread and a few vegetables; coffee and tea were unknown luxuries in those times. His clothing was home-made and of the homeliest description; his mansion was a miserable log hut, not denied even to the poorest of the poor. With the prodigal son of the Gospel, but in a more meritorious and heroic sense, he could say: "How many hired servants in my father's house have plenty of bread, and I here perish with hunger!" "Being now," he says, "in my sixty-seventh year, burthened, moreover, with the remnant of my debts, reduced from \$18,000 to about \$2,500, I had better spend my few remaining years, if any, in trying to pay off that balance, and in preparing for a long journey." On that Loretto of his love he expended from the wreck of his fortunes \$150,000. So it is with the servitors of Mary. Three centuries ago they gave their bodies to be burned, their heads to the scalping knife, their finger-joints to the teeth of the Iroquois; later, they gave their fortunes, counting them as nothing if so they might win souls to Christ. Let his friend and biographer tell the secret of all this, and thus show what a Muscovite Prince can have in common with *Ave Maria*. As he had taken for his models the lives

of Saint Francis of Sales, Saint Charles Borromeo, Saint Vincent of Paul, so, like them, he was distinguished for his tender and lively devotion to the Blessed Virgin; and he lost no opportunity of extolling the virtues of Mary. He endeavored to be an imitator of her *as she was of Christ*. He recited her *rosary every evening among his household*, and inculcated constantly on his people this admirable devotion, and all the other pious exercises in honor of Mary. The church in which he said daily Mass, he had dedicated under the invocation of this ever-glorious Virgin, whom all nations were to call blessed; it was in honor of Mary, and to place his people under her particular patronage, that he gave it the name of Loreto, which, towering above the blue wave of the Adriatic, on the Italian coast, exhibits to the Christian pilgrim the hallowed and magnificent temple which contains the sainted shrine of Mary's *humble house*, in which she at Nazareth *heard announced the mystery of the Incarnation*, and which the mariners, as they pass to encounter the perils of the deep, or return in safety from them, salute, chanting the joyous hymn, *Ave Maris Stella!* For like Saint John, he recognized in her a Mother recommended to him by the words of the dying Jesus: "He saith to the disciple: Behold thy Mother!" And so, when the frame was worn out in her service and her Son's, he went up to see her face on high.

SAINT JANE F. DE CHANTAL.

The Church celebrates on the twenty-first of this month the feast of this perfect model for the world and the cloister. She was born in the most elevated ranks of society, her father being president of the Parliament at Dijon; and at a time when heresy was making sad ravages in the country. As a child, she astonished and delighted all by her angelic beauty, piety and modesty, joined to high thoughts and words of faith worthy the confessors of the faith.

Being scarcely five years old, she was playing in her father's cabinet, when a lively discussion took place between the president and a gentleman of his acquaintance on the subject of the Holy Eucharist. The latter remarked that what pleased him particularly in the reformed religion was the denial of the real presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. At these words the little child could no longer be still, but running up to the gentleman and casting a reproachful glance at him, said—"Sir, you must believe that Jesus Christ is in the Blessed Sacrament, because He has said it, and when you do not believe it, you make of Him a liar!" The tone with which she spoke astonished the Protestant, who undertook to argue with her; but she stopped him by the wisdom of her replies, and the ardor of her faith enchanted all present. Embarrassed by her lively repartees, the gentleman concluded to terminate the discussion, as we usually do with children, by giving her sweetmeats. She took them in her apron, and without touching them threw them into the fire, saying—"See, sir, how they burn! and all heretics will burn in like manner in hell because they

do not believe what our Lord has said."

Another day the same nobleman was discussing as usual, when the holy child approached him and said—"Sir, if you had called the king a liar my papa, as president, would hang you; and," she continued, pointing to a painting of Saints Peter and Paul, "as you so often call our Lord a liar, those two Presidents there will hang you."

Her father, charmed with these happy dispositions, made use of every means to develop them. The most accomplished and skillful masters thoroughly instructed her in all the branches of a solid and brilliant education. On her entrance into the world she was the charm and soul of the most distinguished society. And although she lived in the sixteenth century, when, from the portraits of the time, we can see the passion that existed for luxury and the greatest excesses of the toilet, she possessed the happy grace of being always admired, always charming, without in the slightest yielding to the sinful artifices of the toilet; and the title universally given to her was the "perfect lady."

In the world her courage increased with her duties. Saint Chantal lived in an age saddened by great apostates and scandals; God therefore seemed to give her all gifts needed to oppose them. A great and noble name, brilliant fortune; a husband worthy of her, whom she fondly loved; four lovely, intelligent children; so that when the day arrived when she tore herself from all these strong and sweet ties, the world was obliged to avow that there was something divine in all this. And because this sacrifice, great, though it was, might not be sufficient to reveal to mankind the divine strength in the Church, both before she left the world and afterward, God placed her on the cross and gave her to drink from the bitter chalice of sorrows. Wife—she saw her husband suddenly cut off in the flower of his age; mother—she saw die, one after another, almost all her children and grandchildren; religious—she suffered in her body strange and most painful sickness, while tormented in her mind by frightful temptations. Although she had not, as Saint Dominic or Saint Francis of Assisi, the glory to create her Order, nor, as Saint Teresa, the sorrow of reforming it, still she had the humble happiness of co-operating and of defending it against a thousand dangers which attend such a work at its commencement; so by many titles she therefore merits to be placed among those grand saints. And as foundress, the world rose up against her; she overcame insurmountable obstacles; she was calumniated; and she had many enemies, even among the good, but she was neither discouraged nor disheartened. Her great heart was stronger after every trial; and during fifty years of uninterrupted martyrdom, she made the world admire in all Christian vigor and magnanimity what the Holy Scripture has so well named the strong woman. But this strength did not diminish her sensibility or her tenderness. Every sacrifice pierced her soul; every act of strength drew from her the cry of sorrow, and it is this that renders her heroism so touching and so beautiful.

Of her life, written by the Abbé Bougaud, Bishop Dupanloup says:

"Very few lives of the saints are written as they should be, but in this work we have all that can be desired. It charmed and astonished me, and I have read it a second time, pencil in hand, with an increasing admiration. You have made a profound study of this great soul; it is no dry biography, but a large, grand history, painted by the hand of a master, and in it this rich and fruitful life is displayed in all its phases. Nothing is abridged or overcharged. It is the Saint who speaks, more than the author; we see her living, breathing in every stage of her life; the crowning point which is given to the different scenes of this grand and saintly life, is that in the grandeur of Saint Chantal we see all the grandeur of the seventeenth century. Around her is grouped a crowd of strong and elevated souls, drawn from the first ranks of society by divers but admirable ways. In following her apostolic course, we penetrate with her into the oldest and most distinguished families, or follow her steps into all our most noble cities; we learn in detail those grand customs, those antique traditions, that ancient austere life; we become familiar with those fathers of families so strong and so courageous—those devoted mothers surrounded by their united children. Yet beautiful as may be this public and exterior life, you stop not here, but introduce us into her private life, where we find the most exquisite charm in the lives of the saints. In your work we follow, day by day, year by year, the progress of the Saint in piety, love of the poor, mortification, patience, gentleness and union with God. We see the obstacles she had overcome; the temptations, the discouragements to arrest or destroy; and what is still more precious, we know the remedies given by her saintly director, the practices or piety which he counseled, all the admirable means by which he consoled her, fortified her, and caused her to ascend from virtue to virtue, from light to light, even to the most sublime love of God. All this makes the life of Saint Chantal not only the most interesting but the most useful of books, to be used as a guide for all Christian women, which will teach them by example how always to advance toward God without ever growing discouraged. There they will find all the weakness of human nature, all its interior sadness; but they will see them explained and consoled by a saint, surmounted and overcome by a saint—two lessons equally beautiful and equally useful."

From this work, so highly praised, we extract the following

PORTRAIT OF SAINT CHANTAL.

At the second monastery of the Visitation, in Paris, is a portrait of Saint Chantal, at the age of sixty-five, in which we see her in all the luster of her beautiful old age. We find the same traits as on the portrait taken in her youth, save that under the influence of age and the action of virtue the physiognomy has slightly changed. What was ardent—I almost said proud—in the face of the Saint at twenty has disappeared. The brilliant

flame is subdued, the lips bear the impress of ravishing goodness, the chin has become rounded, and completes the perfect expression of sweetness. But we still see the same high, large forehead; the temples, which strongly testify the energy of her character; her cheeks full and colored, covered, as we sometimes see, with little veins which attest the ardor of the temperament; a nose slightly aquiline; an amiable mouth—and that grand air, so full of distinction, majesty and grace, tempered now, more than in her youth, by modesty and transfigured by goodness.

Let us place by the side of this painting the beautiful portrait of Saint Teresa, which the Bollandists have recently published. At a glance we shall see in what these great Saints resembled each other: both full of intelligence, vivacity, ardor and energy, but with a marked trait which shows where they differ. The mind of Saint Teresa, like her glance, is clear, limpid and elevated; a pure intelligence, mounting without effort to the most sublime ideas and delighting in the highest elevations. The mind of Saint Chantal was of another cast; she was wholly practical; possessing a keen penetration, more solid than brilliant; of rare judgment and good sense. She possessed in the highest degree the qualities most rarely united—we might say, of the most opposed: vivacity and patience, irresistible ardor and unshaken constancy, a firmness over herself and the gift of authority over others. One might say she was born to command, so natural it was for her; and had she not been careful, this would have been her stumbling block, and she would have become haughty, proud, imperious, supporting no resistance whatever. Happily, the grace of God and the gentle direction of Saint Francis de Sales corrected this defect, and developed in her soul a sweetness and humility, so much the more admirable, as it was not natural.

There may have been hearts more tender, but none of greater warmth, fidelity, and devotedness. All these beautiful gifts were evidently only stepping stones—the means of arriving at a great end. What would she have done with them had she passed all her life in her castle at Bourbilly? She would have loved her children, I admit; but could she have loved them more than she did? She might have closed their eyes—for in remaining with them she could not have prevented them from dying; and then she would have remained an old widow, in her far-off castle; she might have adorned it more magnificently; probably she might have taken her little grand-daughters, and educated Madame de Chantal for religion and Madame Sevigné for the world. But she did immensely more for us and for herself in following her vocation.

On the foundation of these minent qualities she possessed, God sowed at an early hour the seed of the highest virtue. In her history we have seen what she was in her childhood and in her youth. She wrote with her blood the profession of faith of the Council of Trent. Her great happiness in church was to hear the *Credo* sung, saying that "this union of voices and hearts in the same

act of faith ravished her soul." She honored in a particular manner the holy Patriarch Abraham, named in the Scriptures the father of the faithful; and after she had sacrificed her son to obey God as he had done, her devotion toward him augmented. Among books, none pleased her more than the *Acts of the Apostles*. These heroic pages—brilliant with the faith of Saint Peter, the ardor of Saint Paul, and which are full of the triumphs of the first days of the Church, inflamed her grand soul, and she always spoke of them with enthusiasm. To the firmest faith she joined the strongest love for God; the most courageous in enterprises, the most constant in difficulties, the most discreet and the most humble; and, above all, the most generous; a love which made her abandon all to the holy will of God, which inundated her with joy at the thought of participating in the contempt and humiliations of her Saviour. To the Blessed Sacrament this love was most particularly displayed. During thirty-one years she had the happiness of communicating daily; and ever did this sacrament seem new to her, and the greatest happiness of her life. She always kept in her cell some of the flowers that had withered before the tabernacle; a Sister once asking her why she did so, she replied—"The color and perfume are the life of the flowers; these I send to the Blessed Sacrament, where they fade and die—such do I wish for myself, that my life, which passes little by little, may finish before God in honoring this mystery of the holy Church."

This tender piety and great love of God developed in Saint Chantal the most ardent devotedness to the Church. She felt all its needs and all its sorrows; wept bitterly over the disorders which dishonored it; and very few men, even priests, had as true and profound a feeling of the apostolate. What she did for the salvation of souls is almost incredible. At the age of seventy she labored by her presence in Savoy, France and Italy, and she died in her travels. Worthy end! Worthy end of an apostle and foundress, leaving eighty houses established by her, and an immense number of souls enlightened and converted by her.

Such works could not be accomplished without meeting obstacles, contradictions, even anger, hatred, envy and jealousy. Even the best intentioned, at times, misunderstood her, and brought accusations against her; but she used these to increase her humility. And this humility was even still more apparent in her successes. In her old age she blushed as a young girl when praises or ovations which she could not avoid, were bestowed upon her. She would not permit any one to give her the name of foundress, and she effaced the name wherever she found it. Through the same beautiful spirit of humility, she refused to address the sisters, when writing to them, as my child or my daughter—regarding herself as the last, and the servant of all. "I have been," she said, "like those rough laborers whom the master of the household engages at harvest time, to whom he says 'Come here—go there—return to the field—or, go elsewhere;' so" she continued, with humility, "at the commencement our Blessed Father

treated me as the servant of the Institute—'Go and establish yourself at Lyons; Go to Grenoble; Return and go to Bourges; Leave Bourges and go to Paris; Quit Paris and return to Dijon.' For many years I did nothing but go and come at the call of this dear father of the family; now I am nothing but a poor useless person of sixty-five, good for nothing in the Institute, unless it be to tell what were the intentions of our Father. I am only the first sister of our Religious. I should certainly be very rash, seeing how little good I have ever done, if I wished for any quality but that of servant, and of a useless servant."

The same humble sentiments which she had of herself, she also had of the Order she founded. By a rare delicacy of mind and heart, in her affection, she placed it above all, but in her esteem she gave it only the last place. Neither the shining virtues of her spiritual daughters, nor the rapid propagation of the Visitation, nor the part she had taken therein, nor even the high sanctity of Saint Francis de Sales, ever changed her humble judgment on this subject. "No; certainly no," she said; "we must not exalt our Institute, nor praise it above others, nor even allow that it equal others; but let us frankly confess that it is by birth the last in the Church; as our holy founder said—a little March violet without any brilliancy in its color."

The greatest mortification accomplished in Mother Chantal the work commenced by her humility. By obedience to her rules she renounced strict fasts and bloody disciplines, but this renunciation of corporal austerities did not cause her to be less austere and mortified. When she went to Turin to found a house of the Order, the Duke of Lullin told Madame Royale, who was present, to remark the splendor of the foundress; her shoes were patched in two or three places, and tied with coarse leather strings. All her clothing was patched and old; she besought the clothes-keeper to let her continue wearing a veil that already counted fourteen or fifteen pieces. She kept her habits until they were completely worn out. "I assure you," she writes, "that during eight years I have constantly worn the winter habit which our dear sisters in Dijon gave me; and I hope, if God spares me life, to wear it two or three years longer. Really I am ashamed to see religious, who have vowed themselves to poverty, think so much about their clothing." When she started on her last journey she would not permit them to make her any new clothes; and the evening of her departure she asked for some pieces to mend her habit, which was quite worn out. Until the age of sixty she slept in the common dormitory. Never would she have anything in particular for herself, and she would often beseech the Sisters, with tears in her eyes and joined hands, to leave her at liberty to live in poverty and mortification. It is the part of the saints to unite in themselves the virtues the most opposite in appearance. This woman, so austere, was singularly amiable and gay. At twenty years of age she had been named, the perfect lady; and there was a proverb at Bourbilly, among the gentlemen and ladies of rank,

that there was no joy when Madam Chantal was absent. Fifty years after, when the venerable foundress verged on her seventieth year, she was still the joy of the monasteries in which she resided. She was very fond of versification, and they wrote a great deal at the Visitation. Mothers Favre, Brechard and Chatel wrote hymns, which she caused to be sung in recreations on festival days. She sometimes wrote verses herself, and to excite her daughters to a holy joy, would sing the same with them, or relate interesting stories, thus tempering the austerities of life by an incomparable gift of gaiety and amiability.

We have left her love of the Blessed Virgin for the last. So many virtues, as is always the case, were accompanied with the most tender devotion toward her holy Mother. When a mere child, on the death of her own mother, she turned toward the Blessed Virgin and besought her to take her as her daughter; she always called herself her child, consulted her as we consult our mothers, and called on her aid in all her undertakings and sorrows. When she became a Religious she chose her for her Abbess, and in token of her perpetual servitude made a vow to say the beads every day.

Of all Feasts she loved best the Immaculate Conception. She wrote to a great many monasteries and abbeys to beseech them to celebrate this festival with the greatest possible solemnity, in order to excite the people to revere this holy prerogative. "I should be happy," she added, "to give my life to sustain it." She constantly recited the beautiful prayer of Saint Bernard, the "Remember," and, in many circumstances, she advised no other remedy for weak, troubled, or discouraged souls, than devotion to the Blessed Virgin. One year, while she was making her retreat, three sisters went to ask some permission from her. They found her with her arms crossed, before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and in place of replying to their request, she required them to make every day, during their annual retreats, a quarter of an hour's meditation before an image of the Blessed Virgin, and opening the litany she said: "See how we have all in Mary. If we are children, she is our Mother; if we are feeble, she is strong; if we need grace, she is the Mother of Divine Grace; if we are ignorant, she is the Seat of Wisdom; if we are sad, she is the Cause of our Joy." And in this manner she continued to the end, after which she dismissed the sisters, beseeching them to pray earnestly to the Blessed Virgin for her. "What prayers shall we say?" "The best prayer," replied the Saint, "is to praise God for the grandeurs He has given her, and the choice He deigned to make of her to be His true Mother."

In her last sickness and on her death-bed, her devotion and confidence in the Blessed Virgin was displayed in the most lively manner. The eve of the Immaculate Conception, although overcome by illness, she went to the refectory, and, kneeling with her arms extended, she twice repeated: *O Mater Dei, momento mei!* then added: "O most holy Mother of God, by thy Immaculate Conception remember and assist me now, but

above all at the hour of my death." And when that drew near, her looks were constantly fixed on the image of Jesus crucified and that of the Blessed Virgin attached to the curtain of her bed, frequently repeating: *Mariu, mater gratie*, etc.

"Mother," said Father de Legendres, "the great sufferings you now endure are the clamors which precede the coming of the Spouse. Behold, He comes; will you not go before Him?" "Yes, Father," she answered, "I am going: Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," and in saying these words she passed to her God.

THE LOST CHURCH.

At some remote and unknown period a church was lost in a vast German forest, and ever after, vesper chants and sweet hymns to the Blessed Virgin used to be heard in the depths of these wild woods; but no one could ever find the church, or, if any one did, he never returned—so opens the legend which we give in verse:

There is a legend I have somewhere read,
Of a vast forest, where, 'mid song of birds
And murmuring streams, the wanderer oft heard
A solemn and mysterious sound. At times,
A vesper chant seemed borne upon the breeze,
Of wondrous melody; and now a chime,
Distant and faint, as of cathedral bells, [told
Came from the woodland depths; and tales were
Of a lost church, to which the path, once trode
By thousand pilgrims, could be found no more:
A church of Blessed Mary; one of old
Held venerable for miracle, and lost
In the black forest, 'mid long years of strife,
And hence, 'twas deemed, came those mysterious
Like to no earthly music, for they filled [sounds,
The heart with a strange yearning and unrest,
And led the steps of many thro' these wilds,
Seeking the shrine of that deep melody,
The melody of Heaven—*Regina* sweet,
Salve Regina softly on the air;
At eventide *Sancta Maria*. Then
Rich chanting of the Mass before the dawn.
Beneath the linden trees
Three maidens sate, and sang, and wove the while
Bright summer flowers in garlands for their hair.
Echoed the voice of their light-heartedness,
Back from dim greenwood bowers; but one the
Heard amid all a deep and solemn voice, [while
That seemed to call her thence; straight from her
Fell the unfinished garlands, as she rose, [hand
And heedless of entreaty or lament,
Passed from their sight into those wondrous shades.

A funeral train
Wound thro' the forest; a young bride was borne
To her last resting place—the bridal flowers
Scarce withered on her brow. Solemnly rose
The chant of death in that lone wilderness;
The autumn winds among the whispering pines
Moaned in sad unison; then, sweet and low,
Another chant was there, that seemed to tell
Of hope and joy celestial. On the heart
Of him who heard, it fell as healing balm,
And he who led the mourners dried his tears—
And half his woe forgotten, with new hope,
Trode fearless on the mystic pilgrimage.

Anon, a regal chase [there,
Swept through the forest; hawk and hound were
And shout, and song and winded bugle-horn,
And joyously the summer woods gave back
A thousand merry echoes. So they sped [chance,
Through the bright summer morn; and if per-
Mysterious tones were there, they heard them not;
Or, hearing, gave light heed; but, as the day
Wore on, less frequent grew the bugle blast,
Less noisy the wild chase; and solemn sounds,
Unheeded 'mid their boisterous mirth, arose,
Sweet from afar. Then two, the noblest there,
Turned even from their monarch's side away;
And hawk and hound forgotten, heeded not
Voices of friends, nor merry bugle's note,
Nor heard the mocking laughter which pursued
Their steps unto the wild.

Of those who sought
That wondrous temple, some were wearied soon,
And loitered by the way; or turned aside [chance
To hear the wood-bird's notes, and deemed per-
That *such* had been the melody which led
Their steps into the wild; and some, again,
Pressed bravely on, while sunshine cheered the way,
But in the gathering darkness shrunk in fear
From shapes fantastic, formed by waving boughs
In the dim twilight, while the solemn moan
Of the dark firs fell dreary on their soul—
Till, weary and faint-hearted, they were fain
To seek the shelter of some woodman's hut,
And ramble back at morn. To such as these
Came mystic voice no more. Yet some there were
Whom phantoms frightened not, nor sounds appalled,
Nor travail wearied, till they knelt entranced—
So ran the legend—in a wondrous fane,
Beneath whose golden dome their eyes beheld
Visions too bright for utterance. Angel bands,
Clad in resplendent vesture, in the train
Of their celestial Queen, the Virgin pure
Who gave birth unto Jesus. And their ears
Were ravished with a melody which filled
Their hearts with bliss, beyond the power of
And days and years went by unnoted: [thought,

These returned no more.

I loved the legend, for to me it bore
Ever a mystic meaning; even thus
We journey through the wilderness of life,
Where human joys and sorrows, cares and fears,
From earth upspringing cast aloft a shade,
Darker than is the forest canopy,
Between God's blessed sunshine and the soul.
And ever thus, oft to the listening heart,
There comes a still small voice that calls away
To seek for better things. To some it speaks
In life's first joyous days, ere yet the flowers
Are withered in the path, or they have learned
How sharp the thorns they hide. To some again,
In hours of bitter sorrow, when the heart,
Seeing its idols broken, turns away,
In deep despondence, from the hollow world,
That has no comfort for its slave
In this hour of need. Blest be His name
who even thus doth guide the wanderer's feet
Into that narrow way which leads to peace, [voice,
Rugged, and straight; but strengthened by that
Firm are the pilgrim's steps, tho' he must part

The brambles from the way with bleeding hands,
And tread with feet unshod the flinty crag,—
Slight is the travail, and unfelt the pain.
But there are hours of trial, when that voice
Is heard no more, and to the listening ear,
Come boding sounds, and on the heart there falls
A sense of loneliness unfelt before—
A longing for life's old familiar ways,
And friendly voices which the pilgrim heard
As tho' he heard them not, while yet his soul
Was filled with heavenly music—on his ear [shades
Sad and reproachful sound—while gathering
Obscure the desert way; woe for the soul
If now she slumber, weary or look back
On all she left behind. Oh! faint not now,
For there is One doth, pitying, mark and count,
Thine ever weary sigh; call on His name
Who led thee forth unto the wilderness,
That He may send some light to show
Foot-prints where saints have trod before—
The way is not all dreary—verdant slopes
There are, with fountains, in whose crystal wave
Is sweet refreshment. Pilgrims there have been
Who, onward journeying, with constant heart,
And step unfaltering, have stood
On sunny heights, whence they beheld afar
The Heavenly City; and while pilgrims yet,
Have seen the glimmer of its golden towers, [glen
And cheered their steps thro' many a darksome
With that remembered vision. Of these things
The world in its vain wisdom knoweth not,
Or, knowing, scorns; but they who persevere
Upon that narrow way, shall surely know
How true and glorious is the end thereof—
How light, and passing, will life's sorrows seem,
On that blest day, when pain and toil are done;
Then the tired pilgrim folds his hands to rest,
And sleeps to wake within the golden gates
Of that Celestial City. There is night
No more, nor need of morn, nor star—
And sunshine would be darkness, for the smile
Of Him he followed shall be light and joy
Unto his soul forever.

MARY's humility was so profound that she had
no propensity on earth more powerful or more un-
intermitting than that of hiding herself, even
from herself, as well as from every other creature,
so as to be known only to God. He heard her
prayers to him, when she begged to be hidden,
to be humbled, and to be treated as in all respects
poor and of no account. He took pleasure in hid-
ing her from all human creatures in her concep-
tion, in her birth, in her life, and in her resurrec-
tion and Assumption. Her parents even did not
know her, and the angels often asked of each
other: *Quæ est ista?* Who is that? Because the
Most High either hid her from them, or if He re-
vealed, any thing of her to them, it was nothing
compared to what He kept undisclosed.

Our holy Mother Mary's heart is a human
mother's heart, possessing naturally all the dis-
tinguishing attributes of a human heart, even its
proneness to indulgence, its uncritical pity and
tenderness, and, if we may so speak, its *weaknesses*
of love.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 5.—The Baptism.

{Concluded.}

The shouts of applause had died away. The crowd, panting and intoxicated with joy, awaited breathlessly the first accents of the comedian whom it idolized. When the slave, Mary, perceived her master, her head sank on her bosom, and the tears slowly coursed down her cheeks. The good Aritus saw them; and fearing that her courage was failing, he gently exhorted her: "Bride of Christ! raise thine eyes toward Heaven, where thy Spouse awaits thee; soon, in thy wedding garment, shalt thou sit at the marriage feast of the Lamb."

"My Father," sobbed the penitent, "thou who hast received the power to bind and loose, say, will He judge me worthy of a place at His table?"

"Fear not, my daughter; when thou shalt have passed through this second baptism, thou shalt appear before Him pure as His angels, who have never sinned."

"I have dishonored his worship; I have given up His holy mysteries to opprobrium and mockery."

"Will God refuse thee pardon, when thou shalt have given him this bloody proof of thy faithful love? when thou shalt have sought Him through the gates of violent death? Behold the confidence which animates thy brethren. Already have they forgotten this life; already their souls, nearly loosed from these garments of flesh, enjoy in anticipation the rewards of martyrdom."

"They have no cause for remorse. They have not caused the profanation of our holy ceremonies."

"If thou hast done so, my daughter, it was not with intent to sin; thy thought was not of sacrilege, and God will not punish thee."

"No, no, I have not willfully sinned. I was deceived; I too easily believed a false word. I could not foresee the consequences."

"If thou hadst sold our holy manuscripts, the diligence of our brethren could repair thy fault."

"God grant that my crime be no greater. All the insults which the actor, Ardelion, shall pour forth upon us, it is I—it is I who have taught them to him; it is I who have betrayed to him the secrets of our august mysteries."

"Since he deceived thee by his hypocrisy, thou art not accountable for his impiety."

"I spoke without thought; I knew not what I was doing."

"Calm thyself, Mary, and wipe away thy tears, lest the idolaters believe that thou tremblest. So long have we endured mockings and ignominies that we care not for them. Are we not blessed when men spit upon us and revile us? Shall we heed the vain words of these jesters? Moreover, is the power of God limited? Can He not turn to His glory the blasphemies of His enemies?"

A burst of laughter from all sides of the amphitheater drowned their voices. The martyrs mechanically turned their eyes toward the stage.

Two actors were before the audience. One counterfeited the sacred functions of a priest. He wore the national costume of the Jews, a people always despised in Rome, and absolutely odious there since their base revolt and dispersion.

The pagans affected to confound the faithful with the Hebrews, and surrounded both with the same ignominy. Here the actor exaggerated to the utmost the squalor natural to the descendants of this unfortunate race. His robe was composed of many pieces of different colors, worn out and filthy, as if gathered from a kennel. A grotesque cap ornamented his head, and a neglected beard hung on his breast. He walked barefooted, his face bent to the ground, casting to the right and left, gloomy, sidelong glances. In his hand he held an ill-shaped wooden cross. Ardelion was not less meanly clad. He wore a coarse toga, of the stuff used by the poorer classes. His head, feet and arms were bare.

If the stage, as it is said, is the mirror of manners, it is but a false and lying mirror; it lies by exaggeration, it lies by caricature, it lies by calumny.

It was not the design of the actors to represent truly the belief and ceremonies of the early Christians. Degenerate, as was this Roman mob, it would have been filled with surprise and admiration at the holy majesty of our faith. In order so to turn Catholicity into ridicule, in ancient times as well as at the present hour, they had recourse to calumny and immorality. The actors boldly lent their imaginary principles and manners to the Christians, covering them with a ridicule for which no causes existed in reality. But they suited their jests to the tastes of the people. They did not pique themselves on Attic wit, but whoever has read Aristophanes, will know what must be understood by that word; and the vaunted cultivation of the Athenian writers is now reproduced only in the most immodest songs. The present impious farce was composed of the most obscene jests and allusions, accompanied by disgusting gestures. Omitting these features, which I should blush to reproduce, I give the following scene:

"My fine fellow," cried the other buffoon, approaching Ardelion, "stop a moment and listen to me. Your face pleases me. I never saw you before, and already I am interested in you. I should like to make your fortune. What is your trade?"

"I am a slave."

"Very good."

"No, it is not very good; it would be much better if I were a master."

"You shall be one, if you will give yourself to me. This meeting is fortunate for you, since I seek by choice the dregs of the people. Would you like to become rich?" "Rich?"

"Would you like to possess more gold than you ever dreamed of before?"

"Where can you get it?"

"Do you remember King Midas, who turned into gold every thing he touched?"

"The man who had asses' ears?"

"Well, I can perform the same wonder before your eyes. If I pronounce a certain word, this city and every thing in it, even the sand in the streets and the filth in the gutters, will become fine gold." "How?"

"By magic; you know we are all magicians."

"Don't you fear that your ears will grow longer?"

"I desire it. Mine have been cut off, and ever since I have been making vows and prayers that they might grow again."

"What! you are a sorcerer and yet you permitted your ears to be cropped?"

"Permitted! I swear to you that it was without my permission, and in spite of me, that it was done."

It was at this repartee that the audience had uttered those shouts of laughter which interrupted the conversation between Mary and the priest. The attention of the assembly was also drawn away by the entrance of two foreign ambassadors, of a nation whose name was then for the first time brought to Rome; they were Vandals. When silence was restored, the actors continued:

"And do you hear better now?" asked Ardelion.

"No. Not much at least."

"And yet, without ears, do you make gold? At what rate do you lend it? For it is plain you do not keep it?"

"If I kept it, I would not promise to give it to you?"

"And on what conditions will you give it to me?"

"Oh, for a trifle; just to take a single bath."

"But," said Ardelion, smelling him, "a bath would not hurt you either. How dreadful you smell."

"That is because it is a long time since I took one."

"Why so if you are rich?"

"Because our religion commands us to be dirty and shock decent people. That is why we neglect our hair and our nails."

"And must I, too, sleep in a barrel?"

"Well, yes, from time to time. You must also abstain from eating the flesh of victims offered to the gods, and from swine's flesh."

"And what will you give me in place of them?"

"First, you shall drink a magic nectar, which will fill your veins with delicious intoxication mingled with dreams and ecstasies. Maddened by the draught, you will be plunged in pleasure so intense, so exquisite, that you will forget every thing beyond them."

"But why do you celebrate your feasts in darkness and privacy?"

"Because if celebrated in daylight, the sun would be darkened with horror."

"Truly you excite my curiosity. And to obtain these delights what must I do?"

"Adore the Cross."

"I am afraid it will end in my being nailed to it?"

"We can guard you from that by our enchantments."

"And yet you scarcely ever die any other death?"

"That is, because having exhausted the cup of pleasure in our mysteries, we become disgusted with life. Besides we have charms which enable us to bear the worst torture without suffering."

"I should prefer to be preserved from them; experience might not quite fulfill your promises?"

"Well, you must determine whether you will accept my offer or not?"

"It tempts me. Is there any thing else to do?"

"You must insult the gods; you must treat Jupiter as an old reprobate, and the goddesses as infamous courtesans."

"Oh, that's easy enough."

"You must believe there are three and yet but one God." "Yes—four."

"No, no; three and one."

"Very well; or suppose I believe nothing, which is easier still! Well, let us go to the bath."

"Oh, you can just as well take it here."

"What! before all these people?"

"My son, first of all you must renounce modesty. I will bring some water; I have then only to pour it over your head."

"You will then come down with your money?"

"More money than you know what to do with."

"I demand a hundred thousand million sesterces?"

"You shall have two hundred thousand millions."

He seized an urn from the sill of a door in the scene, filled it with water, and returned immediately.

"Where did you get this water?" cried Ardelion, "it will not wash; it will soil my head."

"Bend your head, I say, and close your eyes. When you open them you will be entirely changed, and you will see that I have not deceived you."

The buffoon emptied, on the head of Ardelion, the urn which he held; Ardelion started back, and leaped about the stage with cries and gestures which elicited shouts of laughter.

"Well," cried he, "the money."

"Not yet; you moved too soon; I had not yet pronounced the cabalistic words. Your impatience has rendered that washing useless; we must begin again."

"Why, I am already wet to my bones; the water is running off of my clothes."

"Do not be in a hurry. I must fill my vase again. Now," he resumed, "let us take it quietly. What! now, have I forgotten the words? Oh, there they are: 'I baptize thee, in virtue of this water, in the name of the Triune God—of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Now do you see the riches you are to receive?"

To God all things are possible; a light of inspiration overspread the countenance of Ardelion, and his eyes were fixed on the deep blue sky.

"I see, he cried, in the thrilling accent of earnest conviction, 'I see the heavens open, and angels beckoning me and offering me a radiant crown.'"

"I foretold it," continued the other actor, not, however, without a startled and uneasy air.

"I am a Christian," cried Ardelion, "I go to meet the angels."

The spectators wildly applauded and laughed tumultuously.

"The baptism of water," said the new convert, solemnly, "will not suffice. The baptism of blood is necessary to purify my soul."

The people again clapped their hands. Transported with holy enthusiasm, the actor continued: "I take back all the falsehoods I have uttered in this infamous farce against the God of the Christians, who alone is the Creator of the universe, and I humbly implore His pardon through the sacrifice which I shall make for Him."

At these words, he leaped into the gallery at the foot of the stage, cleared the grating, and ran to join the other Christians. The people, who loved him, called out to him: "Come back! we have laughed enough. Come back; they are going to loose the beasts!" But he no longer listened to them.

"Refuse not," he cried to the martyrs, "to admit me amongst you, unworthy though I am of sharing your victory. And thou, Tertius, be blessed; for it is through thy prayers that the grace of God has saved me."

"I prayed to the Virgin," meekly answered the slave.

"Thou shalt no longer bear the name of slave, when thou hast shown me the way to liberty. Receive the stroke of enfranchisement."

The populace, irritated at the conversion, uttered blood-thirsty howls, and clamorously demanded the appearance of the wild beasts. The Vandals rose in their seats, tossed their giant arms into the air, and, roaring with savage joy, they summoned the actor to return. He refused, with a generous pride. The martyrs intoned a psalm, and in a quarter of an hour after, they had received the palm of victory.

Pastoral Letter of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati.

This admirable Pastoral of our learned and holy Archbishop reached us as we were going to press, consequently, too late to give it entire. This we regret; but as the *Catholic Telegraph* is so widely circulated, we refer our readers to its able columns, and invite them to enjoy the whole of this clear and eloquent elucidation of the Encyclical of our Holy Father which has been so wantonly garbled and misrepresented by a portion of the secular press:

We are aware that the Pope showed little worldly wisdom, when he issued the Encyclical. It was neither a homage to Caesarism, nor a bid for popularity. But he occupies high and holy ground. His stand was on the watch-tower, where Christ had placed him, and where he beheld from afar the rolling up of the dark, portentous clouds, where he heard the first mutterings of the storm, of which the world, at his feet, immersed in sensual and ambitious projects, seemed utterly unconscious, and he gave to all the solemn warning, like the unheeded Noah of old, to fly from the wrath to come, to seek shelter and safety in the ark.

The docile children of the Church could have desired that copies of the Encyclical had been sent to them, to be translated, before they had been misinterpreted and perverted by anti-Catholic and infidel journalists. Had this been done, the hue and cry that greeted its appearance might have been less violent. But in this, too, we recognize

the hand of Providence sweetly and strongly disposing all things. Suspecting no evil, we left the important document in the hands of the manufacturers of public opinion for two continents, the London *Times* and Paris *Siecle* and its compeers; and never was ignorance more gross, or bad faith more barefaced and unblushing than are betrayed in their translation of, and comments on, the Encyclical. The editor of the *Times* is now impaled on the horns of the "mad bull" of his own creation; and the illustrious Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans, has exhibited the infidel press of the French capital in a condition not less humiliating or more enviable. * * *

Let us now look at the condemned propositions, and see if we cannot assert to the justice and wisdom and necessity of their condemnation with the same fulness of faith and the same conviction of the understanding, with which the first Christians received the Four Gospels, the early Fathers subscribed to the first four General Councils, and their children and successors in the faith, in these latter ages, accepted the decisions of Trent and the Creed of Pope Pius IV.

We do not believe in the absurdity of Pantheism—that every thing in the universe is an integral part of God—and that there is no other, no personal God. We do not believe that every thing made itself and made every thing else. We believe that there is a personal God who made all that exists; that the hyena, the demon, the assassin, is not any part of God, and if he were, we would not be any part of Him. Therefore, with the Encyclical, we condemn Pantheism. * * *

We do not believe that while God leaves all men free, before the final judgment, to believe falsehood and do wrong, that He grants any man a right to believe error, or to commit crime. * * * The maxim that error may be left free to write or speak what it pleases, as long as truth is left free to combat it, has been illustrated by the penalties incurred by those who dared, recently, to speak and write against the Union and the Constitution, and to recommend assassination and sympathize with assassins. * * *

When we rise from the reading of Spelman's History of Sacrilege in England, we do not believe that the suppression of the monasteries, the spoliation of shrines, the seizing of the rich domains into which drained swamps, reclaimed wastes, and cleared forests, changed by the toil of the Monks, have been left wholly unpunished by Divine Justice even in the world; or that they will be more leniently dealt with in the next; and therefore we cannot believe, against the dictates of reason, justice and humanity, that the Encyclical is wrong in denouncing the imitation of such sacrilege in Piedmont, Portugal, Spain, or any other country. * * *

We do not believe that the civil authority possesses power to decide, in the matter of administering the divine Sacraments, as to the dispositions necessary for their reception.

We do not believe that the savage is better than the Christian and civilized condition of society; that naturalism is preferable to revelation, or that

reason and religion, both given us by the same Divine Author, can ever be antagonistic, to one another.

Finally, we believe that the Church was destined by Jesus Christ to accomplish its Divine Mission of preparing souls for Heaven, under every form of government and in every condition of human society. She condemns none where the laws are just and impartially administered. Where the laws are unjust, and rulers violate the written or the natural compact by which they claim to govern, she "interdicts not to her children patriotism;" she asserts for them the inalienable right to raise both voice and hand, to denounce oppression and overthrow the oppressor; but she does not encourage secret societies, she urges not to precipitate resolves, to revolution. She counsels prudence, forbearance, remonstrance, patience. She forbids individuals to involve themselves and their co-workers in irretrievable ruin by hasty, unwise and impulsive action, which rivets chains instead of breaking them, and makes burdens heavier and the yoke more galling, when the few attempt what only the many can accomplish.

Such do we conceive to be the teaching of the late Encyclical. Such, the voice that calms the waves and stills the tempest of human passions, and such the hand that steers the bark freighted with its precious cargo of immortal souls to the secure haven of supreme happiness, for which this earthly state, no matter how arranged, is but the preparation.

Election of Pius IX.

Pope Gregory XVI breathed his last on the first of June, 1846. The senior Cardinal took charge of the affairs until the election of the new Pope. The Cardinals were assembled for his election; and on the fourteenth of June, they entered the door of Saint Sylvester's, which closed after them; gathered in the Pauline chapel, they vowed to observe all the rules of the Sacred Conclave. They then silently entered the cells prepared for them. The cells thus occupied by the Cardinals had turning-boxes, through which they received their meals from their servants.

All things being in readiness, Mass was performed in solemn tones. Cardinal Macchi, who presided, explained the order of the proceedings. The vote of two-thirds was necessary to a choice. Each elector having taken his seat, the voting by secret ballot commenced. The Cardinals, seated upon fifty-two thrones, entered upon their great work; at the right of the altar stood a stove, in which, on each failure, the ballots were consumed. The oft-repeated smoke at the chimney-top declared to the multitudes without, the fact that the voting was still going on.

The most likely candidate was the Minister of Pope Gregory XVI, whose election was expected on the first ballot. A committee had, at the commencement, been chosen to count the votes. It fell to the lot of Cardinal Mastai to announce the name of each ballot.

Cardinal Mastai was a devoted Bishop; he was quiet, humble, possessing great humanity, and

he had won the esteem of all by his amiable qualities. The electors came forward, ten at a time, took ballots, and filling them, sealed them up; taking this between his thumb and finger, and raising his arm over his head, each one went and knelt before the altar, pronounced a short prayer, and casting his ballot into the chalice, bowed reverently and returned to his place. When all had voted, the ballots of the five Cardinals who lay sick in their cells were brought in by a committee, and deposited in the same manner.

After the finishing of the first ballot, Cardinal Mastai began to read the names. Every heart beat tremulously: Lambruschini's name was called out fifteen times, and Cardinal Mastai called his own name thirteen times; the remainder were scattering. What could this mean?—Who were those who had voted for him?—He was the last man to expect such a favor! A most strange incident now took place. Cardinal Mastai had hardly pronounced his own name the thirteenth time, when a dove, flying into the high window of the chapel, fluttered around the Cardinal's head. It startled the whole assembly. Three ballotings passed; on the third, the vote for Cardinal Mastai ran up to twenty-seven.

The fourth trial opened at three o'clock. Cardinal Mastai was at his post, pale and sad. He passed the intervals of the balloting in solemn prayer. The ballots were once more prepared, and for the fourth time the opening began, in breathless silence. Cardinal Mastai read on, until over forty times his own name rang tremulously on the silent walls. The Cardinals rose, and Cardinal Macchi came first-forward, and bent in allegiance to Cardinal Mastai, the newly elected Pope; all the others followed; the window fronting the anxious crowd outside was thrown open, and the proclamation made to the people, who joined in acclamation and were wild with delight.

Rome delivered from a Pestilence.

A pestilence broke out in Rome, under the pontificate of Pope Saint Gregory the Great. Every day, the disease carried off a vast number of persons of all ages and conditions. In vain had the pious Pontiff preached penance, ordered fasting and public prayers. At length, he had recourse to Mary, whose image, painted by Saint Luke, he was inspired to carry in procession. Scarcely had the angust likeness of the Mother of God been brought forth from its sanctuary when the disease suddenly ceased, so as to leave no doubt of a miracle. At the same moment, there was seen over Adrian's terrace, since called the Castles of Saint Angelo, an angel in human form, sheathing a sword; and celestial spirits were heard singing that hymn of joyful gratitude in honor of Mary, *Regina celi, latare, alleluia*, to which the Sovereign Pontiff and the entire procession added in strains of joy, *Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia*. The Church subsequently adopted that hymn to salute the Queen of Heaven during the Paschal time, which is that of her joys.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

PICTURES OF THE SACRED HEART.

How Pictures make us familiar with the Heart of Jesus.

Painting has innumerable ways of making us acquainted with an object. Sometimes it puts before us the person itself, by tracing on the canvas the features of the countenance, the proportions of the body, and, in proportion to the artist's skill, portraying on the visible exterior the hidden emotions of the soul. Sometimes without losing sight of the likeness, it seeks to reproduce the signal actions of the hero. It unfolds the field of battle before our eyes. It paints the meeting of hostile armies and the heat of the fray, and, high above the tumult of the struggle, stands the great general or the valiant hero, whose daring feats the limner desires to depict. Frequently, too, inspired by the breath of poetry, the picture loses sight of the reality in order to convey its lesson under the pleasant and transparent veil of allegory; it leaves to the spectator the delicate pleasure of divining the enigmas placed before him by the pencil of the artist. Even the vignettes, with which he surrounds his painting, become to the painter the means of revealing the hero, and of expressing his high qualities.

When it became necessary to make use of this wonderful art to propagate devotion to the Sacred Heart, Christian piety neglected none of the means just mentioned. It has its museum; its complete gallery. Portraits, historic scenes, emblems, vignettes, frame-work—every thing has contributed, not only to bring before us this divine object of our love, but also, to teach us its virtues, its greatness, its benefits, what it is to us, and what we ought to be to it. Viewed in artistic light, every thing is not, we admit, perfect in the gallery; all the emblems are not equally ingenious. But we must not complain. The painting which, with its ingenious grouping of figures, delicate coloring and graceful outlines, charms the connoisseur, would not speak to the child and the poor laborer; but the simple lithograph, with its vague and vulgar expression and its gaudy colors, pleases the humble husbandman and nourishes his piety. St. Augustin, when beginning his admirable treatise, *De Trinitate*, excused himself for again taking up a subject already exhausted by the Doctors who had preceded him, saying: "Do not think that I ought to be silent because I have not the gift of expressing myself with as much clearness and elegance as other writers. All that is written does not fall into the hands of every body. It is possible that many may understand me, whereas they may not meet the writings of others, or, if they do, may not comprehend them. It is, therefore, useful that there should be many books written by various authors in different styles, although the subject be the same faith and the same questions, in order that the truth may reach all; some in one way, others in another." (L. I., ch. 3). The painter who undertakes the difficult task of repre-

senting the Heart of Jesus and its mysterious grandeur may reason in like manner.

But let us go through this gallery which in Christian piety has portrayed the glory of the Divine Heart, and we shall see how great is the school presented to us.

In the foreground we behold simple representations, mere portraits. In one instance we have the isolated Heart, surmounted by a cross, crowned with thorns and emitting streams of flames. The Heart alone would not speak to our souls, but it assumes a decided expression from the cross and the thorns, which recall the sufferings endured for our salvation, and from the flames which are symbolical of its ardent love. In another instance, this same Heart is represented in the half-opened breast, upon which St. John reposed, and on which lean spiritually all those who burn with divine love. In these pictures the Heart appears to be the center of the actions of the Saviour, and if the pencil of the artist be not very unfaithful, the lines of the countenance and the posture of the body show in another form the flames which consume this Heart. Who does not know that charming engraving by Battoni, the Italian artist, which has become one of the principal types under which we love to represent our Saviour to ourselves? In presence of this graceful figure, stamped with tenderness and sorrow, casting a look of sweetness upon the adoring Christian, holding in one hand the Heart, left exposed by the half-opened breast, and pointing with the other to this pledge of his love, we need not the words of the Apostle: "He loved me, and delivered Himself for me." The engraving is in itself a treatise on the love of God. If our space allowed, we could give many examples of such representations. Their number is greater than is generally believed. More than two hundred of such paintings have been laid before us, and still the collection is far from being complete.

But if the sight of the Heart of Jesus expresses His love in what we may call its general aspect, we find pleasure in studying it in detail. And this precious mine has not been less explored than the preceding. Writers on the Sacred Heart tell us, that if we would really know it, we must consider it in its living activity. Christian painting has made use of this maxim. It has represented it in all the mysteries of its mortal existence. In one picture we find Jesus as a little child, lying on a straw pallet, showing us His Heart, as if to explain to us the enigma of a God reduced to such an excess of humiliation. In another we see that same Heart surrounded by representations of the mysteries of the Divine Infancy, such as the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Circumcision, the flight into Egypt, the hidden life at Nazareth, etc. The public ministry suggests many scenes to the artist. What can be more touching than the picture in which we behold the Good Shepherd carrying back on His shoulders the sheep, whose head is happily inclining toward that Heart to which it owes its salvation? And how many delightful subjects have not our pious artists drawn from the adorable Eucharist? Jesus stands erect, robed in

the pontifical insignia of the oriental Church; the Heart is engraved on the breast; with one hand the Saviour holds the chalice surmounted by the Host, in the other, a little flag, on which are the words: *Ego sum panis vite*.—"I am the bread of life." Around the engraving, and as it were inclosing the person of Jesus, we see this charming paraphrase of the petition of the Lord's Prayer: *Panem nostrum, suavissimum supersubstantialem, quotidianum, dulcissimum Filium tuum Jesum, da nobis hodie*.—"Give us this day our delicious, supersubstantial, daily and most sweet bread—Thy Son Jesus." Finally, in the corners of the painting, we read two sentences, one of St. Teresa: *De otro pan no tengamos cuydado*.—"Let us not care for other bread;" the other of Saint John Chrysostom: *Et unus sit nobis dolor hac esca pricari*.—"Let our only sorrow be to be deprived of this food." At the foot is written: *Christus sacerdos, hostia, cibus noster*.—"Chrst, Priest and Host, our food."

How many lessons are contained in that pious picture? By it we learn how intimate is the union between devotion to the Blessed Eucharist and the worship of the Sacred Heart. The Heart of Jesus there shows itself in the triumph of its love. Thanks to it, thanks for this excess of love which has induced it to choose the tabernacle for its place even to the end of time. We here begin that ineffable union which is to be made perfect in Heaven. From this Heart flow, as from a divine source, all the treasures of mediation, by which Jesus is the true Priest of the eternal covenant, the Melchisedech of the New Law. The blood shed on Calvary flowed from it. It served as a corporal organ to that love which reduced the Lamb of God to the condition of a victim. And, whilst we every day contemplate our Lord as a perpetual Host on the altar, we need seek no reason, no explanation any where except in the love with which the Heart is consumed which is presented to us in the painting. And whence come those delights tasted by Christians in the Eucharistic banquets, if not from this adorable Heart?

We could proceed indefinitely, and show that there is no mystery in the life of the Saviour which sacred painting has not depicted as vivified by the adorable Heart. But we must not imitate the imprudent traveler, who, seduced by the charms of the path, forgets the destination toward which he advances. The images of the Sacred Heart are not merely a memorial of the evangelical mysteries; they portray the life of the Saviour throughout all Christian history; they are a living recital of what He does every day in favor of Christian souls. Now it is a St. Michael who, by a happy exchange, receives the Heart of Jesus into his breast in place of his own which the Saviour has taken away. Again it is a St. Catherine, whose heart after several days of ecstasy is plunged into the furnace of divine love, the Heart of Jesus, and becomes inflamed with heavenly affection. At other times gratitude tries to paint in indelible characters the benefits (even temporal) conferred by this compassionating Heart. We remember having seen in an asylum a charming picture, intended to commemorate a signal favor obtained by the protection of the Sacred

Heart, the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph. Mary, in the midst of luminous clouds, appears uppermost in the painting, and in her, arms she holds the Divine Infant who shows His Heart. A little underneath, St. Joseph advances toward the throne of the Queen of Heaven. His gaze is turned toward the Infant, and his hand points downward to the asylum, in order to draw the Divine Child's attention to that abode of suffering of which he is patron. Mary seems to unite her prayers with those of her spouse, and from the Heart of Jesus stream forth rays of light which dispel the clouds of affliction, in which the refuge of the poor lies buried. And the emblems! What a career is here open to the pious imagination of pious artists! We have smiled more than once at some of these simple representations of the kindness of the Heart of Jesus to men; and yet they convey some of the highest lessons of faith. The Infant Jesus showing His Heart, holds a line—and His Heart, the happy captive of Divine love, has allowed itself to be caught by the hook. The same Infant holds a torch, and in the hearts of those around Him He enkindles the fire which consumes Himself. His Heart is attached to the Cross: the wound in His side is open, and a dove seeks secure shelter therein. Or again, the flames which issue from it take the form of a nest, and doves come and rest in it without being disturbed. Sometimes these infantine images explain the most sublime doctrines of theology. On the summit we see the mysterious triangle, the symbol of the august Trinity, the source of all created good. A little lower, the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, sends down bright beams upon the Heart of Jesus; the Heart becomes a furnace, and cannot contain its flames; they escape with violence and spread themselves in the hearts of the saints placed on the altar of sacrifice. Among these hearts we see two, distinguished from all the others by the size and intensity of their flames; and these are the hearts which have partaken most largely in the divine fire—namely, the hearts of Mary and Joseph. Finally the flames, rushing from the altar, fall upon the earth to spread themselves through the entire world. In the surrounding vignettes we see the chalice and the Host, Jesus Christ on the Cross, and the Immaculate Lamb of God. It is a *resumé* of the mysteries of the Incarnation. It is the history of the redemption of the world by the Heart of Jesus. It is the visible realization of the word of St. John: "And we saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth . . . and of his fullness we have all received." We shall not go farther in our enumeration. What we have said is sufficient to show how useful pictures are in making us familiar with the Heart of Jesus, not only in a general way, but even in all the details of His life of love, in all the benefits of which it is the source. It is time to proceed to show how these pictures are more than a book, in which the intellect of man studies this amiable object of our worship, and how they feed our piety, and become a fountain of graces which this Divine Heart never ceases to shower upon those who adore it.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Little Child of Mary.

Shall we speak of a child of four years of age? Can a life so speedily terminated have left any memorial, any example worthy of being held up to the imitation of her companions? But in Octavie, reason and sensibility had outstripped her years; and the short narrative of her actions will, at least, present to us the touching picture of simple childhood with all its graces, and, of innocence with all its charms; and besides, may not the tenderest age be offered to our imitation, since He who knows how to set upon every thing its just value, threatens us with exclusion from the Kingdom of Heaven unless we become like to little children? Yes, we will speak of Octavie, of that dear child in whom we took delight in contemplating the happiest dispositions, and who, so soon, admitted into the heavenly country, raises her innocent hands for us toward Him who refuses nothing to the prayers of little children.

Being deprived of her mother, almost at her birth, Octavie did not enjoy that early care and those early caresses which nothing can replace. The nurse, however, to whom she was intrusted bestowed so much tenderness upon her, that Octavie soon loved her as if she had been her mother. When she was committed to our care, and as yet not three years old, one might foresee the extreme sensibility she would one day possess, by the grief she displayed at the moment of parting with this dear nurse. There was nothing but tears, lamentations, and a sorrow which we could not pacify; games, caresses, sugar-plums, every thing was tried in vain, and each time that the nurse came back the sobs began again. "What, then, is it you want, Octavie?" we said to her. "Nurse, and Henriette, and the street," was all the answer we could get. Henriette, her elder sister, who had been previously sent to us, was the only person she would listen to in the midst of her despair. Octavie had been a little spoiled, and was so self-willed that she expected every thing to give way to her childish importunity; but in less than three months after she was placed at the school, the gentle firmness employed to subdue her caprice, completely conquered this fault, so common among children. Besides, she thought it a great honor to be reckoned as one of the pupils; and the surest means of persuading her to yield was gravely to tell her "that a young lady who cried like a baby, and who refused to obey, etc., could not be counted as one of the pupils." This was quite enough to determine her to give way. She easily learned her prayers, and soon took so much pleasure in saying them, that the greatest punishment that could be imposed upon her was to retrench any portion of them, especially the *Memorare*, because it is addressed to the Blessed Virgin. We used to be almost obliged at night to be cross with her, to make her have done with what she called her *Aves*. She would say some times, "But what was the Blessed Virgin like; what used she to do, what used she say, when she was on earth?" And

to satisfy her, it was necessary to enter into the fullest details. At Christmas time one of the favors which the young pupils used to beg for most earnestly was, to be taken to visit the crib where the Infant Jesus, that is, His image, was lying. This spectacle, displaying to little ones a God become a little one like themselves, made the liveliest impression upon Octavie; it formed quite an epoch both in her memory and in her heart. Her visit to the Infant Jesus was her first thought on getting up, and her last going to bed; she drew as near to Him as she could, watched Him, walked round His crib with so loving and caressing an air, that it was quite touching to observe this little silent conversation: Whenever she went to see her little Jesus, it was always with her hands full of sugar-plums, which it had been suggested to her to lay at His feet, and which she did with an eagerness and delight which showed itself in her whole behaviour.

One evening, however, she returned from her accustomed visit sad and thoughtful; upon being asked the cause, (it was piercingly cold that day), she replied, "Mother, I am thinking that the Infant Jesus must be very cold; do, pray, put Him in my bed!" She was told that He could not be moved, that He must remain in the chapel. "Well, then, take Him my blankets," Octavie was beginning to try to pull them off, and it was with some difficulty that she was persuaded to give up her intention. From this time forward, whenever she committed any fault, it was generally quite sufficient to say to her, "Octavie, the Infant Jesus would not have done that," to see her amend instantly. Often she herself asked, of her own accord, "would the little Jesus have done that?" as soon as she was answered, "No," she would add: "Then I will not do it either." Every morning, as her bedroom was "near Mass," as she expressed herself, that is, near the chapel, she begged to be taken there, and would make a station before each saint's image, to whom she addressed a prayer after her fashion, and then insisted upon kissing its feet. It was impossible to get her by the oratory of Saint Philomena, which was at the entrance of the chapel, without visiting it, and drawing one of the little slips of paper out of a basket placed at the saint's feet. Octavie listened attentively when the little paper was read to her, and sometimes she tried to put it in practice. One day it happened that the paper she drew desired her to kiss the ground. This did not please the child: "Ah, indeed," she said, "I won't kiss the ground!" "But," it was replied to her, laughingly, "The little Jesus would have kissed it; He was not vain like Octavie." Immediately she knelt down and kissed it. But Octavie was not satisfied with these infantine devotions; she often went to her sister, Henriette, to beg her to take her to the chapel, particularly on feast-days. Doubtless, it was not, strictly speaking, to pray, but to be in the presence of our good God, and gaze at her ease at the decorations of the holy place, like the "Innocents," whom the Church represents to us as playing with their psalms and crowns before the throne of the Lamb. Nothing

said in Octavie's hearing was lost upon her; everything made an impression on her loving heart. One day, when we had been speaking to her of what our Lord had suffered in His Passion on the cross: "Wicked Jews," she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, "to kill the good God; if I had been there, I would have scolded them well!" Clovis, newly born in the waters of baptism, like her, cried out of old with indignation, upon hearing the first reading of the Passion, "Ah, why was I not there with my Franks?" Whenever Octavie could lay hold of the crucifix which the nuns wear attached to their rosaries, she bestowed on it the fondest caresses. "They ran great nails into His feet, into His hands, and into His Heart," she would say with a mournful face. Little Octavie's devotion would sometimes pass from sentiments to practice.

We are not surprised at seeing children occasionally come to blows. It happened, then, one day, on the occasion of some dispute or other, where Octavie, who could at times also make use of her fingers, would not yield, she received a slight box on the ear from her antagonist, whose strength, fortunately, was not much greater than her own. Some tears flowed at the first reception of this painful insult; the affronted girl walked away; then returning to her companion with her usual cheerfulness, "I would pay you that back again, Esther," she said, "only the little Jesus would not be pleased." Such an incident certainly proves something more than reasonableness in this child; she had already learned to love God, and to give the surest proof of love—to suffer and forgive. Her premature piety, and remarks full at once of *naïveté* and good sense, made Octavie to be beloved by all who saw her; and it really required the exercise of some self-restraint not to spoil so sweet a child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Catherine, the Indian Girl, or the Saint of the Mohawks.---(Concluded).

The husband of Catherine's half-sister and a Christian Indian from Loretto, managed her escape, in the absence of her uncle; but the old Chief heard of it, and charging his gun with three balls, he pursued them. They hid Catherine in a thicket, and sat down on the road-side as weary men taking repose. When he saw them alone he was ashamed of himself for having suspected them, and without telling them of his uneasiness, went back to his town. Then the flight was renewed, and Catherine, with her friends, arrived in safety at her sister's.

There she saw with rapture, for the first time, a settlement entirely Christian; and what Christians! They were like those of the first century, living in the fervor of faith.

In her new-found happiness Catherine vowed herself entirely to God, and from that moment seemed to have no tie to bind her to earth except that of laboring for others. The least defect in her conduct caused her to shed floods of tears: "Oh how can I be so wicked," she would say, "and

offend my God who has so loved me?" So serenely beautiful, so recollected and devout was she at each communion, that the others used to say that they could make their preparation better if they knelt where they could see Catherine. Her spirit of mortification was intense; she used scourges, and irons, and chains—she slept on a hard bed strewn with thorns.

One winter she visited Montreal, and saw for the first time the Ursuline Nuns; from that time her great desire was to consecrate her life to God by the vow of virginity.

On the Feast of the Annunciation, she pronounced her vows with wonderful fervor. From this time she belonged to earth no more, but ardently sighed to be with our dear Lord and her Mother Mary, Queen of Angels. She was never without her rosary, which she said many times a day. On Saturdays she redoubled her austerities.

But her slight frame was wearing fast away, and, like the dove, she must soon fly away and be at rest. As the spring grew on, she prepared to pass away when the glory of the forest foliage and flowers was just dawning on the land. The men were all away at the chase, the women absent the entire day planting the golden corn; and Catherine lay there, in the desolate cabin, alone, with a plate of crushed corn and a cup of water by her pillow, from early morn, through the long hot sultry day, until the stars had risen. The most severe pain racked her delicate frame; but it never forced a murmur from her, never drove the sweet tranquil smile from her lips and large dark eyes.

The week of our dear Lord's Passion had come; she was to keep Palm Sunday and Holy Monday on earth; but her glad eternal Easter was to be with her Blessed Mother and dear Lord in Heaven.

On Wednesday she received the last sacraments with the greatest fervor, and at three o'clock in the day, having uttered the holy names of Jesus and Mary, she passed into her agony. In half an hour, without a struggle, she was asleep in Jesus.

They did not pray for her when she was gone, but to her; and many a cure and many a grace were obtained by her intercession.

The holy Bishop Laval, as he knelt by her grave, called her the *Saint of the New World*.

They planted a tall cross above her ashes, where it still stands, and there did the American Indian, native by a hundred descents, kneel and pray to an American saint, nearly two hundred years ago.

When will the little children who read the AVE MARIA serve our Lord and His Blessed Mother as did the sweet, gentle Indian girl, with those other young and beautiful Saints, Agnes and Philomena, Aloysius and Stanislaus? She was, as you see, a Saint of our own country, and lived in the State of New York; perhaps in the very place where some of the little children, who read the AVE MARIA, live.

O MARY! my Mother, most lovely, most mild,
Look down upon me, your weak, lowly child;
From the land of my exile, I call upon thee;
Then, Mary, my Mother, look kindly on me.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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THE CURE OF ARS AND VOLTAIRE.

As we promised, we now return to these two persons, whose busts are so like, and yet so unlike, and whose characters are as wide apart as the poles. They mark the two extremes, nature left to itself, the nature co-operating with grace. To Christian youth, no lesson can be more salutary than a careful meditation upon the lives of these two men, whom Providence seems to have marked with a certain exterior resemblance, to show us, as it were, in a more striking manner, to what depths of horror, nature unaided will descend; to what dazzling heights of sanctity, the same nature, aided by grace, will ascend; and giving to the former all the assistance of fine intellectual powers to win the hearts and sway the minds of multitudes—yet, in its proclivity to evil, using all these rare gifts only the more completely to destroy itself and drag others with it into the infernal abyss; while grace, sustaining a nature not so gifted, invests it with its own heavenly charm or unction, under whose sole influence crowds are drawn even to the desert, and, as it were, against themselves, raised to realize all the beautiful truths of Christian life.

Never was there a greater effort made to deify human nature than at present—not even in the days of Pagan Rome: for then it was but the hero of a thousand triumphs, or an emperor dizzy with the elevation of the Cæsars' throne, that dared aspire to divine honors; now, popular lecturers, as Emerson, will, to an enlightened audience, utter the horrid blasphemy that manhood and the God-head are synonymous, and that in ten years, such will be the happy development of this idea, there will be as many temples in which to worship God, as there are individuals in our city—each person his own God. To display fully this monstrous doctrine and its opposition to truth, let us then take nature self-deified in the infel philosopher of Ferney, and nature united to the Deity, by grace, in the Curé of Ars.

Let us not forget the striking resemblance in the shape and outline of their faces. There was an hour when the baptismal water fell upon the infant brow of Voltaire, and the soul of that most miserable and wicked old man was then as lovely and as beloved in the sight of God, as that of the saintly priest, who in feature was so closely to resemble him. Here, then, is our starting-point. Let us first follow the one, indebted to his God for great intellectual powers, and see how he turned them against the Giver. Blessed with kind in-

dulgent parents, who strove to give their son every advantage, the young Arouet—for such was Voltaire's real name—was placed under the careful and religious training of the Jesuits, but he used the gifts of his mind to turn into poison the most precious food of the soul.

His Professor of Rhetoric, Father Pallu, who knew him thoroughly, seeing his thirst for glory and his irreligious inclinations, predicted that he would be the standard of deism in France. His quarrelsome disposition, his shameful disobedience and his insulting manners to his parents caused his father to send him to Holland; but his disreputable conduct forced him to fly from there and again seek shelter in his father's house—and it was only to bring grief to the hearts of those he was bound by every tie of nature to cherish and respect. The following year his disgraceful conduct caused him to be severely punished by a stage actor, whom he had wantonly insulted; and almost immediately after, an officer, whom he had maliciously calumniated, gave him a deep sabre cut upon the cheek, where a mark remained to teach him better manners.

Louis XIV had just died. Flatteries gave way to satire; Arouet freely indulged his venomous disposition, and was put to jail for one year in the Bastille. At his release the young Arouet changed name into that of Voltaire. "I have been too unfortunate under my first name," said he, "I must now try my luck under another."

The first time we hear of him again under his new name is when, suspected of complicity in a state plot, he is banished from Paris. Some years after, he succeeded in obtaining leave to return. But to live in peace was for him well nigh impossible. In a hot altercation with Chevalier de Rohan, when asked contemptuously who he was, Voltaire replied sharply, "I am the first of my name, and you are the last of yours." The young lord avenged the insolence by ordering one of his servants to give him a sound thrashing. The execution of this order took place at the door of the Duke of Sully, where Voltaire was going to dine. He entreated the Duke to aid him to repel the insult; but, on being refused, Voltaire left the hotel in great indignation; and seeing that nobody took the least interest in his case, says one of his historians, he had the courage to carry his complaint to the Regent of the State, asking justice: "Justice," replied the Regent, "it is done." It did not, however, end there, for he was sent again to the Bastille for six months; nor was he allowed to leave the jail when his time was out, but on condition of leaving

France. He went to London where he published his *Henriade*. The publisher employed by the author, finding himself cheated by him, laid on his shoulders another thrashing after the model of the one he had received three years before, at the door of the Duke of Sully.

On promise of good behavior he was once more permitted again to return to Paris; but again denounced to the keeper of the seals for an infamous pamphlet, he fled to Rouen, where he hid himself for seven months in a printer's house; shortly afterward, the refugee testified his gratitude to his host in defrauding and ruining him completely, as he did some others of his publishers. In 1734 Voltaire published his "Philosophical Letters," for which he was condemned by parliament, and forced to exile himself again. The fifteen years that followed were marked by public debauchery. Then began his famous relations with Frederick of Prussia, which lasted three years. Nothing could be better calculated to exhibit the meanness of poor human nature than this so called friendship or intimacy. In this phase of his life, he rivals the weakest and most contemptible characters. Some minds are dazzled by the daring of vice, but when they see the same person descend to the most pitiful meanness, it seems that no one could find aught but profound contempt for such a perversion of all that is noble in the mind of man. We have already seen that he was a notorious liar, not alone in his writing, but in his social intercourse.

Macauley, with a few strokes of his pen, has given an insight into his life at the court of Frederick, and some of those *minor traits*, if so you please to call them, that render this *soci disant* philosopher the most contemptible of human beings: "Many circumstances had made him desirous of finding a home at a distance from his own country. He was ever tormented by a most restless jealousy. To every writer who rose to a celebrity approaching his own, he became either a disguised or an avowed enemy. He publicly and with violent outrage, made war on Jean Jacques. Nor had he the art of hiding his feelings under the semblance of good humor or contempt. With all his talents and experience, he had no more self-control than a petted child, or the silliest hysterical woman. Whenever he was mortified he exhausted the whole rhetoric of anger and sorrow, to express his mortification; his torrents of bitter words—his stamping and cursing—his grimaces and tears of bitter rage, portrayed poor human nature, truly abject in its self glorification."

The opening correspondence with Frederick exhibits the philosopher (?) as an adept in the most ignoble art of flattery. But when he accepted the invitation of the King, the shameless rapacity with which he demanded a thousand louis for one of his relations, to be added to the pension offered by his majesty, disgusted Frederick. He affected indifference, and wrote some of his bad verses, describing Voltaire as the setting sun, etc. The avaricious philosopher! was in bed when he heard of this. He jumped out immediately, danced and stamped around the room in a frenzy

of rage and tears, sent for his passport and started without a day's delay for the Court of Prussia. It is not difficult to foresee the ending of such a friendship. During his sojourns he indemnified himself for the thousand louis, by pilfering whenever the opportunity offered, pocketing even the wax candles in the royal antechamber. After many quarrels with his royal host, in which the philosopher showed his knowledge of the science of lying, he finally took a hasty leave of Berlin, but was arrested at Frankfort, and had to bear for fifteen days all the insults of the police.

He retired at Colmar, where, to wash away the infamy of his character, he wished to attend publicly his duty at Easter. Twice he had applied to be received as a member of the academy, and twice he had been refused for his impious writings. But he was determined to carry his point; therefore he made a public profession of faith, in which he stated, among other things, that if any one had ever published, under his name, a single page that could give scandal even to the sacristan of the parish church, he was ready to leave it out. "I wish," he adds, "to live and to die in peace in the bosom of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church."

But what results could be expected from such motives? In 1758 he settled himself at Ferney, where, to quote the language of the *free-thinker*, Macauley, "loosed from every tie which had hitherto restrained him, he began his long war against all of good that had authority over man. He could not build,—he could only pull down—he was the very Vitruvius of ruin. He has bequeathed to us not a single doctrine that can be called by his name—not a single addition to the stock of our positive knowledge." So much for his talents, as traced by one who had no religion himself.

It was at Ferney he uttered the mad declaration that was visited upon him so signally and accurately. "In twenty years hence," said he, "God shall have five times in France." Precisely at the expiration of the period, the same God he had so long insulted put a stop to his astonishing career of abominations.

Voltaire whose insolence had scarcely revealed any fear of God while in the enjoyment of vigor and life, in presence of death soon changed and began to fear terribly. A priest was sent for in all haste; but his friends had taken their measures to prevent the patriarch of infidelity from destroying, by a single act, the bearing and effects of a long life of writings and examples—therefore no priest would be permitted to visit him. When Voltaire realized his position, his danger, and the impossibility to reconcile himself with God, rage and despair seized upon him in such a frightful manner, that the celebrated Dr. Tronchings, who was present and attended him in his last moments, could not help saying: "I would wish that all who have been seduced by Voltaire's writings, could have been witnesses to his death." "Thus, I am abandoned by God and by man," he yelled aloud with fury, and tearing his own flesh with his hands and his teeth like a maniac and de-

moniac, he shook not only his bed but the very room with the violence of his frenzy and despair! He had lived the life of an Antiochus and a Julian, and his end was like unto theirs.

Horrible picture! Who can think upon it for five minutes and then dare to trust to nature unaided by grace? Such is a true type of nature self-deified; and yet this impious wretch has had, and still has his followers and admirers! O wonderful and deplorable perversion of the human heart! Let us hasten from the horrible portrait we have been obliged to paint; and as we have followed Voltaire from the cradle, so let us turn to the angelic childhood of the Curé of Ars. A face resembling that of the young Arouet meets our gaze; but, save that, all other resemblance passed away with infancy. We have traced the rapid descent of one; let us, if possible, follow the upward flight of the other.

Compare him with the young Voltaire, in youth. "Of all God's creatures the most attractive and the most amiable, without doubt, is the young man faithful to his duties; by the special privilege of his age, he still preserves innocence when he already possesses virtue. The affectionate sentiments of his heart overflow and concentrate upon God as their source, surround his parents with the tenderest devotedness, and from them spreading around him pure friendship, charity and goodness. How eager he is to obey!—how happy to feel the satisfaction of giving to others!—what respect and confidence in his look!—what candor in his smile!—what serenity in his joys!—what sweetness and generosity in his tears!" Such was the young John Mary Vianney when he returned to his parents after his first Communion, bringing in his heart and on his brow the sweetest impressions of youth. The grace which surrounded him from his cradle, making him a little apostle among his young companions, had augmented with years; it spread around his youth the perfume of innocence. His presence communicated the calmness of purity to all who approached him. Knowing that he owed his love to God alone, he never for an instant tarnished in his heart this fountain of love; he passed, without transition, from the ignorance to the hatred of sin; he was always an angel or a saint. We have frequently heard him say: "when I was young, I did not know evil; I learned to know it only in the confessional."

What a striking difference from the youth of Voltaire; and yet the faces of these two bore a resemblance! Now, by the side of the avaricious, lying philosopher—stealing wax candles at the court of Berlin—let us place a trait of the Curé of Ars when assistant priest at Ecully:

"For a long time he had worn the same cassock, until it was quite shabby. Although frequently reminded that he owed to his dignity and the honor of the priesthood a more decent apparel, he always answered: 'I'll think about it,' and in the meantime all the funds he received were distributed in alms and works of charity. One day, being more seriously admonished than usual about his worn-out cassock, and urged to get another, he

consented, and gave the tailor's wife the sum necessary to purchase it. A few hours afterward he received a visit from a noble lady, who, through misfortune, was reduced to extreme indigence. At the end of her visit, M. Vianney ran to the commissioner and asked for his money. This good woman, expecting her husband would have had the profit of making the cassock, opposed a thousand cogent reasons, all clever and more persuasive as they advanced. 'All very good, very good,' was the reply of M. Vianney, 'but give me the money now, and we will see about it afterward.' The same evening the money was handed to Mrs. X. by a strange person. One more instance will perhaps show an equal dexterity on the part of the Curé of Ars, as that of the Philosopher of Ferney, to slyly pocket little things. His usual food was the coarsest black bread and potatoes. His housekeeper carried on a perpetual warfare with him, to induce him to mitigate, in some degree, the austerity of his life. She would slip unawares into the presbytery, and leave the provisions which he had refused to receive from her. Great was her self-gratulation on such occasions, until, the following morning, she would recognize her gift in the wallet of the first beggar who came to ask alms at her door. Once she made a beautiful pie for the Curé, which, when baked to perfection, she took out of the oven, and hid in an old cupboard in the presbytery kitchen, thinking it would certainly be safe in that deserted corner of the house. She impatiently awaited M. Vianney's return in the evening, and as soon as she heard him come in, she said to him in the most insinuating voice in the world: 'M. le Curé, will you have a little piece of pie?' 'Certainly,' replied he, immediately, 'I should like it very much.' Delighted with so unusual an acquiescence, she flew to her hiding place, where, alas! no pie was to be found! What could have become of it? Had M. le Curé found it out and given it to some poor man? This was really too much. She went up stairs quite out of humor. 'M. le Curé, this is too bad. My pie was my own; I did not give it to you.'

"Why did you put it in the presbytery, then?' he very quietly replied, 'I conclude what I find in my house is my own, and that I have a right to dispose of it.' Here we find the same dexterity in the priest and the philosopher—charming and fascinating in one, mean and contemptible to the lowest degree in the other. The only difference being that one took from the royal host, to gratify his sordid avarice; the other from himself, to gratify his love of charity."

We have seen how Voltaire labored to destroy every good, and to draw around him a crowd of admirers. Let us see how the saintly devotedness of the other drew blessings upon thousands, and drew even into the deserts vast crowds of persons, who, as admirers of the Curé of Ars, saved their own souls, and helped to regenerate France from the poisonous influence of Voltaire. We will take the testimony of a member of the University, M. Le-croix, a man of the first celebrity in France, and we will let him simply describe one day at Ars:

"Two years ago I resolved to pass my vacations in Rome. A few days before leaving Paris, one of my most distinguished friends said: 'Since you are going to Rome this time in pilgrimage, make one on your way; and as you have to pass by Lyons, go and see the Curé of Ars; it will not cause much delay, and you will see there what you will seek in vain elsewhere.' My friend had seen the Curé of Ars, whom I knew only by vague reports. What he told me excited my curiosity, and his interesting recital terminated with these reflections, which decided me: 'You study history, and teach it; you should endeavor to comprehend its secret. Go to Ars, and you will learn how to establish Christianity; how people are converted and Christian civilization founded. A man is there in whom is found the creative action of the saints of past ages; his works resemble those of the Apostles; populations venerate him as they did Saint Bernard; he reproduces all those wonders of which we read in books. Go and see him, speak to him if you can get near him, for he is strongly besieged; look at him, if you can do no more, and you will find that you have not lost your time. When we have the happiness of being contemporary with such a prodigy, we should not close our eyes and pass it by. The learned often go to a great deal of trouble to observe phenomena not worth the fatigue; but here you have the greatest and rarest phenomenon in the world, since it is *saintliness* in full activity. In your quality of historian, you cannot dispense yourself from visiting it. Go, then, to Ars; but make haste, for the Curé will not live a long time.' I resolved to follow his counsel, and in place of going direct to Lyons I stopped at Villefranche. The sky announced a day of uninterrupted rain (I noted this circumstance with pleasure); I took my seat in one of the stages running to Ars. The road seemed deserted, and the rain fell in torrents. Good, I said to myself; there will not be such a crowd around the Curé of Ars, so I shall have an opportunity of speaking to him, and leaving without too much delay. * * * We reached Ars, and immediately ran to the church, where we were told we could find the Curé. Going along, I arranged affairs according to my own fashion. I thought the stage had brought all the strangers—that we should be the only visitors; and, in my simplicity, I concluded the good priest was there below waiting for us. And I was quite disposed to be touched and edified, but I was not in the least prepared for what I witnessed. I entered the church with a movement of curiosity, perhaps, more than of gravity. But what was my surprise! In place of the solitude of which I had been dreaming, I saw the church filled with a recollected and numerous crowd: the women by groups in the body of the building, the men crowded and pressed around the sanctuary, all silent and calm, in the attitude of prayer and meditation. Never did the antechamber of a sovereign strike me with such grandeur and majesty; and I felt in an instant all the dignity of this minister of the Sovereign King of Heaven and Earth, to whom his sanctity gave such power and attracted such

multitudes. Yet, although I looked for him I could not see him. Some one pointed to the door of the sacristy, and said he was hearing the confessions of the men in their turn. It was now five o'clock in the evening. Evidently I had no chance of seeing the Curé that day, as I was at the extremity of the crowd that commenced at the door of the sacristy; but I did not complain. I was impressed with the beauty of the scene, and I was happy to have an opportunity of observing how the Curé of Ars ended his day, promising myself to return the next morning to see now he commenced it.

"Nevertheless the Abbé Vianney remained invisible. The door of the sacristy continued to open and shut, as the men succeeded each other at the tribunal of the holy priest. More than two hours passed rapidly; I had forgotten to count the minutes, for the scene passing before my eyes so completely filled the soul with divine and eternal things that time seemed not to exist. It was eight o'clock; the church, far from becoming empty, was receiving new visitors, and was still completely full. It was the hour of prayer, and the villagers assembled as for Mass; they had been taught by their saintly Curé to practice most fervently all the duties of Christians. At this moment M. Vianney appeared and ascended the pulpit. His appearance caused me to forget every thing else. He was clothed with his surplice, which he always wears. His whole exterior manifested his extraordinary virtues and holiness. His face and his person were of extreme thinness, attesting the sublime and frightful labor of mortification and asceticism; but that body, so frail and bent, seemed grand and majestic. Prayer over, he left the church, bareheaded, and in surplice entered his dwelling. I felt within myself that the essential aim of my visit had been accomplished. The Curé of Ars was no ordinary man, since he had collected around him, in this lost, obscure village, affluence and crowds equal to the most renowned pilgrimages. Yet it was painful to leave without speaking to the holy priest and receiving his blessing. Understanding from a person I took for the sacristan, that if I returned at four o'clock in the morning I could see the Curé of Ars, I determined to be there at the moment. * * * At the hour indicated, I was at the door, supposing I was in time and even before all others. But my surprise was greater than on the preceding day; already a large crowd was assembled, and I could not get near the happy door which gave access to the Curé. 'How long have you been here?' I inquired of my neighbors. 'Since two o'clock.'—'And when did M. le Curé come?'—'At midnight.'—'Where is he; what is he doing now?'—'He is behind the altar, hearing the confessions of the women; he does not hear men usually, on Friday, until after Mass.'—'Well, then, what is the cause of all that crowd around the sacristy?'—'They are keeping their places.'—'When did they come?'—'At midnight, when M. le Curé entered. The first comer held the knob of the door at midnight, the church opened, and they took their places.' All this surpassed what I had seen and

heard ; I was confounded. I knew well that man is capable of prodigious constancy when it is a question of his pleasure or interest ; that he would wait entire hours for a good place at a show or theater, and pass days and nights at Quincampoix street for news of the Mississippi scheme ; but I had never known, never seen man really disposed to make the same sacrifice of his time and his repose for purely spiritual things."

We regret our space will not allow us to give even the entire of one day from the pen of M. Leroix, this sublime drama of charity continued ten hours without one moment's relaxation. At ten o'clock he was enabled to gain an entrance into the sacristy. He briefly and rapidly stated his business, and received the clearest and most direct reply. The Curé of Ars improvised wisdom. "I was confounded to see his attention and presence of mind under such circumstances ; he had replied to hundreds since midnight, without impatience, without apparent fatigue, with open heart, and an incredible activity of his mind and frail body. His duties in the church continued without intermission until noon. I followed him to the altar of Saint Philomena, whom he honors in a special manner. Having one day miraculously cured a paralytic at her altar, he betrayed his secret by his humility in complaining to the Saint, and saying, 'When you grant me such graces, let it be in secret ; cure them at their own houses and spare my unworthiness this confusion.'"

From noon until two o'clock the Curé spent in his presbytery in prayer and mortifications, and then his works of charity commenced again. Thirty years of such days he passed at Ars, without repose or relaxation. His death was but the going home. Often, when entreated to rest, he would reply : "I will rest myself in Paradise." On his death-bed one of the attendants used the fan ; he waved it aside, saying—"Leave me with my poor flies." "You are suffering very much," said one ; a resigned movement of the head was the only reply. Silent tears fell from his eyes when the bell announced the last visit of his Beloved Lord, whom he so fervently adored. A few hours after, he wept once more ; these tears of joy were his last ; they fell upon the cross of his Bishop, who that moment arrived, summoned in haste to see his saintly priest die. As an innocent child falling asleep, he gave up his body and soul to God in the arms of the faithful companions of his labors. So passed this great and powerful Confessor of our age. Where now is the resemblance to Voltaire?—who can help shuddering at the thought of the immense gulf between them? As swift and as sure was the path of nature, self-deified, was downward to the lowest depths of that never-ending abyss of eternal fire—so swift, we trust, so sure was the rapid flight of nature, united to the Deity by grace, up to the regions of eternal joy, where, through all ages, his bliss will be to love the Blessed Virgin as he loved her from his cradle, and reproduce in Heaven that love of God which consumed his body upon earth.

The Curé of Ars and Voltaire!—The very extremities of human nature ; the one as intense in his love as the other in his hatred of Jesus Christ. While there is yet time, let us learn, in imitation of the humble lover of Jesus and Mary, to serve God, lest, like the other, we fall by pride and unbelief.

The Nativity of Our Lady.

Summer suns forever shining,
Flowers and fruits forever twining,
Silvery waters ever flowing,
Songlike breezes ever blowing,
Shady groves forever ringing,
With a low melodious singing :
Infant Mary ! Joy of earth !
We with all this world of mirth,
Light-hearted and joy laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden !

Angels round the Throne adoring,
Newest songs of praise outpouring,
Bursts of wonderful thank-giving,
Worshiping the Everliving,
All the vast angelic nations,
Lauding Him with gratulations :
Infant Mary ! Joy of earth !
We with all this world of mirth,
Light-hearted and joy laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden !

God with each untold perfection
Brooding o'er thy sweet election,
Glorified by wondrous blisses
Stirring in His calm abysses,
As if some new-born emotion
Rippled His unchanging ocean :
Infant Mary ! Joy of earth !
We with all this world of mirth,
Light-hearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden !

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blazoning thee with matchless merit,
Wondrous graces on thee raining,
And their dread complacence deigning
To rest in thee as in no other,
Daughter, Bride, and Sinless Mother :
Infant Mary ! Joy of earth !
We with all this world of mirth,
Light-hearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden !

Thou thyself a world of brightness,
Flower of more than angel's whiteness,
Ravished now with gladder Heaven
Than to angels hath been given,
Grandest worship in creation
Is thine infant jubilation :
Infant Mary ! Joy on earth !
We with all this world of mirth,
Light-hearted and joy-laden
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden !

Splendor as of pearliest morning
 O'er the souls in limbus dawning,
 Golden visions hovering o'er them,
 Nearer Heavens unveiled before them,
 Sudden transports newly given—
 Sweeter than the looked-for Heaven:
 Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
 We with all this world of mirth,
 Light-hearted and joy-laden,
 Greet the morning of thy birth,
 Little Maiden!

Joachim and Anna kneeling,
 Looks of furtive wonder stealing,
 High in ecstacy uplifted,
 Father, mother, grandly gifted,
 Weeping, through excess of gladness,
 Tears of rapture, not of sadness:
 Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
 We with all this world of mirth,
 Light-hearted and joy-laden,
 Greet the morning of thy birth,
 Little Maiden!

Ah! the first sight of thee sleeping,
 And the first sound of thee weeping,
 How the breathless Anna listened,
 While her rapturous teardrops glistened,
 How she almost died of pleasure,
 Feeding, fondling thee, her treasure:
 Infant Mary! Joy on earth!
 We with all this world of mirth,
 Light-hearted and joy-laden,
 Greet the morning of thy birth,
 Little Maiden!

All the joys upon God's mountain
 Gushing out from thee their fountain,
 All the gladness of the golden
 Hosts to thee alone beholden,
 All the songs that men are singing,
 Songs which all were of thy bringing:
 Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
 We with all this world of mirth,
 Light-hearted and joy-laden,
 Greet the morning of thy birth,
 Little Maiden!

Babe of Anna! Little Maiden!
 We with transports overlaiden,
 Spirits full, hearts that betoken,
 Joy which cannot be outspoken,
 We thy birthday greet, the dawning
 Of salvation's happy morning:
 Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
 We with all this world of mirth,
 Light-hearted and joy-laden,
 Greet the morning of thy birth,
 Little Maiden!

PATIENCE.—Father Bernard, ever intent on good works, once applied to a nobleman in behalf of an unfortunate person. The gentleman, of a choleric temperament, flew into a passion and refused. Father Bernard persisted, and the nobleman, in his rage, struck him on the ear. The devoted priest fell at his feet and said: "Give me a blow on the other ear, my lord, and grant my petition." The nobleman was overcome by this humility and acceded to his wishes generously.

Chorus of Angels of Earth and of Heaven.

The Angel Gabriel alights upon the earth, accompanied by a legion of Angels from Heaven.

THE ANGEL OF EARTH.

Messenger of happiness, what news do you bring from your country?

THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

Brethren, I bring great, I bring joyous news; God is love. Oh, Earth, rejoice! clothe thyself in all thy splendor, adorn thyself with flowers; with thy golden fruits; with thy green verdure. Let the sun pour upon thee its most beautiful rays; the night its most refreshing dew! Rivers, flow more limpid; torrents, stop your course; mountains, leap with joy! Stars, look down and contemplate the earth; days of hope, joy and satisfaction, the time of redemption is come. Mary—(at that name, Angels of the Earth, bow down your heads!)—Mary, the Holy Virgin, opens her eyes to the light! Light, do thou rejoice! Come and caress her, fairer than the morning star! Winds, blow gently, that the air and the day may be mild at her first dawn.

THE ANGEL OF THE EARTH.

Messenger of Heaven, may thy words be blessed, and blessed be the Holy Virgin, whose advent thou comest to proclaim! And you, ye guardians of souls, my companions, who, since the fall of the human race, have desired to suffer and to watch with mankind, expecting like them their deliverance, rejoice ye, and join me in saluting the spotless Virgin, whose rising star announces to us a life without end.

CHORUS OF GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Mary, Star of the Sea! the Angels of Heaven and the Earth salute you before Aurora. You are that flower of the Heavenly fields which is to produce the mysterious Lily of the Valleys. Through you the fate of the whole human race is to be changed, its crime repaired. (Saint Augustin, Serm. xviii). A new Eve, more beautiful and glorious than the first, you will open a new life to the earth! Let us rejoice!

THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

Eve wept; Mary hath already leaped with joy; Eve bore in her breast a fruit of tears, and Mary is to bring a fruit of eternal rejoicing; for the one brought forth a sinner to the world, and the other will bring into it the Redeemer of all the sins of the world. The Mother of the human race plunged her offspring into pain and into death; the Immaculate Virgin comes to restore it and to bestow upon it eternal life. Eve is the source of sin; Mary is the spring of grace! Let us rejoice!

THE ANGELS OF EARTH.

Blessed be the Restorer of mankind from woe! Blessed be she who comes to crush the head of the serpent! Joy, happiness, blessings upon earth! Let us approach the Holy Virgin, and let us watch near her, from the cradle to the tomb.

And the Angels chant the lofty destinies of their young Queen. The earth rebounds with joy, and the heavens of the earth recount their happiness to the Heaven of heavens; and the harmony of the spheres resounds more joyfully in the space

and the angels in traversing the earth leave a luminous and perfumed track upon it.

Rose Leaves No. 2.---Saint Anne.

Slow fell the waning rains—"I sure could go—
It did not rain too fast when a new prayer
Was waiting 'neath the laurel to ascend,
Where I am wont to pray!" Her laurel tree,
Had she? she had—her trying place with Heaven.
Chosen for spot, perhaps, whereon it grew,—
A nook the shadiest of her garden lanes,
Or for that silent sympathy in all,
We sometimes trace, when marriage meets design.
Dear, good, old, glorious pair standing within
The morning of their second Spring to them;
The very cast of each bland face like-grown,
The smile of mellow richness one, so saune,
The gentle cadenced voice, one happy chord,
Two souls but duplicates, showing how fair,
Perfect and fair that sacrament complete.
But lo, irradiated Anna's words
We lose: she even now hath told, like prayer,
Like angel, and like revelation poured
Into her husband's happy hearkening ears,
And now is telling, when from off her knees
She rose, she saw, she in a rainbow stood;—
And happy hearkening Joachim, he stands
As one who hears divining half—and yet
Divining not—perhaps of Abraham
And Isaac thinks—His Sarah stands beside,
Esteemed as Sarah precious in his eyes; [thought
And yet he would have blushed to have once
Himself worthy in the future world to stand
Beside that father of the patriarchs;
So poor in their own eyes do great saints look—
O, man! about to be unconscious raised
By grace, than glorious old Abraham
A thousand heights magnificent above.
But as it was, he only deeper smiled
And said, "God's blessed word is always true,"—
And Anna answered—"the day is like spring;"
"A summer dropped in Chislen, month of storms,"
Said Joachim; "great is the Lord, and good,"
Anna replied. The angel had not left;
His eyes were blessed, such tranquil faith to trace,
His angel heart it did a good to see
The joy out-cropping from their happy looks
And ways. The cheerful Anna tried to spin,
Loosing her thread in mystic wanderings—
Drifted into a happy year from now;—
And other angels came by her to stand—
By Joachim who toiled, scarce can be told,
So cheerfully he beat the barley for the mill;—
Had then the curtain, shutting of that world
That touches us unseen on every side,
Been drawn, a house of angels had been seen
Bearing a waiting grace in each bright palm.

No. 3.---Eve of the Immaculate Conception.

Night shutteth down. The sweet changed Winter
Had died;—died as a Summer afternoon— [day
And yet the lingering angels do not go,
O, they shall never go. It is a house
Of angels evermore—who stoop to see
In these poor walls such choice predestinate,
They cannot go. I wonder if they know

His cradle, too, upon these floors shall rock;
That most of all His humble day with man
He too, shall sojourn here.
Soft stars pierced through the upper blue,
And now a dove was heard to coo,—
A nightingale in vesper-trill
Amid the groves of Nazareth-hill;—
But sweeter than the dove, or bird,
The angel-murmur softly heard,
"Blessings of the breast, blessings of the womb,"
The Rose of Jesse soon shall bloom;
No wintry wind shall brush this cot,
Forever blessed be this spot;
A child conceived that knows no stain,
This darkened world shall light again!
And floating from that chosen hill
A blessing seems the earth to fill;
Through neighboring plains of Jericho,
The mystic peace seems first to flow,
Across the calm-waved, hallowed sea,
The tranquil bed of Galilee;—
Along the swollen Jordan's shore
The lions ceased their wonted roar;—
The jackal hushed its nightly cry;
The bandit brooked not such a sky;
And floating from that chosen hill
A blessing seemed the earth to fill;—
A child conceived that knows no stain,
This darkened world shall light again!
"Blessings of the breast, blessings of the womb!"
The Rose of Jesse soon shall bloom.

The Humility of the Blessed Virgin.

We have now touched a point in the calendar of the religious solemnities from which we can easily see the beginning and the end of the precious existence of our glorious Mother upon earth. Between her Assumption and her Nativity, we must be permitted to present our readers an important remark, which may serve as a key with which they may open a mysterious door, and introduce themselves into the vision and understanding of a life otherwise beyond the reach of human sagacity.

To Saint John our Lord confided all that was dearest to Him—His most holy Mother. It is not certain that she followed him to Ephesus; but such is at least the opinion that coincides the best with the care which as a tender son, Saint John did not fail to take of the Blessed Virgin. We are still more uncertain with regard to the date, than with regard to the place of her sojourn and of her death. This silence of history, and the obscurity which results from it, on the most perfect life that a simple creature ever lived here below, shows us the most complete application of this fundamental principle of the evangelical moral—namely, that humility is the base and at the same time the measure of all grandeur before God: *Qui se humiliat exaltabitur*. We only know of Mary the part which she had in the accomplishment of the Incarnation of the Word and the Redemption of the human race; all the rest remained unknown upon the earth, because God prepared for her the highest degree of glory here below and in Heaven.

This rule God has constantly followed with re-

gard to mankind in His Church. If we retrench all, that vanity and human views have done to immortalize the saints, we will find in their history only those things whose knowledge was in some sort necessary for the interests of the Church and the edification and instruction of the faithful. It is from this view of the ways of God that one will the better comprehend the obscurity which covers the life of the great men of Christianity in the first ages of the Church, and particularly of the Apostles. The details of their actions would, doubtless, be very edifying; but it was still more important to give, from the commencement, the predominance to the rule of humility and the contempt of all human glory. Appreciated by this standard and by this order of ideas, the life of the Blessed Virgin predominates over all lives, and enlightens all the annals of the Church. The immense glory which was reserved for her, should, in order to be complete, illuminate her body, but it had been said that all belonging to this celestial existence should pass every human prevision; the resurrection of this holy body, and the Assumption of Mary, body and soul, have equally escaped written history. The tradition which preserved these events belongs to the number of those which have been slowly developed with the course of ages.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 6.—From the Prison to the Stake.

The two criminals presented the most striking contrast. One was small and stout; and his limbs, which were powerful and in admirable proportion, gave evidence of prodigious activity. His countenance, although swarthy, was regular and intelligent; his moustache was long, thick and extremely brown. His hair was oily and flat on his forehead, and fell upon his shoulders. At a distance he looked handsome, but on closer inspection the spectator felt a kind of horror creep over him. His bold features expressed cruelty at once cold, deliberate and refined; his eye was as keen as an eagle's, with all the fascinating and overpowering steadiness of the serpent's. His voice was mellow and insinuating; he could impart to it a resolute, imperious, and cutting accent, but in his ordinary conversation, it possessed something feline and treacherous. Moreover, his pronunciation detracted much from the beauty of the harmonious accent of Provence.

His demeanor and gestures told of a character given to dissimulation. He was daring but cautious; capable of laying a deep plan, and, when matured, of executing it with as much rapidity as he had shown deliberation in adopting it. He belonged to the Basque race, which inhabits the declivities of the Pyrenees and the mountains of Biscay; an indomitable people, born of the union of Celtic and Iberian blood. The roman eagles pounced upon their village but could not establish themselves there. Augustus never succeeded in subduing these tribes, so passionately fond of freedom. Charlemagne lost the bloody battle of Roncevaux in his encounter with them.

Christianity did what conquerors could not ef-

fect: it subdued them, without weakening their character. When the Moors overran Spain, they presented an insuperable barrier to their progress; and the true faith, which sought shelter among them, there recruited itself, and found soldiers and arms sufficient to secure it a final triumph. Soudriol adhered to the costume of his country. A red cap covered his head; a little rounded vest revealed the lines of his shoulders; a broad cincture of scarlet cloth girt his loins and part of his chest; ribbons of the same color bound the extremities of his *brayette* above the knees; on his feet he wore leathern sandals, fastened by strong thongs around the instep.

Soudriol was chief of a band which was much dreaded. His companions were so many slaves to his slightest beck. They knew that he was inflexible in his will and implacable in his hatred; they knew that his arm was irresistible and his eye sure, and that the weapon never swerved in its aim from his hand.

Having been brought up in the mountains, he had the nimbleness of the chamois. Whether in mounting a roof, climbing up the side of a rock, swimming over a river, passing the yawning gulf of a precipice, or creeping like a serpent under a bush—nothing daunted him. If an expedition terrified the bravest of his companions, he would claim for himself the honor of undertaking it, and generally brought it to a successful issue. Moreover, no crime deterred him. His thirst for carnage knew no satiety; women and children never found mercy from him; he ever longed for blood, and found an infernal pleasure in steeping himself in crime.

Bouillac, on the contrary, although at first sight more repulsive, was in reality much less ferocious. A tear, a prayer, a word, often sufficed to disarm his wrath, if necessity did not compel him to be relentless. He was not naturally cruel; he required to excite himself, even to make an effort, when there was question of murder. Nothing short of wine and the encouragement of his comrades could induce him to commit it; and after the bloody deed had been perpetrated, he detested it, and in spite of himself fell into sadness and despair.

Having been abandoned by his parents, he was received by some monks and educated in a monastery. The wicked passions of youth drove him from his asylum, and gave him over to a band of robbers. But he never entirely forgot the instructions of the monks, and often, in the anguish of remorse, he felt himself drawn to renounce the life he was leading and return to the monastery which he had left.

What a strange abuse of religion! When Bouillac meditated some bold and dangerous stroke, he always prostrated himself in a little chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. He did not beseech her to turn him from his crime; he implored success. And, as if she could possibly allow herself to be led into complicity by the offer of some earthly recompense, he promised her part of the booty; and he always reserved some ornament or jewel from the spoils to be placed upon her statue.

He respected priests and religious. He had even moments of generosity and kindness. Many a time he acted as guide to the pilgrims who had lost their way in the mountains during the darkness of the night. It is even said that poor peasants received liberal alms from him. This report, which was rendered more probable by his affability to the villagers and his leniency toward his prisoners, earned for him a sort of popularity in the rural district.

He did not intend to the impenitent. He always hoped that the Madonna would not allow him to perish in battle before he had time to make his confession. He had resolved to do penance, but he dreaded the raillery of his comrades, and perhaps, also, the just vengeance of the authorities; so he delayed. The rank which he held as head of the brigands was due less to his ability than to his enormous stature, his strength, and to that ascendancy which physical superiority exacts from those who deem vigor and advantages of body the first of all virtues. His band was independent of that of Soudriol; nevertheless both were friends and allies, and they often united when any very difficult expedition was to be undertaken.

The tasks were then divided. Bouillac was unfit for strategy; he was not capable of watching an entire night in ambuscade, in order to pounce suddenly like a roaring panther upon the affrighted and terror-stricken travelers. Soudriol chose that part of the work. Bouillac led the attack; he avoided no danger, shunned no difficulties; he overcame all obstacles with so much impetuosity that the adversary was deprived of all thought of resistance. Bouillac was tall; and his hands, which were large and bony, were as hard as iron. The best-tempered swords shivered in his hands; he despised swords, and his only weapon was an immense club with an iron head.

His features were coarse, and his face square. His lips were thick and apart, disclosing enormous teeth, strong enough to crush marble. Beard, eyebrows and hair were red; stiff eyelashes made a sort of bristly fence over his hazel eyes, and he seemed cut out by nature to inspire terror. His dress was peculiar. He wore a cap of black cloth, a sort of jacket, and breeches descending to the knees. His monstrous legs and feet remained naked in all seasons.

The magistrate felt proud of his double capture; and he had reason. During the last fifteen years these two ruffians had spread robbery, murder and consternation throughout Avignon. At length Providence had given them over to justice, and their punishment was to justify the long patience of Heaven. The impunity enjoyed so long made them careless and proved their ruin. Basque cunning was at fault; and Bouillac, despite his strength, could neither save his friend nor himself.

In one of the suburbs of Avignon there was a tavern which was much frequented by rich travelers. The landlord of this tavern was in league with Soudriol's band, and to him the brigands owed some of their best paying attacks. They had unbounded confidence in him.

One night they came to him, to talk over some

fresh crime. All three shut themselves in an upper room, and deliberated whilst they drank. Whether it was that the host had turned traitor, or that the servant who attended them betrayed them, it is certain their wine was adulterated. Bouillac swallowed his bitter draught without suspicion. His taste had long been spoiled, and he found nothing extraordinary in the liquor. Soudriol drank more than once without complaint, but at last asking the inn keeper about it, his ready answer put him off his guard. When the two robbers rose to depart, they found they could not, and they fell heavily upon the ground. At that moment the magistrate's archers arrived; they had no difficulty in binding the prostrate bandits, and carrying them to prison in chains.

They were judged according to the prescribed forms. All their crimes were known, but it would have been difficult to convict them. Fear sealed the lips of the witnesses. Every body knew that they could not escape, but every body feared their comrades, who were still uncaptured, and who even then were probably mingling in the crowd listening to the dispositions made, and marking out for future, vengeance those who bore testimony.

The principal accusations numbered one hundred and twelve: murders, violations, sacrileges, nocturnal robberies; the list included every crime. In default of proof, recourse was had to torture. Soudriol remained firm and maintained a dogged silence, but Bouillac confessed his guilt. It was not that pain had triumphed over his courage. His body was inured to suffering, and many a time, in his career of brigandage, he had withstood wounds more severe than those he then underwent. Although he accused himself, he nevertheless sought to justify his companion by affectedly claiming for himself alone the plotting, commanding, and executing of all the crimes laid to their charge.

Their prison was not one of those low, damp, depressing dungeons which seem to have been built to inspire prisoners with a disgust for life, and to make them long for the hour of execution. They were confined in a turret, jutting off the southern angle of a convent; light and air were admitted through two barred windows, each three inches wide and one foot high. The pavement, which was of broad stone, connected the turret with the convent; there was no ceiling, and the vault tapered, like an empty cove, without beams and arches.

The only ornament on the walls was a picture of Calvary, sketched between the lattices: Jesus was dying, but His head had not yet sunk on His breast. The impenitent thief, on His left hand, uttered blasphemies against the Just One, who was expiating the sins of men; Christ was turned from him, and was giving utterance to the following words of consolation to the penitent thief: "Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Bouillac regretted that he did not see at the foot of the cross her in whom he had put his trust, her whom the Gospel represents as standing in deep sorrow beside her divine Son.

The two robbers had iron chains on their feet;

their hands also were bound, and a rope wound round the waist was fastened to a bar of iron driven into the wall. They could sit, lie down or stand up; but they could not walk more than one step. Not having straw, they lay on the bare ground. Soudriol suffered much in consequence of his recent torture, but his courage and spirit were unbroken. Bouillac, who had suffered less, was more calm, and his wounds were already healing up.

The Biscayan was near the door which opened from the turret into the monastery; the chapel was on the same side, and the prisoner could hear the monks as they chanted their Office in the choir. Their captivity must have been rendered less painful by the thought that they were surrounded by voluntary prisoners, who had done no wrong and yet were to spend their entire lives there, looking forward to only one deliverance—that of death.

Bouillac spent much time in reflection. The years of his childhood came up before him: under that vault, where the air was full of faith and piety, he dwelt upon the thoughts of his boyhood; he acknowledged the kindness of Mary, who, at his request, had obtained for him time to repent, and, lest he should be deceived, had revealed to him the precise moment of his death, in order that he might have time to do penance. They did not know, it is true, the nature of the punishment they were to endure; but their condemnation was certain. They were to perish—about that there was no question. But *how* were they to die? They knew not; and, after all, what difference could it make?

It was the second of July. Bouillac was still asleep; the first rays of light were penetrating through the little air-holes, and were spreading themselves on the floor of the prison in pale spots, which gradually became larger, until the full light of day pervaded the entire prison. Soudriol sat with his back against the wall. He called his companion—"Bouillac!"

"Well!—what? Is it the hour already?" stammered out the giant, whilst opening his eyes.

"It is time to wake up and answer me; I am tired of silence."

"Speak; I am attentive. But why do you not sleep, as I do? it is the best way to pass the time which remains. I had a dream just a few minutes ago. I thought I was on the mountains, singing psalms, and I never felt so happy before."

"It would seem that you do not trouble yourself very much about your fate."

"Not at all! I should like well enough to live a hundred years; but as it is all settled that we can not do it, I do not see the use of fretting about it."

"You talk about the matter pretty much as if there was question of merely taking a purse from a prostrate traveler."

"Have we not been as near death any time during the last fifteen years? I do not care how grim he looks, he shall not frighten me."

"Well, I am not much afraid, either; yet, if I had the slightest hope of escaping, I would risk my life on it."

"Bah! It must come to that, sooner or later; and is there not a night which is to be our last? Let us have done with it at once! If the door lay open, I should not seek to escape."

"You astonish me. Formerly you were so brave, and now you are cast down so easily! Formerly, you would have countenanced hell; and now, that your hands are bound, you have neither courage nor energy."

"I am not changed: I believe that our end is at hand, and I do not see with whom I am to struggle hereafter."

"With the same enemy; with death!"

"I am tired of this life; I would not begin it again if I had my liberty."

"What do you say? What life could be better adapted for men of courage? It makes us independent, and dreaded as much as the most powerful potentates on the earth. Are not we kings and emperors in our mountains? Have we not our domains, which no one traverses without paying tribute? To become rich by our booty, to live by our pillage, to quit the scene and heat of the struggle merely to enjoy the luxuries of victory? What lord, I ask you, has a better life?"

"Very true, but those pleasures are mixed with an alloy of incidents which spoils them. The painful tediousness of attending to wounds frequently follows the intoxication of triumph. The tribute levied upon the traveler is often paid by the death of one of our comrades. We live free and independent of all laws, but we know that sooner or later the day must come on which we shall have to answer for ourselves to the laws and their custodians. The very thought detracts much from the charms of our independence. * * * Moreover, if we should escape the gallows here, there is above us a magistrate, from whom we cannot escape; and if He has kept a strict account of our crimes, He will accuse us of more than the magistrate of Avignon has against us."

"I am not afraid of that; once dead, let God do as He pleases. But you were talking of the gallows: do you really believe that they will hang us?"

"What do you suppose they will do else—unless, indeed, they drown us?"

"Let them do as they like. My mother told me, when I was a boy, that I should be hanged; but I would rather not verify that prediction!"

"You will see that she was not mistaken!"

"Perhaps. Yet, as long as there is life there is hope."

"I should like to know what you hope for. Are you not convinced that your irons are heavy enough? Are you not aware that at every gate there are five or six arches, watching day and night, and that others guard every path leading from the monastery? Unless you pass through these lattices, and fly off like a bird, you shall never leave this prison until you begin your journey to execution."

"You are probably right; yet if I had the fatal knot tied to my neck, and saw the executioner by my side, I should never cease to hope whilst life enough remained to enable me to feel that I was not dead."

Soudriol then turned to show his companion why he indulged in such hopes, but an approaching footstep outside obliged him to resume his former posture.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Historical Traits.

After the name of Jesus, there is none more sacred upon the earth or in Heaven than that of Mary, and devotion to our Blessed Mother began at her tomb.

The Jewish doctors have preserved in the Talmud a historical fact, long unknown, which establishes the high antiquity of this pious homage, against which they expressed themselves in blasphemies in their *Toldos*, that book where the Blessed Virgin is so insultingly treated, and which they early circulated wherever they could injure infant Christianity—relates that the *Nazareans* who came to pray at the tomb of the Mother of Jesus underwent a violent persecution on the part of the princes of the synagogue, and that it cost a hundred Christians their lives for having erected an oratory over her tomb.

Asia claims the honor of having been the first to set up oratories and chapels under the invocation of Mary; the oldest of these sanctuaries was Our Lady of Tortosa, which Saint Peter himself founded, according to the oriental traditions, on the coast of Phœnicia. These earliest Syrian churches were only at first very simple edifices, with roofs of cedar and latticed windows. The altar was turned toward the west, like that of Jerusalem, and the choir was inclosed in a screen of open wire-work, in memory of the celebrated Holy of Holies. And there were also images of Mary: tradition records that she was painted upon one of the pillars of the beautiful Church of Lydda.

In no place in the world was the religious veneration of Mary welcomed with more enthusiasm than in Asia Minor. Ephesus, where the memory of the Blessed Virgin still lived, soon built in honor of Mary a superb cathedral, in which, in the fifth century, was held the famous Council which secured to her the beautiful title of Mother of God.

Greece, that distinguished country of letters and arts, early honored Mary. In the time of Saint Paul, Corinth, where Grecian freedom, like a lamp expiring, had cast its last rays before it was extinguished, became almost entirely converted to Christianity. The faithful assembled at first in the spacious halls of private houses, where the Blessed Virgin was solemnly invoked. By degrees the temples of paganism were thinned, and a century later, only travelers and curious persons climbed up the steep sides of the Acra-Ceromium to visit the temple of Venus, the lofty porticoes of which, rising above the verdant ocean of the trees, were traced upon the soft blue sky of Greece. The protecting goddess of the Corinthians had been dethroned by that holy female who restored in their effeminate country modesty, which had been disowned, and maternity, which was despised. Thanks to her, pure family pleasures and the exquisite enjoyments of the domestic hearth

were, without difficulty, substituted for the shameful disorders, the monstrous orgies, and the depraved manners of that little republic, which had always been seen to shine in the foremost rank among corrupt commonwealths.

That the veneration of the Blessed Virgin had a powerful influence on the propagation of the Gospel in Greece and Asia, was attested before all the oriental Bishops, by Saint Cyril, at the first Council of Ephesus, in a discourse which has remained to our times: "Hail to thee, holy Mother of God," said this holy and learned Bishop, "by whom churches have been founded throughout the world."

The Names of Our Lady.

Through the wide world thy children raise
Their prayers, and still we see
Calm are the nights and bright the days
Of those who trust in thee.

Around thy starry crown are wreathed
So many names divine:
Which is the dearest to my heart,
And the most worthy thine?

Star of the Sea: we kneel and pray
When tempests raise their voice;
Star of the Sea! the haven reached,
We call thee and rejoice.

Help of the Christians: in our need
Thy mighty aid we claim;
If we are faint and weary, then
We trust in that dear name.

Our Lady of the Rosary:
What name can be so sweet
As what we call thee when we place
Our chaplets at thy feet.

Bright Queen of Heaven: when we are sad,
Best solace of our pains;—
It tells us, though on earth we toil,
Our Mother lives and reigns.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel: thus
Sometimes thy name is known;
It tells us of the badge we wear,
To live and die thine own.

Our Lady dear of Victories:
We see our faith oppressed,
And, praying for our erring land,
We love that name the best.

Refuge of Sinners: many a soul,
By guilt cast down, and sin,
Has learned through this dear name of thine
Pardon and peace to win.

Health of the Sick: when anxious hearts
Watch by the sufferer's bed,
On this dear name of thine they lean,
Consoled and comforted.

Mother of Sorrows: many a heart
Half broken by despair,
Has laid its burden by the Cross,
And found a Mother there.

Queen of all Saints: the Church appeals
For her loved dead to thee:
She knows they wait in patient pain
A bright eternity.

Fair Queen of Virgins : thy pure band,
The lilies round thy throne,
Love the title which they bear
Most that it is thine own.

True Queen of Martyrs : if we shrink
From want, or pain, or woe,
We think of the sharp sword that pierced
Thy heart, and call thee so.

Mary : the dearest name of all,
The holiest and best ;
The first low word that Jesus lisped
Laid on His Mother's breast.

Mary, the name that Gabriel spoke,
The name that conquers hell ;

Mary, the name that through high Heaven
The angels love so well.

Mary, our comfort and our hope,—
O may that word be given
To be the last we sigh on earth,—
The first we breathe in Heaven.

Welcome to the "Ave Maria."

Ah welcome, thrice welcome thou sweet little
How gracious, how holy-angelic thy look ! [book—
Have angels come down from the throne there
And left us a written expression of love ? [above,
Whence comest thou, messenger sweet ?—all alone,
Hast thou wafted thyself from our Mother's bright
throne ?

Penned there by herself, and then given away
To the winds of the Heavens, to earth didst thou
stray,—

Oh tell me ! or rather the angels that bear
Thy wingless but bright-shining form through
the air— [thought

Oh, tell me thy birth-place ; at least whence the
Has arisen that first to existence has brought
This beautiful paper, or what shall I call thee—
Thy name it is written, blessed, *salut Marie* !

Ah, can it be true that some child of our Mother—
For such it must be, and it can be no other—
Has learned in the school of that Mother to be
So like her on earth, as to merit that Heaven
Should write its good pleasure in form of degree,
And send by an angel that child to be given ?

Our Immaculate Mother remembers the day
When our Father Pope Pius appointed her sway,
With this her last title, o'er world of the West :

"Immaculate" Queen of a people so blest ;
'Tis meet that she 'stablish her "Organ" to tell
Her will to the subjects she loveth so well.

Ah, blessed are writers, the printers and all
That Mary engages to publish her glory ;
Too noble the aim that I seek, when I call
On the children of Mary to publish my story.

LEXINGTON, KY.

One hundred priests, all of them converts from
the Anglican pulpit, were present at the Consecration of Archbishop Manning. How many ministers, apostles from the Catholic Priesthood are to be seen at Protestant consecrations ? Not one. It is no wonder that Dr. Cumming has written his letters of warning to the *Times* on the growth of Popery in London.

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

ROME.—The Mexican Embassy here in Rome is going the way of Signor Vegezzi, only they seem to require a little more persuasion to go ; for the *communiqué* which the official *Giornale di Roma* contains on the conduct of their Government precedes, and even is the immediate cause of their departure. They endeavor to put a good face on the matter, and they even attempted last Thursday to celebrate the anniversary of the accession of their new-fledged Emperor. But all the dignitaries, both ecclesiastical and secular, of Rome, had to decline their invitation, as they were summoned to the Vatican to be present at a much more interesting ceremony, namely, the inauguration of the Hall of Mastaí Hercules, as the colossal bronze statue found in the Palazzo Righetti is now called. Not being a dignitary of either class, as yet I have not paid my respects to his bronzeship ; but I promise you to do so next week. But to return to Mexico, the aforesaid *communiqué* is to the following purport :

"We learn from Mexico that Mgr. Megelia, Apostolic Nuncio accredited solely to that Court, after having consigned to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Mexican Government, a note containing the statement of the motives for which the Holy See, gave orders to its representative to put an end to his mission and not to remain a witness of all that is being done in Mexico against the Church, is taking definitively leave of her Majesty, the Empress, in the absence of his Majesty, the Emperor.

"The Nuncio went from Mexico to Vera Cruz, and there embarked on the first of June for Guatemala, where his instructions*enjoined him to await a new determination on the part of the Holy See as to another destination."—*London Register*.

Among recent religious events must be noted the translation of the remains of the Venerable Anna Maria Taigi, which were taken a short time since from the church of the Pace to that of Saint Chrysogonus, in the Trastevere. The latter church belongs to the Trinitarian Order, of which this wonderful woman was a tertiary. It was her wish to be buried there, but as she died of cholera she was at first buried in the common cemetery of San Lorenzo, whence, in 1855, her body was transferred to the Pace by the Cardinal Vicar's order. At that time her body was found in a perfect state of preservation, after having been eighteen years buried. I believe her coffin was not opened on this occasion, the seals offixed in 1855 having been found intact. At 8 p. m. the funeral car, followed by a few carriages, transported the precious deposit to its new grave, where it was received by the General of the Trinitarians and his whole Community. Two of the saintly woman's grand-son's were present at the ceremony. Although this translation was made privately and after nightfall, the news of it spread at once throughout the Trastevere, and the church of San Chrysogonus has been since filled for several days with the concourse of its inhabitants, who rejoice at the possession of this additional monument of God's infinite grace and mercy.—*London Tablet*.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Apostleship of Prayer.

A great artist, in a painting of the Last Judgment, exhibits a group of holy persons raised to Heaven by the strength of their love, and drawing after them the souls they had saved by their charity and prayers.

Man, so to speak, is never alone in his salvation or damnation; in his fall, or in his elevation, he always carries with him many other souls. But, if generous hearts experience so much happiness in loving their brethren, and devoting themselves to their service, what will be the happiness of the Blessed at the sight of those for whom they obtained Heaven, and who will be their crown through all eternity? What will be the admiration of the angels, in contemplating this spiritual maternity of the elect, and what the despair of the impious, who place the brand of uselessness and want of utility upon all acts of devotion?

Ah, yes! the saints truly understood the price of a soul, and the value of prayers to obtain the one thing necessary—that precious pearl of which the Scriptures speak. “Go to the extremity of the earth to save a soul,” exclaimed Saint Francis Xavier, “and then die.” “The vehemence of this love for souls,” said Saint Teresa, “cannot be told in words.” Saint Catherine kissed the footprints of the evangelical laborers, for God had revealed to her the beauty of a soul in the state of grace. Saint Paul consented to become an anathema for his brothers, convinced that our Lord, Himself, would have been willing to die again for each one of them, if His sacrifice had not been of infinite value. In the eyes of faith, what is a soul? The master-piece of God. Judge, then, of the effect by the cause. It is the image of God—judge, then, what it is by what it represents; it is made to love God, to possess Him eternally—judge, then, of its dignity by its destiny; it is the price of the Blood and the death of a God—judge of its value by the place.

Who, among us, would not wish to acquire the immortal glory of being, as it were, a new Christ in saving souls while saving ourselves? The means to do this is in our own hands by the Apostleship of Prayer—which conquers souls at the foot of the altar without requiring any thing extraordinary on our part. It draws graces upon the labors of the apostle, it takes a part in his merits, it accompanies him in spirit into distant regions. “See what you can do,” Father Lacordaire one day said to some young men; “You have it in your power to save souls; and did you but know what a soul is—its ravishing beauty—you might well stand entranced at the thought that you could do it any good. In the next world you will be astonished to hear yourself called *my Father* by blessed souls who will surround you; and when you seek the origin of this spiritual generation, you will find in a word, an action—a *prayer*—which you had forgotten. There are men who have converted kingdoms without ever having left their own homes. Yes, I firmly believe in

spiritual intercourse among men, and, in virtue of this intercourse, much good can be effected: “I believe in the *Communion of Saints*.”

Pious readers, the life of a true Christian should be a life of prayer; for all his actions, even the most indifferent in appearance, *pray*, and are full of merits when performed in the spirit of God. Offer, then, your actions, in union with the Sacred Heart, for the salvation of souls; and, as another Moses upon the mountain, you will obtain victory for the Church; your prayer will ascend to Heaven even as the prayer of our Saviour, whose organ it is, and it will draw down His spirit upon all nations.

We know that association multiplies the strength of prayer, which then becomes irresistible and offers violence to the Heart of God. Unite, then, your prayers with those of your brethren who pray also for the salvation of souls, and you will effect wonders which will astonish you on the day of eternal justice, and God will make you known as this glorious instrument before the entire world. For you have brought those indigent and poor, who languished in spiritual hunger and thirst, into the house of the Father of the family, where they have found all things in abundance; by your prayers, you have drawn upon them the grace of salvation and opened Heaven for them. After having partaken of the mission of the Saviour, you will partake of His glory, and will merit the promised recompense.

Saviour of souls! behold the highest act of charity—the end of religion—the cause of the Church itself.

We have spoken of the Apostleship of Prayer—which draws down graces, without which we can do nothing in the order of salvation. But we should also be apostles by word and example, for God has confided to us the care of the salvation of our brother. This is the first duty of justice and charity. It is an injunction we know that we cannot decline without becoming like Cain. Who does not shudder at this deplorable episode in sacred history; when, after having consummated his crime, the first fratricide coldly replied to the question of the Lord “Where is thy brother Abel?” “I know not; am I the keeper of my brother?”

All are not called upon to profess their faith directly by words—but all are called upon to give good example. This is an ever permanent and efficacious sermon. Nevertheless, teachers and parents should influence for good, by word and example, all those confided to them. They are obliged to instruct them in the truths of religion, and to show them their teachings in the *mirror* of their conduct, particularly when it is a question of children, whose soul is as wax, ready to receive all impressions. For them, the way of precept is always long—that of example, short and easy to follow. Good example will be their best inheritance; it will give them a second birth, far better than the first. A good word that seemed lost will sometimes produce fruit in after years under a divine impression. How often have words and paternal examples brought to God prodigal chil-

dren, after many years of wandering, and when all seemed lost! How many persons will bless, through all eternity, a good work or a good example that at first seemed annoying and disagreeable! Who can tell the salutary effect of words in the many evils of life? It is often the first alms—the most powerful assistance. The precious results of a good word doubles the effect and power of the least benefit.

But, we repeat, example is the most influential of preachers. One of the strong minds of the age one day visited Father Ravignan, to lay before him his many doubts. The holy Religions had been previously informed of the object of his visit. When the man of the world saw the poor room in which he was received by one who might have been one of the most distinguished ornaments of the age, by his fortune and talents, all his objections immediately vanished, and, after a short interview, he left the minister of God without ever having presented to him one of the difficulties which had seemed to him like mountains, but which passed away like the mists of morning before the good example given to a lively faith by a man of superior merit.

The good Father was surprised to see him take his leave without having mentioned his difficulties, and supposed that his time had been lost. On the contrary, his appearance alone effected his conversion. It is the will of God that we not only speak but that we also act.

The Heart of Jesus and Modern Society.

By the Incarnation the Heart of Jesus became the life of humanity. Inclosing in itself all the plenitude of grace and the divine life—He gives it to us in giving us Himself. From the moment that this great corpse of humanity bore in its bosom the Heart of a God, it commenced its resuscitation from the corruption of the tomb, in which it had lain for four thousand years. This principle of life has not yet reached all its members. The work of the Heart of Jesus has not yet reached its term. Before completing it, it has many sorrowful conditions to fulfill; but the most difficult has been accomplished. The abyss that separated man from God has been passed; the life from Heaven has descended to earth; the desert has been refreshed by celestial dew and commences to produce divine fruit, and the Heart of Jesus will not leave the work unfinished. But, before following it in the accomplishment of this divine task, let us pause and reflect a moment on the means given us by this Divine Heart to solve the problem which torments modern society.

We should have to be very blind indeed before we could persuade ourselves that the agitations which at this moment shake human society to its very depths can be explained by purely political causes. Politics affect but the surface of society. It overthrows dynasties, changes governments, modifies the intercourse of nations, but it does not affect the foundation of the social life. Now, even at this moment, it is this foundation that is tainted, even among those nations where all on the surface seems tranquil: ideas are transformed; everywhere, ancient institutions are rejected as

not being capable of corresponding to new wants; one might say humanity was seeking to remake itself.

It is true that a crowd of social and political questions are agitated without being defined or settled; and the reason why they are not settled is, because beneath them is hidden a supreme question, a divine question, whose solution will alone permit the solution of all secondary questions.

This is the problem: Whether, at this moment when humanity acquires with greater plenitude than ever the possession of herself and of her terrestrial domain, she will submit herself more completely to Jesus Christ; or if, on the contrary, she will render herself independent and adore no other God than herself? This solemn question is presented to every age, every nation, and to every man coming into the world. All have the opinion of being submissive to God, or of revolting against His sovereign will; and their merit as well as their true glory, results from the loyalty with which they pronounce in favor of their fidelity to God. But the moment seems to have now arrived when humanity, entire, is called upon to make its choice.

Owing to the rapid communications established among nations, we may say that they now have but one thought and one voice. Whatever may be the local differences and particular interests, a grand current is established throughout the entire world, which draws the mass of mankind with a power becoming daily more and more irresistible. Let us see if this current conducts the modern world toward Jesus Christ or draws it from Him.

Up to the present, appearances are not favorable. The same causes which had united the divers portions of humanity, had inspired it with such an opinion of its strength that it seems impossible for it to yield to any yoke. In the early ages of the world, and of manhood, or in the semi-barbarism of the middle ages, it was allowable to listen to the teachings of the Church. But would this submission be becoming of a citizen of the nineteenth century? Humanity has assumed the robes of mankind, according to the words of a celebrated writer of our day. The pupil of the Church is now an adult. Is it not time to throw aside all leading strings? In the ages of faith it might have done well enough to accept, with simplicity, the symbols and mysteries of the Gospel; but after reaching the age of reason, we have the right to criticise them, and we are not to be called upon to recognize any authority superior to our own reason. When matter obeys us; when the most powerful physical forces bend to our yoke as docile steeds; when the earth opens her bosom to us, and the ocean is obedient to our laws, are we not authorized to declare ourselves independent, and to recognize nothing higher than ourselves?

This is said, and constantly repeated, by the self-styled representatives and founders of modern society; and the practical conclusions which they deduce from the interminable declamations, upon the supremacy of reason and the triumphs of science is, that society has no longer any need of Jesus Christ, or of His Church, and that humanity must not recognize any supernatural power.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Little Child of Marv.

[Concluded.]

Madam de K., at that time boarding at the convent, was very fond of her, and often sent for her to her room. At a time when this lady had just had the misfortune to lose the daughter on account of whose health she had come to the city, Octavie having gone to pay her a visit, Madam de K. took her up into her arms, and said, crying, "My little Octavie, since I have lost my M., you shall be my little girl." Octavie seemed greatly surprised at this speech, and asked upon coming out what had become of Miss M., who had so often played with her; when she was told M. was in Heaven, she appeared more surprised than before: "Well, she said," "what is there to cry about since she is in Heaven?" "I have no mamma myself," she said one day; "where is she?" "In Heaven, my little Octavie." "Well, then, why am I not there, too?" From this time she was often heard to repeat, "I should like to go to Heaven; I would go and sit by my dear little mamma, Julia and the Blessed Virgin." Though as yet so young, Octavie set a value on the very name of the mother of whom she had been deprived before she could know her. "When I am grown tall, very tall," she used to say, "I will be a nun, and will call myself Sister Julia, because that was my little mamma's name." She loved every thing which recalled the idea of this tender mother. "You are all my little mammas," she used to say to the nuns, "and mamma Sophia most of all: ought not I to love you better than the pupils?" She also often talked of her little papa. The last time her father came to the city, Octavie, full of joy and pride, told every body she had seen her little papa, and had kissed him. Never did two little sisters love each other better than Octavie and Henriette. Henriette was a little mother to Octavie, she watched over her, took care of her, led her about everywhere, and loaded her with caresses and kindness. Octavie, on her part, was quite triumphant when Henriette obtained some prize. One evening, when the latter had gained the medal of Christian instruction, Octavie ran from one row of pupils to another, crying out everywhere, "It is Henriette who has got the medal! it is Henriette who has got the medal!"

One evening that Henriette was crying, Octavie, quite anxious to know what distressed her, and having vainly inquired many times, "Henriette, what is the matter with you?" went in search of one of the mistresses, and said to her, "Mother, Henriette is crying!" The latter, after much questioning, having acknowledged that it was the recollection of her mother which made her tears flow, little Octavie, kissing her hands and throwing herself into her arms, tried to comfort her by saying, "Don't cry, Henriette; we shall see her again in Heaven."

Nothing could be more touching than her little attentions and infantine remarks. One day, upon seeing one of those who had the care of her raise her hand to her head, "Mother, does your head

ache?" she asked, at the same time kissing her hand affectionately. "Yes," answered Mother N., "for you see these young ladies are making a great noise." Immediately Octavie began to clap her little hands to gain a hearing, and called out as loud as she could, "Hush, hush, young ladies! don't you see that my mother has a headache?" On another occasion, just as she was going to have her breakfast, she heard that our Mother Superior was ill; immediately Octavie left the refectory, without giving her breakfast a thought, and dragged Mother N. to the Superior's room, being determined to know how mamma Sophia was. One day, when her companions had deserved some blame, Octavie, who never lost a word the mistress said, found in the suggestions of her own heart an argument which appeared to her more convincing than any reasoning could be. Drawing near to Mother N., she said, "Mother, do but tell them that it grieves mamma Sophia when they are naughty, and you will see they will be good directly." The slightest reproof made a deep impression on this child; one word, a dissatisfied look, was quite enough to make her yield. She sometimes, however, had a little fit of obstinacy. One evening that she was to go into the garden, one of her companions told her to put on her hood; the child, who, already gave some signs of that vanity which is so usual in little girls, threw the hood which did not please her taste, on the ground; one of the mistresses observing this, told her to pick it up and put it on. Octavie resisted; the mistress would not give way; at last, the child, seeing that she must make up her mind to it, picked up the hood quietly, and half put it on her head; then seeing that Mother N. was not pleased, she did not venture to ask for her hand to go down as she usually did, but, without saying a word, she took hold of her gown and followed her, hanging her head. Mother N. went some way through the house before she perceived that Octavie was still following her. "Well, Octavie, what are you about there?" "Mother," said the child, without venturing to raise her eyes, "I am very sorry for what I have done." Pardon was readily granted. The said hood was the cause of many trials to her.

One day, by mistake, it was put on instead of her bonnet, to go to Benediction. Octavie cried, threw down the hood, tramped on it, and remained in the middle of the court-yard without moving a step. "Very well," it was said to her; "Octavie is naughty; she does not wish to go and see the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus; let us leave her." These few words recalled her to herself, and she cheerfully put on the ugly hood. "Oh, yes, mother," she said, with a beseeching air, "I do wish to go to Benediction." Octavie had the sweetest disposition, and all those unstudied graces which so many other children lose, as well as their innocence, through flattery, at even an earlier age than hers. One would willingly have spent hours watching her play or hearing her talk. She displayed an intelligence and sensibility not always possessed by children ten years old; she wished to hear the reason of every thing, and examine every thing herself. She was so af-

fectionate that she seldom met any of those who had the charge of her without throwing herself into their arms; she was never either sad or sulky, and yet her disposition was more inclined toward seriousness than gaiety.

When Jenny d' Albaret died, the Superior having proceeded to communicate the information to her companions, Octavie wished to know what had been said; and when her question had been answered, "Oh, how happy Jenny is!" she exclaimed; "she is gone to see our good God and the Blessed Virgin; Jenny was so good, I should like to be in her place; people are so happy in Heaven." But a few days later, this dear child's desire was about to be fulfilled. Her complexion, which was hardly natural, had always made us feel uneasy about her. One evening, she complained of a headache, from which, however, she suffered so little that we, with difficulty, persuaded her to go to bed before her usual hour. During her short illness she showed herself such as she had been when in health; gentle, loving, pious, and gifted with more strength of mind than is common at her age, she never refused any remedy, however disagreeable it might be, and often took hold of the hand of persons attending her, to kiss it. She herself reminded us to make her repeat her little prayers; she would also often make an effort to extend her arms to those who came to see her. She was only three days in the infirmary. Father——gave her absolution, but felt assured that her baptismal innocence would take her straight to Heaven; and that, if her reason had not been sufficiently advanced for her to be able to love God, she had been endowed with too happy a disposition, and prevented with too many benedictions, for it to be possible that she could have offended Him. May these few details, collected out of so short a life, console the heart of her father. Octavie herself, now forever blessed, says to him, "Papa, why should you weep? I am happy, for I am in Heaven."

The Child and the Jew.

In 527, there was at Bourges a school much frequented both by rich and poor. It happened that the son of a Jewish mechanic, about twelve years of age, also went with other children to the school. He was a favorite among his companions, despite of his religion, and, in hours of relaxation, would join with them in their various games of amusement. He often saw them enter the church and kneel before a statue of the Blessed Virgin; there they would offer her flowers, and with that innocent and cheerful devotion which characterizes the Catholic child, they would run to our Blessed Lady as to a mother, and beg her blessing on their work or play, and render their simple acts of thanksgiving for a well-learned lesson, or a successful game.

The little Jew did the same, and with as much fervor as his companions. At the Feast of Easter, the Christian children approached the Holy Communion. At the sight of the joy and happiness that seemed visible upon the innocent countenance of

each, the young Israelite felt in his heart a holy jealousy, and with tears in his eyes, asked himself why he should not join them? Surely the son of that beautiful Lady, whom he loved so much, that sweet Lady to whom he had so often offered flowers, would not shut him out from this happy group. And while musing thus with himself, he joined his school-mates as they approached the holy table. The priest did not know him, and gave him the Holy Communion with the rest. None, perhaps, gave more fervent thanks than the little Jew, and the mass being ended, and after having visited the favorite statue of the Holy Virgin, he returned home.

As he entered the house, his father inquired where he had been; the innocent youth frankly stated that he had been to the Christian Church, and that with others he had partaken of the bread of angels. The father, who combined an utter carelessness in the practice of his own religion, with a bitter hatred of any other, could not bear the idea of his son's having been in a Christian temple, and at the thought of his having participated in the Christian rites, he was fired with ungovernable rage; and seizing the helpless boy, cast him into a flaming furnace, which he was then tending.

At this moment the boy's mother entered, and inquired for her son, and receiving no answer from her husband, went calling him through every part of the house. At length, beginning to feel a vague terror, she redoubled her cries. At last, she fancied that she heard his voice; she called again, and again the voice replied. The neighbors who had been attracted by her cries, stood aghast with terror,—the voice came from the furnace. They hastened to extinguish the raging fire; and in a few moments, to the astonishment of all, the boy came forth uninjured from the furnace. Not a thread of his dress, nor a hair of his head was singed, and his cheeks were as cool as if he had come from a bath. As soon as the first burst of horror and joy were over, the boy gave the following simple history of his preservation:

"It was the kind Lady of the Church, who received me into her arms, and protected me from the flames in the folds of her white mantle."

The fate of the father is unknown, but the mother and her child became Christians. May the history of the little Jew inspire children with love and confidence in our holy and Immaculate Mother; and may the mantle of her protection shield them from danger, and protect them from harm.

HOW SAINT TERESA LOVED THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.—When Saint Teresa was twelve years old her mother died. She went immediately into her little oratory, and kneeling before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, she besought her, with tears in her eyes, to take her under her protection and be to her a mother. She says that she immediately felt greatly consoled, and whenever she prayed to the Blessed Virgin, she was always helped by her.

There never was a good child who did not love the Blessed Virgin very much.

AVE MARIA.

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THE MOTHERS OF THE MARTYRS.

The history of the martyrs of Castelfidardo would remain incomplete, if I were not to consecrate a special chapter to the mothers of those heroic soldiers of the Church, those admirable women, who, by their devotedness before and after the sacrifice, participated in the martyrdom of their children. Already, in the course of my narration, I have depicted some traits of these fair and saintly characters. I would therefore complete here this first sketch, by one group, which will show all the heroism of these great Christians, and which shall serve as the crowning glory of our beloved martyrs. Since the Blessed Virgin Mary, by a profound design of Providence which all the Doctors of the Church have recognized and glorified, participated in the redemption as Eve participated in the original fall; since this Mother of the Saviour has become the new and veritable Mother of the living whom she brought forth upon Calvary, even as she had brought forth the Author of life in Bethlehem; since at the foot of the Cross the sword of sorrow had pierced her soul, yet, intrepid and standing, she beheld die her Son and her God, the race of Christian women has developed in fortitude and supernatural virtues, and the daughters of Mary have assumed a divine resemblance to their Mother. The designs of God, which are unchangeable, have continued in them as it were a divine prolongation, and they have continued in the Church the character of the Mother and Queen of the Church.

While the spiritual sovereignty and the only and eternal priesthood of our Lord Jesus Christ is perpetuated in the Popes, the Bishops and the Priests, the maternity of Mary, her humility, her chastity, and her participation in all the mysteries of Christ, from Nazareth and Bethlehem to Calvary, are perpetuated in Christian women; and as this incomparable Virgin had brought forth sanctity itself, the saints themselves brought forth at one birth the material and spiritual. In a word, even as the Virgin Mary had assisted and consented to the immolation of her Divine Son as she had consented to the Incarnation, these Christian mothers received the mission and the grace to consent to and assist at the sacrifice of their children immolated for the love of Jesus Christ; and it is a mission and a grace to them which has not been surpassed at any time. Some woman of wit, I know not whom—of that sad wit of the eighteenth century—said, speaking of the sacri-

fice of Abraham, that God had never demanded this from a mother. This witty woman had doubtless never read either the Passion of Jesus Christ or the history of the Church, or she would have seen that God had demanded Abraham's sacrifice from the Virgin Mary, and after her from thousands of Christian mothers, with this sole difference: that He had permitted them to be completed. This sacrifice, it is true, is against the current of nature; but what is impossible to nature, with the supernatural grace of God is possible and even easy. The whole history of the Church is a shining demonstration of this truth, and in all persecutions the mothers of martyrs have shown themselves worthy of her whom the Church names the Queen of Martyrs.

Now it is Saint Felicitas, widow, and mother of seven sons, like the mother of the Maccabees, whom the prefect of Rome exerts himself to persuade by sweet speeches or intimidate by his menaces, conjuring her at least to spare her children by sacrificing to idols with them. But she, instead of yielding, turning herself toward her sons, exhorts them—"Look upward, my children! Behold the Heavens! It is there that Jesus Christ awaits us with His saints; remain faithful to His love and combat for your souls." The prefect gave her a blow, saying "You are very bold to give them, in my presence, such counsel." Then he appealed successively to the seven youth, who all courageously confessed the name of Jesus Christ. They were all violently put to death before the eyes of their mother, who, in the joy and love of her God, suffered after them.

The same is also related of Saint Symphorosa and the mother of Saint Symphorian de Autun, and of others I cannot mention here.

Again it is Saint Juliette, of royal race, who, arrested in the city of Tarsus, was brought before Alexander, governor of the city, holding in her arms her infant son of three years, and who replied simply, to all the questions of the Pagan, "I am a Christian." The governor took away her infant son, and while putting the Christian mother to the torture, caressed the little boy, and endeavored to keep him from weeping; but the poor little one, his eyes fixed on his mother, said, as she did—"I am a Christian! I am a Christian!" Alexander, incensed by his cries, seized him by the foot, and from the height of his tribunal cast him upon the ground. The head of the child was broken by the blow; his brain exuded, and the earth was watered by his blood. The mother saw him, raised her eyes to Heaven, saying: "I return

thanks for this, O Lord, that Thou hast seen good that my son should receive before me the immortal crown. Then, presenting her head to the executioner, she died, saying—"I hasten to go and rejoin my son in the Kingdom of Heaven."

And later, in the succession of Christian ages, the history of the Church is replete with traits of the same kind. When the mother of Blessed John de Britto, Jesuit and missionary in the Indies, heard of the martyrdom of her son, she clothed herself again in the garments of festivity, which she had laid aside for many years, and glorifying God repaired to Lisbon, where the king had commanded her to receive the congratulations of the pious monarch and all the court.

And in our day, when the mother of M. Jacard, French missionary, put to death for the faith in Tonking, the 20th day of July, 1836, received the fatal and glorious news, she cried out in the enthusiasm of sublime faith—"God be praised! I am delivered from the fear, that in spite of myself I experienced, that he might not prove worthy the honor of suffering for Christ.

O perpetuity and admirable unity, not only of the faith, but of Christian heroism, in all times and in every nation! Behold that which I proceed to relate, in this last and bloody persecution of Cochin China, which still endures. A native Christian had been put into prison and condemned for the faith. His mother, informed of the day of his execution, accompanied him to the place of punishment, and encouraged him to suffer and die for the name of Jesus Christ. No sooner had the head of the martyr fallen beneath the sword of the executioner, than she lifted up from the dust this sacred head, kissed it piously, enveloped it in her garments, and withdrew with this dear relic, leaving the mandarins and soldiers motionless and mute with astonishment.

Such have been Christian mothers at all times and in all countries, and the mothers of our gentle and valiant martyrs of Castelfidardo exhibit themselves worthy of their predecessors, and have continued this glorious tradition. The letters written before and after the sacrifice, prove it in a manner as admirable as touching. I could cite these as testimonies of a virtue truly heroic, in relating the history of their children; but each time, the name of the son would have designated that of the mother, and I should thus have wounded the pious susceptibilities of a humility which flies all renown and fears all praise. Christian women are very willing to be sublime, but on condition that the world knows it not. On the contrary, in quoting here some of these letters, I have betrayed no incognito, and I have in no way wounded the holy modesty of those who wrote them. The edification of the reader will be secured, without humility losing any of its rights. Here is a letter written before the battle of Castelfidardo, by the mother of a volunteer who was to die there, to the mother of another soldier of the Church:

"It is true, madam, that the sacrifice we make in suffering our children to depart from us is great; and in bidding them adieu, we feared that it

might prove our last embrace. But were they not put into our hands as a deposit that God confided unto us until He should demand them again? And cannot Christian mothers see that the moment is come for Christian mothers to offer to God those who are dearest to them? when the Church is attacked, and has need of defenders, is not the place of Catholic youth around the pontifical throne? And if, unhappily, the numbers are so few, it is because indifference has corrupted their hearts. In the midst of the inquietude and sadness of being separated from my son, I bless God for having preserved him from the egotism so universal, and for having inspired him with the sentiment that animates him. He has never given me any thing but consolation; and if God preserves him to me, he will be my support and that of his sisters. But, madam, we must elevate our thoughts still higher; for, as my dear child says to me in one of his letters, 'If I never return it will be for my greater good.' I should not then complain at seeing him exposed to so many dangers. My son gave himself to Rome with sentiments so pure, his heart was so entirely occupied with the thought of laboring for the glory of God, that notwithstanding the sacrifice made in consenting to his choice, it is with entire confidence I leave him in the hands of Providence, and I hope that he may be preserved from those spiritual dangers, which are more to be dreaded by Christian parents than the dangers he may encounter for his life."

And God, indeed, preserved the soul of this young soldier from the dangers which his mother feared, for him more than death. He did better even than preserve that soul. He took it to Himself, and crowned it with glory; and the son of this admirable Christian woman is one of those who died upon the very battle field of Castelfidardo. We see the sacrifice accepted beforehand; we see now the mother writing to the person who had announced to her the death of her son: "I thank Heaven with my whole heart for the favors of piety and resignation which it so largely bestowed upon my son, as well as for his simple and heroic devotedness. He will be greatly missed in the family, but it will strengthen them, I hope, in the faith; and for my part, dearly as I would have loved to have embraced him again, I would not recall him into this world. I esteem him most happy, or soon to be. If you have fortified my son in his generous resolution, fear not that I shall reproach you for it; God grant that I may attain to what he has. We have, I hope, a good precursor for the other life."

"I am sure," writes another of these heroic women, "that you will pardon my delay in replying to you, and that you will pray God to sustain us in the trial which He has sent us; for whatsoever may be the consolations accompanying it—ineffable consolations, for which we can never sufficiently thank and bless Him—I sometimes find myself very weak and perfectly prostrated. And yet, has not God in His divine mercy deigned to call him to a glory and a happiness beyond all that I could have dreamed or asked? And, more

favoured than the other mothers from whom God has demanded the same sacrifice, I have had the consolation of seeing my dear child and surrounding him with the tenderness of my care; and, more than all, to witness the graces with which God had replenished his soul. You are right, we are happy parents, and notwithstanding the grief with which our poor hearts are wounded, we can but rejoice and glorify God for all the graces which He has condescended to bestow upon our dear children. And these graces are also engagements and obligations for us who are yet upon the earth, and I beg of God from the depths of my heart, by the intercession of our Divine Mother and our blessed children, that He may bestow upon us all the grace of corresponding with fidelity to all His designs upon us. We are gratefully and profoundly touched with the souvenir which the Holy Father in his paternal goodness has sent to us, which will be dear and precious to our whole family, so long as it subsists upon the earth. We are profoundly touched also by the sympathy displayed for us in this sorrowful yet consoling trial. Aside from the affectionate sentiments thus manifested, we rejoice moreover, to perceive therein the principle of faith and adhesion to Catholic truth, a sort of protestation against the impieties committed with so much audacity. Let us hope that the blood of these victims, which God seems to have chosen and marked, may bear fruit among those, who, without being willfully wicked, have suffered themselves to be seduced thereby."

In a word, because we must come to a close, we present one more letter, coming, as have its predecessors, from a maternal heart all broken with sorrow, and at the same time all perfumed with heavenly consolations: "I miss my dear child every moment, and his absence makes itself more and more felt. As to his death, all the details which have reached us are full of consolation. I quote a passage from the letter of M. Romits, Canon of Asimo, who was attached to him, addressed to his brother: 'My only object in rendering these services was to acquit myself of a duty dear to my heart—that of encouraging in his last moments a martyr of Holy Church. It is true that my noble friend had no need of this. O, how dear is his memory to me! What glory to your family to count among its children a hero, a martyr of the holy cause! May your mother find her strength and her resignation in this consoling thought, that she will again find her son in Heaven, with his wounds resplendent with rays of glory.' The confraternity of Christian mothers, and the prayers of so many pious souls, have without doubt prepared the religious devotedness of our youth; but the abundance of the favors, and the graces they have displayed, I have no doubt, were from the Mother of God. They followed and wished to defend her Son in the person of His Vicar. They have wiped His visage, covered with ignominy; they had not, indeed, His portrait, as Saint Veronica, but it has been given to them to have part in His wounds. Also, I have faith in the protection of my son; his affection for his

nephews and nieces will prove to them a great succor while accomplishing the labors of this life, and secure for me a good death."

We are able to judge, by some of these quotations, of the treasures of faith, resignation and heroic virtue which filled the hearts of these admirable Christian mothers. These letters prove that if the race of the Maccabees is not yet extinguished in the Church, neither is the race of the mother of the Maccabees extinct. Yes, the mothers of our martyrs of Castelfidardo resemble this illustrious woman in their heroism and invincible constancy. What do I say? They resemble the Mother of God herself; they are the worthy daughters of the Mother—of the Queen of Martyrs; and like this august Virgin, they remain at the foot of the cross, where their sons died: *Juxta crucem Jesu stabat mater ejus.*

BIRTH-PLACE OF MARY.—It was at Nazareth, a town of Galilee, the abode of Saint Joachim and Saint Anne, that the most holy Virgin was born. She was of the tribe and family of David, as the Church sings in the office of the day of her birth. Endowed with those natural qualities which God had bestowed upon her, she was, as Saint Bernard observes, the master-piece of all the ages, and none of the daughters of Israel could ever compare with her in the marvelous assemblage of shining virtues wherewith she was enriched, for it was of her that the Holy Ghost said by the Prophet, (Prov. xxx.), "Many daughters have gathered together riches: thou hast surpassed them all."

The birth of Mary was without pomp, like that of Jesus Christ, which was to be, in the eyes of the world, obscure enough; it being the will of God that there should be a perfect conformity of condition between the Mother and the Son. Many of the holy fathers believe that Saint Joachim and Saint Anne, being warned that notwithstanding their long sterility and great age they should have a daughter, had been apprized at the same time that that blessed daughter should be the Mother of the Messiah. Certain it is that never child was dearer to parents, nor more richly merited their tenderness, than she did who was, from the moment of her Immaculate Conception, the object of the Divine predilection.

I REMEMBER when a boy, how my mother would call me and take me upon her lap, teach me my prayers—and how she would pray that I, an only child, might be spared to be a prop and a blessing in her old age. Often would I feel my mother's hot tears dropping upon my cheek, as she invoked the Blessed Virgin's care of me. I wondered why she would weep; little did I then know of the depth and all absorbing power of a mother's love. God help the boy who has lost his mother while he is yet a child! He will have many a heavy burden, not of boyish sorrow alone, but many a weary load of care, which a mother's love could lighten; many a sickening grief and disappointment, which a mother's voice could soothe. God help him! for he will need much help.

THE EXALTATION OF THE CROSS.

The miraculous appearance of the Cross to Constantine, and the discovery of that precious relic by the Empress Helen, gave the occasion to celebrate a festival under the title of the Exaltation of the Cross, and the fourteenth of September was the day set aside for this Feast. In order that we may all enter, with our Blessed Mother, into the true spirit of the exaltation of this pledge of our redemption, and of our Lord's great love for us, let us, with Faber, pass to Calvary's heights and mark well the First Exaltation; and let us beg our Blessed Mother to aid us in planting this holy Cross deep in our own hearts, that we may understand all the glory and happiness belonging to its Exaltation.

The world is a mystery. Life, time, death, doubt, good and evil, and the uncertainty which hangs about our eternal lot, are all mysteries. They lie burning on the heart at times. But the Crucifix is the meaning of them, the solution of them all. It puts the question and answers it as well. It is the reading of all riddles, the certainty of all doubts, and the center of all faiths, the fountain of all hopes, the symbol of all loves. It reveals man to himself, and God to man. It holds a light to time that it may look into eternity and be reassured. It is a sweet sight to look upon in our times of joy; for it makes the joy tender without reproving it, and elevates without straining it. In sorrow there is no sight like it. It draws forth our tears, and makes them fall faster, and so softly that they become sweeter than very smiles. It gives light in the darkness, and the silence of its preaching is always eloquent, and death is life in the face of that grave earnest of eternal life. The crucifix is always the same, yet ever varying its expression so as to be to us in all our moods just what we most want and it is best for us to have. No wonder saints have hung over their crucifixes in such trances of contented love. But Mary is a part of the reality of this symbol. The Mother and the Apostle stand, as it were, through all ages at the foot of the crucifix, symbols themselves of the great mystery, of the sole true religion, of what God has done for the world which He created. As we cannot think of the Child at Bethlehem without His Mother, so neither will the Gospel let us picture to ourselves the Man on Calvary without His Mother also. Jesus and Mary were always one; but there was a peculiar union between them on Calvary.

The way of the Cross was ended, and the summit of the mount had been attained a little before the hour of noon. If tradition speaks truly, it was a memorial place even then, fit to be a world's sanctuary; for it was said to be the site of Adam's grave, the spot where he rested when the mercy of God accepted and closed his nine hundred years of heroic penance. Close by was the city of David, which was rather the city of God, the center of so much wonderful history, the object of so much pathetic divine love. The scene which was now to be enacted there would uncrown the queenly city; but only to crown, with a far more glorious

crown of light, and hope, and truth, and beauty, every city of the world where Christ crucified should be preached and the Blessed Sacrament should dwell. These hours were filled with mysteries so divine, with realities so thrilling, that the lapse of time is hardly an element in the agony of Mary's soul. She comes to the crucifixion a greater marvel of grace, a greater miracle of suffering, than when an hour ago she had met the cross-laden Jesus at the corner of the street.

They have stripped Him of His vestments, from the shame of which stripping His human nature shrank inexpressibly. To His Mother the indignity was a torture in itself, and the unveiled sight of her Son's Heart the while was a horror and a woe words cannot tell. They have laid Him on the Cross, a harder bed than the Crib of Bethlehem, in which He first was laid. He gives Himself into their hands with as much docility as a weary child whom his mother is gently preparing for his rest. It seems, and it really was so, as if it was His own will, rather than theirs, which was being fulfilled. Beautiful in His disfigurement, venerable in His shame, the Everlasting God lay upon the Cross, with His eyes gently fixed on Heaven. Never, Mary thought, had he looked more worshipful, more manifestly God, than now when He lay outstretched there, a powerless but willing victim; and she worshiped Him with profoundest adoration. The executioners now lay His right arm and hand out upon the Cross. They apply the rough nail to the palm of His hand, the hand out of which the world's graces flow, and the first dull knock of the hammer is heard in the silence. The trembling of excessive pain passes over His sacred limbs, but does not dislodge the sweet expression from His eyes. Now, blow follows blow, and is echoed faintly from somewhere. The Magdalen and John hold their ears, for the sound is unendurable: it is worse than if the iron hammer were falling on their living hearts. Mary hears it all. The hammer is falling upon her Living Heart; for her love had long since been dead to self, and only lived in Him. She looked upward to Heaven. She could not speak. Words would have said nothing. The Father alone understood the offering of that heart, now broken so many times. To her the nailing was not one action. Each knock was a separate martyrdom. The hammer played upon her heart as the hand of the musician changeably presses the keys of his instrument.

The right hand is nailed to the Cross. The left will not reach. Either they have miscalculated in the hole they have drilled to facilitate the passage of the nail, or else the body has contracted through agony. Fearful was the scene which now ensued, as the saints described to us in their revelations. The executioners pulled the left arm with all their force; still it would not reach. They knelt against His ribs, which were distinctly heard to crack, though not to break, beneath the violent pressure, and, dislocating His arm, they succeeded in stretching the hand to the place. No more than a gentle sigh could be wrung from Jesus, and the sweet expression in

His eyes dwelt there still. But to Mary,—what imagination can reach the horror of that sight, of that sound, to her? Oh, there was more grief in them than has gone to the making of all the saints that have ever yet been canonized! Again the dull blows of the hammer commence, changing their sounds according as it was flesh and muscle, or the hard wood, through which the nail was driving its cruel way. His legs are stretched out also by violence; one foot is crossed upon the other, those feet which have so often been sore and weary with journeying after souls; and through the solid mass of shrinking muscles the nail is driven, slowly and with unutterable agony, because of the unsteadiness of the feet in that position. It is useless to speak of the Mother: it is idle to compassionate her. Our compassion can reach no way, in comparison of the terrible excess of her agony. But God held His creature up, and she lived on.

Now the Cross is lifted off from the ground, with Jesus lying on it, the same sweet expression in his eyes, and is carried near to the hole which they have dug to receive the foot. They then fasten ropes to it, and, edging it to the brink of the hole, they begin to rear it perpendicularly by means of the ropes. When it is raised almost straight up, they work the foot of it gradually over the edge of the cavity until it jumps into its socket with vehement bound, which dislocates every bone, and nearly tears the body from the nails. Indeed, some contemplatives mention a rope fastened round His waist with such cruel tightness that it was actually hidden in the flesh, to hinder His body from detaching itself from the Cross. So one horror outstrips another, searching out with fiery thrills, like the vibrations of an earthquake, all the supernatural capabilities of suffering, which lay like abysses in the Mother's ruined heart. Let us not compare her woe to any other. It stands by itself. We may look at it and weep over it in love, in love which is suffering as well. But we dare not make any commentary on it. Sorrowful Mother! Blessed be the most Holy Trinity for the miracles of grace wrought in thee at that tremendous hour!

Earth trembled to its very center. Inanimate things shuddered as if they had intelligence. The rocks were split around, precipices cleften all along the most distant shores of the Mediterranean, and the mystical veil of the temple rent in twain by the agitation of the earth, as if a hand had done it. At that moment—so one revelation tells us—there rose up from the temple-courts a long wailing blast of trumpets, to mark the offering of the noonday sacrifice, and they that blew the trumpets knew not how, that day, they rang in Heaven as the noonday trumpets never rang before. Darkness began to creep over the earth; for the satellite of earth might well eclipse the material sun, when the earth itself was thus eclipsing the Sun of Justice, the Eternal Light of the Father. The animals sought coverts where they might hide. The songs of the birds were hushed in the gardens beneath. Horror came over the souls of men, and the beginnings of grace, like the first uncertain advances of

the stealthy dawn, came into many hearts out of that spiritual darkness. A moment was an age when men were environed by such mysteries.

The darkness of the eclipse had passed away, and the true shades of evening were beginning to fall. The Cross stood bare on Calvary against the light which the setting sun had left behind it in the west. The spectacle of the day was over, and the multitudes of the city were all gone, and the current of their thoughts diverted elsewhere. A few persons moved about on the top of the mount, who had been concerned with the taking down of Jesus from the Cross, or were bringing spices from the city to embalm Him. Mary sat at the foot of the Cross, with the dead Body of her Son lying across her lap. Is Bethlehem come back to thee, my Mother, and the days of the beautiful Childhood?

The shades of evening fall fast and silently round that Mother, sitting at the foot of the Cross with the covered head of her dead Son upon her lap. The very earth is weary with the weight of that eventful day. The animals were fatigued after the panic of the eclipse, whose darkness they had mistaken for the night, so that the beasts slunk to their lairs, the birds to their roosts, and the lizards went to rest in the crevices of the rocks. Men themselves were outworn with sin and the impetuous activity of their own evil passions, while the scattered few who composed the Church were weary with shame, and fear, and sorrow, and the agitation of accumulated thoughts. The well-known sounds of night begin to succeed to the sharper and more frequent noises of the day. There is a divine light in the heart of Mary, more golden than that last lingering rim of departed sunset, that sun which seemed so glad to set after the burden of such a day, and she is resting on it for a moment, before she girds up her whole nature to meet her seventh sorrow and her last.

It was a strange station for a Mother to choose for her repose, just at the foot of the cruel tree on which her Son had died, and which was yet bedewed with His Precious Blood. Yet it is also just the very spot where, with Mary-like instinct, the mourners of eighteen centuries have come to rest, and have found peace there, when there was no peace, at least for them, in any other corner of the earth. It is a place of spells, since Jesus hung there and since Mary sat there. Here tears have been dried which it had seemed would never cease to flow. Here hearts have consented to live which a while ago were fain to die. Here the widow has found another and a heavenly Husband. The mother has had her lost children restored to her. The orphans have gone there in the dark, and, when they were done sobbing, they found the arms of their new Mother Mary round them. Here thousands of hearts have discovered how good a thing it was to have been broken; for through the rent of their own hearts they saw God. When Mary sat on that hill-top, and enthroned the dead Christ upon her knee, she left an inexhaustible legacy of blessings behind her to all generations, with the condition of residence on the top of Calvary attached to their enjoyment.

Our Lady of Consolation.

Ave Maria! At thy feet
 Oft have I knelt, my bliss complete;
 Unmindful of all else beside,
 Since thy pure arms were open wide.
Ave Maria! let it be
 My sole delight to honor thee.

My heart was full of love, and threw
 Strong tendrils, as young grape-vines do:
 Earth forced them rudely all apart,
 And left a torn and bleeding heart.
Ave Maria! I appealed
 To thee, and every wound was healed.

I loved all beauty; but I saw
 Beauty was subject to the law,
 Of death, decay,—the law of earth,—
 And beauty grew as nothing worth.
Ave Maria, then I turned
 To thee, and fadefess beauty learned.

I loved the truth but always found
 Falsehood did more than truth abound.
 My life grew chill. I came and knelt—
 Thy truth unswerving here I felt.
 O, Mary Mother, then thy child
 Was by thy justice reconciled.

I yearned for science. Everywhere,
 Earth's answer was as empty air:
 A mocking sound, a vain pretense,
 Whose din and folly drove me thence.
 I flew, sweet Mary, to thy shrine,—
 And learned a science, all divine.

Fame called to me, with clarion voice,
 And held her laurels for my choice;
 I turned, heart-sickened, for I knew
 What thorns amid her bays she threw.
Ave Maria! Then 'twas sweet
 To burn fresh incense at thy feet.

Then let me ne'er unmindful be,
 Of all in joy I owe to thee.
Ave Maria, keep my soul
 Forever bound 'neath thy control,
 So, wheresoe'er my lot be cast—
 Thine now, I may be thine at last.

The Temptation of Saint Francis of Sales.

We placed before our readers, a few weeks ago, the portrait of one of the most remarkable characters in our latter days—the glorious Saint Chantal. We will again, before long, draw some exquisite episodes from that noble life, in which, perhaps more than in any other, is embodied all that was grand and sublime in the seventeenth century.

To-day, not by way of contrast, but rather of parallelism, we beg to present to their attention the sweet and incomparable model, so dear to the heart of Saint Chantal, the saintly director who led her soul to the highest summit of Christian perfection. Both were, undoubtedly, conspicuous for their extraordinary devotion to the Mother of God. Which of the two excelled most, we leave others to decide; but whoever has visited Paris,

and knelt before the statue where Saint Francis de Sales, under an awful temptation of despair, made his heroic vow, and found relief through Mary's intercession, will scarcely admit that any soul ever loved her more than he did. It has been our consolation, more than once, to kneel before that same statue; and therefore we love to speak of a Saint who, above all others, has been from our childhood one of our predilection—particularly on account of his boundless love for the Blessed Virgin.

At the age of thirteen the young Count de Sales was sent to Paris, to study rhetoric and philosophy. He soon obtained the most brilliant success in all his studies; but the young Francis was much more occupied in his advancement in the science of the saints.

He daily visited some of the sanctuaries of Mary; his favorite one was Saint Etienne des Grés, where he venerated with a special devotion one of her statues. By the fervor of his prayers it was easy to recognize that if he loved Jesus Christ as his God and Saviour, so equally did he love Mary as his Mother. He could scarcely speak of her without his eyes filling with sweet tears: she was the confident of all his joys and sorrows. Often he exclaimed, in a holy transport, "Oh, who could refrain from loving thee, my dearest Mother? May I be forever thine, and, with me, may all creatures live and die for thy love." The bright glow that suffused his cheeks, when he spoke of the Blessed Virgin, revealed the ardent sentiments that inflamed his heart. It was a peculiar joy for him to frequently renew his consecration to Jesus Christ by the hands of Mary in the words of the touching prayer that has been handed down to us by one of his historians: "Oh, God of my heart! take this heart, which is all Thine. I offer Thee all my love, by the hands of Thy tender Mother. Vouchsafe graciously to receive this offering, O Blessed Virgin; preserve it, and grant that my heart may have no love save for thy Son and thee."

While praying, prostrate before the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the Church of St. Etienne des Grés, he loved to repeat to his dear Mother the firm resolution he had taken to preserve until death his virginity intact, and with tears he conjured the Queen of Virgins to be herself its faithful guardian.

His eminent virtues and brilliant talents caused many to say that they knew not which to admire most in this distinguished young nobleman: the perfect grace displayed in all things connected with him, or the grand hopes he gave for the future.

But because his soul was agreeable to God, therefore was he to be tried by temptations. And God provided for this in a manner apparently very severe, when we consider that the young Francis was not yet seventeen years old. It commenced with the thought that perhaps he was not in a state of grace; he was induced to this belief from a state of great bodily weakness, in which he found himself without either courage or energy. A thought so rending for a heart like his, oppressed his soul, without however discouraging

him; for he said to himself that God, who makes nothing in vain, does not give us courage at a time when we do not need it, but He only desires us to resist the temptation when it comes. "But," added his imagination, "with your present weakness it is very certain you would fall into mortal sin if a dangerous occasion would present itself." This was a new source of anxiety for his beautiful soul; but he sought to restore peace to it by the reflection that God never fails in the moment of peril, provided we pray to Him.

Notwithstanding, peace came not. Deprived of all the sweetness of divine love which he had so long enjoyed, he became impressed with the idea that perhaps his spiritual aridities were the punishment of some infidelity, and that by some mortal sin he had lost the grace and friendship of God, to whom he had become an object of hatred and anger. With this terrible thought came the recollection of the doctrine of the small number of the elect, the mystery of predestination, and the frightful rigor of the judgments of God, his own profound misery, which his humility made him feel in the most lively manner, and it seemed to him impossible that a person so bad as himself could ever be of the small number of the elect. Not that he feared the grace of God would be wanting, but that he would not correspond with grace, and in consequence be precipitated into the eternal abyss. What most afflicted him was, not the torments of hell, but the thought that in hell God was blasphemed and not loved. "O God," he exclaimed, "if I must not see Thee, grant at least this solace to my anguish, do not permit me ever to curse or blaspheme Thee. O Love! O Charity, O Beauty, to whom I have vowed all my affections! I shall, then, never enjoy Thy delights! I shall never be inebriated with the abundance of the good things of Thy mansion! I shall never reach the place of the admirable tabernacle where my God resides! O Virgin, most amiable," he continued, addressing himself to the Mother of God, "thou whose charms will never rejoice hell, I shall then never see thee in the Kingdom of thy Son: beautiful as the moon, brilliant as the sun! Alas, I shall never participate in the immense benefits of the Resurrection! But did not my dear Jesus die for me as well as for others? Be that as it may, O Lord, if I cannot love Thee in the next life, since no one can praise Thee in hell, at least I shall profit by the short moments of life to love Thee in this world."

In the midst of this deep anguish he became quite emaciated; his color faded, and a sickly pallor overspread his face. Very soon his whole person was covered with a yellow jaundice, which caused him acute pain. He could scarcely eat, drink, sleep, or sustain himself in walking. Nevertheless, he omitted none of his ordinary exercises of piety; he redoubled his prayers to God and the Blessed Virgin, begging them to preserve, in his poor heart, hope in the Divine mercy.

The main feature of his character during this dreadful temptation, and which alone would render the memory of Saint Francis of Sales forever admirable, was that frequently he was heard to

exclaim, "O God, if I am doomed to hate Thee through all eternity, let me at least love Thee with all my heart while upon earth." In this sentence we see revealed the heart of Saint Francis.

These holy dispositions were duly rewarded. One day, when more than usually sad, as he was returning from the college, the saintly youth entered the Church of Saint Etienne des Grés, and knelt before that statue of the Blessed Virgin at whose feet he had formerly taken the firm resolution to guard perpetual chastity, and, while tears streamed from his eyes, he recited, with his heart rather than with his lips, Saint Bernard's beautiful prayer, the "Remember." Then, addressing God, he besought Him, through the intercession of Mary, to restore him to his former state; he renewed his vow of perpetual chastity, and promised to recite daily, in memory of this vow, the beads of Saint Bridget. Scarcely had he pronounced these words than he felt a movement over his whole body, as if the scales of leprosy had fallen from it; perfect health was restored, and, after six weeks of unspeakable anguish, his soul enjoyed a profound peace.

It would be impossible to relate all the treasures of graces and lights which the saintly youth obtained by this temptation. It was then he amassed the richest treasures for Heaven, and was elevated to the highest degree of charity by so many acts of pure love of God so totally free from all self-interest: for what purer love can be imagined than the disposition to love and serve God solely because He is in Himself infinitely worthy to be loved, and served, without thought of recompense. What more perfect than the other disposition of his beautiful soul, which, amid all the torments of hell, saw nothing comparable to the evil of not loving God? It was in this school of trial that his heart obtained that tender commiseration for souls tempted and fatigued by interior pains, who so often had recourse to him in after life.

The young nobleman, by his combats and victories in this circumstance, rendered himself so skillful in the use of spiritual arms, that, to speak in the language of the Bishop of Belley, "He was as an arsenal for others, furnishing defenses and weapons to all those who discovered their temptations to him; he was as the tower of David, on which hung a thousand shields and all sorts of arms."

Delivered by Mary, as we have seen, Francis gave himself to God, and to her, with more fervor than ever. He said his beads daily, according to the vow he had made. Every day he recited the prayer so celebrated, by which he had been freed from temptation—the "Remember." He recommended it to all persons under his direction, and he delighted to praise its efficacy. "It was from his mouth," said the Bishop of Belley, "that I learned it; I wrote it, from his dictation, at the head of my breviary, in order to engrave it upon my memory and use it in my needs."

Thus, God and Mary were the sole delight of the young Francis, during his four years of philosophy, as they ever remained in after life.

Ave Maria from Protestant Lips;

OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

"The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

Oh, Thou who deign'st to sympathize
With all our frail and fleshy ties—

Maker, yet Brother dear!

Forgive the too presumptuous thought,
If, calming wayward grief, I sought

To gaze on Thee too near.

* * * * *

Of all the dearest bonds we prove,
Thou countest sons' and mothers' love

Most sacred, most Thine own;

But who, O perfect filial Heart,
E'er did like Thee a true sons' part,

Endearing, firm, serene?

Thou wept'st, meek maiden, Mother mild,
Thou wept'st upon thy Sinless Child,

Thy very heart was riven:

And yet, what mourning matron here,
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear

By all on this side Heaven.

* * * * *

Ave Maria! blessed Maid!

Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,

Who can express the love

That nurtured thee, so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet

For Jesus, Holy Dove?

Ave Maria! Mother blest,

To whom caressing and caress'd

Clings the Eternal Child;

Favor'd beyond Archangel's dream,

When first on thee with tenderest gleam

Thy new-born Saviour smiled.

Ave Maria! Thou whose name

All but adoring love may claim,

Yet may we reach thy shrine:

For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows

To crown all lowly lofty brows

With love and joy like thine.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.---VI.

From the Prison to the Stake.---Continued.

The door was opened by a lay-Brother, who saluted them thus: "Peace be to you."

Soudriol did not move, but Bouillac returned the salutation by an inclination of the head.

The Brother was a man of about forty years of age, at most. His countenance was austere, but mild. From a reed basket, which he carried with him, he took some bread, fresh vegetables and cheese. He divided the victuals, and, in silence, placed before each of the prisoners the portion intended for him. He also left them two wooden vessels full of water.

"Don't they give us a little wine?" asked Soudriol; "water is tasteless."

"The fruit of the vineyard," replied the Religious, "is treacherous; it generates intoxication and delirium; and frequently proves the ruin of man."

"We have had sad experience of it," said Bouillac.

"If it causes intoxication," added Soudriol, "I do not think, considering our present situation, that a little of it would do much harm in enabling us to forget the reality of our misery."

"I shall mention your request to the Father Superior. I am afraid, however, that you must make up your mind to forego that pleasure; the Rule forbids us to have wine in the monastery, Besides, the time is so short, that—"

"What! Has our sentence been pronounced? What is our punishment?"

"Judgment was to have been passed yesterday; but I cannot say to what decision the judges have come."

"Yesterday! Their judgment, then, cannot be carried into execution before to-morrow; so that we still have a day and a night."

"Yes, my brother. The hours are short, and therefore precious, if you desire to prepare the defense you are to make before the great Judge."

Soudriol became thoughtful. The Brother prepared to retire; but Bouillac detained him, and asked:

"Is there not a Priest in the city who has the charity to visit us and reconcile us with God?"

"Certainly there is; and rest assured that you shall not go alone to execution. When justice strikes, religion presses forward and seeks to console; for religion is repentance and penance, and consequently, hope and pardon."

"Yes, I wish to confess. My life has been bad enough, but I do not desire to die like a Pagan."

Here Soudriol recovered from his abstraction, and asked the Brother: "How long have you been in this monastery?"

"Alas! since yesterday only; for what, in reality, are eight years consecrated to the service of God, when we consider that we owe Him every moment of life?"

"Eight years! That is a long time; and what is your present hope?"

"It is that God will grant me the grace to grow old in peace in this asylum, and die in the expectation of His mercy."

"You seem to be young still; tell me, then, is it really possible to renounce all the pleasures of life at your age?"

"I have renounced the tumult, the cares and vexations of the world. I never knew what calm and happiness were until I entered the cloister."

"You must surely have suffered a great deal in the world? You must have endured hunger and thirst, and all the evils of misery, when you bartered your liberty for the poor pittance you receive here? To my mind, poverty and independence are better than the slavery of the monastery."

"Yes, I had many severe trials when I groaned under the yoke of the world; trials so severe that I should have died if I had not here found refuge."

"Suppose you had the offer of as much gold as your heart could covet; suppose that all the allurements of wealth and luxury were presented to you, would you not feel disposed to leave this

prison? for the monastery is a prison—a very tomb!" The Brother raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, but did not answer.

"Especially," continued the robber, "if there were hardly any thing to do, and—"

"But who would give me the sum you promise?" interrupted the Brother.

"You shall have it from me! Just now I have not a piece of gold; but to-morrow, if I am free, to-morrow I shall have treasures; I shall have them carried to you on the day and at the hour you may think fit to mention. Trust my word, for I have never broken it. Perhaps you would prefer receiving some gold here a few hours hence?"

"No, my brother, no! I have no wish to return to the world, even if it could make me happy. Those whom I loved are no longer on earth, and I do not expect ever to see them except in Heaven!"

"But riches can procure other friends; and it is so easy to acquire wealth! I do not demand impossibilities. You have merely to forget to bolt that door when you return this evening. I ask nothing more."

"Do not deceive yourself, my brother; escape is impossible. If you were to leave this prison, you would fall into the hands of a group of archers, who would bring you back."

"The difficulties concern me; whether I succeed or not, you shall have your reward, according to our contract."

"Forget, forget these projects, which you cannot carry out. Think only of delivering your soul from the captivity of the devil."

"Oh! let me beseech you! Liberty is a great boon. I would give the rest of my life for one day of liberty. I do not desire to die now. If I do not escape, I shall die in impotence; and on you shall rest the sin of my damnation!"

"No my brother, no; for, if you do not repent—if you do not implore mercy—you alone shall be guilty and without excuse. Death is not taking you by surprise; you are not summoned before the eternal tribunal without warning."

When the Brother had withdrawn, the Biscayan sat down, pressed his forehead, and gave himself up to reflection. Bouillac did not disturb him; but, fixing his eyes upon the picture above his head, he prayed fervently.

"I shall do it," exclaimed Soudriol, suddenly. He then threw himself upon the ground, twisting his breast and neck, and endeavoring to cut with his teeth the rope which kept him fastened to the wall. His companion looked at him in surprise.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Do you not see? If you had courage you would follow my example."

"To what purpose? Suppose we succeed in cutting the rope, our feet will still be in shackles, our hands will still be bound behind our backs. We can neither flee nor defend ourselves against the soldiers."

"Let us free ourselves from this rope."

"What is the use of fatiguing ourselves, without gaining any thing by it?"

"None whatever, if you do not assist me. I require your help; and I expect it, in order to—"

"Yes," interrupted the other, "if you can escape, I am ready to aid you by all means in my power; but with regard to myself, I repeat that my mind is made up to remain where I am."

Soudriol resumed his work of tearing up the hemp cord, thread by thread. He had begun to gnaw it the previous night, but he was still far from having finished it. The conversation was interrupted whilst he labored at his task, except when he changed his painful attitude in order to take breath. "Explain your project to me," said Bouillac, "I do not quite understand it."

"When the rope is cut, I am free; I can then escape from this wall by—"

"Yes, yes; by hopping like a magpie, you may walk about in this turret, and go through it as much as you like."

"It is then that I shall need your assistance. You have teeth strong enough to break one of the links of the chain which binds my arms; when my arms are free, I shall soon shake the fetters from my feet; and you too shall be free."

"But the door—the bars—the archers?"

Some minutes elapsed before Soudriol answered. "My project," he said at last, "is as simple as it is infallible. Here it is: the Brother comes as usual to see that every thing is in order, and that we have all we want. The stair is of stone, so that we can hear the sound of his sandals when he approaches. When I hear him coming, I duck down against the wall; he comes in without suspecting any thing; before he turns to shut the door I seize him by the throat and floor him before he has time to utter a single cry."

"And it is thus you would assassinate a poor creature, who has used nothing but kind and consoling words to us since we were cast into this dungeon?"

"Ah! Just as if you had never throttled your enemies!"

"I never killed disarmed men. In the struggle, they might defend themselves, and I never took lives except when risking my own."

"So much the worse! Why is he an obstacle to my liberty? Nevertheless, we can consider afterward whether it is possible to save him."

"Yes; for he must not perish."

"If he is prudent; if he does not persist in trying to give the alarm, then—"

"I promise that he will be silent," said the other.

"Agreed! I have no dislike to him: although he could easily save us, if he had the will to do so."

"And if every thing succeeds, how will you escape from the archers?"

"The Brother is about my size; when I put on his clothes, imitate his gait and demeanor—yea, even his voice, if required—it is very unlikely that any body will recognize me in the dark, or hold a lantern up to my face."

"Truly, Soudriol, you have great powers of invention, and were deservedly our leader."

"It is true that I leave you in prison; but—"

"I am satisfied; I am satisfied," interrupted Bouillac. May my death satisfy for us both."

"That is not my plan. When I assemble my men, we shall take arms, and meet in a favorable spot. When you are traversing the road leading to the place of execution, we shall attack your escort; and, during the tumult which must follow, all you have to do is to disappear."

Here a fresh noise interrupted the conversation. When the door was opened, the Biscayan stood up, the better to conceal the rope which he had almost entirely cut in twain. He assumed an air of indifference; but the perspiration rolled down his face, and his brown cheeks were inflamed.

The visitor wore the habit and cord of Saint Francis. As he did not suspect that the prisoners had any notion of escaping, he saw neither the animation of Soudriol's features, nor the expression of discontent which contracted them. Bouillac, as soon as he saw the Priest, uttered an exclamation of satisfaction and joy.

"You were expecting me?" said the Religious, in a voice of kindness. I ought to have come sooner, it is true, but several causes delayed me until now. However, I shall not go away before night, and I shall be here again to-morrow by daybreak."

"Do not listen to him, Bouillac!" exclaimed Soudriol. "He is a rogue and a rascal, and his only object is to insult us."

"Oh! my brother! You do not suppose me capable of such a thing! To insult you, now that you are prisoners, now that you are abandoned and unhappy, would be the depth of meanness. Far from adding to your sorrows, I would gladly sympathize with you and offer you words of comfort."

"Hypocrite!" said Soudriol, "leave me. Your cunning shall be foiled; your honied words cannot deceive me."

"But," said Bouillac, "what object could the Father have in deceiving us? It is but too easy to browbeat us now; and, if you were in his place, would you seek the company of two condemned men in prison, merely for the sake of so miserable a triumph?"

"You do not know them! He is sent to us in order to put himself in possession of our secrets, and thereby, after having put us off our guard, deliver our companions to the authorities."

"Do you, my friend, take me for the magistrate's agent? I am Superior of this monastery; do you suppose that I would degrade myself by such an employment? No, no; fear not. Instead of seeking to draw from you the means of placing your comrades in the hands of justice, I am here in order to aid you in averting the Divine wrath."

"Moreover," added Bouillac, "I did not betray any one when I was tortured; so that you have nothing to fear."

"You bore up against torture, but you cannot resist his insidious questions. Let him go away! We do not need him. We have lived like men, let us die as such."

"I do not, my friend, desire to make you a coward; on the contrary, my effort would be to sustain your courage if I saw you faltering. But there is no cowardice in trembling before God. God is great, and the greatest rulers in the world are very small indeed before Him."

"Begone! I will not listen to you."

"I am here as your friend; and surely the presence of a friend cannot be disagreeable to you?"

"It is. And, besides, what do you come for? I shall not make my confession."

"But my desire," said Bouillac, "is to confess; therefore I pray you, Father, not to leave."

"Are you cowardly enough," said Soudriol, "to tell your secrets to that inquisitor?"

"My friend, do you not know that the avowals made in confession are more securely buried forever in the heart of the Priest than if you sealed them in an urn and cast them into the bottom of the sea? Do you not know that even in the dumb solitude of my own thoughts I dare not dwell upon what you tell me as your confessor?"

"Dear me," said Soudriol, ironically, "do you imagine that I believe you?"

"It has never yet been heard that a confessor proved false to the confidence placed in him by his penitents. Many Priests have gone sadly astray, but they never lost sight of this inviolable law. Even in the transports of delirium, where there was nothing to restrain the license of their language, the secrets of the confessional never escaped their lips. On the contrary, there have been some who preferred disgrace and death to the transgression of this obligation."

"Will you leave us in peace," howled Soudriol.

"Soudriol," said Bouillac, "be so good as to allow me to die in the manner I think best."

"Fool! Have you become such a coward? By all the devils in hell, I shall save you from your faint-heartedness, and I shall prevent you from dishonoring yourself." Then, turning to the Franciscan, he heaped on him the most gross and violent abuse, seasoned with blasphemies and oaths. The Religious bore this without rebuke and without emotion. He bowed his head with modesty and waited until the storm should be over. His patience exasperated Soudriol. In the height of his rage he closed his hands and ground his teeth; his eyes seemed about to start from their sockets; his hair stood on end. He would have darted upon the Priest and strangled him, if his irons had not prevented him. At last he remained silent, as his lips, which were covered with boiling foam, could not find words.

"Do you wish to converse with me?" asked the Franciscan, addressing Bouillac, in a calm and gentle manner.

"I wish it very much, Father; and I beg of you to overlook the words of my companion; they are not his own words, but those of excessive anger."

"It is easy for me to forget them, since I did not hear them."

"You did not hear them?" roared Soudriol, with fury.

"You shall hear them now!" He then commenced a fresh tirade, with increased rage. "Did you hear them this time?" he asked, when he had finished.

"No, my friend; for whilst you were speaking I was imploring Heaven to have mercy on you and convert you." Then, turning to Bouillac, and re-

questing him to look at the wall, he said: "You have, I suppose, frequently observed that picture?"

"Yes, Father, I have thought a good deal over what it represents; and I have found great consolation in the reflection that, as God pardoned a thief who was no better than I am, He may also pardon me if I repent as he did."

Seeing that insults neither drove the Religious away, nor disturbed him, Soudriol tried another plan. He sang a number of the most disgusting and obscene songs imaginable, so that the Franciscan had to throw himself on his knees and fold his hands. He thought that Soudriol would soon stop through fatigue; but the mountaineer had strong lungs, and for several hours sang a great many ballads, without repenting any of them. The Religious was afraid that this horrid example might influence Bouillac. Perhaps, thought he, my presence is an occasion of sin to the poor culprit, and it might be better to let him have quiet and silence. After a few moments reflection, he called the archers, removed Bouillac, and led him to another hall. (To be continued.)

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

All those having devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary are likely to love God, and lament that they do not love Him more. All desire something for His glory,—the spread of some good work, the success of some devotion, the coming of some good time. One man has been striving for years to overcome a particular fault, and has not succeeded. Another mourns, and almost wonders while he mourns, that so few of his relations and friends have been converted to the faith. One grieves that he has not devotion enough; another that he has a cross to carry, which is a peculiarly impossible cross to him; while a third has domestic troubles and family unhappiness, which feel almost incompatible with his salvation; and for all these things prayer appears to bring so little remedy. But what is the remedy that is wanted? what is the remedy indicated by God Himself? If we may rely on the disclosures of the Saints, it is an immense increase of devotion to our Blessed Lady; but, remember, nothing short of an *immense* one. Mary is not half enough preached. Devotion to her is low and thin and poor. It is frightened out of its wits by the sneers of heresy. It is always invoking human respect and carnal prudence, wishing to make Mary so little of a Mary that Protestants may feel at ease about her. Its ignorance of theology makes it unsubstantial and unworthy. It is not the prominent characteristic of our religion which it ought to be. It has no faith in itself. Hence it is that Jesus is not loved, that heretics are not converted, that the Church is not exalted; that souls, which might be saints, wither and dwindle; that the Sacraments are not rightly frequented, or souls enthusiastically evangelized. Jesus is obscure, because Mary is kept in the background. Thousands of souls perish because Mary is withheld from them. It is the miserable unworthy shadow which we call our devotion to the Blessed Virgin that is the cause of all these wants and blights, these

evils and omissions and declines. Yet, if we are to believe the revelations of the Saints, God is *pressing* for a greater, a wider, a stronger, quite another devotion to His Blessed Mother. Let a man but try it for himself, and his surprise at the graces it brings with it, and the transformations it causes in his soul, will soon convince him of its otherwise almost incredible efficacy as a means for the salvation of men, and for the coming of the kingdom of Christ. Oh, if Mary were but known, there would be no coldness to Jesus then! Oh if Mary were but known, how much more wonderful would be our faith, and how different would our communions be! Oh, if Mary were but known, how much happier, how much holier, how much less worldly should we be, and how much more should we be living images of our sole Lord and Saviour, her dearest and Most Blessed Son!

May the Holy Ghost, the Divine Zealot of Jesus and Mary, deign to give a new blessing to this work; and may He please to console us quickly with the canonization of this new apostle and fiery missionary (De Montfort) of His most dear and most Immaculate Spouse; and still more, with the speedy coming of that great age of the Church which is to be the age of Mary!

Weekly Chronicle.

Confession and Contents in the Church of England —Erection of a Statue of the Blessed Virgin on the Ruins of the Tower of Babel—Bishoprics established in Algiers—Bishop elect of Louisville.

A singular affair has lately occurred in the Puseyite circles of the Church of England—in the land of Albion itself—which is causing a good deal of excitement. A certain Miss Kent lost her mother when quite young. Her father married again, and had a son by his second wife. Our heroine seemed passionately attached to her little brother, although she was never reconciled to see another fill the place of her dead mother in the house of her father; her temper was sad and morose, and she never indulged in the amusements and gaiety natural to children of twelve and thirteen years of age.

One day the babe was found dead in its cradle, its throat cut, and an ordinary case-knife, well sharpened, lying by the little victim. Its mother had just left it sleeping quietly, and it seemed impossible for any one of the servants to have entered during her absence.

The coroner's suspicions were slightly excited against Miss Kent, then about fourteen years old. To all his questions she only replied by her sobs and tears. She seemed overwhelmed with grief, and as all the household testified to her great love for the child, the matter was dropped. Nevertheless Miss Kent became more sad and somber than ever; nothing could draw a smile from her, nor distract her from the secret sorrow that seemed to devour her soul.

After a few years, Miss Kent left her father's house, and entered a Protestant convent lately established by the Puseyites, where she was soon remarked for the austerity of her life and her

continued gloom. To respond to the want of the heart, Puseyism has also established confession—which has no efficacy, simply because with this sect it is no sacrament. But be this as it may, Dr. Wagner, a Protestant minister, was the confessor selected for the house in which Miss Kent dwelt.

Many years had passed since the death of the child, and the crime was almost forgotten, when one day Miss Kent sought an interview with the justice of the peace and declared, that, exasperated at the affection her father showed to her step-mother, which seemed an injury to the memory of her own mother, she had killed the babe, although she loved it very much, in order to pierce their hearts by the blow. Scarcely had she committed the act than she bitterly repented, and had in vain sought to drown her remorse by seeking a refuge in penance. She had confessed her crime to Rev. Wagner, who imposed upon her the obligation of delivering herself into the hands of justice, and accepting the sentence which would be pronounced against her. On this declaration, she was placed in confinement, and Rev. Mr. Wagner was questioned on the subject. He refused to reply on matters told him in confession, merely declaring that he had never imposed the obligation of giving herself up to justice. The civil authorities are not willing, however, that the Rev. Mr. Wagner should use this plea, reminding him that he does not, as Catholics do, regard confession as a sacrament, but a mere voluntary avowal.

This affair is still pending, and excites a good deal of interest. The Religion of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, which caused England so much blood, has no remedy for the sufferings of the soul, and it is this which urges so many despairing hearts to suicide. This has caused the late learned Dr. Pusey to endeavor to ingraft Catholic devotion in the Anglican heresy. This attempt should meet our indulgence, for to it we are indebted for the Mannings, the Newmans, the Wilberforces, and a great number of ministers who, understanding the impossibility of stopping within the Anglican limits, have ended by entering into the Church, and have become most zealous Catholics. The Anglican minister, Rev. Father Ignatius, as he calls himself, is the founder of the Protestant convent in which Miss Kent had taken refuge. This Rev. gentleman has established several houses for females, and one for monks, on what they call the reformed Benedictine rules. He imposes, in many cases, mortifications far exceeding those of our most austere Orders. But it seems that a universal spirit of revolt has risen among his members. While the Rev. founder was lately delivering a course of lectures in London, the members of his community assembled, and not only deposed him, but even expelled him from their number, on account of his arrogance, harshness, etc. He laughed at the expulsion, and by the aid of the police returned to his convent, made a forcible entrance, and expelled, in his turn, the most prominent of the *expellers*. It seems to us that this would be an excellent opportunity to open the eyes of those who, amidst the cold forms of Protestantism, feel the urgent need of something better for the heart

—which the Church alone can give by her Sacraments and Religious Orders. But, to become a Catholic, these persons must be humble, and know how to submit. This is even difficult for one who has had the happiness to be born a Catholic; but when one has had the misfortune to have been a Protestant, it is only men of truly superior minds, as the Mannings, the Newmans, the Fabers, the Marshalls—and a host of others we could name—who can comprehend and practice these divine truths of Catholicity.

ASIA has sent the cholera to Europe, and in exchange, a correspondent of the *Rosier de Marie* says, "Europe sends Asia a statue of the Blessed Virgin, blessed by His Holiness, Pius IX. This statue has been erected, by the Carmelites, in the neighborhood of Bagdad, upon the authentic ruins of the Tower of Babel. Its erection was the occasion of a beautiful religious ceremony.

Our readers may well imagine that we will not let the Tower of Babel pass without saying a word about it. We daily see imaginary towers of Babel built and thrown down. The bricks accumulated from these modern *nembroth* are made of paper—in folio, quarto, octavo, etc. But what solidity could a tower acquire, built of paper and cemented with ink? The higher audacious vanity raises it, the sooner it will fall. Nevertheless, the fall will have some grave consequences—the ruin of bad books! For a long time, perhaps, the air will be poisoned by them. I prefer the Tower of Babel, whose ruins we see in the East. If mephitic vapors still exhale from it, the statue of the Blessed Virgin will dissipate them or purify them. But has it not been a happy idea to erect a statue of the Immaculate Virgin on the summit of such expressive ruins?—the Mother of God there to crush under her foot the head of the serpent!"

From the same journal we learn that magnificent honors were paid the Blessed Virgin at Saint Brieuc, on the 30th of July; the crowning of Our Lady of Hope took place, with great pomp and in the midst of the most charming weather. An immense number of the faithful were invited for the ceremony, in this old Catholic city. The Bishop of the place was assisted by the Archbishop of Rennes, the Bishops of Aire, of Nimes, and of Cochinchina. Caravans of pious pilgrims are being formed in France and Italy to visit the holy house of Loretto for the celebration of the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. In passing Spoleto the pilgrims will stop to venerate the Virgin *Auxilium Christianorum*.

Two bishoprics have lately been erected in Algiers—that of Oran and Constantine.

THE Apostolical letters for the consecration of Right Rev. P. J. Lavialle, (nephew of the late Venerable Dr. Flaget, first Bishop of Louisville,) President of St. Mary's College, Marion County, Kentucky, Bishop elect of Louisville, were received and forwarded within the past week by Archbishop Purcell. We congratulate our sister Diocese on the cessation of its widowhood by this auspicious appointment of a worthy successor to the late distinguished Bishop of Louisville, now Archbishop, Spalding, of Baltimore.—*Cath. Tel.*

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

THE FRIENDS OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

The Venerable Mary Bagnesi, Virgin, of the Third Order of Saint Dominick.

This name, which some of our readers may not have met before, is very dear to the children of Saint Dominick, and to the daughters of Carmel. Mary Bagnesi belonged to the former by ties of religion; but, when she had passed away, her body was taken to the Carmelite Convent of Our Lady of Angels, at Florence, and became an object of veneration and the source of many graces to the Religious. Many miracles for both soul and body were worked, and many vocations obtained by noble persons who desired to serve God in retirement and penance. Among them was a girl sixteen years old, who distinguished herself by the fervor and assiduity with which she prayed to the servant of God. This young virgin's name in the world was Catherine de Pazzi; in religion, Mary Magdalen. The Church celebrates her feast on the 24th of May, the vigil of the day celebrated in Heaven in honor of Mary Bagnesi.

The Venerable Mary held a high place in the affections of the Saint, and appeared in some of her revelations. I shall mention one example: "One day, as Mary Magdalen of Pazzi was rapt in ecstasy, she beheld the glory of Sister Mary Bagnesi. She saw her in Heaven, shining on the breast of the Incarnate Word, like a precious stone."

Mary Bagnesi was born of a noble family in Florence. Her baptismal name, Mary, presaged her future devotion to Mary, the Mother of God; and she was educated and passed her girlhood near a sanctuary of Mary, at Imprunete. She used to say: "At Imprunete I first received corporal food; but on Mary, the Mother of my Spouse, I must lay the foundation of my spiritual life, by imitating her admirable virtues."

In order to prepare her for the life of suffering by which He intended to sanctify Mary, God permitted her to be intrusted to a nurse who was very poor and had hardly any milk, and who would have allowed her to die of hunger if the neighbors had not occasionally brought her a few eggs with which to feed the baby. As soon as Mary could use her hands, she began to gather crumbs round her cradle and put them into her mouth.

God was so good to this child that He gave her not only many virtuous and noble qualities, but also exterior beauty and amiableness. Her countenance was so angelic that all were glad to see her, and desired to take her into their arms. Her sister, who was a Religious in the convent of St. Salvius, desired her mother to let her have Mary.

Mary, being talented, and gifted with a good memory, soon learned the praises of the Lord Jesus. "Sing, little Mary," they would say; and when she blushed and covered her face, they would throw a veil over her and say again: "Sing now, and no one shall see you;" whereupon she used to sing with so much heavenly sweetness that all who heard her were filled with consolation.

During sermons her eyes remained riveted on the preacher. She seemed to see her Beloved, and hear her Spouse, who was probably speaking to her in the recesses of her heart.

Whilst still young, Mary had charge of the household affairs, as her mother was weakly, and her elder sisters were no longer in the family. In this office she manifested all the prudence and discretion of an experienced matron. She was everywhere, and, by her activity, established the most perfect regularity and order among the numerous persons under her direction. However, her occupations did not interfere with her prayers and spiritual exercises, her motto being that "a soul without prayer and meditation was like a fish out of water." She grew in the midst of her domestic cares. She was moderately tall, of a delicate complexion, and rather thin in consequence of her constant mortification; but a sweet smile always played on her countenance. If she saw any one sad, she would say: "Come, let us be merry." And if the answer was that it was impossible, her reply was: "Do you wish to know what medicine you must take in order to be cheerful? Be good and virtuous, and you shall have lasting joy. You shall then see Jesus, who is the real bliss of the heart of man, and brings with Him peace and happiness."

Her mother's death increased her labors. She was seventeen years of age, when her father, taking her aside, asked what she intended to do; whether she would be a Religious, or remain in the world. The poor child was so horrified at the latter proposal that she could not answer her father. About this time commenced a series of maladies which never left her, and from this moment her life is to be one long, protracted, painful trial. Stretched upon her couch, and tormented in every part of her body, she was, says her historian and confessor, "like Job, in her sufferings and patience." The first doctors consulted, and the first medicines prescribed caused her the most excruciating agony, and reduced her to the brink of death. Whilst in this condition, God was her only consolation; all else was as nothing to her. In her room she had a little altar, and pious pictures and statues, and to these she unceasingly turned her eyes. She had always longed for the religious life, but as her illness rendered this impracticable, she asked and received the habit of the Third Order of Saint Dominick. At the end of a year she made her profession in the hands of a Father of the Order. It was a day of so much gladness to her, that she seemed to be well again, and visited a little chapel of the Blessed Virgin, an oratory dedicated to Saint Catherine of Sienna, and four of her sisters in different convents. This holy walk was the last she took in this world.

Her pains returned, and with them a complication of diseases. She was so often near dying, that she received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction eight times during her life. When her friends sympathized with her, her answer was: "We must obey, and patiently do the will of God, abandoning ourselves entirely to His pleasure." Sometimes she would say: "O my Jesus, console me a little, if it be Thy pleasure, in Thy mercy, and by

the merits of Thy ever Blessed Mother, and of all the Saints. Yet, if my sufferings do not seem great enough to Thee, add to them; but do also increase my patience, that I may not offend Thee."

Her ardent love of God manifested itself in continual acts of charity to her neighbor. As soon as she heard of unseen affliction, her thought was how to remedy it. For this purpose she deprived herself of every thing necessary to herself, and would gladly have shed her blood if required. When she had nothing left, she herself begged alms in order to clothe the needy and establish females in the world, or procure their admission into a convent. "Jesus," she said, "has been so liberal to man that He has given him not only all created things, but He has also made a present, an alms of Himself. What offering could be more munificent, more precious? If men understood this well, if they appreciated this liberality at its real worth, there would be nothing but charity, kindness and sweetness among them. Who would, then, injure his neighbor? Yet she was so humble that she would not do any thing unless under obedience." To her confessor she would say: "If you approve of it, I shall give this alms." Although the confessor generally said that she "might do without fear all that God inspired," still, when circumstances required her to do any thing before being able to consult the Father, her first words to him, on his return, would be: "My Father, I did an act of charity. I know that you approve of it; but I desire to mention it to you, as my wish is to perform every action under obedience."

She would gladly have been forgotten and left alone, in order to be with God; but she spoke with so much unction and modesty, that many came to see her and ask advice. If her confessor happened to be present, she would say: "Ask the Father." If they insisted, her answer was: "Confess frequently to a good and prudent confessor, who will teach you to pray and to be devout to the Blessed Virgin. Make good use of time, and lose no opportunity of doing good. Flee from men, for their conversation leads to dissipation. Do not anxiously seek to be known by the world. Happy he, who is free from the cares of the world, for he shall enjoy calmness and peace of soul." She said this with so much feeling, and with so much earnestness of manner, that she touched the hearts of those around her, and they felt that Jesus Christ spoke in her. Her countenance breathed a joy so pure that the sight of it spread serenity, and led to love of modesty and purity.

God still continued to send her fresh crosses, in order to increase her reward. One day she lost her sight; another day she became perfectly deaf, so that she was never free from suffering in some one of her senses. "Pray to God," she said, "that He may grant me patience, for I deserve still greater afflictions, on account of my sins; but I know my sweet Jesus will not confound me. Is it not so, my Jesus! O Lord, do not, I beseech Thee, leave me to myself." Those who saw her in such anguish sometimes said: "O Sister Mary,

how much you suffer!" when she always replied, with great fervor: "What I do is bad; but not so what is done by Jesus, who is the real and sovereign Good. What to us appears an evil is always good when Jesus does it. He always does what is best for us, if we let Him have His way. Pray, then, that I may abandon myself entirely to His will, and that I may not interrupt His work in me."

She always felt worse when some great festival was approaching. Those who saw her would say: "Sister Mary is worse; but it is not strange, as such a festival is coming on." But the days of greatest suffering to the body were, to her, the days of greatest spiritual consolation; her delight was beyond expression. Like an humble and discreet spouse, she sought to conceal the extraordinary graces of her Beloved. As she almost always swooned after her very painful attacks, she tried to make her ecstasies pass for swoons also; but she could not always deceive those who watched around her. In ecstasy, she turned to the wall, and her face became red and inflamed. But in her fainting attacks she so lost the mastery over herself that she kept turning from side to side, and her face became pale as of a person going to die. When the doctor came and found her in a swoon, he waited until she came to herself; and if he found she sought to conceal an ecstasy, he would jocosely remark: "That is a very strange malady. See, she is young again; not more than fifteen. She is red and blooming, like a spring rose." This embarrassed poor Sister Mary.

She had received permission to have her confessor constantly in the house with her, to have Mass said in her room. She confessed every day, but she was not scrupulous, and made her confession or deferred, just as charity required. During the last twenty years of her life she communicated three, four and even six times in the week. But this consolation was denied her on the day of her death. Her throat was so swollen, in consequence of interior inflammation, that she could swallow nothing but a drop of water.

Toward the end of her life her sufferings were excessive. But her countenance was ever as joyful as if she had seen Heaven, and had been invited to the nuptials of the Lamb. When she could not speak, her lips moved in prayer, and repeated the words Catherine, St. Cecilia, and, above all, Mary. One of the Priests present having made this prayer: "Mary, Mother of grace, protect us against our enemy, and receive us at the hour of death," she tried to express her admiration and assent, and exclaimed, "Oh!" as if to thank God for having suggested the aspiration.

In her last moments she enjoyed complete repose, and passed away unperceived. One present exclaimed: "Alas! the pulse does not beat; she is dead." The Priest took a blessed candle and made the sign of the cross over the corpse, the others doing in like manner. She then raised her head, opened her eyes, with joy beaming in them, as if to salute Heaven, and rendered her soul into the hands of God, her Creator and Master. It was the third day after Pentecost, 1557.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ST. PATRIOK'S DREAM.

In a wild secluded spot in Brittany, at no great distance from the shore, a young boy sat alone one afternoon in the earliest days of spring, watching over a slender flock of sheep, which were straying far and wide in search of pasture, of which there was little to be found. The brown, desolate plain, extending as far as the eye could reach, and ending only with the cliffs that overlooked the ocean, was relieved by scarcely a blade of green, and diversified by no object upon which the eye could rest. There were, at about the distance of a mile, a few squalid huts standing in a semicircle; but they were not sufficiently raised above the ground to be easily perceived, the rather as they were composed of peat, the color of the moor. In the dim horizon, hardly seen against the sky, rose some gigantic blocks of stone, the remains of an ancient Druid temple, to which the still heathen inhabitants occasionally resorted; for even now, four hundred years after the birth of Christ, the greater part of Northern European nations were immersed in the darkness of Paganism. Not a sound was heard save the beating of the sea waves, and the tinkling of the bell which the leaders of the herd carried round their necks; the dark, lowering clouds and cold blast, which told that winter was not yet ended, and that a speedy fall of snow might be expected, rendered the scene around still more gloomy. The boy himself, inured to hardship and exposure, seemed to regard the threatening sky but lightly; he was clothed in a scanty garment, composed of the undressed hide of some wild animal that had not long ago roamed in a neighboring forest, and which showed to advantage his robust form and strongly-made limbs. He possessed the blue eyes, fair curling hair, and florid complexion common to his countrymen; but his countenance bore an expression of more depth and cultivation than could have been expected of a child leading such a wild and solitary life. The ground rose slightly behind the place where he was sitting, and on it he had planted a tiny cross, rudely formed of twigs—a rough symbol of the faith he held. Here it was that the little shepherd offered his simple prayers; but he was now otherwise occupied, as he sat calling together several of his sheep, which had strayed to a little distance. Suddenly he became aware of a dark form which was traversing the moor in his direction. He was glad to see that it was that of a fellow-creature; for all that day no one had passed or spoken to him. But how much greater was the delight of the Christian boy, in this almost entirely heathen country, to see that the stranger wore the dress of a monk! He was no longer young, and carried a staff to help him on his way; his eyes were cast upon the ground, so that he did not see the little herdsman, who, eager to fulfill what he had been taught to consider a duty, saluted him eagerly with the customary "God save you, Father!"

"And you, also," answered the stranger, with

some surprise, perceiving the child, and guessing his faith from his words. "You are a Christian, my son; what is your name? and why are you here alone?"

"My name is Patricius," answered the boy; "and I tend sheep all day long. My little sister came with me in the morning. She has run down to the sea, to pick up shells and stones; and I have her flock to tend as well as my own."

"Does your father own a large flock?" asked the monk; "and does he dwell far off? there seem no houses near."

"I do not live with my father," replied the child. "When my mother died, he became a holy priest, and is gone to study at Rome. It was my aunt who took me and my sisters home; she is very poor, and all she has is only the little flock which you see."

"It is but a quiet life for a boy like you," kindly continued the stranger; "and when I was your age I should not have liked it much. The time must seem long which you spend alone all day."

"Oh, I am used to it, Father; and the days go quicker than you would believe. I like the quiet moor. Here I can sit and think of—"

"Of what, my son?" asked the monk, as the boy hesitated.

"Of God, Father, and how wonderful He is. Every morning He makes the beautiful sun rise over our heads, and every evening it is He who makes it set amongst the clouds. Twice every day He rolls back the waves of the sea under the cliffs, so that they are never still. Those are great things to do, and I am never tired of thinking of them; but what I like best, though it frightens me a little, is to watch a storm, such as comes sometimes in the summer; to hear the loud growling thunder, and see the bright darting lightning, making every thing shine around me; it must be like the Day of Judgment, of which my father used to tell me."

"*Dies iræ, dies illa, solvet sæclum in favilla,*"—(Nigher still, and still more nigh, draws the day of prophecy,)—murmured the monk involuntarily.

The child continued: "Then, you know, I can always pray; there is a little cross I made, and I kneel before it at the end of every hour. I can easily guess when the time comes round; it never comes too soon for me, for I have always so much to ask of God."

"What do you find to pray for, my child?" inquired the monk, with a curiosity which each remark of little Patricius, made in perfect simplicity, only served to increase.

"Oh, a great many things. I will tell you one, as you are a monk; if you will not tell any one again; for perhaps you will pray for me, and God will hear you, because you are His servant; it is, that when I grow up I may be a priest, like you and my father, and convert the poor heathen, who do not know Christ. There are some in this country, and a great many more, I have heard, over the sea yonder. Is that true, Father?"

"Too true, my child. I am on my way to bear the Gospel to a Pagan nation across that very ocean. There is a harbor not many miles farther, where I

hope to find a ship to convey me thence. I go in obedience to the commands of our Holy Father, the Pope, and it has been the desire of my whole life; but I feel, I know not why, that I shall not succeed in my mission—perchance because I am becoming old and feeble; it may be that for my sins I shall not be accounted worthy to bring others to God. But it seems to me, that though I may make a beginning, it is His will that another, younger and holier than I, shall build up the work."

"O Father," cried Patricius, his eyes sparkling with eagerness, and clasping his hands in entreaty, "if I might only go with you to this poor dark country!—how is it called, I pray you, the Land of the West?"

"Its name is Hibernia, though it is often called Ireland or Erin," said the monk, smiling; "but you forget, my son, that you are not a priest, and are still only a child. What service could you render to these Pagan people? All you can do is to pray for them every day by your little cross, and ask God, if I cannot turn them to Him, to send one speedily who may do so. Who knows," added he, seeing the disappointed face of the boy, "that you may be the priest whom God intends to convert them: as you say, time goes on more quickly than we can believe; and in a few more years, if you are still in the same mind, you would be old enough for the tonsure. You will not lose your vocation in this peaceful solitude; rather will it gather force from the life you lead, thus spent in prayer and serving those to whom you now belong. There was once, so I have read in the sacred Scriptures, a youth so pleasing to God that he was called a man after God's own heart, and like you, he was employed all day in tending a flock committed to his care. He was alone one day with his sheep, when a lion and a bear came down upon him suddenly, and seized upon one of the finest. Though they are more terrible animals than any to be found in this country, the boy was not frightened, because he put his trust in God. He rushed upon them, and struck them with the staff he carried, and made them give up their prey; and as they turned upon him, he caught them by their throats and strangled them. When he was grown a little older, there came into his country a giant so immensely tall and strong that every one wondered at him. He wore a helmet of brass upon his head, and a coat of mail upon his body, through which no weapon could pierce. He was an idolater, and hated those who worshiped the true God, and he came to defy them, and to challenge them to stand up and fight with him. But every one was afraid. At last the young shepherd I have been telling you of heard of this giant, and, leaving his flock, went to the king to ask leave to try and overcome him. His brothers laughed at him, and even the king asked him how he, who was but a boy, could think of attacking this great giant, who had been a warrior from his youth. He answered that God had delivered him from the lion and the bear, and that he knew He would keep him now. So the lad went against the giant with nothing but a sling, and some stones he had gathered from the brook; and calling upon

God, he advanced, fearing nothing, cast the stone from his sling, and it struck the giant in his forehead, so that he fell down dead. This shepherd became afterward a great king. He was King David, of whom you must have heard, because Saint Joseph, the husband of the Blessed Virgin, was of his house and family; and that same king wrote the beautiful psalms we monks sing every day in praise of God. Well, Patricius, how like you my story?" the Father ended by asking, seeing how anxiously the boy's eyes were fixed on his face during the time of its relation.

"Oh, very much, Father;" replied the child, adding, a little wearily, "oh, I am afraid there are no wicked giants now who hate the Christians; but if there were, how I should like to go and fight against them!"

"I am going to fight a giant," quietly answered the monk; "the giant of Paganism—stronger than any mortal man can be—who holds whole nations in dreadful captivity, teaching them nothing but cruelty, revenge and falsehood. And you said awhile since that you wished to go forth against him also; but that cannot be yet. Suppose that you begin by subduing the lion and the bear, as young David did."

"But, Father, there are neither bears nor lions here," said Patricius, looking rather puzzled.

"There are wild animals more terrible than they, wandering unchained in the hearts of all of us," replied the monk; the most dangerous are called pride and self-will. Fight against them unceasingly, even if the struggle endure your whole life through, trusting in God alone for victory. You will heed my words, my son," he continued kindly, "and not forget them or me as soon as I am out of sight? I shall often think of you, kneeling by your cross in this desolate place, with all your little flock beside you. As you tend them, think of the Good Shepherd, as our Lord calls Himself, who so loved His sheep as to give His life for their sakes, and who, if one only is missing, never rests till He has sought it and brought it safe home. Farewell, then, and pray for me, as I shall often pray for you; and in particular ask for a blessing on the poor monk, Palladius, and his work in Ireland."

Patricius knelt to receive the Father's blessing, and in a few minutes more the missionary had resumed his journey with such speed as to be almost out of sight. The boy watched him till he was no longer visible; then casting a glance around, he saw that the evening was closing in with every prospect of a speedy fall of snow. It was time, he thought, to turn his steps homeward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My dear child, in the evening, if a traveler finds that he has gone astray, what does he do? He goes back again, as quickly as he can, into the right road. Look into your past life, and perhaps you will see that not once only, but many times, you have gone astray from the service of God. Perhaps even at this moment you are not serving God. What must you do? Go back to the service of God, and, with a sorrowful heart, beg His pardon, because you left His service.

AVE MARIA.

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THE PRIEST.

There exists, says the author of the *Heroes of Christianity*, in the midst of modern society, a man who has no family, but who belongs to all families; a man whom all call upon as witness, as counselor, and as agent in the principal acts of life: a man who receives the infant from the bosom of its mother, to sustain, elevate and guide it in the path to God, even to the end of its days; a man who sanctifies the cradle and the tomb, the nuptial couch and the bed of death; a man whom the little children follow and venerate, whom the unknown call their father, who opens his heart to the most secret avowals and the most hidden tears; a man who is by his mission the consoler of all the misery of the soul and all the sufferings of the body; who draws to himself both the rich and the poor: the rich to give him the secret alms of which Heaven keeps count, and the poor to receive it, without blushing, in the name of the God of the unfortunate; a man who, being of no social rank, unites himself to all classes—to the inferior ranks by his humility, to the most elevated classes by his knowledge of the sciences of Heaven and earth; a pilot-saviour, sent to civilize the world, and who rules the storms of moral life by the spirit and authority which he has received from on high; this universal man is the Priest. His history is the living Gospel; it is the Testament of Jesus Christ, perpetually renewed through all ages. From the origin of Christianity he is seen, on the summits of self-sacrifice, surrounded with the aureola of prayer, charged to preach a magnificent doctrine, and his entire life consecrated to works of charity for others.

As the Saviour, whom he has taken for his model, passed long hours of the night in praying to His Eternal Father, the soul of the Priest continually ascends to God to draw down celestial blessings upon us.

We need a counterweight to the blasphemies of the earth against the Supreme Being. God, in His just anger, would long since have destroyed a world so full of wickedness, but for the powerful supplications of the sacerdotal soul and those who unite themselves to it. In their favor, Heaven delays the vengeance which the errors of humanity deserve.

Infidel writers dare publish that the life of the Priest is idle and useless; they cannot understand the necessity of continual prayer to counteract the bad acts to which man's perversity continually gives birth.

The Priest also teaches the faithful the art of praying, introduces the love of prayer into their hearts, and daily increases its strength and fervor. In the midst of the sadness and disappointments of every sort which meet our existence at every turn, we feel within ourselves the imperious need of elevating our thoughts to a higher and more serene region. The soul, thus disengaged from the miseries of life, finds such consolation as man cannot give. She is inspired with the ideas of Heaven; she carries them into the region in which she dwells; she has found a light for all her doubts and obscurities.

Admit, for a moment, that this dew from Heaven would not fall; withdraw the healthful source of prayer from the impure atmosphere which surrounds us, and despair would soon become our portion; noble and generous thoughts would vanish, and life would be a long, dreary blank. "God alone can console," said Eugénia Guérin, in her exquisite manner of expression. When the heart of man is sad, so heavy is his sadness that human aid bends under the weight. This need needs other support than other reeds. "Prayer, prayer alone," she continued, "can soothe me. When, before God, I say to my soul, why art thou sad and why art thou troubled, the calm and serenity returns as the little babe ceases to cry at the sight of its mother."

Our heart is made for all love. That heart which loves God, Mary, humanity, country and family—all that is good, beautiful and true—hides in its folds an affection for the most humble creature. Our soul sometimes loves to abase itself, as well as to ascend; it attaches itself to all things; it embraces all indiscriminately; it is a house which shelters all sorts of guests, as one of those caravansaries of the East where all lodge, horsemen and pedestrians, rich and poor, emirs and fellahs. But, alas! that which caused our joy soon becomes our sorrow, and tears of bitterness often follow those of happiness. Our friendships are destroyed by death or misunderstandings; our family loses its dearest members; our hearth becomes desolate; our country saddens us by its reverses and its faults; human affections fade away, like those frail soap-bubbles, brilliant with all the tints of the rainbow, which burst as they ascend in the air. There is but one love which never dies, because the Being who inspired it is eternal; a love which always consoles and never deceives—the love of God, which prayer preserves. The Priest, then, by his own prayers and those he teaches others to say, fulfills the most important duty to society.

The Priest, in his quality of preacher, announces the most beautiful and useful truths. Listen to his burning words. It is not in his name he moves the multitude—it is in the name of God. He opens the Book of books, and traces for each one his individual duties. To the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the miserable and happy of the age, to all, he offers instructions, counsels and hopes. From his pulpit sometimes his voice thunders against vice, sometimes it encourages virtue; sometimes it relates the sweet consolations of the just; sometimes it describes the awful state of the hardened sinner. "As moralist," says Lamartine, "the work of the Priest is most admirable. Christianity is a divine philosophy, written in two ways: as history in the life and death of Christ; as precept in the divine teachings it announces to the world. Those two words of Christianity, precept and example, are united in the New Testament. The Priest must always have it in his hand, always under his eyes, always in his heart. A good Priest is the living commentary of this divine Book. There is no word of political truth whose germ is not found in the Gospel. He has only to open it, read, and spread around him the treasure of light and perfection of which Providence has given him the key."

At the tribunal of penance, the Priest continues his work of civilization. "There is not," admits an infidel writer, "any establishment as useful as the confessional; the greater part of mankind, when they fall into great crimes, naturally feel remorse; and if there is any thing which can console them on this earth it is the power of being reconciled with God and themselves." "Confession," said Napoleon I, one day, "is a divine and necessary institution. In making ourselves known to others, we learn to know ourselves; it is a supplement and an admirable auxiliary to the conscience." Confession is an emetic, too necessary for poor humanity not to be a medical institution of the God-Redeemer. By confession we are strengthened in virtue; we know the depth of evil, and, withdrawn from it, we are united with God. These facts are incontestible.

"The world does not understand the value of a confessor," writes Eugénie Guérin, "this man, the friend of the soul, its most intimate confident, its physician, its master and its light; this man, who binds and unbinds us; to whom we speak on our knees, calling him, as God, our father. When I am at his feet I see nothing else in him than Jesus listening to Magdalen and forgiving much because she loved much."

Confession is but an expansion of repentance into love. Suppose, for an instant, that the mouth of the Priest would lose the power of being understood; what a frightful spectacle would be presented to us. At the same moment the bonds which unite the wife to the husband, the child to the father, the friend to the friend, would be broken; society would be dismembered; robbery, rapine, hatred, murders, all the vices condemned by the Gospel, would gather around the domestic hearth. Faith, which transports souls even to Heaven on wings of gold, would no longer elevate them; de-

votedness, abnegation and heroism would disappear with the Priest. Hope, the sweet consolation of the afflicted, of the widow and the orphan, would be vainly invoked; on her throne would reign black despair, imprecations and suicide. Where would we find the august virtue of charity, if the Priest would disappear forever? The charity which consoles the abandoned child, lovingly dries the tears of all the unfortunate, encourages the sorrowing widow, soothes the sick-bed, binds the wounds of the bleeding defender of his country; this charity, which casts a spark of divine love into the heart of the missionary, the intrepid soldier of civilization, bidding him abandon home and country to go and gather among savage tribes, in exchange for his heroism, opprobrium, incredible sufferings, and the picture of martyrdom!

In the name of charity the country Priest passes his life in the midst of ignorant persons, spending his entire life in consoling their afflictions; he becomes poor and humble with the poor, in imitation of the Son of God, who assumed the form of a slave to save us. Were the Priest gone forever, where would charity be? Her fair domains would become a desert waste, where barbarity, as an iron queen, would reign, for the shame and misfortune of humanity.

The Priest consecrates his entire life for the good of others. From his youth he renounces glory and the honors of the world; he bids an eternal farewell to family satisfactions, and a host of enjoyments which are permitted to others, in order to fulfill with freedom his charitable mission. Contemplate the modest country Priest! What sublime renunciation in all his acts! All his days passed in an obscure village; his society composed of the simple and ignorant laborers, to whom he becomes the benefactor and the father. He must please himself among these children, to whom he teaches the first elements of faith. Often he has to fight against the human passions, which his teachings revolt; they rage around him, urged on by hell, and surround him with black perfidy and calumny. When called upon to bear the last Sacraments to the dying he is never checked by fatigue, distance, nor the dangers of the route. His home is open to all who ask his aid, and his heart receives the cries of all the unfortunate. Sometimes we see him in person begging alms for the relief of the suffering. By voluntary privations, he is enabled to save from his meager stipend something for the poor.

The Priest, who knows that his lips must be familiar with science according to the expression of the Scriptures, sometimes consecrates the leisure of his ministry to high scientific studies. He successfully explores the dry fields of the abstract sciences, or he surrounds himself with the studious youth who in after years will fulfill the ecclesiastical or civil functions. And here we are reminded of a touching scene, in which the actors were a General and a Priest. The first had been instructed by the second. Among the brave who sleep their last sleep upon the field of Waterloo was General Lefort, a simple soldier when he entered the ranks, and his rapid ascent was marked

with the most brilliant deeds of heroism. He was first destined for the priesthood, and he had piously and studiously prepared himself for his future holy life, under the direction of a saintly Priest, Father Bermont, of *Nogent le Rotrou*; but the conscript law suddenly knocked at the door of the presbytery and called the young man from the serenity of his peaceful life to throw him roughly into the tumult of the camp, and from the seminary he was forced without a moment's reflection into a regiment. Nevertheless, Lefort soon became pleased with his new life. His brilliant and serious qualities; his bravery, joined to an education rarer in those days than now; his irreproachable conduct and the generosity of his sentiments, soon distinguished him. In a few years, by his merits alone, he was elevated to the first rank in the army. In 1808, after the war in Germany, General Lefort received an order to repair to Spain. His old home of *Nogent le Rotrou*, lay upon his route. As soon as he reached it, the General inquired after the worthy Father Bermont, and was rejoiced to hear that he still dwelt with his old congregation. He sent a messenger to invite him to his headquarters. Not dreaming of the surprise that awaited him, but supposing a sick or wounded soldier required his presence, the good Priest hastened to the hotel. As soon as he entered, he was conducted to a dining hall magnificently illuminated, and he was not a little abashed at finding himself standing before a table richly served with choicest and most costly dishes, around which were gathered a number of officers covered with glittering military decorations.

"I am mistaken," he stammered, and in confusion turned to the door to make his exit.

"Not at all—not at all," exclaimed a deep, melodious male voice, from the head of the table, "it is exactly for you that we are waiting." At the same time the commanding officer arose, and cordially advancing to Father Bermont, stopped him and warmly embraced him. "Do you not recognize me, dear Father Bermont," he continued, on seeing the astonishment of the Priest.

"Why not exactly!—in fact, not at all. I really declare that I have no recollection of you. At what epoch—under what circumstances, did we ever meet before? However there is something in your features not altogether strange."

"Well, I think indeed there ought to be. I am Lefort, the lad who served your mass for five or six years; Lefort, whom you taught to decline *musa*, the muse, *rosa*, the rose, and to translate *Cæsar's commentaries*. The poor Latin! I have very little of it left in my memory; but I have never forgotten you, my worthy preceptor, nor your excellent counsels and the thousand affectionate cares with which you surrounded my youth; your truly paternal heart I shall never forget."

"Ah, now I remember," said the good Priest, his eyes filling with tears.

A seat was reserved at the General's right hand, to which, in a truly filial manner, he conducted the venerable old man; then, turning to the officers who surrounded him and regarded with curiosity this touching scene, the General said:

"Gentlemen, I present to you the worthy man who taught me to know, love, and serve God, and to walk with a firm step in the path of honor. If I am any thing to day, I am happy to say that I owe it to this venerable Father Bermont. Gentlemen," he continued, raising his voice—"to the health of the best of Priests."

The toast was received with thunders of applause. Every officer pressed forward to touch with his glass that of Father Bermont. when the moment arrived to separate, the General, with tears in his eyes, embraced the good old man, who was equally affected! then emptying his purse into the hands of the Priest, he said: "Your poor, my dear Father, must also share in the happiness I feel in seeing and embracing you again."

"The Priest," says a celebrated modern writer, "is by duty the friend and the living Providence of all the unfortunate; the consoler of the afflicted, the support of the widow, the father of the orphan, and the repairer of all the disorders and evils created by our passions and fatal doctrines. His entire life is a long and heroic devotedness to the happiness of his fellow-beings. Who among you would consent to exchange domestic happiness, and all the enjoyments and goods which men so eagerly seek, for the obscure labors, the exercise of whose functions break the heart, weary the mind, and from which they gather for self, frequently, but contempt and ingratitude." While you are still enjoying your morning slumbers—long before the dawn of day—the man of charity has commenced his charitable labors; he has relieved the poor, visited the sick, wiped away the tears of the unfortunate or caused those of repentance to flow; instructed the ignorant, strengthened the weak, and fortified virtue in souls troubled by the storms of passion.

Permit me here to give an expression from Napoleon I, which will prove, better than all reasoning, how useful to society the Priest is, on account of the consolations of every sort of which he is the source:

"One day, at Saint Helena, when time hung heavily, he said to Montholon: 'Alas, how weary I am here!' You think, doubtless, this was caused by the loss of his throne, the absence of his wife and child, and of his companions in arms, and from the inactivity of a man for a long time habituated to command and lead to victory; but the Emperor continued in a sad tone: 'In this miserable Protestant country we see no cassocks, we hear no church bells; this is not life.' And because his eye could not rest upon a Priest, therefore was he sad." (D'Appilly.)

After God, Mary is ever and always the life, the hope, the joy and the treasure of the devoted Priest; he loves the Blessed Virgin, that bright mirror of devotion, and, in imitation of her, passes long hours of the day in the delicious exercises of piety. It is at her feet he obtains light, science, consolation, courage, zeal, and all the aid necessary for sanctifying the sacrifices, crosses and contradictions of his laborious ministry.

For at Nazareth, according to touching revelations, she listened in silent adoration to the di-

vine exposition which the Son of God gave her of the plan of His Gospel, and the great Doctors of the Church have been favored through her. They most devoutly honored Mary, and they received in return the richest gifts of grace and wisdom. It is sufficient to name here Justin, Irenæus, Cyprian, Athanasius, Ephrem, Basil, Gregory of Nazianzen, John Chrysostom, Jerome, Ambrose, Augustin, Bernard and Bonaventure, and it is from the same school that the devoted Priest, through all ages, draws the richest treasures of grace and science for the defence of religion and the instruction of his flock.

Does the parish of the Priest become the theater of a dangerous contagious disease, the pastor never flies the post of danger; devoted and fearless sentinel, he remains to encourage his flock, and to give them the last Sacraments of the Church. Behold him at the moment he receives the last words of the dying—closely bending over the infected body and receiving the tainted breath from those poisoned lips—at the risk of imbibing the fatal disease. Pitiless death has reaped the better part of his congregation; and the pastor, in his turn attacked by the pest, perishes upon this terrible battle-field, victim of his sublime generosity. A simple grave is dug for him in the neighboring cemetery; the faithful who accompany him to his last home murmur in low tones, in voices broken with sobs, the words of the Gospel—*Pertransiit bene faciendo*: he has passed away in doing good; he lived on earth almost unknown; but on high his triumph commenced with the last hour, when his soul was loosed from the bonds of the flesh.

HOLY NAME OF MARY.—As Saint Joachim and Saint Anne were most exact observers of the law, they failed not to fulfill its duties on the day appointed for the ceremony of giving the name, which, for female children, was the ninth. It is not known whether it was by a special revelation that they gave her the mysterious name of MARY, which means, in Syriac, *Lady, Mistress, Sovereign*,—and, in Hebrew, *Star of the Sea, which guides in safety to the port, and of which the pilot never loses sight during the night without being in danger of shipwreck*,—but there is no doubt, say the holy fathers, that God Himself gave it to her, since she alone was to fulfill all its signification and all its mysteries. Confining ourselves here to the historical traits of the life of the holy Virgin, we shall speak more particularly of her holy name on the day which the Church consecrates to the celebration of its festival.

A LATE issue of the *Semaine de Nevers* says, an honest vine-dresser of the parish was invited by a friend to take a glass of wine with him. "With pleasure," said he, "but I shall not have much time to spend with you, for I wish to go to vespers and afterwards to confession."

"To confession!" said his friend, somewhat surprised; "why, you are too tall for that."

"True," rejoined the good old vine-dresser; "therefore, to do it I get on my knees."

Devotion to Our Lady's Dolors.

It seems necessary to say something on the spirit of this beautiful and popular devotion. It produces in our minds an extreme tenderness toward our Blessed Lord, united with the profoundest reverence. Jesus demands from us our worship as God. He claims our undoubting faith in His goodness and in the abundance of his redeeming grace. He expects from us a rational conviction that our only trust is in Him, and that we should consequently discharge our duties to Him, and obey His commandments as our necessary and reasonable service. But He wants far more than this. He has something much nearer His heart. He desires our tenderness. He wishes to see us with our hearts always in our hands for Him. He would fain win us to Himself, and unite us with Himself in the bond of the most familiar and intimate affection. He would have us identify our interests with His, and concentrate our sympathies in Him. The thought of Him should fill our eyes with tears, and kindle our hearts with love. His name should be the sweetest music that we know; His words the laws of all our life. He wishes us, as it were, to forget the precise amount of our actual obligations to Him. Indeed, what is the use of remembering them when we know that it is beyond our power to fulfill them! He would have us deal with Him promptly, generously, abundantly, with the instincts of love, and not as if the life of faith were a spirit of commerce, the balance of justice, the duty of gratitude, or the wise calculations of an intelligent self-interest. We should cling to Him as a child clings to its mother. We should hang about Him as a friend whose absence we cannot bear. We should keep Him fondly in our thoughts, as men sometimes do with a sweet grief, which has become to them the soft and restful light of their whole lives. Now, the way in which our Lady's dolors keep His Passion continually before us has a special virtue to produce this tenderness in us. We love Him, who is infinitely to be loved in all ways, in a peculiar manner when He is reflected in His Mother's heart; and although it is absolutely necessary for us perpetually to contemplate His Passion in all the nakedness of its harrowing circumstances and revolting shame, for else we shall never have a true idea of the sinfulness of sin, yet there is something in the Passion, seen through Mary, which makes us forget ourselves, and tranquilly engrosses us in the most melting tenderness and endearing sympathy toward our Blessed Lord. The emotions which are awakened by the Passion in itself are manifold and exciting, whereas the spirit of tenderness presides over Mary's sorrows with one exclusive, constraining presence.

But out of this tenderness comes also a great hatred of sin. If God were to let us choose which of the great and extraordinary gifts that He has given to His Saints should be conferred upon ourselves, we could not do better than ask for that piercing and overwhelming hatred of sin which some have had. It is a gift which lies at the root of all perfection, and is the supernatural vigor of

all perseverance. It is at once the safest and the most operative of all singular graces.

Devotion to our Lady's dolours is a great help both to acquiring the hatred of sin as a habit, and to meriting it as a grace. The desolation wrought by sin in the heart of the sinless Mother, and the reflection that her sorrows were not, like those of Jesus, the redemption of the world, fill us with horror, with pity, with indignation, with self-reproach. There is nothing to distract us from this thought, as there is in the sacrifice of our Lord, who was thus accomplishing His own great work, satisfying the justice of His Father, earning the exaltation of His Sacred Humanity, and becoming the Father Himself of a countless multitude of the elect. The Mother's heart bleeds, simply because she is His Mother; and it is our sins which are making it bleed so cruelly. We are ourselves part of the shadow of that eclipse which is passing so darkly over her spotless life. We can never help thinking of sin, so long as we see those seven swords, springing, like a dreadful sheaf, from the very inmost sanctuary of her broken heart.

He who is growing in devotion to the Mother of God is growing in all good things. His time cannot be better spent; his eternity cannot be more infallibly secured. But devotion is, on the whole, more a growth of love than of reverence, though never detached from reverence. And there is nothing about our Lady which stimulates our love more effectually than her dolours. In delight and fear we shade our eyes when the bright light of her Immaculate Conception bursts upon us in its heavenly effulgence. We fathom with awe and wonder the depths of her Divine Maternity. The vastness of her science, the sublimities of her holiness, the singularity of her prerogatives, fill us with joyful admiration, united with reverential fear. It is a jubilee to us that all these things belong to our own Mother, whose fondness for us knows no bounds. But somehow we get tired of always looking up into the bright face of Heaven. The very silver linings of the clouds make our eyes ache, and they look down for rest, and find it in the green grass of the earth. The moon is beautiful, gilding with rosy gold her own purple region of the sky, but her light is more beautiful to our homesick hearts when it is raining over field and tree, and lapsing stream, and great undulating ocean. For earth, after all, is a home for which one may be sick. So, when theology has been teaching us our Mother's grandeurs in those lofty, unshared mysteries, our devotion, because of its very infirmity, is conscious to itself of a kind of strain. Oh how, after long meditation on the Immaculate Conception, love gushes out of every pore of our hearts when we think of that almost more than mortal Queen, heart-broken, and with blood-stains on her hand, beneath the Cross! O Mother! we have been craving for more human thoughts of thee; we have wanted to feel thee nearer to us; we can weep for joy at the greatness of thy throne, but they are not such tears as we can shed for thee on Calvary; they do not rest us so. But when once more we see thy sweet,

sad face of maternal sorrow, the tears streaming down thy cheeks, the quietness of thy great woe, and the blue mantle we have known so long, it seems as if we had found thee after losing thee, and that thou wert another Mary from that glorious portent in the heavens, or at least a sister Mother for us on the low summit of Calvary, than sealing those unapproachable mountain heights of Heaven! See how the children's affections break out with new love from undiscovered recesses in their hearts, and run round their newly-widowed Mother like a river, as if to supply her inexhaustibly with tears, and divide her off with a great broad frontier of love from the assault of any fresh calamity. The house of sorrow is always a house of love. This is what takes place in us regarding Mary's dolours. One of the thousand ends of the Incarnation was God's condescending to meet and gratify the weakness of humanity, forever falling into idolatry because it was so hard to be always looking upward, always gazing fixedly into inaccessible furnaces of light. So are Mary's dolours to her grandeurs. The new strength of faith and devotion which we have gained in contemplating her celestial splendors furnishes us with new capabilities of loving; and all our loves, the new and the old as well, rally round her in her agony at the foot of the Cross of Jesus. Love for her grows quickest there. It is our birth-place. We became her children there. She suffered all that because of us. Sinlessness is not common to our Mother and to us. But sorrow is. It is the one thing we share, the one common thing betwixt us. We will sit with her therefore, and sorrow with her, and grow more full of love, not forgetting her grandeurs—oh, surely never!—but pressing to our hearts with fondest predilection the memory of her exceeding martyrdom.

But when we speak of the spirit of this devotion, we must not omit to speak also of its power. We must not dwell exclusively on the spiritual effects it produces in ourselves, without reminding ourselves of its real power with God. In this respect one devotion may differ from another. One may be more acceptable to God, even where all are acceptable. He may promise prerogatives to one which He has not promised to another. Now, there are few devotions to which our Blessed Lord has promised more than He has done to this. There is a perfect cloud of visions and revelations resting upon it, and, in consequence, of examples of the saints also. Moreover, there are reasons for its being so, in the nature of the devotion itself. We know what a powerful means of grace our Blessed Lady is, and our devotion to her for the most part takes its form either from her sorrows or her joys. Now, in her joys, as Saint Sophronius says, our Lady is simply a debtor to her Son, whereas in her sorrows He is in some sense a debtor to her. He is beforehand, says St. Anselm, with those who meditate upon His Mother's woes. And do we not stand in need of power in Heaven? What a great work we have to do in our souls, and how little of it is already done! How slight is the impression we have made yet on our ruling passion, on our besetting sin! How

superficial is our spirit of prayer, how childishly timid our spirit of penance, how transitory our moments of union with God! We want vigor, determination, consistency, solidity, and a more venturesome aspiration. In short, our spiritual life wants power; and here is a devotion so solid and efficacious, that it is eminently calculated to give us this power, as well by its masculine products in the soul as by its actual influence over the Heart of our Blessed Lord. Who, that looks well at the saints, and sees what it has done for them, will not do his best to cultivate this devotion to himself?

Do not some of us feel that the world grows more attractive to us as we grow older? It should not be so; but so it is! This comes of lukewarmness. Age unlearns many things; but woe betide it when it unlearns vigor, when it unlearns hope! Rest is a great thing. It is the great want of age. But we must not lie down before our time. Ah! how often have fervent youth made the world its bed in middle life! and when at last the world slipped from under it, whither did it fall? If we live long in the enervating ring of domestic love, much more in the vortex of the world, we must live with Jesus in the spirit of Mary, or we are lost. Let us learn this in increased devotion to her dolours. When we lie down to rest, we persuade ourselves it is but for a moment, and that we shall not go to sleep. But only let this most pathetic romance, which the destinies of humanity have ever brought before men, sound in our ears and knock at the doors of our hearts, and it will become in us a continually-flowing fountain of supreme unworldliness. Torpor will become impossible. Oblivion of supernatural things will be unknown. We shall feel that rest will be pleasant for awhile; but we shall disdain the temptation. Mary will teach us to *stand* beneath the Cross.

SAINT GERTRUDE.—She was divinely instructed that as often as the Angelic Salutation is devoutly recited by the faithful on earth, three efficacious streamlets proceed from the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, most sweetly penetrating the Blessed Virgin's heart. Then from her heart again, with efficacious impetuosity, they seek their fountains and break at the foot of God's throne, as a sunny wave breaks upon a rock, leaving her most powerful after the Father, most wise after the Son, and most benignant after the Holy Ghost. The streams, while the *Ave Maria* is being said, flow around the Blessed Virgin superabundantly, and with potent impetus, and, on the other hand, flow back upon her most holy heart. So with marvelous delectation (I am using St. Gertrude's words) they seek their fountain first; and then, rebounding back, bright drops of joy and bliss and eternal salvation are sprinkled over all the persons of the saints and angels; nay, more, over those who on earth are then commemorating that same Salutation, whereby is renewed in every one all the good which he has ever up to this time received through the most salutary incarnation. Yet, what more easy than to say a devout Hail Mary? And if this be true of the *Ave*, what also of the *Pater*, and the *Credo*, and the Missal prayers and ejaculations from the Gospel?

The Chapel by the Lake.

At evening, o'er the silent lake
A sturdy boatman plied his oar;
The balmy zephyrs gently shake
The leaflet of the flowery brake
That nestles on the verdant shore.

The golden rays of parting day
Upon the sleeping waters fell;
And as their luster dies away,
And deeper shadows claimed the sway,
A breathing stillness ruled the dell.

Now, trembling through the crystal air
A bell sends forth its silvery peal,
Whose cheerful sweetness smothers care,
And invitation kind doth bear
To all who would in homage kneel.

My spirit answered the appeal,
But trackless depths my path divide;
I tried my former boyish skill,
And sent a whistle sharp and shrill,
On message to the other side.

The boatman raised his watchful eyes,
The water round in circles spread;
And, as his powerful arm applies,
The lake beneath his paddle flies,
As earth beneath the racer's tread.

I soon was at the boatman's side,
And speeding to th' opposing land;
The lake was pass'd as moments glide,
When smoothly flows life's fleeting tide,
And on the wished-for shore I stand.

I hastened up the sloping hill,
Whose verdure, decked with fragrant bloom,
Rejoiced beside a rippling rill
Whose silvery strains with untaught skill
Robbed shades and stillness of their gloom.

At length upon the level height
I stand before an open door;
Across my path bright rays of light
Transpierce the curtains of the night,
Which now had fall'n upon the shore.

Before my eyes a rapturing scene
Displayed the power of Virtue's sway;
A silent throng with breathless mien
Drank eagerly the words serene
Of one whose locks were tinged with grey.

Why so intent? What is the spell
That rivets every eye and ear?
The objects 'round the secret tell,—
The speaker's words all doubt dispel—
They come to honor Mary dear.

An image of the Virgin mild
Looked from its light-clad station high
Upon the people, man and child,
While fresh spring flowers their sweetness yield,
The charming scene to beautify.

The reverend speaker told the praise
Which Heaven and earth uniting sing
To her, from whom the golden blaze
Of Freedom's Sun first sent its rays
To still the wrath of Heaven's King.

Awhile I listened to that voice—

Its earnest candor gave me cheer;
The truths announced my soul rejoice,
And reason bids me make the choice,—
Whom once I loved I now revere.

I knelt upon the dew-gemmed green,—
My inmost soul pronounced the vow
Which pledged me to Heaven's Virgin Queen;
O, may she greet with smile serene,
When at her throne in Heaven I bow.

And may the memory of that shrine
Of Mary, on the peaceful hill,
Upon my soul forever shine,
And every thought and sense refine,
Till sin no more hath power to kill.

THE MOTHER OF GOD OUR MOTHER.

Devotion to the Immaculate Virgin seems to have been principally established in favor of the unfortunate, and for the purpose of sweetening the bitterness of adversity; because this devotion has for its object the most afflicted of mothers,—the Mother of grief. The Christian can express to her no pains that she has not experienced; he can relate to her no misfortune that has not been surpassed in the sufferings of her life; he cannot pour into her bosom the troubles that oppress him, without an assurance from her that no afflictions have ever been like unto her afflictions; and if she has been raised to the summit of glory, it was only after having been plunged into an ocean of sorrow.

Why is the devotion to Mary propagated, at the present day, with so much pomp and rapidity? Why those fervent invocations of the faithful to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and that continual recourse to her powerful intercession? True Catholics, as it were, no longer pray to Jesus except through the instrumentality of Mary; there are no festivals for them without her; it would almost appear that without her there is no hope for them; her name is incessantly on their lips, and her image is engraved upon every heart. The Church, far from opposing, encourages these raptures of piety, and from his agitated bark Peter turns his eyes continually upon the *Ocean's Star*. It would seem that God had confided to His Mother the exercise of His almighty power, and that the hands of this pure Virgin could alone dispense to Jew and Gentile the rays of truth and the waters of grace.

There is no doubt that the Holy Ghost, who will assist the Church until the consummation of ages, has rekindled among the faithful a lively confidence in Mary, and propagated under a thousand different forms, and as many various denominations, the devotion to this Queen of Angels. Does it not pertain to the economy of His providential care for the Church to dispense His assistance the more abundantly, as the dangers that beset her in her passage through the world are more numerous? At the appearance of a new enemy has she not always received from Christ, her Spouse, an additional armor for the conflict?

When we cast our eyes abroad to look for that progress in well-being that is proclaimed with so much eloquence by the writers of our age, we witness only a more scandalous profanation of the Lord's day, a more revolting licentiousness in literature and the arts; an increasing boldness of that doctrine which has ceased to be Catholic, and can scarcely be called Christian; a cupidity which absorbs the soul of man, or an egotism which chills the heart. In our eyes these are the baneful causes which heap upon our heads the burning coals of the divine anger, and which produce in the depths of society those moaning sounds, the forerunners of the volcanic eruption. But where is the intercession sufficiently powerful to avert the anger of Heaven? Who will protect us against the blow which we have merited? Nothing less efficient is required to implore our pardon than the voice which so often commanded the Master of the Universe when He had become an humble, little child. The arms which so often carried the Ruler of the Earth, when become the servant of us all, must snatch the thunder from the hands of an irritated God; and the heart which gave to the humanity of the Word that precious blood shed on Calvary will move the heart of our indignant Father. It is enough to tell you that, in these days of confusion and indifference, we need the powerful Virgin for our advocate and support! Behold how the Spirit of God, who wishes not the death of the sinner, but his salvation, awakens everywhere a strong confidence in Mary: how He inclines the Catholic people to approach the heart of their Mother, there to seek an asylum and protection! A pious instinct leads them to repeat, from one extremity of the Church to the other, that touching invocation: "Show thyself a mother to us, and may our prayers through thee be heard by Him who, in being born for us, chose to be born thy Son."

It was not enough to reanimate among the faithful the devotion to the Blessed Virgin. God, who seems to have confided our destinies to her hands, has indicated to us the sure way of making our devotion agreeable to her, and of rendering her more attentive to our prayers. And could there be any thing more acceptable to this Virgin of virgins, than to celebrate her spotless purity, than to proclaim her exempt from all stain, even from that of our common origin? Is not this perfect innocence her most magnificent privilege? Does it not place her above the dignity of the Mother of God, and the Queen of Heaven? Is not an exemption from the least stain of sin more valuable to her than the immortal crown which encircles her brow? To supplicate her, then, in the name of her Immaculate Conception, is a pledge of finding access to her heart, and of meeting with a favorable attention to our wants and supplications.

It WILL give a man great confidence of dying happily, if he has a perfect contempt of the world, a fervent desire of advancing in virtue, a love for discipline, the spirit of penance, a ready obedience, self-denial, and patience in bearing all adversities for the love of Christ.

SANCTUARIES OF MARY.

Our Lady of Laus.

It was in the year of grace, 1664, say pious writers whose authentic manuscripts, after miraculously escaping the vandalism of '93, are now religiously preserved by the guardians of the sanctuary, in the little village of Saint Etienne of Avançon, there lived a young girl named Benedetta Rencurel. Her parents were poor, but pious. God had preserved her with His benedictions from her most tender years. In her simple and artless soul blossomed the most precious virtues; in vain did her modesty seek to conceal them; like the flowers of the Alps, they betrayed their presence by the sweetness of their perfume.

One day Benedetta, whose life was passed in the duties of a shepherdess, led her flock into a little valley, containing a grotto, whither she was accustomed to retire to recite her beads. Suddenly she saw a lovely lady, holding in her arms an infant of admirable beauty. Benedetta approached her, and, after addressing to her some artless questions, offered to share with her the morsel of bread which formed her modest repast. The lady smiled, but made no reply. These apparitions were daily renewed for four months. At length, on the 29th of August, the beautiful lady said to Benedetta: "I am Mary, the Mother of Jesus. My beloved Son wishes me to be honored in this parish, but not in this place; it is at Laus that you will behold me." One month afterward, Mary again appeared to Benedetta upon the declivity of Pindreau,* and repeated her orders. "Go to Laus," said she to her; "there is the road; follow it until you find a little chapel; it is there, henceforth, that you shall speak to me and frequently see me." Benedetta obeyed, and after many inquiries and fatigues, arrived at the chapel of the "Happy Meeting," a poor chapel, with a roof of thatch, a half-open door, and an altar of plaster. Upon this dusty altar Mary appeared to her. "My most honored Mother, will you permit me to place my apron under your feet, it is quite clean?" "No, my child, keep it. In a little while nothing will be wanting here; neither linens nor ornaments. I wish to have a church built here, with the offerings of the poor, for the honor of my Son and mine; it must be large, and in it I will frequently appear to you." From that time Benedetta, who belonged to the Third Order of Saint Dominick, daily visited Laus, and passed many sweet hours in intercourse with the Blessed Virgin. This occurred in the course of September, 1664, and the pilgrimage of Our Lady of Laus was founded.

Very soon the fact of these apparitions became known in the neighborhood and the adjacent countries, and crowds hastened to the miraculous sanctuary. Who may tell the numberless graces with which the pious shepherdess was favored during these heavenly colloquies—the illuminations of her soul, and her ineffable raptures? To what a degree of wisdom and of sanctity did she not arrive under the direction of the Mother of God? Poor, igno-

rant and artless, a stranger to all human learning, she, in a little time, perfectly acquired the science of the saints. She knew not how to read in books, but she read hearts, penetrated the recesses of consciences, sounded the most hidden wounds of souls. Heaven itself had no secrets for her. For sixty years she was admitted to the intimacy of the Queen of Heaven and the celestial spirits who everywhere form her court. For sixty years Mary and the angels revealed to her, almost every day, in the sublimest ecstasies, what it is not given to man to comprehend. Nothing of the privileges of the greatest saints were wanting to her: supernatural graces, virtues, remarkable privileges, temptations, trials, combats, contradictions. God was pleased to concentrate in her all the characters of His elect; so that for two centuries her name has been pronounced with veneration and love, as that of a saint.

Mary, herself, having chosen the place of her new sanctuary, commanded Benedetta to erect it, assuring her that she had destined this place for the conversion of sinners. Very soon, in fact, the walls of the miraculous church arose, as if by enchantment, to the sound of psalms and canticles, with the pence of the poor and the general concourse of the surrounding population. The enthusiasm was universal, and a holy zeal, excited by the presence and words of the shepherdess, pervaded all hearts. How beautiful was the spectacle of these pious multitudes, hastening from every side to contribute, with their hands, to the building of this new temple. Old men, women, young girls, children, in turn collected, from the bed of the torrent, rocks detached from the mountain, and laying them on their shoulders, ascended, often with bare feet, the abrupt steepes which lead to Laus. Each felt honored in being allowed to place his stone in those walls, whose dimensions Mary herself had given, that he might thus testify his love and confidence for his tender Mother.

The necessary resources never failed; they increased with the demand for them; and yet no one rich in worldly goods gave any part of his treasure. It was the pence of the poor which the good Mother blessed and multiplied. Thus was built that miraculous church, large, spacious, with solid foundations, on a delightful and marvelously chosen site. Under its vault was sheltered the rustic chapel where the Mother of God, paling by her beauty the rays of the sun, had many times appeared to the shepherdess and enveloped her, as it were, with a mantle of glory and honor.

Since that memorable epoch, Mary reigns sovereign over the venerated sanctuary. From her throne flow torrents of graces and benedictions. There she commands nature, and nature obeys. There the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the paralytic recover the use of their limbs, and the Gospel is preached to the poor. Spiritual favors, as they are more precious, so are they more numerous. Two-thirds, at least, of the pilgrims confess and communicate, and the yearly concourse amounts to more than *one hundred thousand*.

Thus are realized, to the letter, the promises of the Blessed Virgin to Benedetta: "I will have a

*Pindreau is a little hill at the entrance of Laus valley, opposite Saint Etienne of Avançon.

church built here for the honor of my Son and mine, where many sinners shall be converted."

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.---VI.

From the Prison to the Stake.---Continued.

Bouillac made his confession with all the signs of sincere repentance. When the Franciscan spoke to him of the infinite mercy of God, and declared to him, in the name of Heaven, that all his iniquities were blotted out, the robber melted into tears. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "what penance could ever have acquitted me! How much reason have not I to return thanks to Mary, who has obtained for me the permission to offer my life to God in order to cancel my crimes!"

"Yes, my friend, you shall make the sacrifice of your life to God, and an offering of your sufferings. If your sins have been enormous, the punishment shall also be great."

"I fear that my sufferings shall hardly be commensurate with my crimes? What is death? I have frequently not been farther from death than the thickness of a leaf; and I assure you that it is a great mistake to be afraid of it at a distance. I shall suffer death as willingly as I would quaff a bowl of wine, and God will be very indulgent to me if He is satisfied with so slight an expiation."

"You do not, then, know how you are to die? You are condemned to die at the stake!"

"God be praised for that! Fire is the only kind of pain that I am not familiar with. Besides, that will accustom me to the flames of purgatory."

"Such a death will free you entirely from them, if you meet it in a holy manner."

They spent the rest of the day in pious conversation. The penitent never grew tired listening to the exhortations of his confessor. But, like a good shepherd, who leaves his faithful flock in the fold and goes in search of the lost sheep, the Religious, in a manner forgetting Bouillac, whose conversion seemed certain, returned over and again in thought to the turret and to the poor impenitent robber within its walls. Bouillac perceived his distraction, and said: "You are, perhaps, thinking of Soudriol. When he has once taken a resolution, twenty swords presented to his breast could not turn him from it."

"Nevertheless, I ought to try. I must not give him up until the last moment. He has now had time to become calm, and reflect."

"You do not know him. The more you show your anxiety for his salvation, the more obstinate he will be. Pretend that you have abandoned him. I shall speak to him myself. But, Father, tell me—are we to be executed before dawn?"

"An hour after sunrise."

"Return a little earlier, and I shall tell you how I have succeeded."

"Yes; your advice is, I think, the best. Induce him to repent. What glory it would be for you, if you succeeded in snatching him from hell, to be able to present your friend to God for your justification, saying: 'Lord, I have offended Thee, but

if I have lost my own soul, here is one that I have gained for Thee!'"

The archers reconducted Bouillac to the turret. As they opened the door, they heard a deep groan; and, going in cautiously, they found Soudriol lying on the floor, with his face downward, in a pool of blood. Raising him up, they restored animation by bathing his face in cold water, after which they carried him to the wall. The robber allowed himself to be dragged along, and sank upon the floor as if too weak to remain standing.

"Did you try to kill yourself?" asked one of the armed men. "Could you not have patience for one day more?"

Soudriol answered only in stifled sobs. When he saw that they again tied the knot which he had rent asunder, and even substituted a stranger rope, he broke out anew in sighs and lamentations. His body, he said, was all bruised; his pains were excruciating; he should die before morning; it was barbarous thus to leave him in agony for two days; justice required him to die only once, but—

"Two days!" exclaimed the archer, interrupting him. "Be consoled. Your agony shall be a short one. This time to-morrow your sufferings shall have an end."

"In this world, at all events," added Bouillac.

"If you give way to so many lamentations in consequence of a few scratches, what will be your feelings when the flames peel off and devour every inch of flesh on your body?"

"If you had a spark of compassion for me," said Soudriol, "you would dispatch me with one blow."

"If you had shown mercy to the many unhappy ones whom you assassinated, you would not now need to implore us to grant you what is not in our power."

"If you are not better than I am, why do you punish me?"

"You have too much courage, my friend. We should not like to deprive our comrades of the money given them for preparing the stake, and the people of the pleasure of seeing you treated as you deserve."

The archers then retired, and the two robbers remained alone in prison.

Day began to wear in the turret. Darkness was spreading its deep and dreamful shades under the vaults. Soudriol was seated on the floor, and Bouillac stood in silence looking at him.

"Have you suffered much," he asked. The other answered by a hissing sneer. "But where did so much blood come from?" continued Bouillac.

"Can you not imagine? When I had almost gnawed the rope asunder, I became impatient, and pulled it from the wall with so much violence, that I fell back to the ground."

"Your cries and groans, then, were only—"

"I scratched myself," interrupted the other; "but, as I found that my first plan proved impracticable, I had projected another; which must have been successful, if I had moved the archers so far to compassion as to remove me from this place."

"You must not think of it; our doom is sealed."

"Then your conversion did not procure a pardon for you either?"

"I trust that it did—before God."

"Why, then, are you still in irons?"

"It is precisely by the ordeal of suffering that I am to obtain pardon and mercy."

"Then you shall be burned with me?"

"Such is my expectation."

"You are indeed well repaid for your cowardice and base hypocrisy, in not gaining any thing by it."

"I am not a hypocrite. I acted with all frankness, and I should never have confessed, had I not been sincerely repentant."

"You need not try to deceive me; you have no cause to be afraid, as I shall not betray you; and, besides, what does it matter?"

"I swear to you that I am happy to efface my crimes by expiating them in the flames."

"Then I have been strangely mistaken in you. I considered you my equal; I thought you were stout-hearted and defiant."

"Call my conduct what you please. Even before I was captured I had some serious reflections. As I lay among the mountains, with my eyes raised toward Heaven, and listened to the wind howling above, and heard the foaming waves of the torrents thundering at my feet beneath, I thought that it was not man who had divided the plain into rivers, vallies and precipices; I thought it was not man who had laid the foundations of the hills, and spanned the firmament like a tent under which I was sleeping. My conclusion was, that if man could not execute such gigantic works, there must be a God."

"How very learned you have become! Have you learned to read also?"

"We do not require learning to read the book of creation. I am sure that you also have observed the rivers and mountains."

"But as nobody has seen the beginning of the world, neither you nor any body else can say that it ever had a beginning. If it had always been in existence, it is not necessary to have recourse to the supposition of a God in order to explain its creation."

"But if He did not maintain the order which He has established in His work, would not all the parts composing it have long ago fallen asunder; and would they, without rebellion or resistance, continue to perform their prescribed functions? If we had not been at the head of our comrades, to force obedience and keep them in restraint, would they have executed our plans?"

"Supposing, then, that there is a God, you yourself will admit that every one has his particular task. What follows then? As the lambs and the chamois are made to feed the wolves and the vultures, so also men cannot live unless they eat each other. When we robbed and even killed travelers who offered resistance, we were not more guilty than the wolves and vultures. Man made the laws: fear dictated them, and it is only strength of numbers which supports them. As there is no merit in obeying them, neither is there

any crime in violating them, when it can be done with impunity."

Bouillac did not know how to reply to this reasoning—and no wonder. If we take away the idea of God, we cannot establish a law. On what should it be based? On public opinion? We have seen the people applaud the most monstrous crimes, and raise altars to the most execrable culprits. And what man of sense would make public feeling his guide, since it is so fickle in its caprices, and sometimes so august in its prejudices and partialities. Codes of laws would have no other authority than brute force, and he who could defy that power, or escape from it, might there indulge all his passions and whims. The most shameless robbers might complain of the iniquity of the judges who condemned them. Soudriol was right.

Both remained silent; and Bouillac, who was not a very profound theologian, busied himself thinking of arguments to meet his companion. "It is," he said at last, "a very poor compliment to man to compare him to the most cruel of beasts; moreover, in your comparison, man is worse than the wolves and the vultures; for they do not devour animals of their own species, neither do they usually lay snares for them. I feel that I am superior to mere beasts, and I believe that I have a soul which they have not—a soul capable of distinguishing between good and evil, and that wolves have no idea of such a distinction. When I did evil, it was not through ignorance. I knew that the men whom I slew had as great a right to live as I had, and I have never been so proud as to think that God sent men into this world, and kept them in existence for thirty or forty years, that I might assassinate them at pleasure."

"And if they were not destined to perish on that particular day, and in that particular manner, why did your God deliver them to us? If He gave them to us, we did His will; and if we disobeyed Him, then He is not so attentive to earthly things as you represent Him."

"In order to know God's motives in permitting the death of these men, it would be necessary to enter into His decrees, and assist at His deliberations. He could have provided us with other victims, or He could have saved those whom we killed. At all events, accusations against His providence and rejoicings at His negligence would come from us with much better grace if we were free and victorious. Now, that we are at the very threshold of execution, with irons round our hands, feet and waist, it seems to me that the best thing would be to implore His clemency."

"It is not certain that He exists."

"It is only too certain, on the contrary. And believing in His existence, I am resolved to keep near to Him, at all hazards."

"Pray and tremble," said Soudriol, "if that amuses you. I shall not pray; I shall defy Him if He exists, and insult Him to His face."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our dwelling must be in Heaven, and all things of the earth are only to be looked upon as passing by.

Our Lady of the Infirmary.

"*Salus infirmorum—ora pro nobis!*"

All clothed in white, the tiny beds
Head closely to the wall;

Our Lady of th' Infirmary
Smiles sweetly down on all.

The children moan upon their beds,
They toss in feverish plight;
"Look up, O weary little ones,
And ease your aching sight.

Upon you all, from yonder wall,
Smiles our own Lady dear!"
The children gaze, in soft amaze,
And with a wondrous cheer.

The Sister's voice goes mildly on;
"So smiled, that Christmas-day,
Our Lady, as they laid her Son
Upon His bed of hay.

The tears stood on her Babe's pale cheek,—
But Jesus, as a child,
Gave back a look of blessedness,
Whenever Mary smiled.

She smiles on you, my little ones,
Just as she smiled that day
On her dear Jesus, as he moaned
On His rough crib of hay.

And who, of all my sick ones dear,
Will not a grateful smile
Return to Mary, who thus deigns
His anguish to beguile?"

The suffering faces, bright'ning, turned
To Mary on the wall,
And gleams of Bethlehem's cradle-love
Transfigured each and all.

LET us say boldly, with Saint Bernard, that we have need of a mediator with the Mediator Himself, and that it is the divine Mary who is the most capable of filling that charitable office. It is by her that Jesus Christ came, and it is by her that we must go to Him. If we fear to go directly to Jesus Christ, our God, whether because of His infinite greatness, or because of our vileness, or because of our sins, let us boldly implore the aid and intercession of Mary our Mother. She is good, she is tender, she has nothing in her austere or repulsive, nothing too sublime and too brilliant. In seeing her, we see our pure nature. She is not the sun, who, by the vivacity of its rays, blinds us because of our weakness; but she is fair and gentle as the moon, which receives the light of the sun, and tempers it to render it more suitable to our capacity. She is so charitable that she repels none of those who ask her intercession, no matter how great sinners they have been; for, as the Saints say, never has it been heard since the world was the world, that any one has confidently and perseveringly had recourse to our Blessed Lady, and yet has been repelled.

CHRIST will come to thee, discovering to thee his consolation, if thou wilt prepare for him a fit dwelling within thee.

Weekly Chronicle.

Pius IX.—His Country Sojourn—Visits—Chronicle of Marino—Canonizations—Death of Very Rev. Mr. Collins—The Bishop Elect of Albany—Parson Broenlow on Catholic Education.

ROME.—Our good Father is continuing in his country sojourn the active and beneficent life which he led in the midst of us. And so, on Saturday last, the 22d ult., he honored the town of Albano with his presence. His first visit there was, as in every place he visits, to the Cathedral and the Blessed Sacrament, and it was in the sacristy of the church that he received the homage of the local authorities and chief inhabitants. He went thence on foot to the Convent of the Capuchin Nuns, whom he blessed and rejoiced especially by his kind attention. The population of old Alba showed themselves worthy rivals of Rome in their enthusiasm for their Pope and King. A worthy professor of literature at the local seminary duly expressed the loyal feeling of his fellow-townsmen in an address in choice Latin, to which the *Pater optimus* responded with ready and kindly scholarship. Twenty-four little girls, chosen among the prettiest of that far-famed race of Albano, were very busy, with all childish earnestness, in keeping the Pope's way strewn with flowers wherever he set foot in the streets.

On Saturday, the 23rd, the Holy Father offered the Holy Sacrifice in the Chapel of the Papal Palace in Castel Gandolfo, and went thence to the parish church of St. Thomas of Villanova, where, after having heard the Mass of one of his chaplains, he ordered Mgr. Bartolini, Secretary of the Congregation of Rites, to read the decree stating that the solemn Canonization of the Blessed Germaine Cousin, a lay virgin and shepherdess, of the village of Pibrac, near Toulouse, in France, could be safely proceeded with. The Holy Father himself spoke on the occasion in answer to the thanks expressed by the Postulator of the Canonization process.

On Tuesday the Pope's walk led him to the sanctuary of Galloro, beyond Albano, where a miraculous image of our Blessed Lady is kept in the church of the Jesuits' residence. The Holy Father went in to venerate our Lady's favored picture, and received the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament from his Eminence Cardinal de Villecourt.

The town of Marino, was the point toward which the Holy Father turned his steps in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 26th. He had been requested, some time ago, by a deputation from its population, to appoint a day for such a favor. Now, Marino, whatever our Scotch friends may say, is a sad town. Local chronicles say that, once upon a time, its whole population was swept away by a pestilence; whereupon the Colonna family, who are lords of the manor, as well as many other manors up and down the Papal States and the Kingdom of Naples, made a selection of all the individuals of whom such manors were anxious to be rid of, and sent them to Marino to people the tenantless domain. Marino, thus colonized,

somewhat after the fashion of Roman beginnings, has remained worthy of such ancestry; and the wild revenge of the knife is as rife in it as in any western settlement of our Yankee cousins. Oh, for another Saint Bernardine of Sienna, and his boxing school of muscular Christianity! No wonder, then, that when Pius IX was invited to visit so amiable a flock, he should observe to the inviting deputation that he did not much like to go among knives. The deputies looked foolish and said something about more police being wanted; finally, they spoke about the great expense they had already been at to adorn the town, in the confident hope that the Holy Father would not refuse them the honor he is granting to other neighboring towns. I believe this consideration prevailed on the Pope's kind heart, and accordingly, on the Feast of St. Anne, after visiting the Convent of the Dominican Nuns, at the entrance of Marino, the Pope went to the chief church of the town to pray before the Blessed Sacrament. The inhabitants were overjoyed, and had hastened to decorate the streets and piazza before the church, where they had erected a copy of the column of the Immaculate Conception. I do not know whether the Pope addressed the Marinesi in any way on their dreadful vice, but I am sure that this visit of the Vicar of the King of Peace will have a due effect among them, and that the all-provident heart of Pius IX will not fail to provide for their urgent spiritual wants. The mischief is that now in Italy, as in Ireland, designing political adventurers often spoil the best efforts of the clergy, and flatter the vices of the people, which they endeavor to turn to their own account, while they denounce as unpatriotic the reproving sincerity of the only true friends and moral guides of the nation.

THE canonization of certain Japanese martyrs will be celebrated at Rome in the ensuing year, and the occasion will be availed of, according to well-informed sources of intelligence, for an aggregate meeting of the Catholic hierarchy, with the object of advising the Pope with respect to the future policy of the Holy See.

DIED.—THE VERY REV. EDWARD TIMOTHY COLLINS died of liver complaint and dropsy, on Saturday, August 26th, in the 64th year of his age.

Deceased was born in Philadelphia, on the 26th of February, 1802. He entered Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., in 1823, and after completing his classical and theological course in that institution, was ordained priest in Cincinnati, in 1832. The first scene of his missionary labors was in the city and vicinity of Dayton; but the scarcity of priests at that time, in Ohio, obliged him to visit, in the discharge of his ministerial duties, many and distant portions of the Diocese. The present Archbishop of Cincinnati, having had an opportunity to appreciate the fidelity with which the Rev. Mr. Collins prepared himself for the sacred ministry, at Mount St. Mary's, and the zeal and self-denial with which he had discharged his duty, when he had neither church nor home, brought him from Dayton to Cincinnati, and made him his Vicar-General.

In the fatal year of the cholera, the Rev. deceased labored night and day, with untiring patience and heroic fortitude.

Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul, in the Cathedral, on Monday morning, by Right Rev. Bishop Rosecrans, Very Rev. Edward Purcell being Assistant Priest, Rev. Mr. Borgess, Deacon, and Rev. Mr. Albrinck, Subdeacon. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity by the religious and charitable societies, the orphans and Sisters of Charity, and many friends of the deceased, Catholics and non-Catholics, from every part of the city, anxious to pay the last tribute of respect and gratitude to his memory and remains. May the many fervent prayers that were offered for him find acceptance at the judgment seat, and, as the Archbishop who preached the funeral sermon admonished the congregation and his Rev. brethren, his instructions and the sacraments he administered, and the good example he gave, produce the desired fruit.—*Cath. Telegraph*.

WE are authorized to state that the Apostolic Letters appointing the Right Rev. Dr. Conroy to the vacant See of Albany have been received by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. They are now in possession of the Bishop elect.

THE Very Rev. Wm. McCloskey, D. D., Rector of the American College in Rome, was among the passengers of the Scotia in her last trip to this port. We understand that he intends to make a stay of several months in this country, in the interests of the college.—*N. Y. Tablet*.

PARSON BROWNLOW ON CATHOLIC EDUCATION.—In a recent number of the Knoxville *Whig*, Parson Brownlow gives the following opinion of our Catholic Colleges: "While the Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists have been spending their energies upon politics, and trying to pull down the Government and to build up a bogus one—annihilating their schools and colleges—the Roman Catholics have been devoting their energies to their religion, and hence they have made astonishing progress, and they now have an open field and a free fight, almost without Protestant competition. Many of the Protestant clergy have taken to the intemperate use of ardent spirits, to profane swearing, to notorious lewdness, and to open and notorious lying, cheating and swindling. While Protestant ministers in the South have, as a general thing, fallen from grace, disgraced themselves, and destroyed their influence for good, the Roman Catholics set down their religion as of more importance than politics, kept their people together, and kept their schools and colleges under way. The result of thus minding their own business, while bad men and designing demagogues carried on the war, is now to be seen in all parts of the United States. In looking over the addresses of Catholics to their graduating classes they confine their remarks to their classes; but a Protestant at the North dwells upon Negro Suffrage, and at the South upon the glories of the Confederacy—*de omnibus quibus damnatis*."

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Apostleship of the Blessed Canisius.

In our days, many preach licentious liberty and unfurl the banner of corruption, and very many more acknowledge and follow it: the Church has powerful and hypocritical enemies. It is, in every respect, a revival of the situation of Germany in the sixteenth century. Then, as now, there were men who attacked the authority of the Holy See; then, as now, there were deserted monasteries and neglected churches: Bishops and Priests were tormented and persecuted for their firmness in the faith; princes espoused error, and protected its propagators; the press was impious and obscene. A man who, to use the words of Saint Basil, gave himself entirely to the Church, succeeded in calming the storm, and restoring peace and prosperity to religion. In raising this man to the honors of our altars, Pius IX proposes him to us as our model in the troubled times in which we live, as if he should say: "Follow him, and victory is yours."

The struggle is a terrible one, the enemy formidable. It is the duty of every one of us, each according to his means and capacity, to combat nobly and incessantly, like Canisius, that we may come forth triumphant as he did. At the age of twenty-five, Canisius took his degrees as Doctor of Divinity in the University of Cologne. The Archbishop of that city inclined toward heresy, and most of the inhabitants, both young and old, were, more or less, his disciples. Canisius began his task: he preached dogmatic sermons, he taught the children the catechism, he corrected the errors of all; and in a short time Cologne regained the purity of the faith, and the unworthy Archbishop was deposed. Ingolstadt was the rallying point of heresy, impiety and libertinism. The responsible functions of teaching were in the hands of profligate professors, and all religious life seemed extinct in the people. Canisius came forward, combated heresy in the University and in the churches, instructed and edified the people, and in two years repaired an evil which would have daunted any one less zealous and courageous than himself.

During the absence of the sovereign, heresy had crept into the Austrian state, was rife in Vienna, and making fearful havoc in all classes of society; not more than one-twentieth part of the inhabitants remained faithful to Catholicism, and even this minority shook ominously; no Religious in the convents, no students in the seminaries; three hundred parishes were without pastors, and during the twenty years immediately preceding, no cleric had presented himself as a candidate for Holy Orders. Canisius, assisted by a few Religious, in the face of menaces, persecution and calumnies, began the work of regeneration. The servant of God multiplied himself in order to meet the enemy at all points. If a pest broke out, he showed so much abnegation and charity that no one could resist him, and his success was complete. The three hundred parishes were provided with pastors, the seminaries repeople, the doctrine of the

University purged, and the apostolic man left this scene of labor only to continue the same work of preaching in many of the cities of Northern Europe—in Prague, Brissach, Straubingen, Ratisbon, Augsburg, Würzburg, Fribourg in Switzerland, etc.

Canisius was exceedingly active and very learned. Whilst engaged in his apostolic travels, he found time to prepare and publish a correct edition of the works of Saint Cyril of Alexandria and of Saint Leo the Great, correct the Bible of Erasmus, write an admirable commentary on the reform of the clergy and people, translate Osius, revise the Breviary and Martyrology of Germany, publish selections from the letters of Saint Jerome and an edition of the works of Saint Cyprian, compose a catechism which the sovereigns of Germany and Spain adopted for their States, write two voluminous works against the heretics of Magdeburg, instructions on the Gospels and the reception of the Sacraments.

The ability displayed by Canisius in religious matters was hardly less admirable than his activity and learning. This he proved in the Council of Trent, in which he sat as theologian to Cardinal Truchses, when he raised his voice in the famous conference of Worms, and by merely proposing one question to his adversaries showed how dissentient were the opinions of the leaders of heresy in the fundamental points of religion; this he also proved in the delicate missions intrusted to him by the Emperor Ferdinand, many Bishops, and the Duke of Bavaria. His genuine earnestness was irresistible, and his manner overcame even the most hostile.

His courage withstood every trial. During the fifty years of his ministry, the Beatified suffered, without complaint or dejection, all the invectives and lies hurled against him by his exasperated enemies, who never forgave him for defeating them so often. He was publicly abused as a hypocrite and *heretic*! on the roads from Vienna and Prague he was waylaid by men sent to assassinate him; he was pelted with stones and covered with mud; they even tore him from the altar when celebrating the divine mysteries; but his noble soul ever remained firm. His words are: "I return thanks to Jesus Christ for having exposed me to the barking and biting of the innovators, men whose doctrine the Church has condemned, and shall be an abomination to posterity. Their sentences and condemnations I have never heeded, and I consider persecution from the enemies of the Church the highest eulogy of my conduct."

Such was the Blessed Peter Canisius in his attachment to the Church. He consecrated all his energy, all his knowledge, all his business-talent to its support, its defence and its service, never stopping to consider the fatigue, the calumnies, the insults, the risks, the probabilities of death by violence which everywhere lay on his path. *Totum se tradidit Matri Ecclesiae*, and that constantly and with heroic generosity. Such also is the example now given by the Vicar of Jesus Christ to his faithful children; let us follow it. We have activity, influence, wealth, resources,

ability; let us then give, consecrate them to so great a mother. Let us labor according to our means and strength. Effort is now more necessary than ever. Let us not give time to indolence and useless complaints. Jesus Christ has promised us the victory: to work, then, in the footsteps of Peter Canisius! This is our rallying cry.

The Era of the Heart of Jesus.

"Lord, where are Thy ancient mercies, according to what Thou didst swear to David in Thy truth? Be mindful, O Lord, of the reproach of Thy servants (which I have held in my bosom) of many nations; wherewith Thy enemies have reproached, O Lord; wherewith they have reproached the change of Thy Christ." (Psalm lxxviii, 50.)

Such were the wailings of the Jews when captives in Babylon; and perhaps these words fell from the lips of David when he received the visit of the angel. The people of God had then lost all hope of Redemption. After a prostrated schism, and many prevarications equally culpable, Israel and Juda fell into the hands of their enemies; the promised land was laid waste, the temple overthrown, the chosen people expiated their rebellion and ingratitude in disgraceful bondage, and the throne of David, which was to last as long as the sun, was shivered in the dust. The future held out no encouragement; and the generation which had witnessed the glory of Juda had passed away, and that which was born in slavery forgot that they had ever belonged to a free nation.

Just then the angel Gabriel assured the Prophet that the promises made to David were about to be realized. He announced one deliverance which was the figure, the beginning of a second and complete deliverance; he named the precise hour of the advent of Christ. The situation of the new people of God is, at this moment, like that of the ancient people when captive in Babylon. If the Church does not everywhere undergo material captivity, in the person of her ministers and children, there is scarcely a country in which her principles are not subjected to a moral and more dreadful oppression. For the last five centuries the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, which can alone give peace, and which she has constantly labored to establish, has been torn and disturbed by a coalition of the strongest passions in the heart of man. One half of the countries in which she held sway has been snatched from her by heresy and schism, and incredulity prevails extensively in those which remained more faithful. In our times, the rebellion against Christ and His Church is general and triumphant. It is no longer a nation, it is no longer a continent, but it is the *spirit of modern times*, which is resolved to shake off her authority, cost what it may; and those who would defend this authority are brow beaten and crushed by all the influence and power wielded by this same modern spirit.

Whence shall we obtain help? Shall it be from infidel nations, now rapidly losing their moral life, and even their material influence? Shall it be from heretical nations, from whom the last

vestige of Christian faith is disappearing? We must be very blind indeed not to see the progress of the evil. An impious press is busy seeking to undermine all feelings of faith; and this deplorable contagion is spreading rapidly, not only in our large towns, but in all ranks of society, even among those who were formerly obedient to the Church. Those who do not succumb to incredulity, fall into skepticism. Faith is not firm even in the hearts of those who have retained certain practices of religion, and the spirit of Christianity is frequently found very much distorted under external piety.

Our enemies prevail! Heretics, deists, pantheists, atheists, all join in hateful joy at the prospect of the overthrow of the Papacy. In imagination they already see crumbling in ruins the entire structure of which the Papacy is the cornerstone, and they can hardly restrain their exultation! Where, then, they say, are those promises of immortality of which you boasted? Where is the triumph of which you spoke to us but yesterday? Where are those hopes with which your saints and prophets lulled you into security? You are forsaken; Heaven heeds not your prayers, and the rock upon which your Church is built, is even now tottering, so that one shock more shall reduce it to an immense ruin.

Thus speak our enemies; and we must admit many are needlessly saddened by their threats. Like the disciples whom Jesus met on the road to Emmaus, they find the ordeal painfully long, and think that rescue ought to have come before now. We were induced to hope, say they, that the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception would put an end to our troubles; but since then they seem to have only thickened around us. We received the devotion to the Heart of Jesus as the beginning of our regeneration, but since its adoption affairs have become only more dispiriting. Have not our hopes been vain! And if not vain, when shall we see their realization?

This question has been put to us by many Christians who would gladly indulge hope. Others again have taken their own course, and have made up their minds not to expect any thing in this world, and do not understand why we do not agree with them. You are mistaken, they tell us, if you ever expect to see truth and justice triumphant here on earth, since it is only in Heaven that such a thing can take place. More than ever "the whole world is seated in wickedness." (1 John, v, 19.) Society would have been happy, if it had obeyed Jesus Christ; but it revolted, and must take the consequences of its rebellion. To hope that it shall ever be perfectly cured of its mortal maladies is to expect a miracle which God is not bound to perform for His unfaithful creatures, a miracle of which history affords no precedent. Let us rather turn to Heaven and implore some relief, some respite in the midst of our storms. We may, if you like, continue our prayer, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as in Heaven;" but, whilst we pray thus, let us be convinced that this Kingdom shall *not* come except in Heaven. (To be continued.)

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ST. PATRICK'S DREAM.—Continued.

Approaching the edge of the cliffs, he called his sister, who still was carelessly lingering on the beach below.

"Darerca, it is getting late, and there will be a storm before long. Pray come and help me to gather the flock together before I drive them back."

The little girl heard, and scrambled up by a rough and rugged path; but instead of going near her brother, she made her way home as quickly as possible, being equally anxious to secure her share of the supper and to escape the threatened snow. Patricius was obliged to collect the sheep as well as he could, alone. When he had done so he knelt for a few minutes to say his last prayers that day before what we may call his simple altar; but as he rose there suddenly appeared close before him a large and ravenous-looking wolf. The forests of Gaul in those days abounded with such animals, but it was only when pressed by hunger that they ventured from their hiding-places into the presence of man.

The sudden fright made the hair on the boy's head stand upright; he screamed for help, shouted, and clapped his hands; but the determined wolf had already fixed on his prey, and he was not to be balked. In another minute he seized upon his victim, the youngling of the flock, a tender white lamb, and bore it off so swiftly that it was in vain, even had it been safe, to follow him. Patricius, indeed, ran a little distance in pursuit; but just then there fell several thick snow-flakes, which, soon increasing in number, prevented his seeing more than a few yards in front of him, and obliged him to turn back. With a heavy heart he began his journey home. It was well he set out at once, for the storm was now so violent that the ground was quite white, and long before he reached the huts he was wet through, and in a worse plight than his sheep, while he was but half clothed. Though he was not very tall, he was obliged to stoop to enter the door of the miserable cabin he inhabited: so low was it within, that a grown-up person could not stand upright. It had no windows; and perhaps it was as well it was without them, for as glass was then unknown, the sun, rain or wind would have each in its turn been almost intolerable. There was a hole made in the roof, through which the smoke of the peat fire, kindled in the middle of the hut, made its way; but the snow which descended through the same aperture had quenched the blaze, and reduced it to a smouldering grayish-blue mass. The aunt of Patricius, who owned this comfortless abode, an ill-clothed, miserable-looking woman, of shrewish aspect, was engaged, with the assistance of a young girl, in preparing the coarse evening meal of the family. It stood upon the ground, for there were neither tables nor chairs, nor indeed any furniture whatever. It consisted merely of dark rye-bread, of no very inviting appearance, and milk, ready poured out in one or

two huge wooden bowls. The youngest child, Darerca, the little idler on the sea-shore, had finished her repast, and was crouching over the hearth, trying with difficulty to extract some degree of warmth from the wretched remains of the fire. The young shepherd was met with no friendly greeting; his aunt, fearing lest her flock had been lost or injured in the sudden snow-storm, began at once to find fault.

"How comes it that you are so late?" she began. "Darerca, like a good girl, has been home half an hour; there is hardly any supper left for you by this time. Why could you not come home with her? But you have been playing about, I suppose; or dreaming, as you are so fond of doing."

Patricius might have excused himself, by saying that he had all his sister's sheep to bring home as well as his own; but something whispered to him not to justify himself at the expense of another, and he remained silent.

"Why do you not answer me?" continued the woman angrily, "I know there is something the matter, else why do you stand there, like a simpleton, without a word. But I shall find out what it is, whether you choose to tell me or not. Of course it is about the sheep; let me see, where are they?"

And she stepped to the door, round which the poor animals were crowding, bleating piteously; as the snow fell heavier and heavier every moment.

"One, two, three," she began counting; after a pause, "yes, they are all there," she exclaimed; then stopped again. "But no; where is the little lamb—Snowdrop, we called her. You have not left her out in this storm?" she continued, turning toward the boy.

He was now obliged to speak, and bursting into tears, sobbed out: "O dear aunt, it was not my fault. A wicked wolf carried off Snowdrop just as I was returning home. I could not save her, though I tried."

His aunt turned upon him with fury. "You good-for-nothing fellow!" she exclaimed; "is it for this that I keep you to eat me out of house and home? You are more silly than your own sheep, and do not deserve the bread of which you rob me, since you cannot or will not work for it. How dare you allow a wolf to come near the flock? Have you neither ears nor eyes? But I do not believe in your story about the wolf; it is a lie which you have told me, hoping to screen yourself from blame. You were not looking after the sheep, and the poor little lamb wandered away, and was lost from your want of care. I suppose you were wasting your time at play, gathering flowers or stones, or praying, as I hear you do all day, which is just as bad? I dare say you expect food and clothes will drop down upon you from Heaven, without your taking the trouble to earn them? But pray as hard as you like, there is no supper for you to-night, young master. Praying, forsooth!" she repeated scornfully; "it may be well enough for monks; let them pray for themselves and for us too; but poor people like me, who have to labor all day and to sleep at night,

have no time for it. So off to bed at once," she concluded, with a threatening gesture, "or it shall be the worse for you."

There is nothing harder to bear than injustice, and nothing from which sensitive children suffer more acutely. Little Patricius was cut to the heart by his aunt's reproaches, which he knew were quite undeserved. However, something again whispered to him to bear her unkindness meekly and without reply. It was the boy's guardian angel, who was grieved to see him so treated, but who knew that it was a trial and a cross sent to him by God for the good of his soul. Patricius quietly lay down in his accustomed corner. His elder sister, unperceived by her aunt, bent over him to say a few good-natured words, and to slip a piece of bread into his hand. The boy felt grateful, but was still too unhappy to eat. He was very sorry about the lamb, as well as hurt by his aunt's severe rebuke, for he knew it was a great loss to a poor woman, as she was; and before he could get to sleep, he thought of it again and again.

At last he said to himself, "There is only one thing left to do. God only can do every thing, even if it seems impossible to us. I will ask Him to send the lamb back safe; and then, when He does, my aunt will not say any longer that it is of no use to pray to Him. It was God who gave that shepherd-boy, the monk told me of to-day, strength to kill the lion and the bear, and even the fierce giant. And I have heard, besides, of a holy man who was put into a den with cruel wild beasts, who never touched him at all, because God took care of him. These were all very wonderful things to do, and I am sure He can bring back the little lamb, if He pleases."

In his simple faith, Patricius poured forth his innocent petition, and trustingly fell asleep with the words still on his lips. The misfortune of the evening had for a time banished the thoughts which had occupied him during his conversation with the missionary, but during his slumbers they returned with full force. His mind wandered to the distant country to which Palladius was bound. He fancied that some one, he knew not whom, but of a pleasant and cheerful countenance, stood before him, holding out a scroll, upon which was written, "The voice of the Irish," the words standing out in letters of fire; and directly he heard sounds as of innumerable children weeping and wailing, and it seemed as if they were crying out to him for help; and as he wondered what it meant, a voice louder than all broke upon his ear: "The Lord has given the country of Ireland not to Palladius, but to Patricius; therefore, O holy youth, come over quickly and release us." And suddenly there was silence, and he woke to find the morning sun streaming in upon his face. Patricius knew that all he had seen and heard were only dreams, and that it was not only foolish but sinful to put trust in them; but he could not help feeling that there was something wonderful and glorious in what had come before him that night; at all events, he no longer felt unhappy, even when he remembered the lost lamb. He started up hastily, signing himself with the cross as he did so, fearing

that he had slept too long. His aunt and eldest sister were already up, and the former, who had somewhat recovered from her ill temper of the previous evening, spoke to him more kindly than usual.

"Make haste, Patricius; it is getting late. See, the sun is already fast melting the snow; by the time you are out the sheep will find plenty of spots on which to pasture. But be mindful to-day, and watch the herd carefully. I cannot afford to lose another lamb; and the wolf may still be lurking about not far off. See, here is your breakfast all ready for you to carry in a little basket, so that you can eat it as you like."

"How good God is to me!" thought the little boy; "first He sends me beautiful dreams to comfort me in the night, and now He makes my aunt speak to me more kindly than she has done for many weeks."

He and his flock were ready to set off in a few minutes, but they were obliged to wait for the indolent little Darerca. It was no easy matter to awaken her, and even when she was awake it was still more difficult to persuade her to get up. To-day Patricius was even obliged to start without her; but he walked slowly, hoping she might overtake him soon.

It was a fine spring morning; the heavy fall of snow had cleared the sky, now blue and cloudless; but the air was still keen, in spite of the warmth which the rising sun diffused around.

The boy's heart was light, and as he gazed around it yet grew lighter, every thing looked so fresh and beautiful; as his eyes fell on the unruffled dark blue of the ocean, he wondered whether the stranger-monk had embarked on its deep waters, and how it had fared with him during the past night. He had nearly reached his accustomed spot, when, turning back, he beheld his little sister running toward him as fast as she could, as if anxious to make up for lost time. He slackened his pace, but still went forward, directing his steps toward the familiar cross a short distance in advance. He had scarcely reached it, when, from beneath its shadow, there started up, seemingly from the ground, his terrible visitor of yesterday, the wolf, holding between his jaws—what, but the missing lamb! The wolf did not move, till Patricius, in spite of his fear, ventured to approach; then, opening his mouth, he gently dropped his burden at the boy's feet, and disappeared so quickly that it would all have seemed a dream had it not been for the poor lamb, who lay frightened and panting, but quite safe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is related of Saint Felix of Valois, that while a child, he gave proofs of great piety and charity. He used to select the choicest dishes which were placed on the table, and send them to the poor; and he was accustomed to recreate poor little boys with nice food. When grown up to youth, he more than once gave the clothes off his person to cover the naked; and afterward, in order to avoid succeeding to the crown of France, he became a priest.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPT. 23, 1865.

No. 19.

A VISIT TO PETIGNY.

MY DEAR — : You have asked me to give you some account of my visit to Petigny, in the Diocese of Namur, in Belgium, and of the interview which I there had with Madame Jalhay, the lady on whom a miraculous cure was reported to have been wrought on the 13th of January of this present year, 1865.

I will do what I can to satisfy your wish: but before speaking of myself, it will, I think, be well for me to give you a letter, which appeared in a religious publication in France, and which had been the means of bringing the subject to my notice. The letter was as follows:

To the Editor of the Rosier de Marie :

Mrs. EDITOR—The devotion which you bear to the Blessed Virgin, and your zeal in inspiring the same feeling in others, make me feel sure that you will give a place in your columns to the following communication.

The subject of it will be a miraculous cure which was wrought at Petigny, in the Diocese of Namur, on the 13th of this last month of January, 1865, on Madame Jalhay, an inhabitant of that parish. This cure, the reality of which can be attested by more than three thousand persons, took place immediately after a retreat which had been given at Petigny by the Redemptorist Fathers; and the circumstances attending it may be gathered from the following letter, which was addressed, on January 29th, to one of those fervent missionaries by the lady herself who had been thus miraculously restored to health.

REVEREND FATHER—I have delayed replying to your letter in consequence of the numerous visits which I have received since my cure, and which I welcome with joy for the honor of our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother. They prove that our holy faith is still deeply rooted in the hearts of Christians. And for the greater glory of God I will now describe, as best I can, the incidents connected with the wonderful manifestation of His power which took place in the person of so poor and insignificant a creature as myself.

You know, Reverend Father, the trying maladies under which I had been suffering for more than twelve years, and you had yourself witnessed my condition during the retreat which you gave at Petigny. A spinal complaint confined me to my bed and deprived me of strength; and this was accompanied with nervous attacks and terrible cramps. In the region of the stomach was a

swelling which gave me the keenest pain, and the slightest touching of which was followed by nervous convulsions. My vomitings were continual, and so violent that during them I had on many occasions been supposed to be dying; moreover, within the last month I had on three occasions suffered most severely from the hemorrhage; for two years and a half I had been unable to obtain any sleep either by day or night; and my entire food consisted of a little milk-diet, and this very often produced a burning effect on my inside. It was four years, or more, since my medical attendant had ceased to prescribe for me any remedy; he would only consent to allow the burning of some moxas for my spinal complaint. This winter my end was fast approaching; and my physician, and all others who saw me, were firmly convinced that I should not see the return of spring. During the past three months I had been visibly sinking; and I felt so sure myself that my last hour was nigh, that I had already bought mourning for two of my children, and had made known to my son Charles my last wishes concerning different family affairs.

Such was my state, when on Friday, January 13th, about half-past five o'clock in the evening, I was alone in my room, which was in darkness, although it had always been customary at nightfall to bring me a light. I had just finished, on my bed, the Way of the Cross, with a crucifix which had been blessed with that intention. All on a sudden a glorious brilliancy appeared above my bed; and, while it lasted, an indefinable sensation of happiness took possession of my soul. I found myself in a state which I cannot describe; it seemed to me as if I no longer belonged to earth. The glory disappeared, and almost immediately came into my room my greatest friend Mademoiselle Zélie Williams, whom you will remember to have seen here, and who has long been the confident of my secrets and my sufferings. She had been to the church to make the Way of the Cross; but on arriving there found herself unable to pray, and experienced an irresistible desire to come and see me. She had been for a few minutes in my room, seated near my bed with her hand in mine, when she said to me, with her usual kind manner, that she was at a loss to know whether it was really a special prompting from God Himself which had induced her to come to me. I answered that she certainly ought to be present at all my trials; and in truth, since the arrival of Mademoiselle Williams, I had felt altogether sad and depressed. On a sudden, in the

midst of the obscurity which pervaded the room, I saw a bright flash of light completely envelop my friend, and fall at her feet with the swiftness of lightning. I have since learned from Mademoiselle Williams that she perceived nothing of this, and I made no allusion to it at the time for fear of frightening her; but feeling the need of being alone, I begged her to go and procure me a light. She accordingly left me, went to the kitchen, took leave of my family, and for the first time in her life forgot a request of mine. Immediately afterward my youngest son, Gustave, came to bring me a few spoonfuls of milk-soup; I begged him also to bring me a light, and although he was accustomed to anticipate my slightest wish, he too let my request slip from his memory.

He had scarcely left my room, when a lady, radiant with glory and surrounded with light, presented herself to my sight; a bright halo enveloped her from head to foot, and permitted me to see her features perfectly. She was tall, and her face was pale and rather long. She fixed upon me eyes of heavenly softness. She was clothed in a white robe, of which I saw all the front part, and it was spangled with stars. I distinctly saw four large plaits in the upper part of it. A sort of white mantle, fastened with a clasp at the neck, covered her shoulders; on it there were no stars, and it terminated near the arms in a sort of lace, such as I think does not exist. The robe and mantle were both of a material which it is impossible to describe. The head of the lady was crowned with a head-dress resembling that which is generally given to Notre Dame de la Salette. Where this head-dress began—that is to say, on the upper part of the forehead—something which seemed made of fire shone with the brilliancy of lightning, and from the extremities of it shot forth four rays of the same fiery appearance, and formed a cross. Her hands were placed on her chest, one on the other. This lady made herself known to me. It was the Blessed Virgin Mary. She spoke to me three different times. She said to me things which I can reveal to no one. When on the point of disappearing she said to me, with a sweet and clear voice: "Now you are cured. Rise up. Go and tell it to your family. You are cured."

These last words—"You are cured"—were pronounced with a voice so soft, so beautiful, so sympathizing, and so strong, that they vibrate through me still. The wonderful apparition then disappeared. Oh, what love I felt for Mary! It would be impossible for me to pass an hour in such a state without dying.

Then I—who had been bedridden for twelve years, and who had to be lifted in the arms of others during the few minutes necessary for making my bed—I rose, full of health and strength. When I came to the staircase which led from my room to the kitchen, an idea came across me. I said to myself, "The Blessed Virgin has told me that I am cured; but my stomach?" I placed my hand where the swelling which had caused me so much suffering had been; it had disappeared. A shudder of fear passed over me.

It was then about six o'clock. Our Pastor

had just come into the house, and was in the kitchen with my family. Who can conceive their stupor and astonishment when they saw me enter to announce to them my cure! I told them that the next day I should go to Mass, and in the afternoon should go to confession in the church.

They thought that I was suffering from an attack of delirium. My children threw themselves on me, weeping, imagining that death was immediately about to follow. But the miracle was evident; all the symptoms of my malady had disappeared; the swelling of the stomach, the tumor near the heart, the spinal affection, the disease of the nerves—nothing of all this now remained, and I am stronger than I was at the age of thirty. A conversation of a quarter of an hour used to throw me into a fever. Since my cure I have had more than four hundred visits; I am talking almost uninterruptedly, and I do not feel the least fatigue. My medical attendant came to see me, and declared me cured. Not only am I cured, but I know very certainly that I shall never again have any of my former maladies; and now, what shall I say more? I do not seem to recognize my former self. My body indeed is the same that I had before, but my soul is the same no more. I feel an inexplicable calm; I am like an orphan here below. My heart is yearning with the love of God, who has been so good to me. I would that my life were consecrated to Jesus and Mary; I would that I could draw all hearts to them."

Such, Mr. Editor, is Madame Jalhay's own account of this extraordinary event, to which I have thought that you might be willing to give a place in your excellent periodical. I will add that the cure was wrought without the patient's passing through any crisis, without any intermediate state of convalescence, and without the aid of medicine. It was entire and instantaneous, nor has there been any relapse whatever up to the present day.

LEOPOLD JADONE,

Inspector of Public Roads, &c
FRANSES, near Petigny, Feb. 24th, 1865.

The perusal of this letter filled me with a wish to know something more of an event which, in the relation before me, seemed to carry with it much of that evidence which in similar cases is required to substantiate the truth of any miraculous manifestation. The cure was instantaneous and complete. It was not wrought on a stranger or a passer-by, or on one who, living in the solitude of a great city, was perhaps unknown to the neighborhood; but it was said to have occurred in a populous country district in Belgium, where communication is easy, and in a small village where each inhabitant must necessarily have been known to all the other members of the parish. The long continued illness must have been a matter of notoriety to all those who had any connection with the locality; and from its complicated character, the sufferings which accompanied it, and the tenacity of life which enabled the sufferer to endure on, would naturally have been a frequent subject of conversation and comment. Moreover, I could not but think that the lady herself must, during this long sickness of twelve

years, have given proofs of a spirit of patience and resignation which would create an unusual interest in her behalf on the part of those who had been accustomed to visit her, and who would therefore be well-informed respecting the circumstances of the case.

My wish to hear on the spot, and from the lips of the person thus suddenly restored to health, a narrative which had so much to recommend it to my belief, induced me to depart from the line of route which I was following on occasion of a journey through Belgium during the month of April, and to take the direction which would bring me to the scene which I desired to visit. Leaving, therefore, the banks of the Meuse, I arrived by a branch railway at Couvin, a prosperous little town, which had formerly been a foralice belonging to the Prince-Bishops of Liège but has now lost the importance which was then attached to it.

Up to this time I had made no inquiries respecting the subject of the letter which I had read; but at Couvin I spoke to one of the Sisters of a convent in the town, and I asked her if she had heard of a miraculous cure said to have taken place at a village called Petigny, and if the account of it which had appeared in print was true. She answered that the cure was unquestionable; that she had been herself to see the lady, one of whose daughters was living at their convent; that one of her sons also was residing in the town, in a house opposite their own, which she pointed out to me. Accordingly, I knocked at the door of the house indicated, and it was opened by the person whom I was seeking, and who, in answer to my inquiries, told me that his mother would receive me without any difficulty, if I presented myself at her house, and he kindly directed a young man in his employment to set me on the road. My conductor accompanied me for a short distance, and said that he had known Madame Jalhay during her illness, and that her voice was then so weak that he could scarcely catch what she said: whereas "Now," said he, "you will hear how strong it is." I found, therefore, that the letter which I had read could not have altogether led me astray, and that I should soon be in a position to form an opinion of my own about the matter. Petigny is scarcely more than half-an-hour's walk from Couvin, and is a small compact village prettily situated at the foot of some hills, with apparently few outlying habitations. I easily found the residence of Madame Jalhay; and on presenting myself at the door was courteously received by one of her sons, who introduced me to a room, where were some strangers, who were there on business, and from whom Madame Jalhay herself was apparently engaged in making purchases. This lady received me with kind attention, and without waiting to conclude the affairs with which she was occupied, conducted me at once up the staircase into a spacious and well-furnished room; and then presenting me a chair, while her son at the same time took another, she seated herself opposite me. In one corner of the chamber I observed a bed, over which hung a large printed copy of Murillo's picture of Saint Joseph with the Infant Jesus, cor-

responding to which, at the other end of the same wall, was a similar copy of one of Raphael's Madonnas; between them was a portrait of Pius IX, and on the chimney-piece was a statue of the Blessed Virgin. I mention these details, because I was told that the room had been carefully preserved in the same state as that in which it was at the time of the apparition.

Madame Jalhay, at my request, then gave me an account of her illness, of the apparition which she had witnessed, and of the cure which followed it. Her story was the same as that which I had read in the published letters; but as it contained some additional particulars, I repeat the principal passages of it.

"You know," said Madame Jalhay, "from what maladies I was suffering?—a spinal complaint regarded as incurable, nervous convulsions, etc.; and the tumor on the stomach was to me a continual cause of the most acute pain, which even the touch of linen was sufficient to provoke. For eight years I had not been once able to go to church; my back was bowed and bent; and if I was set on my legs, they were so weak that they gave way beneath me; my arms and hands were in an equally infirm state. I could take no other nourishment than a few spoonfuls of milk-diet, and this was accompanied with frequent vomitings. I had quite lost the power of sleeping. The tumor on my stomach was regarded, I believe, as scirrhus, and beyond the power of cure. I considered death to be at hand, and had purchased mourning for some of my children. In this condition I was lying on Friday, January thirteenth, just fifteen weeks ago to-day, in the bed which you see there: it was between five and six o'clock in the evening, and I had just finished my Friday devotions, when on a sudden I perceived above me, just where are the rods by which the curtain is suspended, a brilliant light. I had what is called an ecstasy." I here ventured to ask Madame Jalhay if she had any distinct vision.

"That," she said, "I cannot tell to any one: I must keep it to myself; only I saw very high (*J'ai vu bien haut*.) The light disappeared, and I felt possessed by an indescribable feeling of happiness. Immediately afterward, my friend Mademoiselle Williams came into the room, and while she was sitting by my side I saw a flash of light envelop her for an instant, and fall to the ground. I did not say any thing for fear of frightening her; but I thought that she also had seen this, and that she did not mention it for fear of bringing on one of my nervous attacks. A great wish to be alone came over me; and, in order to be so, I begged my friend to go and send me up my night-lamp, which, as I could not sleep, I always kept burning by my side. I said to her, 'Come again to-morrow, and I shall have something to speak to you about. Mademoiselle then went away, wished good-by to my family, and left the house without saying a word about the lamp. My son Gustave then came to me with some milk-soup. I asked him also to bring me my lamp; but he went away, and, going down stairs, took his place at the supper-table without thinking of

my request. In an instant the room was full of light; a light which seemed made up of fire and of some bright blue, such as no tapers could produce, and which I cannot describe. In the midst of this, standing close to my bed, was one who immediately began to speak, and who made herself known to me. She said something to me which was personal to myself, and then added, 'I am the Holy Virgin Mary, the Mother of God' (*Je suis la sainte Vierge Marie, la Mère de Dieu*). She then mentioned something concerning me which I am quite sure was known to no human being but myself, and which was of a certain gravity (*quelque chose de grave*). On hearing this I clasped my hands and exclaimed, 'Ah! my God! my God!' The Blessed Virgin then continued, in a strain so kind, so gentle, so full of feeling, and with a voice so soft, so sweet, and at the same time so strong, that her words thrill through me yet; and then she concluded, saying, 'Now you are cured. Rise up. Go and tell it to your family. You are cured.'

I here asked Madame Jalhay whether the Blessed Virgin was on the floor or in the air. On the floor, she replied; and then rising from her chair she went lightly to the spot, close to the bed, where the apparition had taken place, and stood up in the position in which the Blessed Virgin had been seen by her, standing on the floor with her hands on her waist, one on the other. I asked Madame Jalhay whether she had been able to distinguish the features of the Blessed Virgin. "As perfectly as I can distinguish your own," she answered; and then gave me a description of her whom she had seen, which was the same as that found in the above letter. She spoke of the white dress spangled with stars of gold; of the rays of the fire on the head, in the form of a cross, in the center of which was something like a jewel of inconceivable brilliancy. The head-dress does not seem to have been like that which we commonly see represented on the head of our Lady of La Salette; but less heavy, rising slightly behind the rays of light which were on the upper part of the forehead. Madame Jalhay spoke of the great paleness of the face, of the indescribable blue depths of the eyes, and of their heavenly expression, of the blond hair, and above all of that never-to-be-forgotten voice. "Oh, she was so beautiful!" exclaimed Madame Jalhay, "but yet I was more occupied in attending to what was said than in observing the Blessed Virgin herself. After repeating these words 'You are cured,' she vanished. The marvelous light, however, remained in the room. I immediately found myself strong and well; and having left my bed, went across to a chest of drawers in that corner, in order to find a dress; but while doing so I heard the voice of our Priest down stairs; and as he generally came up to me directly on entering the house, I returned hastily to my bed. He, however, remained below, speaking to my family; so I went again to the drawers and put on some clothing. The arrival of M. le Curé at such a time was quite unusual, as he always came at some other hour, and not at a moment which he knew to be our supper-time, as

indeed it was his own. The light had all this time continued to fill the room; but when I went out, and had reached the passage, I perceived that it was gone. On arriving at the top of the staircase, I remembered the swelling on the stomach; and putting my hand on it, found not only that it was gone, but that there was a hollow in the place where the tumor had previously been. A feeling of awe came over me. On descending the staircase I went into the kitchen, where my family were met together, and the scene that ensued cannot be described. They threw themselves on me. I begged my husband not to clasp my wrists so tight, as I was quite well, and there was nothing the matter with me. And when at length I was released, I told them that I was strong enough to walk to a village in the neighborhood, which I named, and that I should go the next day to the church. As to M. le Curé, he was lost in wonder and astonishment: I saw that his color had quite changed, and that he was strongly affected by all that he witnessed. My health has remained perfect from that time. I am fifty-eight years of age; but I seem to myself to be stronger than I was when I was young; and I have received, without fatigue, upward of three thousand visits."

Such was Madame Jalhay's narrative. During the course of it her son had remained in the room; her other son Gustave, mentioned above, had come in for an instant; and her friend Mademoiselle Williams had also joined us. The persons who had been left below, and who were there on business had meanwhile come up stairs, and presented themselves at the door, so that Madame Jalhay was obliged to quit me for a few moments and attend to them. On her return she had also some arrangements to make with Mademoiselle Williams. I was greatly struck by the light, active movements of Madame Jalhay, as also at the mixture of energy and gentleness which seemed to me perceptible in her features and in her character. All the time that this lady was speaking, I could not help being impressed with the idea that she was going through her story like one who felt that she had a direct mission to perform in telling it, and that she was obeying some interior impulse. There was no overstrained enthusiasm, or outburst of devotional sentiment. It was a simple narrative, clearly and feelingly recited by a practical matter-of-fact mistress of a household, who had interrupted her domestic concerns to satisfy the wishes of a stranger, and who seemed to regard the doing so as a duty which was incumbent on her. There also appeared to me to be about her a lightness of heart, and a bright and gladsome, and at the same time pensive expression, which bespoke much interior contentment, and seemed natural to one whose youth had been thus marvelously renewed. I could not but admire the courtesy and willingness with which Madame Jalhay related to me all these incidents, which she must have repeated so very often day after day. There was no appearance of weariness, or of being incommoded at receiving a visit at a comparative early hour, and in the midst of business; neither was there any anxiety to say to me a word more

than was necessary to let me know clearly what had happened. I felt convinced, from Madame Jalhay's manner, that she considers herself as having received a charge to tell her story to those who may ask for it; and a heavy charge it must be, relieved only by the hope that it may contribute to the spiritual welfare of the listener. Alphonse Ratisbonne, in Rome, on leaving the Church of St. Andrea, wished only to go and fix himself for life in a Trappist monastery, and so to break off with men, and keep as closely as he could to that Heaven of which he had caught a glimpse. The boy of La Salette evidently regarded the commission which he had received to tell his mysterious tale, as a burden of which he would willingly have been relieved. And much as Madame Jalhay may yearn to be the means of bringing others to the love of Jesus and Mary, I feel assured that she would prefer to do so by other means than by the repetition of a story which must be so trying to her humility. Perhaps she has before her long years of missionary life; and the instruments with which she is to work are her prayers and the simple recital of her wonderful cure.

I now felt that Madame Jalhay had told me all that she was at liberty to say, and I did not think that I was justified in making any more claims on her time; so, expressing my thanks for the courteous attention which I had received, and recommending myself to her prayers, I took my leave. It was impossible to do so without being impressed with a solemn conviction that I had been on a spot which I might look upon as hallowed. I could not but remember with reverential sympathy that in that room had been endured for ten or twelve long years a complication of excruciating disorders, which must soon have extinguished the life of the sufferer, had it not been preserved in a way which appears in itself miraculous. There, during that weary period, had doubtless been offered to the throne of grace acts of patience and resignation which are known only to Him who accepted them. There great trials must have been gone through, and great graces must probably from time to time have been received. The eternal recompense seemed near, and the dying Christian was already saying a last farewell to those who alone made earth dear to her, when—as I could not but feel assured—the celestial gates had opened, not to admit within another citizen, but to let forth, on a mission of mercy, the "*Mater Misericordiae*," the Immaculate Mother of God herself, who had come with the nightfall, shedding radiance around, and had stood by the bed of her child, speaking words of comfort and good cheer, driving away all weakness and disease, and bringing to an afflicted household gladness and benediction.

I seemed scarcely to care to ask her confessor to give me his opinion on the whole matter, as I had previously intended to do; and I declined the kind offers which were made to introduce me to him. However, I met the Reverend Pastor of the parish immediately afterward, and he confirmed all that I had heard respecting Madame Jalhay's long illness and instantaneous cure. He had been in charge of the parish for seven years, and could

certify to the truth of her great sufferings and debility, and to her sudden and complete restoration to health. He accounted for his having entered the house just at the moment at which Madame Jalhay came down stairs by saying that he had been to visit some sick persons close by, and as he felt convinced that her end must be very near, he had on his way home been unwilling to pass without looking in. I did not allude to the apparition when speaking to him, as I know well the extreme caution always observed by the ecclesiastical authorities in giving an opinion on such subjects before they have been formally investigated; and I thought that whatever his own convictions might be, he would for the present leave the responsibility of the story entirely to Madame Jalhay herself. He told me that the medical attendant and himself were both of opinion that a certain period of time should elapse before any medical certificate of the maladies of Madame Jalhay and of her cure should be drawn up and attested in due form, but when six months had expired from the date of the cure this could be done; and that the delay was adopted in order to satisfy any persons who might regard the cure as only temporary, and might hint at the possibility of a relapse.

I learned also from Mademoiselle William that when Madame Jalhay had appeared in this unexpected manner in the midst of her family, a messenger was sent for herself; and that she found her friend, whom she had left a few minutes before in her bed in her usual suffering state, talking in a state of apparently perfect health and strength to those around her; and that thus she remained sitting on till eleven o'clock, conversing without any fatigue, and working with her knitting-knecles. Her sleep did not fully return until four nights afterward; and from that time she had always enjoyed the most healthy and refreshing rest.

I will add, that others who have had an interview with Madame Jalhay relate that when she arrived in the kitchen, her family were the more ready to believe that she was suffering from delirium, or an attack of fever, from remarking that her countenance seemed all on fire, and was invested with some indefinable sort of light. To prove to her family that she was perfectly cured, she ate of some food which is naturally very indigestible.

The medical man, when first he saw her after her cure, thought, as did the others, that she was in some unnatural state of feverish excitement; but the pulse and the tongue proved the contrary. She told him that a more skillful physician than himself had cured her. He then begged her to allow him to put her to the test, to see if the cure was radical; and having done so, he declared, in presence of her husband and her eldest daughter, that nothing whatever remained of her former maladies.

On returning to Couvin, I found at the station the son of Madame Jalhay, whom I had seen in the morning. I asked him if the family had known of any special graces previously accorded to Madame Jalhay; but he said that he knew of

none; that his mother had always been simply a good pious person, who performed all her duties well; that he asked no questions with regard to any thing supernatural; when he saw any members of his family, he heard what was said, and that was all.

His replies to my questions were straightforward and short, and indicated no desire to be led to talk on the subject of Madame Jalhay's cure; indeed I could not but remark all along that I met with no one who seemed possessed in any way with a spirit of excitement, or who showed a wish to do more than satisfy my inquiries. That a cure, such as is considered miraculous, had been wrought, was too evident to the inhabitants of the district to admit of any questions; and the account which Madame Jalhay gave of an apparition of the Blessed Virgin Mary, as being thus intimately connected with her restoration to health, was believed with that calm and entire conviction which precludes all undue enthusiasm.

I have thus set down, as exactly as I can, my reminiscences of my visit to Petigny. When any well-attested documents on the subject shall have been published I will communicate them to you; meanwhile I think that I had better leave what I have written without any further reflections of my own, being assured that the circumstances, which I have attempted to relate, will soon be made widely known by others, who will have applied to them a searching and scientific investigation.

Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.—3d Sunday in September.

What a sea of tears and sorrows—
Did the soul of Mary toss
To and fro upon its billows,
While she wept her bitter loss;
In her arms her Jesus holding,
Torn but newly from the Cross.
Oh that mournful Virgin Mother!
See her tears how fast they flow
Down upon His mangled body,
Wounded side and thorny brow;
While His hand and feet she kisses,—
Picture of immortal woe!
Oft and oft His arms and bosom
Fondly straining to her own;
Oft her pallid lips imprinting
On each wound of her dear Son;
Till at last, in swoons of anguish,
Sense and consciousness are gone.
Gentle Mother! we beseech thee,
By thy tears and troubles sore;
By the death of thy dear offspring,
By the bloody wounds He bore;
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
Which afflicted thee of yore.
To the Father Everlasting,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the co-eternal Spirit,
Trinity in unity—
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Now and through eternity.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH THE SAINTS.

Saint Francis Xavier. A. D. 1552.

The fierce Indian sun glowed on the ill-built mud-walled houses of Malacca. The broad leaves of the palm that shaded the porch of the Governor's house hung motionless; the lizard stayed panting and basking in the glare of the white marble columns. Not a breath from the sea to assuage the quivering heat. Yet the sky, though scorching, was not clear; a lurid pestilential haze was brooding over the town and suburbs, sure token that a wasting sickness was there, sweeping off its victims wholesale. Had you trodden the streets, the reality of the fearful visitation would have come home to you closer. Malacca is a plague-stricken place!

Every here and there a little funeral train of persons treads its way cautiously along, keeping in the middle of the street, to avoid giving infection to the houses on either side, or receiving it from them. See, here is a funeral coming toward us even as we speak; the acolyth sounding the dead-bell, the priest in sable cope, with slow-measured chant. Tapers and holy water are borne before; then come the native bearers, each burying his face in the swarthy arm left free from the weight of the bier, and holding his breath, as well as he may, from the infection of the corpse above him.

And that corpse! how ghastly and how livid, as it lies with face and hands exposed on its death-palanquin! Give one glance at those swollen lips, still half open from the agony of the last struggle; and that brow, disfigured by the fatal spots of putrid fever; and those dark lean fingers, that clutch so tightly the small crucifix—the sufferer's last link to consciousness, as in broken Portuguese he had murmured the names of Jesus and Mary with his death-sigh.

Well for us if we have been spared such scenes, and know them only by description; but better for us to have known them, and laid them to heart for our good. "For in that we are put in mind of the end of all, and the living thinketh what is to come."

The look of that dead face strikes terror into the two native children who are crouching in a little spot of shade formed by an angle in the Governor's house.

"See," said Atan'tala to his sister, "if it is not young Francis Ciavos whom they are carrying forth to burial; and 'twas but the night before last, as I heard, that he was stricken. Oh, how his face is changed! he that used to look so kindly, and smile, as he passed our mother's door. Sadly, too, he looked at us, as if he pitied us for something; yet he was but a poor, ragged youth, while we had good clothes and food. Why should he pity us? Well, he will never look at us any more, that's certain. His eyes are close shut, and—ugh, it is an ugly sight!"

Little Mainude made no answer to her brother. Her dark eyes were riveted on the face of the dead—a youth of scarce twenty years, whom they had often seen in health and strength, as he went

round the city selling his mats. Often, too, had he looked upon Atan'tala and his sister, and sighed to think that, bright and happy-looking as they seemed, their souls were in the darkness of the shadow of death. The new birth of baptism had not been imparted to them; they were strangers to the holy faith, and foreigners to the one true Church, whose Sacraments and worship had long been his own consolations in poverty. Seldom had he failed to say an *Ave Maria* for them as he passed by; and the children, who little guessed they were being prayed for by the poor mat seller, were still struck by his pensive, composed manner, and attracted to feel kindly toward him, they scarcely knew why. He had even gone so far as to beg Father Francis Xavier, of whom all in Malacca and Goa were telling such wonders, to make a memento for them in his Mass. The Mother of Mercy did not let herself be supplicated in vain; and the Divine Sacrifice, offered up by the hands of the saintly missionary, drew down upon Cinvos himself, as well as the objects of his Christian anxiety, a greater blessing than he then thought of. You shall hear.

Yes, Father Francis had now lately arrived from Goa. Wherever he went, wonders of grace attended his steps; miracles were wrought on body and soul. There were bad enigrant Catholics in those vast colonies, as there are bad Catholics nearer home. These had to be converted from their sins and scandals; and Francis converted them by saintly example and loving admonition and humble prayer. There were countless crowds of heathen to be rescued from the darkness of their idolatry. Francis brings them to the light by his preaching; or, if they harden themselves against this, by his miracles. No church is capacious enough to receive the mighty army of his neophytes; they would have outswelled the great dome of St. Peter's itself. No font can suffice to minister to them the Sacrament of their second birth. Down to the margin of the broad river Francis leads them; and there, in the laver of regeneration poured by the Creator's own hand from the mountains, the new apostle continues his blessed work till his arm can scarcely move for very weariness.

He had now spent years in different parts of India; he had given health to the sick, and read men's consciences at a glance, and raised the dead to life. Zeal for souls burned as a consuming fire in his breast. His constant ejaculation, sent from his inmost heart, was this: "O my God, give me souls! give me souls!" What wonder, then, if the gift of Pentecost had been from time to time renewed in his favor; that his astonished audience heard him speak to them the word of life "every man in his own tongue wherein he was born?" Francis ran (in the language of the prophet) because he was sent; and He who granted him the grace of the apostleship did not withhold from him the supernatural aid by which the Apostles proved their mission.

But the crowning miracle of all was the grace poured upon the Saint himself; the depth of his lowliness; his deadness to the world's good opin-

ion and offers of pleasure; his contempt of self; his ardor in prayer; the austerities that made it a daily marvel that he should still be alive; the ecstasies of divine love, raising even his mortal body from the ground, as though he were already ascending to the heavenly crown that awaited him when his labors of love were done.

And see: at the very moment when the disfigured corpse of his young namesake is being carried past the spot where Mainude and her brother stand, comes Father Xavier, walking rapidly, in spite of the heat, toward the Governor's palace. Since his arrival in Malacca, he has been constantly employed in tending the fever-stricken; and to this urgent call of charity he has postponed the claims of courtesy, to which he is always so keenly alive. We may be sure it is from no want of respect for those who bear the sword of power, as representatives of the Supreme King. First, said he to himself, for God, in the persons of these poor sufferers; after that, to God, in the delegated authority of His vicerent.

Truly, the need of the moment had been great. Among the heathen a selfish love of life had overpowered all the bonds of blood and affection; children left their parents; brother his brother; the husband fled from his wife; the cherished companion forsook his friend. Dread of infection, this was the one absorbing thought; and the sick, who might still be saved, and the dying, who should be tended or consoled, were all alike deserted. They toss restlessly on their couches, craving one drop of water in vain; nay, horrible to tell, are often dragged into the street by those to whom they had given life, to perish in torment and madness under the fierce sun, that the house whose daily bread they once provided may be freed from their infection.

Alas, Catholic charity too had in many instances grown cold amid the panic. The scandal of selfishness had not been seldom exhibited to the eyes of the Indians, who smiled a bitter, hardened smile to see men professing a Gospel of love and self-sacrifice almost equally with themselves under the dominion of slavish terror.

To these scenes of confusion and horror, Xavier came like a ministering angel. That one man, and he worn down with long labors and self-severity, seemed to have a superhuman strength and energy given to him. You might almost fancy he had been multiplied, for he was to be met with at every turn. Here he was directing the few zealous Catholics whom he could collect, to convert some warehouses into temporary wards for the sick; there he was seen carrying toward the hospital in his arms a poor feeble native, who was breathing the deadliest infection into the face of his benefactor. There, in his stole, attended by clerics with lighted tapers, or alone if the danger is too urgent, he is administering to a dying Catholic the Most Holy Viaticum and the Last Unction. Just before, regardless of the certain death from which nothing but a miracle could preserve him, he had been kneeling by the pallet of that expiring penitent, his ear close to the parched and gasping lips. He was gathering the

few words which the tongue could scarcely falter; and himself, by the clear insight he possessed into the secrets of that laboring conscience, supplying and completing the confession of the awe-struck yet consoled sinner, who then learned what it is to be assisted in the last extremity by a Saint.

But now that the contagion has slackened, and those who have not been carried forth from the hospital to their graves, are leaving it with slow steps, supported by their friends, Father Francis takes an early opportunity of paying his respects to Don Alvarez d'Atayda Gama, the Governor of Malacca.

He is going, moreover, to treat with him on a matter very near to the Saint's heart, because greatly concerning the divine glory and the saving of souls. China, that vast empire, is lying in the darkness of the shadow of death; and Francis yearns for its salvation. He sees in vision, day and night, those millions of deluded ones, following a monstrous doctrine of impiety, an invention of the demon to counterfeit the Incarnation of our Divine Lord. Francis thirsts to go and preach to them the true Incarnate God, and to hold up before them the crucifix that tells of His love, His agony, His sacrifice. He would overturn the devil-worship of Foh (thus the false idol is named), and set up in those dark regions the Kingdom of his Lord.

But, O zealous and apostolic man, have you not already done enough for your Lord? Have you not spread the faith, and won souls to God, from Goa to Coromandel, and through the Empire of Japan? Is it not time to rest a little? See, you are not yet forty-six, and your hair is blanched with incessant toil. No; Francis will have eternity to rest in. With him there is *no enough*, so long as a single soul remains in heathenism or in sin. All souls are dear to him; but China, China! this is now his heart's desire, his very breath. So, armed with the authority of the King of Portugal, and of Don Alphonso di Norogna, Viceroy of the Indies, together with his yet higher mission as Apostolic Nuncio of Paul III, Francis is determined to urge the Governor to the uttermost, and induce him to fit out a half-embassy, half-missionary enterprise, to win to God that benighted land.

As he turns the corner of the street in which the palace stands, he meets the funeral of Ciavos. Dearly had he loved the youth; had watched with thankfulness the good seed of grace ripen in his soul; yet he shows no surprise at the sad sight presented to him. Had he already seen it in the light of God?

"The saints guard you, Don Miguel!" said Francis, courteously saluting the priest, who was chanting one of the psalms for the dead; "for once I venture to deprive you of your work of mercy; for this young man has been given to my unworthiness. And you, my sons, set down the bier."

All stood still at the words of the Saint. Don Miguel, it must be said, was one of those well-meaning people who had allowed himself to entertain some mistrust of the growing Society of the Jesuits. He had even accused it, in public

conversation, of introducing novelties into the Church. He, therefore, regarded the interruption with no very charitable eye, and seemed half disposed to proceed, notwithstanding. The bearers, glad of a resting-time from their burden, stood a few paces off to take a deep breath, as the holy missionary approached the body. Atan'tala and Mainude bent forward eagerly, first taking a nearer view of the face of the corpse, and then riveted on the Saint, whose pale gentle face, dark steady eye, and loving smile, attracted them with a feeling of confidence and reverence they had never known before.

"He is one of the priests of those blood-thirsty foreigners," whispered the brother to the sister; but see how he looks! He never would counsel the Portuguese to oppress and torture us. I could run and kiss the sleeve of his long black garment."

"Hush," answered she, "it is true; and he has not at all the look of our bonzes; but let us listen. What will he do? Why, see, if he is not going to speak to the body!"

And at that moment the sweet, loving voice of Francis was heard, as he signed the holy sign of the Cross over the face and breast of that livid corpse:

"Francis Ciavos, in the name of JESUS, whose Society thou shalt enter, to the sanctification of thy soul, I bid thee arise."

And little Mainude cried out in terror, and Atan'tala and the bearers threw themselves with their faces in the dust, and Don Miguel dropped on his knees, calling on his guardian angel. For lo! the eyes of the dead unclosed, the hue of health returned to the cheek, and he sat upright on the bier. In one hand he still held the little crucifix; and the other was passed over the forehead, as one who awakens out of a refreshing slumber.

"Dear Father," he faltered, wonderingly, "is this really you? Let me touch, let me kiss your hand. It is, and I live still. Yet," looking round, "where have they laid me? Have I been dreaming so long? Endlessly, it seemed; and oh, such a dream!" and he pressed his hand again to his brow. "I thought—"

"Hush, my dear son," interrupted Saint Francis, as, drawing nearer, he folded his arms around him, and whispered a few words into his ears.

But all at once, by an uncontrollable impulse, Indrāuda and Lotokût, two of the bearers, men long hardened in indifference and heathenism, fearing neither death nor aught that comes after death, rushed forward and cast themselves before the Saint. Their broad hands were clasped on their breasts, their eyes streaming with tears, and fixed on his face.

"What would you, my children?" asked Francis, addressing them in their native tongue.

"Baptism, Saib!" cried the penitents, "the baptism of the Christians; for with you is the power of the Most High God."

"We too, we too!" cried the children, making their way through the circle; and, throwing themselves before the Saint, they clung to his threadbare habit. "Ah, Ciavos, will you not speak for us, that we too may be baptized?"

There was no need of speaking for them. Father Xavier raised his eyes in thankfulness to Him who had thus added to the children of His Kingdom above; and, committing the little band of neophytes to Don Miguel for instruction, laid his hand upon them in blessing, and walked forward without delay to the Governor's house.

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

'Twas a morning in September
That we all love to remember,
When the Blessed Virgin Mary
Came to dwell upon the earth;
And bright hues of every season,
With a kind of sentient reason,
Seemed to gather in the sunny air,
To honor Mary's birth.

Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

These were echoes of inviting
From the mountain, where uniting
Were the atmosphere celestial
And the atmosphere mundane:
For the angels were assembling,
With a joyful fear and trembling,
And an undefined attraction
That not one could well explain.

Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

They beheld the infant Mary,
Then they wondered and paid homage
To her beauty all divine.
'Twas the spotless Galilean
Drew from every harp the pean,
Drew from every spirit forth
The sweetly thrilling line:

Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

They had known from distant ages,
From the mystic awful pages
Of Omnipotent foreknowledge,
Of inexplicable love;
That one day a wondrous blending,
[God with man] should see them bending,
Bending low, and deep adoring,
As they bow in Heaven above.

Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

With ecstasy, half confusion,
[Angels never know delusion,]
Should we wonder now to see them
All enraptured at the sight?
Nay, the first-born of creation,
In unselfish adoration
Fall, and worship God, while bowing
To this Daughter of Delight.

Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

"Who is she, this wondrous maiden,
With full grace and science laden?"
Thus the angels ask each other
As they gaze upon the child,
And repeat their salutation,
So the sweet reverberation
Falls upon the ear of mortals,
Praising Mary undefiled.

Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

And the words in music falling
Of seraphic angels calling
To the lovely infant Mary,
Never cease upon the air.
They are flowing on forever,
As a broad life-giving river—
As the solace to our mourning,
And the virtue to our prayer.

Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

All the generations hearken,
But though malice fain would darken
And confuse the rays of beauty
Gushing from that natal morn,
Still the angels' salutation,
On from every generation,
Is re-echoed, and repeated
To that little babe just born:

Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.---VI.

From the Prison to the Stake.---Concluded.

Bouillac said no more, but prayed silently for his comrade. Soudriol began to eat, with indifference; and when he had finished the provisions brought in the morning, he invited his companion to follow his example. You can have my share also," said Bouillac. "As this is the last night which we shall pass on earth, I should like to spend it fasting."

"Eat," said Soudriol, "you require strength and courage."

"I am not so great a coward as you take me to be. I dread the justice of God, but you shall not see me shrink at the stake."

"It is decided that we shall be burned?"

"It seems so."

"So much the better. Burning is rather a severe punishment; but there is something decidedly vulgar in hanging."

"Whether hanged or burned, we shall be in the presence of God a quarter of an hour after the execution commences."

"Are you going to resume your sermons? Grant me a few minutes of peace and eat your meal. Perhaps it will not be too much to keep up strength in you."

"Do not fear; you shall not see me faint."

"I hope not; however there is not only question of dying, but we must also be able to make an effort, if necessary, to aid those who may come to rescue us."

"Then you have not, even now, given up every illusion."

"There is no illusion; the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that our comrades will not abandon us."

"When had you friends?"

"I think they did not give you any cause to distrust them."

"Ah! You rely on their friendship! So long as we were free, and ruled them with club and dagger, they obeyed us. And many a time, as you know, we were obliged to restrain them by threats and blows. Are you then quite certain that they

were not tired of our command, and that it was not they that betrayed us?"

"That is impossible; we were too necessary to them. Perhaps they do not love us; but interest is a more powerful bond than friendship, and their interest requires of them that they should do all in their power to save us."

"I fear that they are rather congratulating themselves on having been delivered from our authority."

"It is the greatest misfortune which could befall them. They are not capable of conceiving a good plan of assault. If I had not foreseen and regulated every thing in advance, the slightest accident would have disconcerted them. If they allow us to perish, there is nothing left for them but to seek some other land, and there earn their bread as best they can by labor."

"Perhaps they are already in prison, as we are, for I did not recognize any of them, either when we were judged or when we were examined."

"They were right. It would be imprudent to give any alarm. It was much better to lull the authorities into confidence and security: for, if they suspected any plot, they would immediately prevent its success. Our example taught them prudence."

"It is true that we were somewhat rash."

"Who could doubt the fidelity of the inn-keeper, since he has proved it to us during so many years? His long complicity, and the part he took in our deeds, were a guarantee to us, and answered sufficiently for him to us; but it seems that magistrates allow certain crimes to cancel others. Perhaps, also, after having enjoyed fifteen years of peace in our mountains, he may have taken a fancy to justice, and laid a snare for us which might have been so easily avoided."

"Let that pass," said Bouillac, "our hour is fixed, and vain regrets are useless. Let us rather profit by the time left us, and appease God whom our crimes had worn out, in order that when our punishment is over here, it may not begin again in the next world to last for all eternity."

Soudriol heeded not even this appeal.

The two prisoners passed the night without sleeping; but the thoughts of each were very different. Those are to be pitied who have not had the benefit of religious instruction in their youth! Their heart is always empty; and when the hour of adversity comes, they are without support and consolation.

Bouillac was less unhappy than his companion. The holy lessons which the good monks had instilled into his mind had been stifled by the growling of his passions; but, when the presence of death had drawn him from his riotous way of living, and placed him, as it were, face to face with himself, and when calm had been restored in his soul, Christian ideas triumphed, and he found no difficulty in returning to God, whose image had been only veiled, not effaced, in his soul by the turbulent waves of sin. Carried from his mother when but a child, Soudriol had grown up among robbers. When he heard Heaven mentioned, it was with contempt. To him religion seemed a

weakness; fear of God, cowardice. As he had never given time for reflection, it was only natural that his mind should run only on things purely material, and altogether lose sight of a supernatural world, where were to be redressed all the crimes and injustice of the world in which he moved. Not expecting to live again after death, he became very much attached to this life; and his exit from the scenes of men oppressed him with a cold horror never experienced by those who expect immortality. Hence it was that whilst his companion thought of his crimes in the spirit of compunction, asked pardon for them, and consoled himself with the consideration of the Divine mercy, Soudriol was agitated by inquietude and anguish. He got up, sat down, lay on the floor; but no matter what posture he took, there was no repose for him. Would his friends try to save him? And if they did make an effort, should they succeed? Did not the magistrate think too much of the capture he had made not to take all possible precautions? He had some outrageous fits of foolish anger against the magistrate for not setting him perfectly free from prison and death. At other times he stormed against the inn-keeper for having betrayed them, against his companions for not delivering him, against himself for having fallen so clumsily into the snare laid for him. In these transports of fury he dashed his head against the wall as if he would break his skull.

In the meantime, Bouillac murmured holy invocations, interrupted by sighs of sorrow. Soudriol did not disturb him, but rather listened to him with a feeling of envy and surprise. But faith is a gift of Heaven, given only to those who have merited it, or at least implored it.

A little before dawn, there was a noise outside, at the basement of the turret. Soudriol started, jumped up, and listened with excited attention. The reflection of burning torches passed through the lattices in the cell; confused shouts reached his ear, and whilst he stood motionless and not daring to breathe, he imagined he could distinguish the voices of some of his companions. At the end of a minute, however, the heavy gate of the monastery opened, turned heavily on its hinges, closed again with a grating sound, and every thing was still as before.

The first rays of the sun aroused Bouillac from his meditation. "This," said he, "is our last day; does it not seem to you that the night passed very rapidly away?"

"The last," said Soudriol, "*perhaps*. Did you not hear any thing?"

"Yes; it is probable that some of our comrades have been taken. When the shepherds are struck down, what becomes of the flock?"

"I will not believe you. Even supposing it to be so, there are still enough left to rescue us."

"Soudriol, my friend, do not deceive yourself. Repent; we have only an hour; ask pardon of God. Since you must suffer, what does it cost you to suffer in the spirit of expiation?"

"And what interest have you in inducing me to do an act of meanness, in order to excuse yourself?"

"I am your friend; I desire not to be separated

from you in eternity; I desire not to see you burning in hell whilst I shall be in the refreshing happiness of Heaven, after having passed through the flames of the stake."

"Fool! You believe all the lies of the Priests. After all you have done, do you imagine that the muttering of a few words has made you innocent?"

"My words have not so much virtue. Neither my words, nor my tears, nor even the torture of death by fire could wash away my crimes, if I had nothing more than the merit of a late and barren conversion; but raise your eyes to those pictures," said he, pointing to the wall, where the growing light began to make the figures visible, "what they represent is not a fable; that happened, and there are books enough to bear testimony to it. In the center you see the Son of God, who died upon a gibbet to ransom the sins of all men—yours and mine also; He gave man the power of remitting sin. Pray to Him, and He will pour out His merits upon you. No matter how sinful you may be, God the Father will not strike you down if Jesus stands before you and pleads for mercy."

"You are mad!"

"The two condemned beside Him are, like us, bad men and robbers; but one obtains pardon of his crimes—because, when dying, he repented, and recognized God expiring on the Cross, like himself."

"Because he was a coward, like you."

"He was not a coward. Does the coward console the afflicted? Does the coward speak kind and friendly words to those on the point of execution? No! The coward will insult you as you pass; the coward outraged the Crucified; the coward dies blaspheming God: the other thief is the coward."

"Bouillac, my friend, check your imagination; do not deafen me with such nonsense. I shall not, I tell you again, bend the knee before either God or man."

"And before a woman,—before your mother? Would you be ashamed to beseech your mother?"

"My mother cursed me when I left her."

"No matter; despite all her maledictions, she would again open her arms and heart; and you would not be ashamed to ask pardon of her, if she lived, and came to you at the stake. God has given us a Mother, that we may invoke her when we are afraid to turn to Him."

Soudriol intimated entire dissent by a gesture, and began to whistle the air of a song.

The Superior of the Monastery entered a short time after. Neither his zeal, nor his charity, nor the unction of his eloquence succeeded in touching Soudriol, who did not speak to him except to make some inquiry about the noise of the preceding night.

"Two unfortunate creatures," said the Religious, "having entered the tavern in which you were arrested, slew the owner; but, being captured, were brought here last night."

This information made Soudriol as audacious as ever. He was convinced that his companions would save him, and refused to listen to the Priest. The officials of justice arrived soon after, and

having removed the chains from the feet of the prisoners, led them away. They were dragged through the principal streets of the town, scantily dressed, their feet bare, and a rope around the neck. With touching humility, Bouillac begged pardon of the people; but Soudriol looked eagerly about him, to catch the glance of some of his companions.

Arrived at the place of death, Bouillac knelt down and asked the last absolution from the Religious; but Soudriol defied God to the last.

"My brother, my brother," said the Franciscan, "have pity on your soul, which, in a quarter of an hour more, shall be in the presence of God."

"I laugh at your God," answered Soudriol, with other words so blasphemous that we dare not repeat them.

The spectators were seized with horror and indignation, and if the archers had not kept them at a distance, they would have torn the wretch to pieces. Soudriol was tied without resistance, and the executioners applied fire to the pile in four different places. He uttered frightful cries and horrible blasphemies when the flames began to scorch him. Near him stood the Priest, with up-lifted hand, conjuring him to confess his crimes, that even then he might give him absolution. He was answered by curses, and his arm fell without making the sign of salvation.

Volumes of flame and smoke now arose from the pile, and completely concealed the sufferers. Soudriol's voice was drowned; but near him was heard a voice singing the praises of the Mother of God, in the words of the beautiful hymn which begins thus:

"At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last."

The voice continued to sing every strophe, even to the last, without losing its strength. When it came to the words:

"Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,"

the pile gave way, and the burning logs were scattered around, whereupon the voice continued:

"In His awful judgment day."

and finished the hymn. The fire abated by degrees, and soon the spectators beheld Bouillac standing above the burned wood,—saved by our dear Mother, whilst his companion lay at his feet a heap of ashes. He retired to a monastery, and there spent the rest of his days. Pope John XXII, who then resided at Avignon, had a church built on the place of the execution, and, in memory of the event, called it the Church of Our Lady of Miracles.

SAINT LOUIS, King of France, preferred going to Poissy than to any other part of his kingdom, because it was there he had been baptized; for this reason he always signed himself Louis of Poissy. Following his example, all the kings of France have shown the greatest esteem for the name of Christian, in placing as their first and principal title of honor that of "Most Christian," given to Charlemagne, as that of Catholic to the kings of Spain.

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Rome—Feasts—Of St. Ignatius—Of the Deliverance of St. Peter—Peter's Pence—Portiuncula and St. Mary ad Nives—Notti Vaticane.

ROME, Aug. 5, 1865.—In the midst of all the agitation going on about us, we are still engaged in this holy and Eternal City in following up the many interesting feasts of the present week, which take us back so happily to the true glories of our past history. And so, on Monday, I was one of the many who resorted to the grand Church of the Gesù, to be present at the usual solemn celebration of the Feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola. The church was decorated with the usual hangings, chandeliers and garlands of light, which go toward making so much of a Roman festival, and for which the great nave of the Gesù Church is so well adapted. But I must confess I did not tarry very long in the church, in spite of the beautiful music, for I longed to renew my pilgrimage to the rooms where the great modern athlete of the Church lived and died, after having succeeded in founding the admirable Society of Jesus. I had, moreover, to introduce my little boys to the great Saint. So we made our way through the many stairs and winding corridors of the neighboring Casa Professa; we stood for a moment in the vestibule, painted in such studied perspective by Father Del Posso, the inventor of the rules of that art; and we soon passed the doorway—still closed by the door so often opened by St. Philip Neri and St. Charles Borromeo, the saintly friends of the great Spaniard. The apartments of St. Ignatius consist of four rooms, the one in which he died being now a chapel. They are filled with autographs of the Saint and his great contemporaries, and relics of his of all kinds, the most interesting of which is his full suit of vestments, being displayed on a wax figure exactly his height, and the head of which is modeled from a plaster mask taken from his face after his death. It is a most life-like representation of this true hero of the sixteenth century, and it seems to me like meeting again, after my ten years' absence, one of the holy Religious whom it was my good fortune to be acquainted with during my former sojourn in Rome. O holy Father Ignatius, pray for your weak but grateful pupil!

Tuesday ushered in the month of August, with the Feast of the Deliverance of St. Peter by the Angel in the year 44, a festival duly celebrated at the grand Eudoxian Basilica of San Pietro in Vincoli, on the Esquiline Hill, where are kept the two chains worn by the Prince of the Apostles in Jerusalem and in Rome, and which are now joined miraculously into a single chain, small models of which in steel are now commonly worn by the religious laymen of Rome as watch guards. Tomorrow morning, in that Basilica of San Pietro in Vincoli, is to take place the annual gathering and general Communion of the Archconfraternity of St. Peter, which exerts itself so successfully in collecting the Peter's Pence, and in the evening the members meet again at six, to be present at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and a sermon, to be preached this year by the Rev. Canon

Farabulini. There seems to be here in Rome more devotion than talk connected with the Saint Peter's Pence. The contribution given to it lately by the Italian Grand Dukes, is said to amount to £40,000. The Duke Caetani, the head of the oldest patrician family in Rome, is reported to have lately contributed £2,000 to the same filial purpose. By the way, the worthy Duke is as famous here for his ready wit, as for his devotion to the Holy See.

On Wednesday the churches of the Franciscan Order and the Basilicas of St. Mary Major and St. John Lateran, were filled with the faithful anxious to gain the indulgences of the great Pardon of Assisi or the Portiuncula. This was also the Feast of St. Alphonsus Ligouri. It was celebrated especially at the headquarters of his Order, at their new Gothic church on the Esquiline, where several Cardinals, Bishops, Generals of Religious Orders and other ecclesiastics celebrated Mass. Father Stocchi, S. J., preached the panegyric of Saint Alphonsus, and Cardinal di Pietro officiated pontifically.

On that very day, the Holy Father, after saying Mass at the chapel of the Castel Gandolfo Palace, proceeded to the church of the Reformed Friars Minor, to pay to it the visit prescribed to the faithful who wish to gain the Plenary Indulgence of the Portiuncula. He was met there by Cardinal Altieri, who is Bishop of the Diocese, and Cardinal de Villecourt, who resides there with the Franciscans. After hearing the Mass of one of his chaplains, the Holy Father presented to the church, a chalice, a ciborium and a missal, then received the whole Community in the library of the monastery.

I conclude my religious chronicle of the week with the mention of our feast of to-day, Saint Mary ad Nives, and the celebration of it at Saint Mary Major, on the site of the miraculous fall of snow in 363, by the imitation of it by the shower of lily petals which comes down, during the *Magnificat* at the second Vespers, from the dome of the Borghese Chapel.

The long expected poem of the *Notti Vaticane*, by Professor Francesco Massi, of the Sapienza University and the Vatican Library, has been published this week. This is considered a national event for modern Italian literature, which is now so much at discount in Victor Emmanuel's dominions, where speeches, meetings and newspapers leave no room for poems. The successive Basilicas of Saint Peter's and the artistic wealth of the Papal palace are poetically treated of by Professor Massi in twenty-five cantos, in which all the great historical recollections connected with so interesting a site are brought out in the most truly poetic manner. The past is, of course, a key to the present, and often a photograph of it, and so it is not to be wondered the poem contains frequent allusions to contemporary history. This truly Catholic bard has not forgotten in extracting from it its most poetical, because most heroic episodes, to devote most beautiful verses to Ireland and Poland; and imitating Dante in his mode of bringing into his poem the events of his own day, we find that the Professor has already enshrined in poetry the American war and the new Mexican Empire.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Era of the Heart of Jesus.---Concluded.

However great our respect for those who speak thus, we cannot agree with them. We put our trust in Heaven as much as they do. Yet, we also expect the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth, as prayed for by the Church during the past eighteen hundred years, and as announced by the saints. Not only do we not find any thing in the events of the hour to shake our confidence, but we even see powerful motives to hope.

If we expected aid from this world, then our hope might be called illusion; but we look to Heaven for succor; and since we have God for our physician, the greatness of our malady is enough to make us feel assured that the remedy is at hand. When we are told that the regeneration of the people of our times would be an unprecedented miracle, let us remember that those who say so forget that there are in history as many precedents as there are memorable epochs; for those epochs are marked by extraordinary effusions of grace, immediately succeeding extreme and almost irremediable disorders. Had not all flesh corrupted its way before the regeneration of the earth in the days of Noe? Had not the captivity of the people of Israel become intolerable, when Moses was sent by God to deliver them? Was not the second captivity even more irremediable, when Cyrus gave them their freedom? And when Jesus Christ appeared among men, was not the entire world sunk in darkness? And when the Redeemer expired on a cross, had not wickedness achieved a complete triumph?

Have we forgotten the great law of history, as laid down by Saint Paul: "God hath concluded all in unbelief, that He may have mercy on all." (Rom. xi, 32.) Can any one say that this law did not hold under the Old Dispensation? No; for God's dealings with His new people have been the same. After the most severe of all the persecutions, Christianity, in the person of Constantine, ascends the throne lately occupied by Diocletian. After the darkness of the Arian heresy, the Fathers of the Church shine forth in the luster of their learning and teaching. When society groaned under the triple evil of ignorance, immorality and simony, Saint Dominick and Saint Francis of Assisium were sent to regenerate it. We should have to cite all history in order to fully establish the truth, that great mercies have ever been coincident with great trials. There is no temerity in hoping that God, when he subjects His Church to any attack, no matter how universal or how violent, always has triumphs in store for her. From the fact that now, as in the days of Noe, all flesh has corrupted its way; that now, as in the time of Abraham, a new idolatry leads to forgetfulness of Heaven, and makes man devote his powers and energy to the service of the creature; that men are held captive by golden chains called modern ideas; that the infidel world, the heretical and the Christian world are again sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death: from all this can it be

said that we have no reason to look for a deluge of grace—no cause to hope for salvation? On the contrary, this is the very reason why we should hope, and hope confidently. If the Church, in her earthly existence, is to reproduce the different phases of Christ's life on earth, she shall never be nearer her resurrection than when we shall see her crucified and expiring on Golgotha. God promised His Son that His enemies should be made His foot-stool, and, so far, that promise has not been made void. The persecutors of the first centuries, the heretics of the following ages, in a word, all the enemies of Jesus Christ, have been His foot-stool, since they all served to make His Church more glorious and more triumphant. Shall Rationalism, her most bitter enemy, be an exception? Shall it here gain a victory which can find compensation only in eternity? And if so, how shall it be Christ's foot-stool?

What some of our disheartened brethren seem to expect would clash with all our notions of analogy; namely, that the miraculous aid promised should be extended to us before the evil had reached its utmost limit. God loves to instruct us by experience, and teach us humility by the excess of our misery. When He deigns to perform any of those great works, designated in Scripture as the changes of the right hand of the Most High, He waits until our perfect helplessness has been fully acknowledged. "When God," says Bossuet, "desires to show that a work comes from Him alone, He reduces every thing to total helplessness and despair: then He acts." Let the darkness become more dense, but let us wait the return of light; let the souls in revolt against Jesus Christ sink more and more in their shameful errors; let the nations at war with His Church continue their series of revolutions, but let us be confident. All this serves only to add greater glory to the triumph which God reserves for Christ and His Church; for the greater the heap of ruins, the more manifest the necessity of the foundation.

Thus the errors and disorders of the present time increase rather than diminish our hopes. Yes, we hope that the time is at hand when society, taught by experience and, perhaps, by the scourges of God, shall open its eyes to the truth, that it must seek in Jesus Christ alone that true progress, that true peace and happiness which it has so long and so vainly been in search of elsewhere. Society shall be saved when it discovers this truth, which is every day becoming more evident. Then shall begin the era of Jesus Christ. It shall no longer be the Middle Age, with its semi-barbarous customs disfiguring true lively faith; it shall no longer be our modern world with its incredulity and indifference, striving, but without success, to compensate us by superior politeness and refinement of manners: it shall be a new world—the world of Jesus Christ.

Moreover, we must be very blind indeed if we cannot detect certain signs on the horizon pointing to this happy era. The entire earth seems to be in labor with this new order of things, and privileged souls feel it. Has it not been foretold

by all who, in modern times, have been remarkable for their sanctity: the Venerable Grignon de Montfort, Blessed Leonard of Port-Maurice, Venerable Bernard de Paule, Anna Maria Taigi, etc., etc. Has it not been felt by a host of great minds, and particularly by him whose intention seemed almost prophetic—the illustrious Joseph de Maistre? Has not Pius IX, who sees more than other men, because he stands higher than other men, given us reason to hope in many remarkable cases? Whence this unanimity of so many great and holy souls? What influence, if not that of truth, could have directed all these aspirations to the same point? Is it not because Christ is preparing a great manifestation of this love, that He thus fills great souls with such expectations? In ages gone by no one would have thought of writing a book like to that of M. Pradié: "The New World, and the World of Christ!" And why so many of such books now-a-days, (for it is not the only one,) if not because society is becoming daily more ripe for the Kingdom of our Saviour?

Even impiety unconsciously prepares the way for this Kingdom. Time was when it took the prudent plan of ignoring Christ; but now it is obliged to look for vantage-ground on which to wage war. It has openly attacked Him of whom it has been said: *Exivit vincens ut vinceret*. In the face of Heaven and earth it has proposed the question of Christ's divinity, and Heaven and earth are therefore obliged to solve it. Now, neither Heaven nor earth can give any answer but one—that given by God from Heaven more than eighteen hundred years ago. A certain good faith might be ignorant of this solution, or, forgetting it, might forget or be ignorant of the Man-God; but in thus imprudently putting the question before us, impiety has made both ignorance and forgetfulness impossible. It obliges all not in bad faith, to acknowledge Jesus Christ, and all who are sincere to stand up in manly defense.

And, in consequence, we have heard magnificent protestations! What professions of faith, and from what men! Laymen, magistrates, and men of learning have joined the ranks of the priests and Bishops. Friends and enemies have been compelled to join in gazing upon Jesus; and many who thought themselves enemies have, like the Roman officer on Calvary, opened their eyes and struck their breasts. This is the realization of the ancient prophecy—*Videbunt in quem transfixerunt*: they shall see Him whose Heart they have pierced.

And whilst the divinity of Christ occupies the learned, pious souls are penetrating into that Divine Heart and there realizing that interior Kingdom which is the prelude, the foundation of the new Kingdom. Three years ago we hoped that writers and preachers would seek more and more to spread this great dogma of the incorporation of Christians with Jesus Christ, which is the hearth of Christian piety; we felt that this intimate knowledge of the Heart of Jesus was one of the most powerful aids in regenerating society, and our hopes and feelings have been realized. This consoling doctrine, which for a time seemed forgotten, is now spreading; and the most popular

of our writers has just published a little volume which precludes all possibility of forgetting it.

These are happy forebodings, welcome announcements that the night is nearly spent and the light of a brilliant day at hand. It is true that the darkness is yet thick, disorders are many and great, and chaos is in the ascendant; but when the creative word was first pronounced, chaos did not instantaneously disappear. In the disorder of the elements certain germs, at first imperceptible, were formed, gradually developed themselves, and finally spread vegetation all over the face of the earth, which had lately been sterile and almost dead. We believe that God has pronounced the word of life in our case, and we see germs already on their way to full-grown vegetation. Let us lend our helping hand; let us hasten it by prayer. And what more excellent aim could we possibly have in prayer? If all Christians united in frequently and fervently repeating these words: "Thy Kingdom come;" if they prayed unceasingly for the coming of the Kingdom of the Heart of Jesus, hell should soon be vanquished. We must address ourselves to this Divine Heart, and spare nothing in our effort to move it. If the faithful honor it in the Eucharist, if the priests spread the worship of it, if the Bishops consecrate their dioceses to it and celebrate its festivals with pomp, God will be moved. He will shorten the years of our captivity as He did for Daniel; He will hasten the effusion of His mercies; life shall triumph over death; and from the chaos which now makes us sad we shall receive greater and more beautiful harmony than the world has ever seen.

Progress of Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In the midst of the trials which overwhelm the servants of Jesus Christ, it is a sweet consolation for them to see the wonderful progress which is daily made in the devotion to the Sacred Heart. This devotion, heretofore almost exclusively confined to Religious Communities and pious Confraternities, is rapidly acquiring a public existence. We have decidedly entered upon the era of the Sacred Heart. The Pontifical decree establishing the Feast of the Sacred Heart, has completely realized the desire expressed by our Lord to the Venerable Margaret Mary. The Beatification of this saintly soul, in confirming the promises made through her to the servants of the Heart of Jesus, will stimulate their zeal, and place them in a position to obtain for themselves and for the world at large the execution of these promises. The Heart of Jesus, better known, will inflame all hearts with the celestial light and vivifying ardor of which it is the source.

These blessings are not merely hopes; they are already realized in exact proportion with the progress already made in this devotion to the Divine Heart.

THE word which I have heard and not fulfilled, which I have known and not loved, which I have believed and not observed, will rise up in judgment against me.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ST. PATRICK'S DREAM.—Concluded.

Darerca had heard the sudden cry which her brother had uttered at sight of the wolf, and had hastened to his side just in time to see all that had happened. For a moment she stood as still as if she had been turned to stone; then she turned, and flew homeward with the wonderful tale. She found her aunt talking with some neighbors near her own door; but by this time Darerca was quite out of breath, and could only call out, "The wolf! the wolf!" Naturally supposing some fresh misfortune had taken place, the woman, followed by all her friends, hurried off at once; the men seized upon sticks, and caught up stones to use against the dreaded enemy. But when they got to the place to which the little girl conducted them, they saw nothing but Patricius kneeling on the ground, clasping the snow-white lamb in his arms, and neither heeding nor hearing any thing around him.

"He holds the lamb quite safe," cried one, "and it is the same you told me was carried off last night."

"Nonsense," said another, who evidently thought himself exceedingly shrewd; "the boy may have said it was carried off last night, but no doubt he lost it on the plain and found it again this morning; though how it could have lived out of the fold during the heavy snow-storm is certainly marvelous."

"No, no!" cried Darerca, recovering her voice; "it was not so, I tell you. I saw the wolf with my own eyes. It had a shaggy coat, and sharp white teeth; and it held the lamb between them." And she repeated the tale so perseveringly, and in so simple and unvarying a manner, that the listeners were unable to disbelieve her extraordinary story. The little girl concluded by saying, "Yes, it is quite true; and I know how it happened. Patricius prayed to God last night that He would send us back the lamb; for he told my sister that he would do so: he always says that God hears whatever we ask Him, but I never thought He did before; but now I know better, and I will begin to pray to Him too."

Her aunt and some of the assembled group were Christians, and believed in the efficacy of prayer, even though they might be remiss in its practice. They gazed admiringly at the still kneeling boy, whom they did not venture to disturb, but spoke in low tones to each other of the miracle—for so they deemed it—and of the promise it betokened for future years.

"He is indeed a wonderful child," cried his aunt, "and I blame myself much for not having treated him as such. Surely God intends him for some good work—to be a great saint, perhaps; who knows? At all events, it shall go hard with me if I do not find ways and means, poor as I am, to bring him up as a priest. An honor and a blessing it is to a whole family to have a holy man and a scholar belonging to it; and a greater still to have one who can pray thus. He will make us all

rich in this world, and in the next also," she added, with the mixture of piety and regard to earthly interests, which struggled for the mastery in her character, and from which some enlightened Christians of the nineteenth century are not wholly free.

But in the heart of the simple little shepherd there reigned but one idea—gratitude to God, who had granted his trusting prayer. Yet who can tell whether, in the midst of his thanksgiving, he did not venture on another petition—for repeated favors are apt to make us bold—a petition that his night's dream might one day be realized. However that may be, it is sufficient for us to know that the vision was fulfilled. When he had attained the proper age, he was ordained, and dispatched by Pope Celestine on the Irish mission. The childish voices he had heard did not call him in vain, to that land of the far west, which he illuminated with Gospel light, and where in distant ages shall still be sung:

"All praise to St. Patrick,
Who brought to our mountains
The true gift of God's faith,
The sweet light of his love."

The Providence of God.

Nobody knows how God loves His creatures. "God has loved you with an everlasting love." Jer. xxxi, 3. He loved you before the world was made. He loved you before you were born, and when you were born. He loved you all your life. You love your parents, but you are not loving them every moment; for example, when you are asleep you are not thinking of them, so you are not loving them. Through all the great eternity which never had a beginning, God never stopped loving and thinking about you for one single moment, just the same as if He had nobody else to think about and love except you; so God's love for you is "above all understanding." Eph. iii, 19. If God loves you, be sure that He will take care of you.

A little boy had a garden with rose-trees in it. You would have been surprised to see how diligent this boy was in taking care of the garden. He dug up the earth all around the rose-trees. When the weather was dry he fetched water from the well, a long way off, and poured it over the rose-trees. If a sharp, frosty wind was blowing, he set up boards to make a shelter. If he saw a caterpillar eating the leaves, he killed it. He was always watching till the roses came into flower: and when the rosebuds began to open, he went every morning to see how much they had opened during the night. And how great was his joy when the roses were become large, beautiful flowers, with colors as bright as the rainbow! Why, then, did this boy take so much care of his roses; for many other people passed the garden, and they cared nothing at all about the roses, and did not even look at them? Because they were his own roses, he loved them, and took care of them. This little boy had sense enough to take care of his own; and the All-wise God, has He not wisdom enough to take care of His own creatures, the work of His hands? This little boy had something in his

heart which made him love his own roses; and do you think that God, who loved you from all eternity, now, when the time for you to live is come, loves you no longer?

Oh! if you only knew how God loves and takes care of all, even of His least little creatures, and He "rejoices to do good to them all." Jer. xxxii. God does not forget the very stones of the earth; but He watches over them, and gives to them their strength and hardness. The little flower in the woods, which perhaps nobody ever saw, God loves it, and gives it colors so beautiful, that no king in all his glory was ever arrayed like it. The birds which fly in the air do not work or labor, and yet they eat every day as much as they like; and who is it that takes care to feed them? It is Almighty God, who scatters grain about the earth for them to eat. The little gnat, which flies in the air, and is so small that you can scarcely see it, is not forgotten by God; but He takes care of it, and gives it wings to fly with; and He loves to see it happy and flying in the sunshine. The poor worm which creeps in the earth, God takes care of it, and feeds it. Does God then take so much care of the stones, and the flies, and the grass,—and you, my child, God's greatest work, His very image and likeness, will He take no care of you?

Little child, I will show you what care the good God takes of you. "All things are yours."—1 Cor. iii, 22. He has made the earth for you to walk on; He has made the winds and the air that you might have breath to breathe. He made the sun, and the moon and the stars, to shine upon you,—and He makes their light come to your eyes, that you may see; He makes the sound come to your ears, that you may hear. He made the stones and clay of the earth, that you might have a house to live in; and the beasts, that you might have clothes to wear and keep you warm. He made the plants, and the things which grow on the earth, that you might have food to eat. So "all things work together for your good." Rom. viii. Every time you move your hand or your foot, God is there to help you, putting strength into your feet at every step that you take, and force into your arm every time you lift it. If God forgot for only one moment to help you, in that moment you would become nothing. "The Lord must direct your steps." Prov. xvi. It is God who puts thoughts into your mind; and if He did not, you would become a fool and an idiot. "So God is kind to all, even to the unthankful." Luke vi, 35.

Near the river Jordan, and about a mile or so from Jericho, there was a monastery in which Saint Gerasimus lived. One day this Saint, being out of the monastery, saw a great large lion on the road. He was surprised to see that it walked only with three of its legs—the other leg did not touch the ground; it seemed to be lame. When the lion saw Saint Gerasimus, it came quickly up to him, and lifted up one of its legs, and roared aloud, as if it wanted to let him know that it was in great pain. Saint Gerasimus took hold of the lion's foot, and looking at it, saw that a large thorn had gone into it, and that it was bleeding. He was very sorry to see the poor lion's foot

bleeding; so he took hold of the thorn, and drew it out of the flesh; then he wiped away all the blood and matter, and washed it with water, and taking a nice piece of clean linen, he tied it round the lion's foot. When he had done the lion this service, he went on his way, thinking no more about it; but, happening to turn round, he saw that the lion was following him. When he came home he shut the door. The lion did not go away, but stopped at the door; and from that moment it never went away; and it became as tame as a cat or dog. It never made anybody afraid, but learnt to do a great many things for the service of the house, like other tame beasts. Whenever the Saint went out, it always followed him, and never left him for a moment. After five years Saint Gerasimus died; then the lion looked very sorrowful, and went and lay down on his grave; and there he stopped for three days and three nights, during which it would neither eat nor drink. After the three days the poor lion died. So grateful was the lion to the Saint, because he had taken the thorn out of its foot.

Learn from this lion to be grateful to Him who takes away sickness from you. Remember that it is God who sends you sickness, and it is His hand alone which takes it away again. Do not say then, "Oh, it was the medicine which cured me or the doctor who cured me;" for it is God who makes the doctor and the medicine cure you. Say, rather: "My God, I thank Thee, because I was sick and Thou hast healed me. 'Thou who redeemest my life from destruction, and healest all my diseases.' Ps. cii. Blessed be Thy name, O Great God."

See now what God has done for your soul.

Let us go into the chapel, where you hear Mass on Sundays. Look, there is the font where you were christened. The Priest at this moment is baptizing a babe. Into those few drops of water God puts His almighty power, to wash from the soul of the babe, the dark stain of original sin, and to make its soul as bright and beautiful as the spirit of an angel. "God hath loved us, and washed us from our sins." Apoc. i.

Look at those rails where you knelt when the Bishop gave you the Sacrament of Confirmation. The Bishop anointed your forehead with a drop of oil; and into that little drop of oil God put the power and virtue of the Holy Ghost, to make your soul strong with the strength of the Holy Ghost. So that, after your Confirmation, if any body had come to you and said: "Little child, if you do not deny the faith of Jesus, you shall be killed," the Holy Ghost would have put into your heart this answer: "I will not deny the faith of Jesus. I am ready to die for the faith of Jesus." Then indeed "you were the partakers of the Holy Ghost." Heb. vi. [To be continued.]

My dear child, pride is man's greatest wound; and Jesus came to cure it, especially by means of His example. Therefore, to man's disorderly love for rank and show, Jesus sought to oppose the marvel of His thirty years of humiliation, silence and obscurity.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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THE ROSARY.

One illustration of the beauties which the Church presents to our admiration is **THE ROSARY**. A great principle of Catholic devotion is the endeavoring to feel as we should have done amidst the scenes which excite it. The Church, in her public offices, suggests this idea: she takes us successively to all the great events in the history of our redemption, puts us vividly into them, presents us to the actors, and instills into us their feelings. We are told by Goethe that he trained himself to look at objects with the eye of the great artists; so that in a group he could discern what characteristics Raphael, or Guercino, or Michael Angelo, would respectively have seized; and a landscape he would contemplate accordingly as Claude, or Salvator Rosa, or Pousin would have done, each drawing from it a different picture, though all true representations. And so surely, if one wish to contemplate the scene of our Lord's nativity, one would gaze upon it through the eyes of these poor but happy shepherds who witnessed it, and try to feel and adore, humbly and lovingly, as they must have done; or one would approach it in the train of the Eastern Kings, and, with more distant veneration, offer up such gifts as God has granted us. Again, if we go up, in devotion, to Calvary, we may place ourselves in many different positions and aspects; we may look upon **THE CROSS** from the gibbet of the penitent thief, and take comfort from words spoken toward it; or we may think of Magdalen, and gaze through her tearful eyes, and feel love, not unmixed with remorse, and perhaps with indignation, too, against the authors of all this woe (alas! ourselves;) or we may stand, with John, love predominating over every passion, noting diligently, with the evangelical eagle's ken, every minute detail of sorrow and every marvelous mystery of charity. And after the glad third day, when He is risen again, we may find many ways of taking part in so joyful an event: it may be shame and sorrow-stricken, like poor Peter, or with spouse-like eagerness, as Mary addressed the supposed gardener. But surely there is One, who had a share in these and all other such scenes, through whose eyes we should all be glad to view them, in whose heart we should long to feel them. If in the reflection upon another's soul we wish to view the occurrence—joyful, dolorous, or triumphant—through which mercy and glory were purchased for us, there is one "Mirror of Justice," bright, spotless, untarnished, which reflects them

in their full clearness and truth. Shall we not strive to look upon it? If these events called up feelings in every spectator, in one breast alone they found depth and breadth and strength enough to do them justice. Shall we not watch and study its heavings and powerful throes? The maternal heart alone could contain the ocean of bitterness, or the heaven of joy, which these various mysteries were fitted to create. And hence the natural desire of loving souls to be its associates, and to stand with its venerable possessor in sight of all that she saw, in hearing of all that she heard, in observance of all that she laid up in her heart.

Now this is, to our mind, exactly the object and practice of the Rosary. The history of our Divine Saviour's life may be justly divided into four periods. The first comprises His blessed birth and childhood—bright and joyful days, no doubt, in spite of the sorrows and trials that mingled with them. The second includes the three years of His public mission. The third is short indeed, but full of mighty events, and crowded with awful, yet most affectionate recollections; it occupies but one day—a day of sadness and gloom, but a day in which more was done for man than had been accomplished in four thousand preceding years; *the day*, for which those thousands had run—of renovation of all nature, more wonderful than that of its first creation. Finally, the fourth is the glorious period which commenced at the Resurrection, and is continuing now, and will continue, without end. Of these four periods, unquestionably there is not one which is not overflowing both with instruction and with appeals to affection. But it is clear that the second is more especially devoted to the first, the other three mainly to the last. A triple plea of love is addressed to us by them, a plea which no heart that meditates on them can resist. Now it is during these that we ever have a witness present, who can, better than any one, convey to us the becoming feelings wherewith we should strive to contemplate them; perhaps of our Lord's public life an Apostle is the best evidence, on whose mind the wonderful teachings of the Mount opened gradually, unfolding mysteries never before heard, or whose amazed senses saw the first awakening to consciousness of the rising dead, and the glad bound of the released cripple, and the kindling glow of the cured blind man's countenance. Or we may go into the hearts of those so benefited, and, spiritually applying their case to our own, try to imitate their sentiments. But while the Mother watches over the birth-place of Jesus, or

follows His patient footsteps through torments to death, or exults in the triumphs which ensue, no inferior companionship, no smaller measure of feeling, no lower standard of application will be preferred.

This is, then, the devotion which the Church of God proposes to us in the Rosary: the contemplation of the mysteries of this three-fold portion of our Redeemer's life, in connection and sympathy with His loving Mother's feelings in each. It is essentially directed to Him; being, in fact, the noblest and perfectest mode of meditating on Him. There is still another view of it, which, it strikes us, will facilitate and endear its practice to many, and therefore we will venture to unfold it.

The Church realizes to the utmost the communion of saints, by making the intercourse between earth and Heaven as vivid as possible. The exclamations of the old Christians at the martyrs' tombs were as bold and direct as though they had been addressing the confessors in prison. And the Fathers represent them to their hearers, as though present to them, defending their cities from visible enemies, and actively interesting themselves in their welfare. It is only doing, in their regard, what she wishes to make us do, toward their Head and Lord—give the greatest possible reality to her belief concerning them. She existed in the small Apostolic College, and the handful of disciples who enjoyed our Lord's society on earth; the pious women from Galilee, and the few, like Joseph of Arimathea, formed her laity, as the others did her clergy. She increased in multitudes, but she strove to alter not a feeling. What the Apostles felt toward their Master they continued, no doubt, to feel after He was ascended—the same veneration, the same love, the same trustfulness, the same desire to imitate Him. And these feelings they would leave as a legacy to their successors, who, in their turn, would continue to *them*, after they had sealed their testimony, similar attachment, similar respect. Could Polycarp fail, to the end of his days, communingspiritually with the beloved disciple John, by passing again and again, in holy meditation, over the many happy hours, during which he had heard him recount every incident witnessed by him in his Saviour's life, and listened to the fervent accents of charity in which they were related? The same kind of communion, only more exalted, and more deeply respectful, we may easily suppose to have been kept up by those who enjoyed in life the familiarity of our Blessed Lady.

It has often struck us that many who, in latter times, have not scrupled to use the coldest, and even disrespectful language respecting her, would shrink from the idea of acting similarly toward her, had they lived in her day, and had her near. When, particularly, we have heard the indignation of fancied zeal break from female lips against any respect being paid, or devotion expressed toward her who is the peerless glory, the matchless jewel of her sex, we have been led to think, how differently the heart that gave the tongue such utterance would have felt, had its compassion been claimed by the venerable matron, whose bereave-

ment of the best of sons had been caused for its sake. Many who can speak unkindly of her glory in Heaven, would have melted into compassion over her on earth; would have kissed with deep, reverential awe the hand that had lifted from the ground, and received into a maternal embrace the same sacred body, just born and just dead—the infant and the corpse; and would have deemed it a privilege inestimable, if granted them, to listen, low upon the ground, to her many tales of joy and sorrow,—glowing in her delight, and softening in her grief, and exulting in her triumph. That some holy souls partook of such happiness, no one can doubt. During the years that she survived her Son, she conversed with His and her friends, an object surely of affectionate regard and deep veneration. And of what would she discourse so willingly and so well, as of Him of whom her breast was ever full? Or, how would they express their love better than by making Him their theme? How easily does the imagination depict the scene of some faithful follower, like Luke, anxious to have accurate knowledge of all things from the beginning, making inquiries concerning the earlier periods of our Lord's life, and then listening to the marvelous history most sweetly told;—how fair and reverent the Archangel came, and how her heart fluttered when she heard his salutation, and how her soul overflowed, with consciousness of unheard-of grace, as she accepted his errand; how wonderfully Elizabeth greeted her, and how their infants mysteriously rejoiced in mutual recognition; how that cold December night was warmed and brightened by the first appearance of her godlike child, and her breast enraptured with heavenly delights, as He thence drew His first earthly nourishment; how holy Simeon proclaimed His dignity, and showed Him honor in the temple; and how her three days' tears were dried up when she found her lost Son, sitting, mild and radiant with celestial wisdom, amidst the old men of the law. What looks, what emotions accompany the recital! With what breathless respect is it drunk in by the future Evangelist! Or, we may fancy John, more privileged to tread upon that tenderer ground, on which both have walked together—the path of the Cross—on some sad anniversary, dwelling with her upon each afflicting event, recalling faithfully every sacred word, till she voluntarily felt over again the sword of grief which had pierced her soul. And then would not change the theme, and pass over to the bright Sunday morning, which saw Him rise from the grave to comfort the sharers of His sufferings, and to how He mounted before them all to His proper seat, at the Father's right hand, and thence sent down His Holy Spirit on them? And who would now restrain her thoughts from following Him in spirit thither, and casting up a wistful glance toward the resting-place for which she longed, in which she saw Him, her sovereign love, prepared to receive and crown her, when the fullness of her time shall be completed, and the perfection of her patience manifested?

Now, a contemplative mind, deeply, affection-

ately contemplative, not envying, but striving to copy, those who had such singular happiness as we have described, will find in the holy Rosary the opportunity of most nearly approaching it. Looking at the Blessed Mother of God as only removed in place, not in affection,—changed in situation, not in heart,—he will love to entertain himself with her, as he would then have done; will fix his eyes on her as he discourses with her, in a devout salutation and prayer, upon each of those mysteries successively, in which she had such an interest. Instead of the barren and distracting form of prayer, which some complain they find it, they will thus discover in it that mine of spiritual riches, and that sweetness of consolation which we know all those saints have found in it, who have been particularly distinguished for their piety and devotion toward the life and death of the Son of God, as well as toward His loving Mother.

We may be asked,—is this what may be called the popular understanding of this devotion, and is it thus that the poor in Catholic countries practice it? We answer,—it is, so far as their capacity goes. They know that each decade in the Rosary has reference to a particular mystery, and their catechism has taught them exactly to know them all; and whenever the Rosary is recited in common, the contemplation of each is expressly suggested. And this advenience is necessary to gain the indulgences granted to the devotion. They direct, therefore, their attention to the proper mystery, and say their prayers in its honor; this is sufficient. Ignorant persons cannot meditate as well as the more instructed; nor do they equally understand the words of prayers, or lessons of Scripture read to them. But their good will and fervor do more than make up for this. Happy should we be, if we could plead the same excuse! What we have wished to do, is to recommend this devotion to those who fancy it insipid and unprofitable, by showing that the most spiritual-minded may find in it much food—wholesome and strengthening food; most sweet and delicious, too. But we must likewise add, that we have another ground for loving this devotion, and encouraging all to it—those even who find it difficult to realize in practice what we have said. It is because it is the devotion of the poor among Catholics, the devotion of the lowly, the ignorant, the afflicted, the humble beadsmen, the *pauperes Christi*. It is with theirs that we wish our prayers to be judged, not with the Pharisees! We dread the thought of being one day interrogated concerning them, as men of education, men of information, book-men, that look down upon the poor pilgrim at the church-door, who could only repeat his *Paters* and *Aves*. We look with fear to being asked what we drew out of our silver-clasped, velvet-bound prayer-books, that the simple old peasant at the bottom of the church did not get out of her beads, which we despised! Whether we have thence become more fervent, more humble, more devout! We like not the sentence of an ancient Father: *Surgunt indocti, et rapiunt regnum Dei; et nos cum nostris litteris mergimur*

in profundum. ("The unlearned rise up, and seize upon the kingdom of God; and we, with our learning, are sunk into the abyss.") So will we be pleased to be reckoned among the poor, and ask to be held to have prayed with them.

The Cross on the Beach.

It chanced upon my path one day,
A simple Cross of sea-weed lay,
An accidental Cross;
A tangled mass from ocean's surge
Was flung amid its sounding dirge,
Assuming on its sandy verge
The semblance of a Cross.

"Sermons in stones" we're told to read,
Mysterious truths in leaf and weed,—
So, counted less than dross,
A tongue of mystic power to preach,
A language eloquent to reach
The soul, sad, wandering on that beach,
Spoke from that casual Cross.

'Tis true, how "slight a thing" is found,
To strike the "chain wherewith we're bound,"
And wake its slumbering force;
Thus thought I, as the wet sea-sand
I traversed, listening to the grand
Old anthem on the ocean strand,
Where lay the sea-weed Cross.

Ill omen seemed that simple thing,
And I beheld it, shuddering,
Spanning my path across;
A superstitious awe—yet shame
At such a feeling—o'er me came;
But as scorched children fear the flame,
I feared that shadowy Cross.

I thought, what trouble now is near,
Betokened by this semblance here:
What sorrow, what remorse,
What disappointment, what defeat
Must I prepare my heart to meet—
Foreshadowed where the surges beat,
By this frail phantom Cross.

But as a straw we often see,
Points to the eye unerringly
The wild wind's wandering course:
So in this simplest thing was found,
A power from wisdom's depths profound,
To chase the phantoms gathering round,
That accidental Cross.

Anew was thrilled the "electric chain,"
With the deep triumph born of pain—
Touched by the Omniscient source,
My heart as erst the insensate stone,
Woke with sweet harmonies unknown;
Hushed was life's wearying monotone
And glorified each Cross.

I knew that surer than the wave
The sands beneath my feet would lave
With a resistless force—
And bear all things thereon away,
Till not the slightest trace would stay,—
Life's pain would vanish, as that day
Vanished the sea-weed Cross.

I knew the "foamy ocean star,"
 Poured its effulgent beams afar,
 O'er every mortal course:
 No heart too dark a drear may be,
 Its pitying rays of love to see,
 "Till the day-break the shadows flee,"
 With every broken Cross.

I saw the sinless one serene,
 Her sorrows wearing as a Queen
 Whose crown rich gems emboss;
 How did her lofty courage teach,
 And shame my heart for murmuring speech,
 Earth's woes seemed on that barren beach
 Less than the sea-weed Cross.

And I went forth with chastened mood,
 While o'er my spirit seemed to brood,
 A calm creative force—
 Went forth with firm and willing feet
 Life's needful discipline to meet,
 Obeying the divinely sweet
 Command, "take up thy Cross."

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Mass., August 25.

SAINT JEROME.--September 30.

About the year 346, in Stridon, a city long ago effaced from the world, a child was born who was destined to become one of the lights of the Church, one of the strongest defenders of the Christian faith—and who, until the age of seventy-two, the supreme term of his life, ceased not to carry in a frail and sickly body a strong and impetuous soul.

The young Dalmante, named Jerome, went at the age of eighteen to finish his studies in Rome.

Rome was always the Eternal City, the glorious Queen of the world. Her vast empire, mutilated at the extremities by the threatening incursions of the Northmen, nevertheless stood erect with the majesty of the oak, whose girdles of centuries serve only to deaden the edge of the woodman's axe. Along the long and numberless routes which, starting from the banks of the Tiber, radiated to every point of the horizon, the victorious Roman eagles were still borne by the invincible legions. To those who were not dazzled and seduced by her military and civil grandeur, Rome held out other splendors. She opened her schools to the most skillful masters, and students thronged her academic halls from every part of Italy, Africa, Spain, and Gaul. She had not yet for an instant ceased to reign by the arts and sciences, as well as by the glories of her wonderful past.

But the peculiar delight of Jerome was to collect the pious and heroic recollections of the first days of Christianity. Hear his own words on the subject: "In my youth, while pursuing my studies in Rome, I was in the habit of going on Sundays, in company with other young men of my age, to visit the tombs of the Apostles and martyrs, to enter frequently into the crypts deeply excavated in the ground, around whose walls were ranged the bodies of the sainted dead." Jerome was thoroughly versed in the literature and philosophy of antiquity. He collected a rare and valuable library; and at a later period, when he retired into solitude, he had not the courage to separate

himself from these friends of his earlier days—these books which he had amassed with so much care and expense; and even in the midst of his macerations and fastings he continued to read Plato and Cicero.

But Saint Jerome experienced how difficult it is to live the life of a Christian in the midst of the incessant tumults of the great cities. He complained tenderly to God of this reign of the flesh and the senses; but there is nothing desperate for energetic souls, who find in themselves an acknowledgment of human weakness. After his studies, Saint Jerome, imitating the great men of antiquity, took the traveler's staff, determined to see men and things as they really existed. At Treves he was deeply interested in studying and transcribing the works of Saint Hilary of Poitiers. He lingered for some time at Aquileia, that noble and proud colony which Rome had placed between the rugged Alps and the waves of the ever restless sea; he tarried near the tomb of Scipio Africanus; yet neither the charms of foreign scenes nor the pleasures of Rome could fill his great soul, and he embarked in a vessel for the East, to give himself entirely to God in the vast silence of the desert. Then began with this intrepid Christian those frightful interior sufferings that in the end served only to purify more entirely his soul.

He applied himself to severe labors, and after enjoying the beauties of Quintilian, and the flowers of Cicero, he commenced the study of the Hebrew. To this intellectual labor he joined the cultivation of a garden and the making of mats and baskets, in imitation of the other solitaries of the desert.

But God destined Saint Jerome for the great work of translating and propagating the sacred Scriptures, and by a terrible dream He withdrew him from those profane works which might have destroyed the grace of holy unction in his heart. He seemed to be dragged before the Supreme tribunal; and, interrogated upon his profession, he replied that he was a Christian. "Thou liest," replied the Judge; "thou art a Ciceronian and not a Christian; for where thy treasure is, there also is thy heart." And from that day Jerome threw aside all profane literature.

Saint Jerome was recalled to Rome by Pope Damasus. During the time he remained in the Eternal City he drew many souls to God, and exercised a powerful influence over many of the most distinguished patricians. Among those who placed themselves under his direction, we find Saint Paula, that brilliant model of nobility and piety; her daughter Eustochium, so worthily and so frequently praised by the holy Doctor; and Marcella, so grand in her widowhood, who gave her magnificent palace for those reunions where so many heroes were formed for the Church.

At the expiration of three years Jerome again returned to the desert, accompanied by many noble ladies, who, courageously throwing aside all the attractions that bound them to the joys of life, retired to the solitudes of the East to live a life of labor and prayer. The daughter of the Scipios, Saint Paula, built a monastery at Bethlehem,

where, under the saintly direction of Saint Jerome, she ended her days. Anxious to read the sacred books in the concise and energetic language in which they were written, Paula and her saintly daughter studied Hebrew with such success as to be able to speak it with ease; and Saint Jerome aided the ardent intelligence of these generous women, explaining to them the difficulties of the Scriptures by the copious writings which he dedicated to them.

Saint Jerome devoted himself to study with all the burning ardor and activity of his soul, so that he neither day or night allowed himself any repose.

The history of a doctor of the Church is, above all, the history of his labors. Let us then cast a rapid glance over the principal books of Saint Jerome. During his sojourn at Rome he reviewed the Evangelists, the Epistles of Saint Paul, and the Psalms. On his return to the Holy Land, that desolate patrimony of the prophets, he continued his work on the Scriptures, and translated almost the entire Bible from the original Greek and Hebrew.

When we recall the labors of such distinguished children of the Catholic Church, for the preservation and propagation of the word of God, is it not enough to make us smile at the silly lies of the weak minds outside of the Church's pale, who talk forsooth of sending their colporteurs to distribute the *Bible* among the deluded Irish Catholics.

One of the favorite occupations of Jerome was to write the lives of the illustrious solitaries who had preceded him. He had commenced writing his commentaries on Ezekiel, which he had often promised Eustochium, when he heard of the siege of Rome by the Goths, and learned how the inhabitants of this superb city were dispersed throughout the world. The sea was covered with her exiles; and the Christians of Rome sought a retreat in the most distant and wildest places. Saint Jerome's mind was deeply affected by the distress of others, and he could think of nothing else. Under these impressions he wrote as follows: "Who could have possibly believed that Rome, exalted by her victories above the entire universe, should be so completely destroyed that she would be the mother and the tomb of her people; that the shores of the Orient, of Egypt and Africa, would be filled with the slaves and the servants of the mistress of the world; that her proud nobles and patricians, a little while ago surrounded with wealth and luxury, would come as beggars imploring alms from Bethlehem? As we cannot carry them assistance, we can at least sympathize with them and mingle our tears with theirs. Seeing the universal distress that surrounds us, we have suspended our labors upon Ezekiel and all study; we will translate in actions the words of the Scriptures, and do rather than say holy things!"

Saint Jerome died at the age of seventy-two, after a life of constant combat for the Catholic faith and long years of austere penance and love of God. He watched constantly, with undaunted courage, over the sacred deposit of faith; he boldly and successfully combated all the heresies and schisms of

the age, among others that of Helvidius, who had attacked the glorious virginity of the Mother of God. Saint Jerome declared himself the chevalier of the Queen of Heaven, and defended Christianity in this, one of its sweetest prerogatives. Oh, wonderful unity of Catholic devotion and love for thee, sweet Mother! We find it always and everywhere. Behold, among the chosen people, a simple and modest maiden living under the shelter of the temple of God; for her humility she is selected by God to be the mother of our Saviour; and ever since, during the eighteen hundred years that have passed, this Blessed Virgin has been the object of the most constant devotion and the source of the purest inspirations and the most generous and noble devotedness. All poets have chanted her praise, all painters have sought to portray her, all virgins to imitate her; and the heart of every martyr, confessor and Doctor of the Church, from the time of the Apostles to our own day, has burned with earnest, devoted love for the Mother of God—their Mother and ours. Have we not, as Catholics, a wonderful genealogy, and does it not behoove us to study well the lives of our saintly ancestors—the Bernards, the Augustins and Jeromes—and from them learn *how we must* love our heavenly Mother!

Sweet Heart of Mary.

By passion tossed, by sorrows crossed,
A wanderer wild on a stormy sea,
Alone I drain the cup of pain,
And loathe the life I fear to flee;
Yet ever I pray, by dark and day—
Sweet Heart of Mary—I pray to thee,
That thou wilt my salvation be!

The world of sense, with its shadows dense,
Quenches the light of the soul in me!
And I strive in vain to break the chain
Of doubt that keeps me from the free!
Yet ever I pray, by dark and day,
To thee, *Maria*—Mother, to thee,
That thou wilt my salvation be!
I never vary, sweet Heart of Mary,
From my prayer by dark and day to thee,
That thou wilt my salvation be!

The hopes have flown, that round me shone,
In the golden morn of my spirit's glee;
But the present night glooms on my sight,
And only one dear star I see!
'Tis the face which smiled on the Sinless Child,
That slept on the sinless Mother's knee—
O would that face but smile on me!
For this I pray, by dark and day;
Sweet Heart of Mary, may I never vary,
But by dark and day to thee still pray
That thou wilt my salvation be!

All human glory, all temporal honor, all worldly grandeur, compared to Thy eternal glory, is but vanity and foolishness. But true glory and holy joy is to glory in Thee, and not in one's self; to rejoice in Thy name, and not to be delighted in one's own virtue, nor in any creature, save only for Thy sake.

THE PICTURE OF THE HOLY VIRGIN.

Near Villefranche, a short distance from the main road, is a little abandoned ruin, in which, about thirty years since, there dwelt an unfortunate infirm widow sixty years old, and her only daughter just sixteen. These two poor women lived on alms and by the labor of their hands. Franconette, as the young girl was called, occupied herself with all sorts of work, and went every day from house to house in the neighborhood; her mother cut grass for the goat, gathered sticks of wood for their slender needs in the way of fire, and spun a little flax when the weather was too inclement to go out. Thus they lived contented amid all their privations, because they loved each other and believed in a better life. The interior of their cabin was not less miserable than the exterior. Picture to yourself four smoke-blackened walls, threatening to fall on you every moment; a worm-eaten bedstead, three stools and a chest, for all their movables. In the corner there was a little straw, upon which the goat slept; the bed of its mistress was scarcely better, but they found it excellent, because they enjoyed upon it a sweet sleep, the reward of a good conscience. At the head of the bed Marianne had placed a small picture of the Holy Virgin; it had been purchased a great many years since, and had cost but a trifle. The mother and daughter had great devotion to this picture, particularly the mother, who honored in it the divine image of her patroness, to whose influence she believed she owed all the happiness she enjoyed upon earth.

When the shades of evening descended upon the mountain, and the curfew in the neighboring hamlet sounded the hour for retiring, they both knelt before the holy Virgin, and thanked her for their daily bread; in the morning, as soon as the first rays of aurora penetrated the roof of their cabin, they knelt again, and thanked the holy Virgin for having given them sleep during the night.* Marianne did not limit her devotions to the morning and evening prayers, which she recited before this celestial image. When fatigued by labor, and she was soon fatigued, she would push her stool near the bed, and with joined hands, praying or not praying, would contemplate with rapturous delight the sweet features of her patroness. She went every Sunday to the parish church, where there was a very beautiful picture of the Annunciation, which persons came ten leagues distance to see; but Marianne preferred her own picture of the holy Virgin; she had gone three times to Villefranche, and three times she had seen, in the Cathedral of that city, a holy family by a celebrated Italian painter, still she

* It might possibly appear to some even of American Catholics that this was ascribing to the Blessed Virgin what ought to be ascribed to God—daily bread and nightly protection. A French, Italian or Spanish Catholic would be extremely astonished at such an interpretation, as much so as if any one were to criticize in the same way their gratitude to an earthly benefactor for giving them alms or assistance. It is perfectly understood, in countries where the loss of the common heritage of spiritual ideas does not infect all language, that the Blessed Virgin scatters blessings upon us from the spiritual hands of her prayers. And what is thoroughly understood does not need to be formally expressed.

loved her picture more than that. We must, however, observe that it was not one of those common colored prints sold in shops, or at fairs; it was a genuine painting; time, it is true, had somewhat dimmed its brightness, but Marianne saw only the holy Virgin—white, pure and beautiful—apart from the dark ground by which she was surrounded! The Infant Jesus had such a beautiful expression of innocence and divinity! Often she would say to her daughter: "See with what benignity my patroness looks at us; it is she who watches over us, I am sure of it; how sorry I am not to have given you her name. How lovely is her veil! How rich the embroidery of her mantle! How brilliant are the rays of glory that encircle her Babe! It seems to me I can see you now, as when you were a little one, your brow crowned with blue flowers. Be always devout to the holy Virgin, Franconette; the Mother of Christ is the Mother of all, but especially of the unhappy, who suffer and weep!"

In a transport of gratitude and love they would then cast themselves into each other's arms, at the feet of the holy Virgin; then they would renew their bouquet of box-tree and garland of amaranths, which formed their only offering; but the Blessed Virgin was more honored in this poor dwelling than in the richest oratories. Tears springing from a pure heart, and prayers uttered with an innocent voice, are more agreeable to her than the most splendid pomp and the most magnificent presents.

Soon, however, the sweet tranquillity of Marianne and her daughter was disturbed. God often sends the severest trials and difficulties to those most faithful to His holy law. Happy those who suffer upon earth; in the day of recompense, they shall regard an abundant reward!

There came at length a year of disasters in Villefranche and its environs: the grain fields were laid waste by a terrible storm; the meadows inundated; the vintage destroyed; all the harvests failed at once, and as misfortune never comes alone, this summer so sterile was followed by a winter so rigorous that the oldest inhabitants did not remember ever to have seen one like.

The misery was general, even among those who had enjoyed comparative comfort: and the rich, uneasy about the future, and fearful that they would not have sufficient money to support themselves, stopped employing labor. Marianne and her daughter, who had never been able to provide for themselves but by the greatest economy, living, in short, from day to day, supported themselves through this winter no one knew how. They sold their goat, which was so necessary to them, and which they loved so much; they received through the good curate of the parish some alms; but alas! these alms were so trifling; the number of benefactors was so very small, and that of the unhappy so great! Doubtless they could not have lived, but for the protection of the holy Virgin, who watched over them, and whose picture they unceasingly honored.

"Holy Virgin, patroness of my mother," said Franconette, "do not let her die so miserably!"

"Holy Virgin, patroness of the afflicted," said Marianne, "do not abandon my daughter; she is yet too young to die!"

The spring returned, and with it came the hope of better days for Marianne and her daughter. Franconette could again resume her labors; the old Marianne no longer felt her fingers benumbed with the cold when she attempted to spin. Vain hopes! One morning, after Franconette had gone out to cull a garland of primroses to crown the image of the holy Virgin, the proprietor of their cabin presented himself. He was an imperious and hard-hearted man, who had no fear of God nor pity for man.

"Ha!" said he, "your year's rent is due. The times have been bad, and I have no money; I come to demand it of you."

"Alas!" replied Marianne, "the times have been still harder for me and my daughter, and we have often wanted bread; how then is it possible for us to pay our rent?"

"Then," replied the man, "you must try to find some other asylum, or some charitable soul who will be willing to receive you for the love of God; for I shall return to the city to-morrow, and you shall certainly be out of my house before I leave the village." And he stamped his foot with rage.

"Alas!" cried the poor woman, "allow us, at least, a few days respite to find an asylum, for the love of God, as you say. We shall not, I hope, be long in finding one; for my old age and the youth of my daughter will doubtless excite compassion in some kind heart. Can I leave my bed, my old table, and three chairs—all that I have—in the road?"

"Your bed, your chairs, your old table! You are a fool, good woman; do you then think you will be permitted to take them with you? I am going to make a sale of them, and that very soon."

"Sell my bed! What do you say? Are you, then, going to reduce me to the necessity of dying on straw?"

"You may die where you please; that troubles me very little; what concerns me is to be paid; and I doubt whether I shall be, with these miserable pieces of worm-eaten wood. I will try, at any rate." And as the unfortunate creature sought to take hold of his hand to implore his pity, he pushed her from him, and opening the door to go, he said: "I have warned you; you must answer to the auctioneer, who will soon be here."

Marianne was struck dumb by these last words. She saw herself, or, rather, she saw her daughter a wanderer, without shelter, without an asylum, cast friendless upon the world, like those poor beggars who are often forced to assemble together to pass the night in a barn, in which they find but a little cold straw and no covering; and when Franconette returned, singing, with a bouquet in her hand, Marianne could but throw herself into her arms and weep. The day passed, sad and long, without her having the courage to announce to her daughter the misfortune that awaited them. In the evening she prayed more fervently than ever to her holy patroness; and awaking in the middle of the night, she saw the holy Virgin re-

splendent with light. It was the moon, which had penetrated an opening in the roof and shed its radiance on the pious image. At this moment Marianne felt calm and resigned; hope reanimated her heart. "Oh! holy Virgin!" said she in a low tone, not to awake her daughter, "holy Virgin, the Mother of mothers, and my glorious patroness, I see well that you have heard me! I know you will not abandon me in this great affliction." After this prayer Marianne again slept, much consoled. She dreamed that the holy Virgin stretched out her arms toward her, removing from herself and daughter all those who would injure them; that she presented her a purse of gold, beautiful furniture, new clothes, and white bread—in a word, all that the poor widow needed; then she saw, again, the landlord, accompanied by the sheriff, and started up, much agitated by her dream and the sad reality she was about to experience. It was late in the day before Marianne awoke. Franconette had been up and working a long time.

"How did you sleep last night, dear mother?" said she.

"Oh!" replied Marianne, "this is the last night I shall pass in this cabin, and in this bed in which I have slept for forty years. Oh! my daughter, my daughter! from this day we have no longer a home to rest our heads; the stone of the fields will be our seat and our pillow."

Then she related to her daughter the visit of the proprietor, his hardness of heart, and his cruel threats, which were so soon to be accomplished. She had scarcely finished her recital when they heard several persons talking. Immediately the landlord appeared, accompanied by officials. One established himself upon the table to act as auctioneer; others placed the furniture outside of the house; then commenced the auction, before a small number of persons whom this sad spectacle had drawn to the place. At first they put up the articles of most value; but of what value? Good God! so mean, so worthless were they that the proprietor feared the proceeds would not equal his claim. There were but twenty-four francs to pay: the sale as yet had only brought two-thirds of the sum, and there remained only a small mirror, so black, so unpolished and scratched that the bailiff hesitated about taking it, and the old picture of the Holy Virgin, fastened by four nails to the wall, at the foot of which Marianne and her daughter were kneeling, trembling and listening attentively to all the details of this fatal sale, and comparing their lot to that of Joseph, who saw his brothers dividing his clothes—or that of our Lord, who beheld, from the light of His Cross, the Roman soldiers casting lots for His robe of poverty. "Is there nothing more?" asked the auctioneer, vexed at his poor fees. "Look again; let us see if we can't make a few sous more!"

One of the men again entered the cabin, and made a minute search; he took away the mirror, and began to unfasten the picture from the wall. At this moment the two women gave a scream of terror and despair.

"How!" said Marianne, in alarm, "are you going to take from me also this holy image of my pa-

troneſs? Alas! alas! this is the greateſt of all my miſfortunes! You will get nothing for this poor picture, and will you rob me of it? This is my laſt bleſſing, my only conſolation! My daughter, kneel down with me; may be they will be moved by our prayers!"

Whilst Franconette knelt at the feet of this man, her mother was before the cheriſhed picture, endeavoring to defend it with her feeble hands. This altercation having attracted the attention of the proprietor, who, already diſſatisfied with the little ſucceſs of the ſale, entered with a ferocious air. The poor woman ran to him.

"Sir, ſir, you have taken away every thing from me, and I pardon you; for my goods had become yours, ſince I could not pay you: but they are going to take from me this picture! It is that of my holy patronneſs, before which I have ſaid my prayers theſe forty years. This picture has received the firſt look of my daughter, and the laſt look of my huſband; for I placed it here on the day of my marriage, and it is all that remains to me of him; have the goodneſs—the mercy, to leave me this picture. What can you do with it; it is as old as I am, and as near falling into fragments as I am near falling into duſt?" And her tears choked her utterance.

The unfeeling man did not even condeſcend to answer her. He had ſilently opened his knife to draw the nails which faſtened the canvas, and having effected this, he carried it off.

"Who will have this ſuperb painting for two ſous?" ſaid he to the crier, (that is, about two cents of our money.) "Two ſous—no more; does no one ſpeak?" He held it up to the ſpectators, among whom were a group of ſeveral gentlemen from the city, who were walking upon the banks of the Avron, and whom curioſity had ſtopped a moment to ſee the ſale. The two inmates of the cabin did not aſſiſt at this profanation of the object of their veneration. Marianne was almoſt fainting with grief, and her daughter was weeping over her, and beſtowing upon her the moſt tender and affectionate care.

"Two ſous!" repeated the crier; "two ſous! Is there no one here whoſe patronneſs is the Bleſſed Virgin? No one to outbid?"

"Three ſous!" ſaid a young girl, named Marianne.

"Five francs!" replied one of the gentlemen from the city, who for the firſt time caſt his eyes upon the picture of the Madonna. The crier was ſo amazed that he ſeemed ſtunned; his arms fell with aſtoniſhment, and he looked at the higher bidder with ſuch a quizzical air, that every body began to laugh.

"Twenty francs!" added a ſecond voice from the ſame group.

"Twenty francs!" murmured the crier, with the voice and manner of one dreaming.

"Thirty francs!" cried the firſt ſpeaker.

"Forty francs!" added the ſecond.

"A hundred francs!"

"Two hundred francs!"

"A hundred crowns!"

"Five hundred francs! Five hundred francs!" repeated the crier.

There was a confused murmur among the villagers.

"Eight hundred francs" cried one of the bidders, with an eagerness he tried in vain to suppress.

"I will give a thousand crowns for it!" added the other quietly.

There was but a moment of silence, after which the crier said twice, very slowly—"A thousand crowns! a thousand crowns! Does no one bid? Gone!"

"Sir," said the young painter, who had discovered at the first glance the master-piece presented to him, "you have here an admirable Murillo. I would have given my fortune of an artist to dispute it with you; but you have at your disposal the funds of the government: you ought to prevail over me. On my return to Paris," added he, smiling, "I will go to the Museum to see this wonder.*" He then went away, casting a look of envy on this sublime painting, which his competitor locked up in his portfolio in exchange for three notes of a thousand francs each, which the assembly looked upon with stupid wonder.

When Marianne came to herself, and they related to her this wonderful history, she could not and would not explain it but as a miracle of her patronneſs.

We may judge whether she and her daughter were not happy for the remainder of their days, with so much money. They enjoyed, at least, every comfort. Every year, on the anniversary of the sale, Marianne had Mass said, and burned a wax taper in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. She bought a new picture, which represented the Mother of our Saviour taken up into Heaven amid a crowd of angels. This picture often brought back the remembrance of the one she had lost; and notwithstanding the happiness she owed her little fortune, there was always a regret in her heart and a tear in her eye at the thought of her lost treasure; and she would often say to her daughter: "Ah! my beautiful picture of the Virgin!"

There is surely no miracle in this history, and yet we can see in it the reward vouchsafed to the devotion of this poor woman, who said with her whole heart, happy or unhappy, "Holy Mary, I hope in thee."

* This picture is really in the gallery of the Louvre.

Saint Vincent Ferrier relates that a merchant of Valentia, in Spain, was accustomed, on every Christmas day, to invite to dinner, in honor of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, an aged man, together with a woman suckling an infant. That pious man died, and after his death appeared to some one who prayed for him, and related that, at the hour of his death, Jesus, Mary and Joseph, came to visit him, and said, "In your lifetime you received us into your house in the person of those three poor people. We now come to introduce you into ours; and they straightway conducted him to Paradise."

The Mysteries of the Rosary.*The Refrain :*

With Gabriel in concert, in salutation sweet,
To Holy Mary's honor ten Aves we repeat.

First Joyful Mystery—The Annunciation.

The angel came to Mary, and in her holy place
First fell the thrilling accents: "Hail Mary, full of grace!"

Second Joyful Mystery—The Visitation.

When her cousin met with Mary, 'twas she who gave salute:
"Blest art thou among women! Blest of thy womb the fruit!"

Third Joyful Mystery—The Nativity.

Behold the Sacred Virgin, while angels round her fall,
Adoring in the Manger, her Babe, the Lord of all.

Fourth Joyful Mystery—The Presentation.

Here see our Holy Mother, in the Temple of the Lord,
The Temple's Lord presenting, while Simeon adored.

Fifth Joyful Mystery—Finding of the Child Jesus.

When twelve years old, our Saviour was sought for three long days—
And found within the Temple, bent on His Father's praise.

First Sorrowful Mystery—Agony in the Garden.

Remember, at the midnight hour,
Gethsemani's dark olive bower:
Our Blessed Saviour prostrate bowed;—
His tears, His sighs, His groans aloud;
His agony too great to bear,—
God's angel bending lowly there:
His sweat of blood that freely flowed
For crimes of ours—His crushing load.

Second Sorrowful Mystery—Scourging at the Pillar.

Think of our dear Lord Jesus bound;
The mocking rabble gathered round;
The scourge high lifted in the air;
His sacred shoulders, torn and bare;
The lashes wild each madman throws,
Unnumbered vengeful, cruel blows.
Thy bleeding form, O Lord, how dear,
Since 'twas our crimes that brought Thee here.

Third Sorrowful Mystery—Crowning with Thorns.

In this sad mystery now behold
The furious crowd, with hearts stone-cold,
Clothe our dear Lord with robe of scorn,
Then plait for Him a crown of thorn.
They press it on His sacred head,
And by each thorn His blood is shed.
Sweet precious drops! They trickle down
To shame our pride, to gem His crown.

Fourth Sorrowful Mystery—Carriage of the Cross.

Think of our Jesus doomed to die,—
No voice defends, no solace nigh!
Now, see, upon His mangled form—
His sacred flesh with life-blood warm—
The heavy Cross is rudely laid;
And there—condemned, denied, betrayed—
Up Calvary Jesus bears the weight
To crush the serpent's power of hate.

Fifth Sorrowful Mystery—The Crucifixion.

Contemplate now the awful sight,
Robing the noonday sun in night:
Our Saviour stripped, and rudely laid
Upon the Cross His foes had made;
His sacred arms are spread, and lo,

How wild resounds each brutal blow!
They drive the nails, transfix each limb;
And Mary's heart is nailed with Him.

First Glorious Mystery—The Resurrection.

Think of our loving Saviour, when three sad morns had fled,
Immortal and triumphant, arising from the dead.

Second Glorious Mystery—The Ascension.

When forty days were ended, up to the waiting skies,
Behold our dear Lord Jesus, of His own power arise.

Third Glorious Mystery—Descent of the Holy Ghost.

At last our dear Redeemer sent down the Paraclete,
His work of love and mercy thereby to make complete.

Fourth Glorious Mystery—The Assumption.

Behold the Blessed Virgin, when done at last with time,
By her dear Son, our Saviour, assumed to realms sublime,

Fifth Glorious Mystery—The Coronation of the Blessed Virgin in Heaven.

Then how rejoiced the angels, to see in courts above,
Christ Jesus crown His Mother, with brightest crown of love.

The Hail Mary and the Magnificat.

Few Christians, however enlightened, know the real price, merit, excellence, and necessity of the Hail Mary. It was necessary for the Blessed Virgin to appear several times to great and enlightened Saints, to show them the merit of it. She did so to St. Dominic, St. John Capistran, and the Blessed Alan de la Roche. They have composed entire works on the wonders and efficacy of that prayer for converting souls. They have loudly published and openly preached that, salvation having begun with the Hail Mary, the salvation of each one of us in particular is attached to that prayer. They tell us that it is that prayer which made the dry and barren earth bring forth the fruit of life; and that it is that prayer, well said, which makes the word of God germinate in our souls, and bring forth Jesus Christ, the fruit of life. They tell us that the Hail Mary is a heavenly dew for watering the earth, which is the soul, to make it bring forth its fruit in season; and that a soul which is not watered by that prayer bears no fruit, and brings forth only thorns and brambles, and is ready to be cursed.

Listen to what our Lady revealed to the Blessed Alan de la Roche, as he has recorded it in his book on the dignity of the Rosary: "Know, my son, and make all others know, that it is a probable and proximate sign of eternal damnation to have an aversion, a lukewarmness, or a negligence, in saying the Angelical Salutation, which has repaired the whole world." *Scias enim et secure intelligas et inde late omnibus notum facias, quod videlicet signum probabile est et propinquum eternæ damnationis horrere et acediari, ac negligere Salutationem Angelicam, totius mundi reparationem.* These are words at once terrible and consoling, and which we should find it hard to believe, if we had not that holy man for a guarantee, and St. Dominic before him, and many great men since. But we have also the experience of several ages; for it has always been remarked that those who wear the outward look of reprobation, like impious heretics and proud worldlings, hate or despise the Hail Mary or the Rosary.

Heretics still learn and say the Our Father, but not the Hail Mary, nor the Rosary. That is their horror. They would rather wear a serpent than a Rosary.

The proud also, although Catholics, have the same inclinations as their father, Lucifer; and so have only contempt or indifference for the Hail Mary, and look at the Rosary as at a devotion which is only good for the ignorant and for those who cannot read. On the contrary it is an equally universal experience, that those who have otherwise great marks of predestination about them, love and relish the Hail Mary, and delight in saying it. We always see, the more a man is for God the more he likes that prayer. This is what our Lady said also to the Blessed Alan, after the words which I have recently quoted. I do not know how it is, nor why, but nevertheless I well know that it is true; nor have I any better secret of knowing whether a person is for God than to examine if he likes to say the Hail Mary and the Rosary. I say *if he likes*; for it may happen that a person may be under some natural inability to say it, or even a supernatural one; yet nevertheless he likes it always, and always inspires the same liking into others. O predestinate souls! slaves of Jesus in Mary! learn that the Hail Mary is the most beautiful of all prayers after the Our Father. It is the most perfect compliment which you can make to Mary, because it is the compliment which the Most High sent her by an Archangel, in order to gain her heart; and it was so powerful over her heart by the secret charms of which it is so full, that in spite of her profound humility, she gave her consent to the Incarnation of the Word. It is by this compliment also that you will infallibly gain her heart, if you say it as you ought. The Hail Mary well said, that is, with attention, devotion, and modesty, is, according to the Saints, the enemy of the devil, which puts him to flight, and the hammer which crushes him. It is the sanctification of the soul, the joy of angels, the melody of the predestinate, the canticle of the New Testament, the pleasure of Mary, and the glory of the Most Holy Trinity. The Hail Mary is a heavenly dew which fertilizes the soul. It is the chaste and loving kiss which we give to Mary. It is a vermillion rose which we present to her; a precious pearl we offer her; a chalice of divine ambrosial nectar which we hold to her. All these are comparisons of the Saints.

I pray you urgently, by the love I bear you in Jesus and Mary, not to content yourself with saying the little Corona of the Blessed Virgin, but a whole Chaplet; or even, if you have time, the whole Rosary every day. At the moment of your death, you will bless the day and hour in which you have followed my advice. Having thus sown in the benedictions of Jesus and Mary, you will reap eternal benedictions in Heaven: *qui seminat in benedictionibus, de benedictionibus et metet.*

To thank God for the graces He has given to our Lady, those who adopt this devotion will often say the *Magnificat*, as the Blessed Mary d'Oignies did, and many other saints. It is the only prayer,

the only work which the Holy Virgin composed, or rather which Jesus composed in her; for He spoke by her mouth. It is the greatest sacrifice of praise which God ever received from a pure creature in the law of grace. It is, on the one hand, the most humble and grateful, and on the other hand, the most sublime and exalted of all canticles. There are, in that song, mysteries so great and hidden, that the angels do not know them. The pious and erudite Gerson employed a great part of his life in composing works on most difficult subjects; and yet it was only at the close of his career, and even then with trembling, that he undertook to comment on the *Magnificat*, so as to crown all his other works. He wrote a folio volume on it, and brings forward many admirable things about that beautiful and divine canticle. Among other things, he says that our Lady often repeated it herself, and especially for thanksgiving after Communion. The learned Benzonius, in explaining the same *Magnificat*, relates many miracles wrought by virtue of it, and says that the devils tremble and fly when they hear these words: *Fecit potentiam in brachio suo, dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.*

Help of Christians, pray for us.

The foe is watching at the gate
Of ev'ry soul, with deadly hate,
To sway for woe its endless fate:

Sweet Help of Christians, pray for us.

When fierce temptation fires our breast,
And urges on to deeds unblest;
When reason reels from dread unrest:

Sweet Help of Christians, pray for us.

When slumber nestles in our eyes,
And freedom to the will denies;
Should fancy's phantoms then arise—

Sweet Help of Christians, pray for us.

When death extends his chilling hand,
And dangers threat'ning round us stand;
To bar us from our Promised Land—

Sweet Help of Christians, pray for us.

When the freed spirit ling'ring, stays
To take one more, one final gaze
Upon its mate of by-gone days—

Sweet Help of Christians, pray for us.

When standing 'fore the judgment seat,
To hear her sentence just and meet;
May God our soul with kindness greet:

Sweet Help of Christians, pray for us.

The "University of Notre Dame," near South Bend, Indiana, has seemed to have a special protection and favor of Providence. We noticed, a week or two since, that a destructive hurricane, destroying vast amounts of property about it, swept round it without damage to its extensive buildings. *Ave Maria* seems to have been its guardian. At this school more students are gathered than at any other institution in these United States. The discipline of the College is equal to its prosperity.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Weekly Chronicle.

Excommunication of Victor Emmanuel—The Pope's Army—Military Mass—The Pope and the Cholera—The Passionist Fathers in Scotland.

The Holy Father has again shown that he will not yield principle to circumstances, and that no series of events will induce him to remove from Victor Emmanuel the consequences of the excommunication which the pillage of the States of the Church brought upon him. When Prince Napoleon wished to have his father-in-law as sponsor for his children, the Pope refused; and hence to this day, though privately baptized (*ondoyes*), the children of Plon-plon have not received the full ceremonies of the Sacrament of Baptism. The King of Portugal, who is also married to one of Victor Emmanuel's daughters, likewise wished to have his father-in-law as sponsor to his second son. But the Pope has again refused, and refused to sanction the nomination. King Louis informed Victor Emmanuel of this refusal; and Prince Amadeus, who had been sent to Lisbon to stand proxy for his royal father, has left Lisbon and returned, greatly dissatisfied, to Italy. The Portuguese Government seems to have yielded at once to the voice of the Papal Nuncio, and although the day of baptism is not yet fixed, there is no doubt that the ceremony will soon take place, another sponsor being provided.

RECRUITING for the Pontifical army is still going on. M. de Sonnenberg, Commandant of the Swiss Guard, is now in Switzerland, where he has received orders to enroll five hundred young men in the foreign Chasseurs. It is said that only five or six thousand men will be required; but it is evident that so small a force could not even defend the city, much less the States of the Church. This increase of the army shows that the advice of M. de Merode, the Minister of War, is being followed, rather than that of cardinal Antonelli, who some time since spoke of disbanding the whole army.

THE CAMP AT CHALONS.—I have just come from hearing the Military Mass, the service taking place in the open air, and not less than twenty-five thousand men being present. The music of the Mass was performed by the united bands of five regiments, amounting to about one hundred and fifty performers. The sight and sound were alike splendid. To see this vast *corps d'armee* kneel at the elevation of the Host, was of itself a sight worth coming all the way from London to see.

You would be astonished to see how beatifully the whole camp is decorated with gardens, statues, arches and other matters; all the work of the soldiers, who take to this kind of amusement during their spare time. There is, of course, much more of this in the infantry than in the cavalry lines, for the latter have to look after their horses, and have consequently but little time on their hands. —*London Daily News.*

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE CHOLERA.—There are some papers in Italy, and others too in England,

who find, in every thing that happens in Italy, some grounds for accusations against the Holy Father and his supporters. We have only just read in the *Diritto*, and again in *La Lombardia*, articles on the cholera now raging at Ancona. They contain no reflection whatever upon the supineness of the Italian Government; no complaints are made of the utter negligence of all sanitary precautions, or of the indifference to the lives of its subjects that has ever been displayed by that Government. But they find in the cholera, in God's own visitation, an opportunity for making the most bitter and violent attacks upon the clerical party in Italy. They can hardly accuse the priests of *causing* the cholera, though they would readily enough make the accusation, only that it would be so manifestly absurd; but they accuse them of *rejoicing* over the devastating spread of the disease. *Il Diritto* says that the priests and their party look upon the cholera as sent in punishment of the abandonment of their cause by the people; and they point exultingly to it as a proof of the righteousness of their cause. And in *La Lombardia* the priests are accused of threatening a continuation of the disease and its spread throughout Italy, unless the former state of things be re-established.

Now, that many may look upon this visitation as a punishment sent by God upon a people who have plundered and robbed His Vicar upon earth, we can easily understand. But to believe in the existence of such a visitation is one thing; to *rejoice* over it is another thing. And although many a holy priest may do the first, we are confident that there is not one would be guilty of the second. For the priests, the time of pestilence is a time of hard, unintermitting labor, and of constant exposure to the danger of death. Night and day, in the stricken city of Ancona, may be heard in every quarter of the town the tinkle of the bell that announces the passing by of the viaticum, borne by the devoted priest to the bedside of the dying. Whilst the writers of these infamous articles are living in ease and luxury, far removed from all danger of contagion, the priest is wearing out his very life amid the dying and the dead. Every den of misery and wretchedness in that miserable and neglected city is visited by him. Into the very lowest haunts of vice and wretchedness, where none other dare venture, there the priest finds his way, through the plague-infected atmosphere, to give the last consolations of religion to the dying. And when all have abandoned the dying one—when all hope is over for this world, and friends and relatives have forsaken him—there still the priest remains, aided by the members of religious brotherhoods and by nuns, to receive his last breath, and commend his soul into its Maker's hands. And the Bishops are working no less than the priests. The Bishop of San Severo, who was ill, returned immediately to his diocesan city on the outbreak of the pestilence. For from Ancona it has spread around to Ravenna, Osuno, Loretto, San Severo, and to Milan itself. Reports, happily contradicted by later intelligence, had reached us of the death of the Archbishop of An-

cona; but, thank God, that Prelate still lives, sharing every danger with his flock, and laboring without intermission in the midst of the sick. The French Consul has given up his house to the Sisters of Charity, who are assisted by himself and his wife; but the English Consul (a liberal Italian,) abandoned his post at the very outset. In fact, nothing could have brought out in stronger contrast the devotedness of the Bishops, priests, nuns and monks; and as though a dark background were required to throw it out in still more prominent relief, we find (*literally in the background*) the so-called benevolent society of Victor Emmanuel, conspicuous by its utter incompetency. At the very time when the Italian Parliament are going to deliberate on the suppression of the Religious Orders, God has so ordained it that a most striking proof should be given of their necessity to the country. The Archbishop of Ancona had ordered public prayers, but the Government have forbidden them, and instead ordered the theaters and concert-rooms to be opened free. Nevertheless, they cannot but see how essential the Bishops and clergy are at such a time, and have therefore resolved, unconditionally, to recall a number of Bishops to their dioceses. And yet these are the men whom the infidel press of Italy accuses of rejoicing over the spread of the cholera, and of looking upon the visitation merely in the light of a political agent!

And here in England the injustice has been still greater. Because the Holy Father addresses his people and prays them to put their trust in Providence and pray that the evil may be averted from their cities and homes—therefore, he is accused of being indifferent to the lives of his people. We cannot possibly conceive by what logical process this conclusion is deduced. The Holy Father tells his people to trust in Providence and to pray. Is there any harm in this? Or is it not right, when a great danger is imminent, that we should pray that it may be averted, and that we should offer up prayers in a spirit of submissive resignation to the will of God? Oh, they answer, 'tis very well to pray, but precautions must be taken. Well, and does it follow that because he tell his subjects to pray, that, therefore, he has done nothing more? By what process of reasoning can such a conclusion be drawn? It is drawn simply from their own imagination, which can never conceive any thing good of the Holy Father, whose very virtues are by them perverted into vices. What are the facts from which we deduce quite an opposite conclusion? These: that the Holy Father is eminently noted for his tender love of all who are under his paternal rule; and that in no kingdom in the world is more ample provision made to meet the ordinary wants of the poor and the sick, and the extraordinary requirements of a time of pestilence. The hospitals of Rome alone would almost supply the wants of the whole States of the Church. Not to mention other lesser foundations, there is La Consolazione, San Giovanni di Calabita, San Galicano, San Giacomo, Santissimo Salvatore, Sanctissima Trinita, San Rocco; and, above all, that wonderful institution,

the great hospital of Santo Spirito, in the wards of which the Holy Father may often be met with, visiting the sick and consoling the dying. And so, throughout the whole of the States of the Church, hospitals are numerous and well endowed; under the direction of eminent medical men, and managed by the Religious of both sexes, whose whole lives are devoted to the care of the sick and the dying. Whatever could be done has been done; and the Holy Father now tells his children to add their prayers, and trustingly confide themselves into the arms of God's providence. And his fatherly advice is laughed at, and sneered at, by those who have no knowledge of prayer, and who believe not in God, nor in God's providence. They have no realization of any thing that is not absolutely material—no thought beyond this world. They hate, with hatred deep and intense, the Holy Father, because he is the representative of a supernatural order of things, and nothing that he does can possibly find favor in their eyes. But, whilst they condemn him, we merely smile at their impotent wrath, and pray, with the Holy Father, that the great calamity of disease that is threatening may be averted from his kingdom. —*London Universe.*

To the Editor of the Ulster Observer:

DEAR SIR: I feel great pleasure in being able to inform you that the Passionists have established themselves in the city of Glasgow, and that the parish of Saint Mungo has been committed to their spiritual care. The Catholics of Glasgow, and of Scotland generally, have been already well acquainted with the Fathers of this Order, whose missions here, as elsewhere, have, under God, wrought the conversion of innumerable souls. The Catholic body, in various parts of this kingdom, have frequently manifested an earnest desire of obtaining the permanent settlement of those zealous missionaries in the midst of them; and invitations have been forwarded from different parts of the country to the Superiors of the Order, requesting that they would establish a Community in one of the many houses that were pressed on their acceptance. Owing to certain insurmountable obstacles, which presented themselves at the time, these kind invitations had to be declined.

But Almighty God, in His own good time, provided an opening for them in this city, in the ancient parish of Saint Mungo, and, as it happens, in the very neighborhood that has been so recently sanctified by the last apostolic labors and heroic death of the saintly Passionist, Father Ignatius Spencer. It is a most significant circumstance, and one that is fraught with hope of the ultimate restoration of this revolted province to the dominion of the Church of God, that the great apostle of Britain's conversion poured out his heart's blood in the midst of his missionary labors, on its soil, as a sacrifice for the final success of his mission. May we not hail the presence amongst us, to-day, of that Order which represents the conversion of this land, as a blessed indication of God's acceptance of His servant's oblation!

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Particular Intentions for Sept'ber--Afflicted Souls

We begin to understand the incomparable fecundity wholly divine, the supereminent merit of suffering endured in union with the Heart of Jesus. It is impossible to doubt that of all the treasures the earth can bestow, this is the most precious, the most capable of enriching us for eternity. Why then is it that all Christians are not rich beyond measure?

Is there one person who has not his part in suffering? And is there not a great number whom suffering pursues? It follows them as the shadow follows the body. What harvests of merits might not these privileged souls amass! What happy influence could not they exercise over the destiny of all those who are dear to them—over their country and the entire Church!

Are these riches appreciated and gathered? Alas, we only know too well what usually happens. Much the greater number of these Christians, to whom the Divine Saviour gives a portion of His cross, far from appreciating the value of the gift, repulse it with all their strength; and if they cannot entirely free themselves from it, they murmur, grow discouraged, and consider themselves abandoned by Heaven; and sometimes, yielding to the black suggestions of Satan, abandon themselves to despair.

And what do they gain by this course? Do they render their sufferings less bitter or less easy to be supported? On the contrary, they render them incomparably more painful; they deprive them of that ineffable sweetness which Christian hope and love of Jesus Christ mixes with the most insupportable bitterness; and at the same time, they deprive them of all their merit and fruit. And would to God they did not often change them into causes of damnation! Would to God that the great number of those to whom the cross should open Heaven did not use it to precipitate themselves into hell.

When the Saviour shed His Blood for our redemption; when His Heart received from the centurion's lance the wound that has never since closed, but has ever continued the assured refuge of sinners, two men suffered and died by His side. Their past life had been equally criminal, but their present dispositions were widely different; one learned from the Heart of Jesus to sanctify his sufferings, and those sufferings became for him the pledge of his predestination. Among all the saints he was the only one canonized during his lifetime, and canonized by the lips of Eternal Truth itself. The other, on the contrary, died a reprobate by the side of the cross of his Saviour, bathed perhaps with the Precious Blood, and mingling the imprecations of his despair with the merciful pleadings of the Heart of Jesus.

These two men are the image of Christians who suffer, and exhibit in lively colors, by the contrary dispositions which accompany their sufferings, the equally contrary results which follow them. A portion suffer with love, and consequently

with consolation; while sufferings weaken their body, hope sustains their heart, and from sufferings thus endured result the most precious fruits. These happy imitators of the good thief, in their sorrows sanctify themselves; detaching themselves from the earth, they purify themselves from all the imperfections of nature, amass immense merits, grow very dear to the heart of God, obtain great graces for their brethren, and become with Jesus the saviors of souls.

But why must the bad thief find also, even among Christians, imitators of his murmurs and despair? Why do those to whom the celestial Physician sends sufferings, to cure the maladies of their souls, change into poison the salutary bitterness of this powerful remedy? Why do those souls who, in suffering much less here below might be able to prepare for an eternal happiness in Heaven, prefer to purchase the eternal torments of hell with the price of temporal punishments which despair changes into an anticipated hell?

As Judas, these souls were called to a glorious apostleship for themselves, and sovereignly fruitful for the Church; to these precious fruits and this divine glory they preferred the shame of apostasy, the anguish of despair, and the torments of eternal damnation. What misfortune for them and for the Church! Let us pray earnestly for souls called to the apostleship of suffering, in order that they may comprehend its great merit, and draw from the Heart of Jesus the love and courage necessary to exercise it. The Church never had greater need of voluntary victims than in our days. The Apostleship of Prayer and of word never had more imperious need of the apostleship of suffering. It alone can serve as a counterpoise to the sensuality and egotism which is dragging society to its destruction. Let us say then, daily, during the month: Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, in union with the Immaculate Heart of Mary, all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, uniting them to the intentions for which Thou art constantly immolated on the altar. I offer them in particular for the souls who suffer, and whom Thou hast called to contribute, by the union of their sufferings with Thine, to the glory of God and the salvation of souls. O Heart infinitely loving, give them in abundance Thy divine love, to alleviate their sufferings and increase their merits for their own sanctification and the triumph of the Church.

The Mercies of the Heart of Jesus.

The author of the following recital is a missionary, who exercises his work of mercy among the convicts transported to Guinea:

"You are doubtless waiting for some details from the portion of this vineyard confided to my care. Alas, good is slowly and painfully effected, and rarely according to my desire. Nevertheless there are days in which the mercy of God is displayed in a most extraordinary manner; there are some souls to whom it seems most especially directed, in a manner, to console the heart of the missionary and sustain his courage in the midst of the difficulties against which he must struggle.

"I still continue at Royal Island, about thirty-six miles northwest from Cayenne. It is principally occupied by machinists and ship-carpenters. All men-of-war from Europe or elsewhere stop at this port. The Amazon is now at anchor, and has just thrown upon our shores five hundred individuals from the galleys of Toulon. These will form a portion of my parishioners. Our island is still the place where the Administration send all vicious and corrupted men, all bad and incorrigible heads, and all those of whom they seek to be disencumbered. Such are the elements of my flock. Although I find in them many defects, yet they are not unmixed with good qualities, and by the latter I seek to gain them and conduct them to God.

"At Easter last we had in the colony nine hundred and twenty men. Subtracting from this number those who called themselves Protestants, then the Arabs, and those employed at works that will not permit them to attend Mass or visit the Chaplain, there remained nearly eight hundred men. Of these persons, regarded not only as the refuse of society but even of the galley itself, six hundred approached the Sacraments, were reconciled with God, and have become, I might say, almost angels, at least for the time being.

"One day, a man whose appearance was sufficient to distinguish him as a convict, came to me and said, 'Father, I am an old sinner; I have not been to confession for forty years. If you think any thing could be made of me, do it.'

"His easy assurance, mixed with simplicity, surprised me as much as his words. I replied: 'If any thing can be made of you—of course there can—I intend to make you a saint!'

"'Make me a saint! Oh, Father, let me tell you I have never done any thing but evil during the whole course of my life. I have always been a hard case. How then could I become a saint?'

"Our conversation terminated, as you may well suppose, by a confession; and a few days afterward he made his second Communion, at the age of sixty-five.

"Another day I was going to the church to make my visit to the Blessed Sacrament. As I was about entering, I observed, a few paces from the door, a man of remarkably fine features and luxuriant snowy-white locks. He was an entire stranger to me, and this was a sufficient proof that he never came to confession. Resolved to attack him, whoever he might be, as soon as he was alone, (at that moment he was talking with another man,) I waited at the church door without entering. As soon as his companion had left him I accosted him, evidently to his surprise and confusion. Notwithstanding his embarrassment, I led him into conversation; and continuing my questions, I asked him what was his occupation in the colony. He answered that he sharpened knives and scissors. 'Ah,' I replied, 'I am going, in my turn, to sharpen your conscience; I am almost sure it needs it: how long is it since you were at confession?' 'Forty years.' 'Forty years! Then, my good friend, we have no time to lose. Come with me immediately.'

"I took him by the arm, and as he offered but a feeble resistance I brought him to my little parlor, where, to my astonishment, he knelt down without the least difficulty and made his confession. When he had finished, he commenced weeping; and clasping my hand he exclaimed: 'Oh, Father, it is now ten years since I first came here. I have resisted all the solicitations of the Fathers; and, more than that, one of my sisters, who is a Religious, writes to me every year urging me to fulfill my religious duties, and I have had the meanness to reply every time, telling her that I had done so. Is not this shameful?' 'Very well, the past is past; but write to your sister this year, and I will add a few lines to your letter to certify that you are well reconciled with our good God.' I have never seen a man appear so contented and happy as he did.

"Another circumstance, which caused me more trouble, but no less joy, was a death precious before God. Christmas eve I went to the hospital to hear the confessions of those who intended going to Communion the next day. Thank God, they were the great majority—almost the entire number. As I approached a bed containing a stranger, I asked him if he did not wish to confess his sins in order to worthily celebrate the beautiful Feast of Christmas. He partly raised himself in the bed, and glancing disdainfully at me, said, in cold dry tones: 'Pass on, sir; I have no need of such services.' All the inmates of the hospital, excepting two, received Holy Communion. After Christmas I resumed my daily visits, and was grieved to find this poor sick man grow rapidly weaker and weaker. After his reply, I foresaw there would be a terrible struggle with him; nevertheless I felt I must use all means to save that soul. I spoke to him in the gentlest manner possible, but could obtain nothing. Then I would sadly return to the church, and pour into the Sacred Heart my hopes and fears for this poor soul. The good Sister who was in charge of the ward endeavored to lead him to speak upon religious subjects, but with no more success than myself. She was on the point of abandoning to his unhappy fate the sick man, who seemed to be passing away gently, with all his senses, without any agony; but as she was passing his bed he called her to him, and in a low voice said, 'I would like to see Father.'

"To send me the message and for me to hasten to his bed was but the affair of an instant. When I approached he said: 'Father I am going to die. I wish to be reconciled to God, if such a thing is possible. I must tell you that I am a Protestant.' 'All is possible, my dear friend, when we speak of God. Our Lord died for our redemption; therefore He wishes to save us.' 'Well then, Father, I abandon myself into your hands. Do with me all that is necessary.' I baptized him conditionally, and instructed him in the principal mysteries; he made a perfect confession, and I administered Extreme Unction and a Plenary Indulgence; it was too late for the Holy Viaticum. Two hours later his soul passed into the presence of its God."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

JEWEL BROOK COTTAGE, VT.

DEAR CHILDREN: I have been so busy, making visits and traveling far, you have grown almost two months older since I last called you around me in "our corner" of the dear AVE MARIA. I begin to think I must send you a letter soon, or I may grow a stranger among the little readers of our precious journal, which may the good angels who watch over the AVE MARIA and its little readers forbid.

Dear children, the eighth of July last I awoke in Notre Dame, scholarly Notre Dame—a very learned place, where they have a grand College, and many wise Professors, than where blither troops you never saw of rosy-cheeked, hale, "little-fellow-well-met" boys, swinging and shouting in the play-ground under my window. A very cheerful place, full of children and happiness, as it is of piety and wisdom; and yet a third charm yet painted it in endearing colors, even before seen. It was the birth-place of the AVE MARIA, yet in its sort of Bethlehem-like infancy; where it is so quietly issued, and goes out from weekly, saying "Hail Mary" to every home it enters.

I awoke. It was not my first morning there. I had come in the dear month of Mary, to visit the pious and lovely Community—to visit a month; and my month lasted till mid-summer, that was all. And not all; I was to now launch out into the restless world for another while, and after hearing the half-past five Mass would fain make, as a child of the place and the Church, before I went, at all the holy shrines in the little wood of prayer, my petitions and adieus. From the stately Church of the Sacred Heart, where I had heard Mass, I hastened toward the grove, stopping first at the fair *Chapel of Our Lady of Angels*, midway between, where a morning Mass was just finished; and thence proceeding to the first shrine within the grove [the Sepulcher of our Lady—Ed.], I was disappointed to find the door closed. I was before the warden. But I could still kneel and offer the disappointments to our risen Mother, who must have been disappointed numberless times in her dear sad life. I think it a good thing always, children, when we are disappointed, to offer our disappointment to our tender Mother and Patron Saint. So I passed up through the lanes to the Calvary and Sepulchre of the wood. A little guide-board at the entrance of each alley bears the name of the Saint to whom the sacred lane is consecrated, and to whom it is a good practice to pray while walking therein.

I think I may some other day have to tell you something more of the beautiful retreat for devotion in this AVE MARIA neighborhood, but I am speaking of our lingering adieu now. From the excavated shrine of the Holy Sepulcher, I returned to the gate of the wood, casting, as I passed again the *Blessed Virgin's Tomb*, one other glance of regret that I could not enter there, when lo! as I laid my hand on the gate to depart—What was it? Yes, it was the warden, children—hastening up to the dear shrine with the key. Our Mother, who

sees even our little wishes—especially where they turn lovingly toward her—had sent the warden to unlock her door just in time. I knew—there was that good glow in the heart, that comes when she does any thing for us, that told me—she had sent him; and I stood by the gate, thanking her in silent fervor, until the warden unlocked the door and retreated, which took but a moment. He did not stop to pray; our Mother did not call him there to pray—only to unlock the door and go right quickly away, which he did, and I entered, happier than I could have been had I at first found entrance. And this is about the way, little children, our most kind Mother rewards those who are disappointed for her. O, she is an admirable Mother—our Most Admirable Mother—and how poor and lowly or even destitute besides we may be, we are truly rich and wonderfully blessed if we can only call her *our Mother*.

That night I slept in Chicago. Going up, there was but one thing that drew my notice and admiration along the shores of the Michigan's beautiful lake! Ever, anon, there were literally fields of the white pond-lily in the shallow waters near the shore, at times under the very car-window, from which I leaned, and longed to gather. Of the earth, and yet not of the earth; cast upon the waters, flower of the wave, bending over their mirror of waters; tranquil lilies; pure, delicious, snowy blown lilies, each to me a fragrant thought of Mary—of those first dear fifteen years of her spotless, inimitable life. Ye are white, I said; so was she—immaculate; ye are delicious, so was she—the delicious work of God. And I left that vision of purity, bloom and perfume, and the likeness to our all-fair Mother of humility, even while I slept in the great city, and arose with something of its fragrance still floating in the airs around me,—and have told you here, as I know how pure children love flowers, and delight to bring them in from garden and field to adorn our Holy Mother's altars, and because I would have you always especially remember the purity of our sweet Mother whenever you look upon a lily—and that she was the Lily of Israel, and is now, while Queen of Angels and Mother of God, *THE LILY OF PARADISE*. Pure Lily of God, pray for thy little children.

†††

The Providence of God.—Concluded.

There is the confessional. The priest sits there, holding in his hands the almighty power of Jesus Christ—and for what? You may have committed a mortal sin—then your soul is in chains, and these infernal chains were made by the devils in hell, and they go round and round your poor soul as the ivy goes round a tree. You go to that confessional, with sorrow in your heart, and the absolving words of the priest, as if they were the very breath of Jesus Christ, which "He breathed on the Apostles" (*John xx.*), strike those chains, and they are broken in pieces; your soul is set free, free as an angel of God.

See that sparkling light which always hangs before the altar, in front of the tabernacle; it tells you that the Flesh and Blood of Jesus is

always in the tabernacle, to feed your hungry soul: "My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed." *John vi.* God has scattered the stars in the skies, and the flowers in the fields; so in countless places, in every country and in every kingdom, God has left the Body and Blood of His Son Jesus to feed those dear souls which He loves so much.

In every part of the world God has also placed Bishops and priests, and blessed and consecrated them, that they may help you to save your soul. In Heaven He has created countless millions of bright angels to watch over your soul, and keep you in all your ways, lest any evil should come near you. *Psaltn xc.*

He spoke to the Blessed Virgin Mary, His Mother, about you, and said to her: "Mary, My dear Mother, look at that little child; I love it very much; I want you to be its Mother: be very kind to it, and take care of it, as you took care of Me when I was a little child."

Many other things God has made for your soul—crosses, that you may remember that Jesus was crucified for you; beads, that you may speak to your dear Mother, Mary; holy water, to send away the devil from your soul; medals, that you may be blessed in the hour of your death; and scapulars that, by the prayers of Mary, your soul may come soon out of Purgatory. You have seen a great shower of rain falling from the clouds. The large drops came down quickly, one after another, and covered the earth with water. So, quickly, and without stopping for a moment, the blessings of the providence of God are always, night and day, coming down on your body and your soul. So "all things are yours." *1 Cor. iii.*

Altar Boys.

There are few practices of the Church more interesting than the part given to children in all the beautiful ceremonies of her ritual. In her most solemn processions of the Blessed Sacrament, on Holy Thursday, even the little altar boys are admitted into the recollected ranks which precede the priest, having on his bosom the Lord of Hosts, under such a simple form, such a lowly disguise.

On Corpus Christi and the Feast of the Sacred Heart, little boys and girls go forth in troops; the boys with candles and thuribles, from which rise soft clouds of fragrant incense, and the girls with baskets of flowers, to strew in the path of this same loving Redeemer, who thus permits Himself to be carried by His creatures and accepts their poor homage.

But it is not alone on such high festivals that the Church calls in her little boys to assist in the solemn exercises. There is no day in the year, however lowly the church, or however retired, that the priest who says Mass has not at his side one, two, or even more little boys, who thus voluntarily wait upon God in His house. There they are, as early as six o'clock, in their neat little cassocks, or at least their surplices; and with what delighted alacrity they watch every motion of the

priest, to know when they are to carry the large missal from the Epistle to the Gospel side, hand to him the water and the wine for the chalice, or for the ablutions, and when to ring the little bell, or spread the communion-cloth over the rail! There are few more touching sights in the world than the attendance of these little boys on the weekly Mass. Thus, when Sunday comes, what a train of these little acolyths precede the priest into the sanctuary! How bright are their red cassocks and caps and capes; how smooth and white their linen surplices; how sweet and fresh and clean, even to their finger-nails, and how smoothly each youngster's hair is brushed, and how nicely are his shoes blacked; for a slovenly altar boy is a disgrace.

Who would presume to wait upon a gentleman's table, in soiled garments, with unbrushed hair, with filthy hands? How much less pretend to serve Jesus, in His Real Presence, in an untidy dress! There is no better school for decent neatness and decorous behavior, than the place of the young acolyth.

Many persons send their boys to the dancing-school, to learn good manners and how to use their feet and hands. This is all very well; but we believe an acolyth, well trained by a faithful priest, has acquired a manner more beautifully decorous, more courteous, and more enduring than can be taught by any worldly master of manners.

For years we have quietly watched from our pew the acolyths as they have come and gone from the ranks of the sanctuary. Sometimes we have been sadly pained to see one becoming by degrees a bad boy; and soon, how very soon indeed, he ceases to care for his place, even on Sunday, for the bright cap or the clean white surplice! And sometimes we have heard, with a heart-ache, some irreligious man tell us, that "he used to be an acolyth;" and even while he told us of it, in a careless way, we could see a shade of regret on the hard countenance; of regret for his innocent and happy days, when he loved to serve Mass and carry his candle or the thurible in the procession.

But, oftener by far, we have seen these little boys growing up to be good youth, punctual at their confession and Holy Communion; at the exhibition of their school or university they were very apt to draw the prizes, and then—waiting for a few years—I have seen them quietly joining the ranks of those aspiring to be Priests of God.

The young acolyths who throng the sanctuary on a Sunday can hardly know with what anxiously loving hearts they are watched by pious friends; or how, many a time, they are envied their nearness to Jesus, in the Blessed Sacrament, by those who are kneeling afar off in their pews.

Remember, my dear boys, that it is a grace for which Jesus asks a return from you. He asks of you in return to be better boys: more truthful, more honorable, more obedient, more faithful at your prayers, and more faithful to remember that you are always in the presence of God, whose eye is ever upon you. Ask Him, when you bow so lowly at the elevation, to make you better boys for this sweet service before His altar.

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THE GREAT SERVANTS OF MARY, THE TRAPPISTS.

We give below, from Count de Ségur, a description to which we call the attention of all our readers. It is now twenty-six years since we ourselves spent a week in retreat at the very same place; and were it in any way required, we would, from personal experience, warrant the fidelity of the report in all its parts. There we saw and conversed with the celebrated De Brenne, now gone to the enjoyment of his reward, after benefiting his cotemporaries by his brilliant virtues, and his wonderful science as one of the first medical men of the age; and among the dead we noticed the tomb of the Abbé de Rancé, once the rival of Bossuet, from whose hands he wrested the first premium in *public concurrence*. There he had come, disenchanted, to bury, in good season, all worldly ambition and secure rest for time and eternity. How few, in this New World, know what a Trappist in reality is! and yet we have been already blessed with two Communities of this holy Order—one at Gethsemani, in Kentucky, and the other near Dubuque, in Iowa—both flourishing and acting there, as they do everywhere else, as lightning-rods for the country where they are established, embalming the atmosphere all around with the perfume of their celestial life, and forming a delightful oasis nowhere more precious than in our very midst.

The Trappists eat neither meat nor eggs, unless in case of illness. They never drink wine. Their only drink is cider or water: their only nourishment is bread, rice and vegetables simply dressed, with salt for the only condiment, and sometimes milk. They take their meal sometimes at noon, sometimes at two o'clock, and in Lent still later; on other days they take a slight collation in the evening. This regimen, which seems so repugnant to the delicacy of the people of the world, and even to nature as our inventions have made it to ourselves, is, however, sufficient and agreeable to health, if we may judge by those who conform to this rule. The greater part of the Trappists, in spite of their somewhat slow gait, are vigorous and healthy. They have few infirmities and little sickness; many attain to an advanced age, and

although the Monastery of the Grande Trappe reckons more than a hundred Religious, many years often pass without Heaven's taking a single brother from them.

Two long wooden tables extend the length of two sides of the refectory, with benches to sit on; at the end of the hall, another and a smaller table for the Father Abbot or Prior. One day it was granted me, as a particular favor, to seat myself at this table, and to be present at a meal among the Trappists. The brothers came to take their appropriate places. The Father Abbot said a prayer, and then all seated themselves in silence. Each Religious had before him a wooden case, a plate of coarse delf, a pewter mug of cider, a thick slice of black bread, and a sort of bowl filled with vegetables prepared with water and salt. The Father Abbot was served exactly as the other Religious, and I also. This absolute equality, this austere simplicity that we meet with in every respect at "La Trappe," touched me in the most lively manner, and struck me with respect and admiration. I thus found, in the seclusion of this monastery, the realization of those two great Christian words, Equality and Fraternity, the phantoms of which the world pursues in vain.

A wooden staircase leads to the dormitory, the aspect of which is as poor and as austere as that of the refectory. Each brother has a little open cell, without a door, separated from the rest by a deal partition; in each cell is a board covered by a mattress as thin as it is hard; some nails in the partition, on which they hang their clothing, which also serves them as a covering during the night. It is on this humble couch that the Trappists enjoy a profound and pure sleep, under the guardianship of their good angels, and under the paternal protection of God. They habitually retire at seven o'clock in the evening, and rise at two to chant the morning Office. Certainly, among the wittlings of the saloons and ale-houses, who esteem them lazy sluggards, there are few that I know who give so little time to sleep or who are on foot earlier. It is true that if the Trappists rise so soon, it is to go to their humble chapel to sing the praises of God, and this it is the world cannot pardon them for doing.

This chapel, of which I have as yet said nothing, and which notwithstanding occupies so large a place in the life of these holy Religious, is perfectly in keeping with its destination. It is poor, modest, filled with silence and recollection. The altar is of wood; stalls adorn the two sides of the sanctuary. Strangers assist at the Office in a high

gallery, whence they can hear every thing and see every thing without mixing with the Religious. This humble chapel, when the monks are therein at prayer, forms an admirable spectacle, and one calculated to touch the hardest hearts. Robed in their long white vestments, leaning on their stalls, their heads shaved, their eyes bent to earth, they present an image of meditation and prayer.

The Father Abbot is in their midst, distinguished only by the wooden cross he wears on his breast, and by his crozier, also of wood, which points out the pastor of this blessed flock. The Trappists sing alternately the verses of the psalms; and in certain offices the plain beauty of their chanting, the power and compass of their voices augment still more the profound religious emotion that the mere sight of them inspires. Their "*Salve Regina*" is known to the whole world. Every day they sing this admirable prayer, full of the tears of the exile and of the ardent inspirations of Christian love, in imitation of Saint Bernard, the immortal founder of Cîteaux.

But there is something finer, something more celestial than the chanting of the Trappists: it is their silence during the time of prayer. At certain hours of the day, some moments of leisure are granted them, that they may rest themselves from their work, retire into their cells, sleep or pray. Now, in spite of the seven hours of Office that the rule imposes on them during the day, many Religious consecrate also their instants of repose to prayer; they betake themselves to the chapel, and adore the God to whom they have given their whole love. Nothing is more beautiful, nothing more imposing than the chapel of La Trappe in these blessed hours. The Religious are there, immovable, in various attitudes: some on their knees, some prostrate on the ground, others with their heads hidden in their hands. Wrapped in their long white robes, surrounded by silence and recollection, they seem no longer to belong to earth.

I remember one of these more especially; and I shall ever remember him, for my attention was drawn to him in a most lively manner. He was a young brother of most charming countenance: he was in a stall, with his back against the wall, immovable and lost in the large folds of his robe, like those saints of the middle ages who appear to have no body under their chaste vestments. His eyes could not be seen; they were shut in recollection, nevertheless we could feel that those pure eyes were contemplating Heaven. It was as if he were absorbed, body and soul, in faith and in the love of God. Never did I see a more heavenly image of prayer and of seraphic contemplation. It was ecstasy, rapture, an angel adoring the Lord at the pure hearth of light and of love.

O joys of the cloister! sacred joys of the soul who knows God, who possesses Him and who loves Him! joys of sacrifice and of penitence, a thousand times sweeter and more profound than all the joys, all the pleasures, all the loves of the earth: unhappy are they who know you not, or who deny you because they comprehend you not. Alas, this life of the soul is an unknown world to

them; they look at it without seeing it, and when people speak to them concerning it, they do not know what it means! They pity these monks, who have sacrificed the vain and false enjoyment of the passions, for eternal life, and for those nameless raptures which are the foretaste and first fruits of the happiness of Heaven.

I have spoken of the interior appearance of the Monastery of the "Grande Trappe," and of the buildings included within the cloister; a few words will suffice to complete my description. A hotel joins the monastery, to which all strangers, poor or rich, pilgrims or beggars, are admitted, and may remain for three days. They are lodged, tended and fed at the expense of the monks. It is said that more than three thousand poor people are in this way annually assisted by the holy community. The table of this hotel is much better and more abundantly provided than that of the Trappists. The Fathers serve the strangers and the poor. By this feature, as by many others, we may recognize the disciples of that good Master who said: "I came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

Near the hotel, at the very entrance of the cloister, is a hall reserved for the consultations which the Father Physician of La Trappe, gives gratuitously to all who address themselves to him. (It was the celebrated Dr. de Brenne.)

At a few steps from the monastery we perceive some buildings heaped together: it is a reform colony of young people, under restraint, whom the Government has recently confided to the inexhaustible devotion of the Trappists. The good Fathers have accepted this charge with gratitude, as a new means of doing good. They have improvised teachers of themselves, with that ingenious humility which expects nothing from self and all from God, and the results already obtained prove, once again, that the cloister is an admirable school for the formation not only of men of prayer, but of men of intelligence and action.

I have already said that at the entrance of the monastery the country presents the appearance of the richest cultivation. In fact all the Trappists are admirable agriculturists: under their laborious hands, so blessed by God, the earth produces a hundred-fold; sterility disappears, and the barren heaths and the stony and unfruitful fields are transformed into fertile plains. In this point of view we may say that the Trappe de Mortagne is the most perfect of model farms. Their territory is very confined and very ungrateful; yet, thanks to their labor, to their intelligence, and to cultivation, they supply almost every want without foreign aid. They manufacture themselves all that is necessary to themselves; provide for their monastery, their hotel, and the thousands of poor who live from their alms.

It is true that Providence visibly blesses their labors, and that in them may be seen verified that word of the Gospel: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Their harvests rarely witness storms; their produce is singularly abundant, and their barns are often insufficient to contain them.

When, some years ago, it was proposed to colonize Algeria, the Government, in spite of the prejudices which were then in vogue against monks in general and the Trappists in particular, decided on addressing itself to them, as the most skillful and at the same time the most devoted of men. It asked the Father Abbot of La Trappe to be kind enough to send a colony of his monks to the barren shore of Staouëli, in order to attempt a struggle with nature that nobody dared undertake. Instead of recriminating, or of bargaining for devoting himself to such service, as ordinary men would have done, the Father Abbot contented himself with asking for a few days time for reflection. In spite of his infirmities, he departed for Algeria, and examined for himself the land which was proposed to him: it was a desert, which was to be made fertile. He perceived the difficulties to be immense but not insurmountable; he came back and accepted the proposal.

Soon after, a troop of Religious were seen to disembark on the coast of Africa, in the same place in which the French soldiers had disembarked in 1830. These Religious, modest in appearance but valiant at heart, a troop of the elect, a pacific army, came to wage war with more formidable enemies than the Arabs—namely, with hunger, thirst, sickness and all the deleterious powers of a barren and rebellious nature. The struggle was long and terrible—it was murderous; in less than ten years more than thirty Religious fell victims to this task, and died on this ungrateful soil fertilized by their sweat and still more by their prayers and their martyrdom. In order to point out the sort of obstacles they had to overcome, I shall content myself with saying that in many places they had to form the soil to the depth of six feet in order to render it fertile.

It needed the superhuman devotion, the absolute self-abnegation of the Trappists, to bear up under such trials; there, where any others than themselves must have fallen through, they held on and finally triumphed! The Monastery of Staouëli exists; it is founded and flourishing. The desert has been conquered, and its arid sands have been transformed into meadows, gardens, and fields of an admirable fertility. The Trappists at this moment cultivate twelve thousand acres of ground, a true artificial oasis created by the hand of man under the blessing of God; and their gardens, now become celebrated, suffice almost alone to provide Algiers with vegetables of every description.

Behold the Trappists, behold those incomparable men, whom people that know them not, that are not worthy of them, dare to speak of as lazy, as sluggards, useless alike to others as to themselves! Strange sluggards, who rise in the middle of the night, when the rest of men repose on beds certainly less hard than theirs; who provide for all their own wants; who feed thousands of poor; who till, at the peril of their lives, marshy and desert lands, and whose rough and austere discipline ignores the most innocent delicacies of life. Their day is divided almost equally between labor and prayer; labor, which sanctifies the body

—prayer, which sanctifies the soul. They work after the example of the Divine Saviour in the work-shop of Nazareth; after the example of Saint Bernard, their model and their father, who, having returned to his dear solitude after having combated error in the councils, converted nations, restored peace to empires and sovereigns, resumed his spade and his axe, stirred up the earth, cut wood, carried it on his shoulders like the least of the brothers, and found an infinite charm in these humble works! Thus do the sons of Saint Bernard at the present day, as they did seven hundred years ago; they work with their hands that they may not be a burden to their brothers, that they may chastise their bodies, and obey the great, the universal law of expiation. They pray because they know that man is not a body "alone," but that he is an intelligence and a heart—that he does not live by bread alone, but by truth and love.

What is it to live, if it be not to exercise, and develop by that exercise the faculties which God has given us? Now those live nobly and completely who pass their existence in exercising their bodies by work and their souls by the contemplation and love of the Eternal truth! Among all those who attack and calumniate the Trappists, is there one who lives as well, and who lives as much? Let them examine themselves sincerely; let them take out from their days the time and strength given to egoism, to their passions, to their vices, often even to corruption or to the hatred of their kind; let them count the hours that they employ for the poor whom they feed, the tears they wipe, the good they do themselves or others—then let them compare themselves to the Trappists, and then repeat to themselves, if they dare, that these despised Religious are not better and more useful than they.

England's Lawgiver, the good King Edward.

On the 13th of October the Church celebrates the festival of the most perfect type of a wise lawgiver, one whose name is above all praise, Saint Edward, King of England. In 1042, at the age of forty, he was called to govern the Kingdom of England. Formed in the school of adversity, he nourished in his heart every Christian virtue.

When called to govern a great nation, he firmly closed his heart to all ambitious desires, and consecrated his life to the propagation of religion, the establishment of civil liberty and the diminution of the heavy burden of onerous imposts which weighed so heavily upon the nation. He it was that laid the broad and deep foundation of the *Magna Charta*.

England's prosperity through long ages is Edward's praise; and if to-day England boasts of the freedom of her laws, it is to her Catholic Saint-King of the middle ages she owes them. And to the same sainted lawgiver we of the United States are indebted for the broad political basis of the Union, since it is well known to be founded upon the invaluable rights and immunities he left as his legacy to his subjects of England; and if to-day our nation thanks God for the end of our terrible civil war, she should not forget that the

foundation of the code of laws for which she fought, was formed by the Saint whom God in His mercy gave to England in her Catholic ages.

After having successfully put an end to the civil war which ravaged England, he abolished the odious tax of the *dane gelt*; and while using the royal revenues to alleviate the miseries of the poor and found asylums for the suffering, he refused to receive as personal gifts all sums raised by the nobles from the goods of their vassals, merely saying, "I thank you for your good will; but God preserve me from accepting a present wrested from the labors of the poor. Return that sum to those from whom you have taken it. God, to whom I give in giving to the poor, will know how to provide for all my wants."

He was pressed by his subjects to marry, and they proposed the beautiful and pious Edgitha, daughter of the celebrated and powerful Earl Godwin. But his love for the celestial virtue of purity had caused him to lead an angelical life under the vow of perpetual chastity, which with all his heart he had made to God, and placed it under the protection of the chaste and Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

After consulting God in earnest prayer, in order to reconcile the engagements of his conscience with the exigencies of his position, he had an interview with the daughter of Earl Godwin, in which he declared the solemn promise he had made to God, and offered to share his crown with her only on condition she would make a similar vow, to which the pious princess willingly acceded.

The pious King, who employed all the hours not devoted to the good of his subjects in exercises of piety, had a particular devotion to the Prince of the Apostles, Saint Peter, and, previous to his coronation, he had made a vow to go on pilgrimage to the tomb of the Apostle in Rome. On his accession to the throne he wished to fulfill it; but his nobles, appreciating the value of their saintly King, feared the troubles that might arise in his absence, and in a body strenuously opposed his journey. They made the strongest representations to dissuade him, and with tears besought him to abandon his design. The good Prince, touched by the grief of his people, whom he loved as his children, sent the Archbishops of York and Winchester to consult Pope Leo IX on the affair. The Pontiff replied, that the happiness of his people should be his first object; and if his pilgrimage would compromise their tranquillity, he would dispense with the accomplishment of his vow on condition that he would build and endow a monastery in honor of Saint Peter. Such was the occasion of the building of the celebrated Westminster Abbey. The pious King, by this munificent donation, hoped to erect a standing monument of his zeal for the Divine honor and of his devotion to the holy Apostle Saint Peter, and to establish a seminary of terrestrial angels whose praise would, through succeeding ages, bring blessings upon the land he loved so well. Alas, the sad days of impious Henry made woeful havoc in Catholic England, but Saint Edward's prophecy, of which we will speak anon, existed then and

still exists, to be, we may well hope, accomplished even in our own days.

In connection with the completion of Westminster Abbey, we are given by early writers a touching incident of this kindly Saint that draws tears to our eyes. Edward's eagerness to watch and superintend the completion of the building had induced him to take up his residence in the neighborhood. One morning Saxon and Norman nobles mingled with cowed monks and lay-brothers and the workmen of the Abbey to admire the stately minster. Their attention was arrested by a human creature, so deformed and misshapen that they doubted whether it could be a real being. The muscles of his legs were contracted so that the soles of his feet adhered to his thighs, and the poor creature could only move by means of a roller which he grasped in his hands, thus dragging himself along with great difficulty. He begged to see the King, but the men-at-arms ridiculed his request. A movement in the crowd indicated the approach of the King, who, seeking to know the cause of the confusion, was told that a poor beggar would fain thrust himself into his presence under pretext of some urgent message, and that he would not be kept back.

"And wherefore should he, or any of my subjects," said Edward, who at the same time seemed to recognize the poor cripple. "Come hither, if thou art able, Monadoe, and tell me what thou seekest. When last I saw thee, at the gate, they told me thou wert bound for Rome; the touch of the Holy Chair hath not restored thy limbs."

"Most gracious lord," answered the beggar, "even as thou seest me I have visited the seat of the Apostles, but have not been worthy to have the soundness of my body restored; but it was revealed to me that if thou, O my liege, in honor of the Blessed Peter, bear me on thy sacred shoulders to the church, health and strength shall be given these crippled limbs."

And now let the pride and arrogance and unbelief of our nineteenth century stand confounded and rebuked at what is related of the great King and wise lawgiver by his biographer, Ailred, whose words we quote:

"There might be seen hanging around the person of this illustrious King a wretched, sordid beggar, whose squalid arms and loathsome hands clasped together on that truly royal breast! Some of those who were present laughed outright at what they saw; others gibed and mocked, and declared that the King had been cajoled by a beggar-man, while others esteemed it but the utter folly and extreme simplicity of virtue. Little regarding their murmurs or remarks, the King walked on, absorbed in prayer. Nor did he pause until he reached the high altar-step, just completed, in the Abbey; and bearing the beggar, as though he had been a holocaust, he laid him down before the altar, and there resigned him to the care of God and Saint Peter. And the cripple arose and stood before the multitude erect and without a vestige of deformity or disease upon him."

The scene of this miracle, performed before the eyes of hundreds, and attested by many witnesses,

lies in the busy thoroughfare of worldly London; and amid the countless throngs who daily pass, how few know that in the eyes of God and His angels that path was once made holy and beautiful by the humility of the royal Saint who gave England her laws.

This holy King had a singular devotion to Saint John the Evangelist, the great model of holy purity, and it is related in his life that he was forewarned by that glorious Evangelist of his approaching death, in recompense of his devotion in never refusing any reasonable request made him for the sake or in the name of the Saint.

The devotion of Saint Edward to the Blessed Virgin was most tender and earnest. On the eve of her festivals, and every Saturday, he fasted in her honor, and as his death drew nigh he redoubled this devotion; at the same time he renewed with the utmost fervor the entire oblation which he had never failed all his life continually to make of his heart and of all he had or was, to the Divine glory, begging he might be made through the Divine mercy an eternal sacrifice of love. He was taken ill before the completion of the dedication of Westminster Abbey, and it was consecrated just in time to receive his relics and be made his shrine.

In the histories of his own times we find the last prophecy given, as uttered by his lips, as follows: "Raising himself from his sick bed, he seemed wrapt in ecstasy. A marvelous vigor seemed to animate the Saint. The beautiful color came back that was wont to be seen upon his cheek; his voice, of late so low and languid, became clear, and as he spoke there was an unearthly sweetness in his utterance." And he told those around how the blessed spirits of departed friends came, and by the command of God related what should befall England in after times. In words of prophecy they portrayed the falling off of merry England from her ancient faith and happiness; and as he bewailed and besought mercy for his children's land, the messenger of God made answer to him in parable, and said: "When a green tree, cut down from its trunk and separated at a distance of *three acres* from its parent root, shall, with no man's hand aiding it and *no necessity forcing it*, return to its parent stem, and ingrafted on its ancient stock shall have again its sap restored to it, and flower again and produce fruits, then may be hoped for some consolation of tribulation and a remedy for the adversity we have predicted."

The closing scene of Saint Edward's life has been given so eloquently in McCabe's Catholic History of England that we give the beautiful passage entire:

"Perceiving the Queen weeping abundantly, and constantly sighing, he said to her—'Weep not for me, daughter, for I shall not die, but live. I am departing from the land of the dying to live, as I believe, in our Lord's blessed land of the living.' So, commending himself totally and absolutely to God in the full faith of Christ, with all the Sacraments of Christ, and in the hope of the promises of Christ, this old man in the fullness of his days departed from this world; and his

pure spirit abandoning his pure flesh, was, as a victor, united and forever to the Creator of all spirits; and ascending, it was received by the citizens of Heaven and the ethereal key-bearer opened for it the gates of Paradise; whilst, in the fulfillment of his promise, John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, met the sanctified soul; and virgin associated with virgins, to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. It would not be possible to describe what mighty fear then fell upon the minds of men, nor what an amount of grief possessed their hearts, as if a thick, dark cloud had rested upon the entire island. It was with such feelings that the relations and friends of the King stood around his sacred remains, when suddenly the lifeless corpse assumed the semblance of that beatitude which had been bestowed upon Edward; for the countenance of the dead became suffused with a roseate hue, so pure and so entrancing that it seemed to come from Heaven, and was at once the admiration of all who gazed upon it. All marvelled at the spectacle; but still more were they astonished when they found his uncovered body glorious with beauty, and that the snow-white flesh seemed refulgent with a dazzling light, so that the honor of his stainless virginity was made manifest even to unbelievers. The royal remains were prepared for interment; the body was rolled up in precious linen and gorgeous robes, and at the same time the poor of Christ were relieved with abundant alms. The Bishops were present; crowds of priests and clerks were there; the earls of the kingdom, with nobles and thanes were assembled; and vast multitudes of both sexes gathered around the body of their King. On one side was to be heard the intoning of psalms, and on the other the shrill notes of grief which came from tearful crowds. In all places joy was commingled with sorrow; joy because of the King, who all were conscious had passed to Heaven; sorrow because by his death they knew themselves to have endured a loss that was irreparable. They bore to the church, that temple of chastity and abode of virtue, the body of the King, and they offered up for the King himself the Sacrifice of Salvation, and thus, in the place which he himself had determined upon, he was buried with all honor; and there until the last day lies his body, awaiting the blessed resurrection bestowed by our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be honor and glory now and forevermore. Amen."

The sepulchre of the Saint remains to this day; but the now desolate shrine was robbed of its jewels and costly treasures in the days of the impious Henry's Reformation (?) to pander to the passions of his court minions. Yet it still contains his precious relics, a richer treasure than all the jewels and wealth of which England can boast.

Let those who are fond of striking contrasts compare the deaths of England's chaste, charitable and sainted Catholic lawgiver with those of the proud, debauched and avaricious Reformer, Henry, and his co-Reformist, Elizabeth. The body of the first, exhibiting the resplendent glory of the beatified in death; the bodies of the latter, objects of

horror in their loathsomeness—of bloated, unrestrained passions in the father and of black despair in the daughter. If “by their fruits ye shall know them,” it is very easy to distinguish the fair tree of life that sheltered England and gave it an Edward, from the poisonous upas of Reformation which gave a Henry and Elizabeth. But do we not see, in our own days, the beginning of the accomplishment of the last prophecy of Saint Edward? And now, that three centuries after the religion which raised the Confessor to our altars had been rooted out from the land and the faith of England had been torn from its parent stem, we have seen in our own days that, “no man’s hand aiding it and no necessity forcing it,” the promise of a large “return to the parent stem,” and thousands are now hastening to be “ingrafted on the ancient stock” of the tree of life. The prophecy of the royal Saint held out the hope of better days, and we see its realization in the Mannings, Spencers, Newmans, Fabers, and that host of good men whom no one can number, who are hastening out of the shade of the deadly upas to ingraft themselves upon the tree of life.

To see the happiness of the good Confessor’s reign revived was the constant and highest object of all the temporal wishes of the English for many succeeding ages; and out of respect to the memory of Saint Edward, even during the days when his faith was persecuted throughout the land—up to the present day—the kings of England at their coronation receive his crown and put on his dalmatic and maniple. Should we not earnestly pray that his virtues and wisdom in the happy government of a great nation may become the portion of our own lawgivers and rulers? His life is supereminently one that ought to be studied and known by all classes: by the governed, that they may by their prayers obtain such rulers as Saint Edward—by those who govern, that they may contribute to the happiness of their subjects in imitating the founder and promulgator of *Magna Charta*, that keystone of our own code of civil liberty.

Mary’s Saint.

I knelt at the shrine of a royal Saint,
The patron of a noble land—
One who had challenged pride to leave a taint,
Although he wore its diamond band.
I knelt at the shrine of a kingly Saint,
On his great day of jubilee;
While loud and far men cried without restraint,
Were none so high, so great as he.

“Oh God!” I cried, “let Thy great servant touch
My aching heart in this grand hour;
Let him who loved so well, and gave so much,
Now prove for me his saintly power.
My heart is cold and hard in me,” I said,
“Nor can my eyes Thy beauty see;
My hope is gone: my love and faith are dead,
Through thy great Saint, oh, succor me!”

And still the organ pealed its jubilee,
And priests the fragrant censors swung;

Men prayed and women wept, while bent each
And louder the *Te Deum* sung; [knee,
But my heart was cold within me, my eyes
Irrev’rent wandered round the crowd,
Longing to pray as they, and recognize
The love that moved their praises loud.

I knelt at the shrine of an humble Saint,
Whose life was love for Mary mild—
Who never tried her graces sweet to paint
And prove himself indeed her child.
I knelt at the shrine of an humble Saint,
Who all unstained had walked with guilt;
And for those weary hearts that oft grew faint,
Had first this shrine to Mary built.

No choir rang out its pealing jubilee,
Nor any fragrant censors swung,
Nor flashing lights, as decked with gems we see,
From lofty ceiling swaying hung.
No worshiper knelt in the narrow aisle,
No knee bent at the altar stair:
Only silence and twilight came the while
I kept my quiet vigil there.

“Oh God!” I cried “my life is vain and weak,
And my soul’s faith cold and dead,
Fain would I pray Thee, let Thy servant speak,
Whose simple life to Mary led.”
And I thought of the daily life he wore
With prayers and deeds that no one knew,
And how broken-hearted ones he brought to love
Her Son, a Man of Sorrows too.

If e’er my earthly life should come to be—
It never, never can again—
But if my earthly life should seem to me
One starless night of grief and pain—
Then I should turn unto no altar famed,
’Midst flashing lights and pealing song,
To press for the Saint’s favor loudly claimed,
By the rushing, hurrying throng.

I should take my life and my heart (where first
My hope had found its narrow grave,)
Back to the silent, simple shrine, which erst
To Mary’s name her servant gave;
And I think, through the dim light around me,
Mary’s sweet eyes would bend again,
And the ice-chains would burst and I stand free,
From my wearisome weight of pain.

For she has borne the cross that comes to all,
Which is our key to Heaven’s gate;
And she has wept to see her loved one fall,
Sinking beneath his burden’s weight.
And as those who have passed the thorny road
Pray for those who are entering there,
So she feels all humanly when our load
Seems more than mortal strength can bear.

And as we kneel beneath her tender eyes,
How on our hearts sweet soothings fall!
And half we hear the strains of paradise,
And angel-tones that cheering call!
And if no martyr’s deeds may ever give
To us a martyr’s crown; though faint
And small the acts our quiet lives can live,
We yet may follow Mary’s Saint.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 7.—The Knight of Our Lady of Mercy.

Day was declining; already were the mists of the evening gathering in the valleys, when a horseman, who had been for some time skirting the valleys of the Mediterranean, plunged at once into a deep and winding ravine whose lofty sides were thickly clothed with pines. Both horse and rider gave proofs of a long and fatiguing journey; but, in spite of his well-worn mantle, soiled helmet and arms rusted with rain, the countenance of the young cavalier appeared radiant with happiness. With eager joy he spurred on his steed, casting as he went looks of tender interest around him, as though he recognized at every fresh turn of the road some dear familiar object; and the smile that played upon his lip and the tear that glistened in his eye indicated the emotions of his soul. When he reached a certain point of the road, he stopped. It was before a little image of our Lady, placed in a half ruined niche. There, joining his hands devoutly together, he cried aloud:

"Oh Mother of Mercy! thanks to thy tender care, I once more behold my country! Here, as I departed for the holy war, I made my vow before thee; and here, as it is meet, I promise to perform it. On this spot will I raise a chapel and hospice for pilgrims; hither will I myself come every year, to visit thy holy image; and on the same day will I relieve, with great devotion, thirty-three poor men, in honor of the thirty-three years which thy dear Son lived with thee on earth. Oh Virgin ever blessed, have pity on me."

With reason might Arthur D'Alvez thank the Lord, whose Almighty hand had delivered him from so many perils. He had gone to the Crusades as a faithful vassal of Saint Louis. Wounded at Mansura, he had endured a hard captivity in the house of an Egyptian emir, nor had he recovered his liberty till the King had paid a million bezants of gold for his follower's ransom, and surrendered Damietta in payment for his own freedom; and now, at last, he had returned over the seas to his own dear land of Provence, to the home of his fathers so fondly remembered. He was returning, it was true, a poor knight, possessed of nothing but his own good broadsword, but abundance awaited him in his father's halls; he was wearied and worn with travel, but what affectionate cares would not his mother and sister lavish upon him! He pictured to himself their joy, and in imagination anticipated his own.

He thought of the ancient retainers, who had known him from a child; he forgot not even his faithful dog, who perhaps already had instinctively divined the near approach of his master.

"Come, Valiant," said he to his horse, "let us push along; a few steps further, and we shall be at home. Once there, a good stable, plenty of fodder and careful grooming shall be yours. Push on then, Valiant, my brave steed!"

The docile animal commenced to canter, and soon the young traveler beheld through the increasing darkness the tall shadowy outline of the Castle of Alvez. His heart leaped within him at

the sight; but he observed with surprise that no light glimmered through the narrow windows; not a sound could be heard from the ramparts.

"They are in the northern hall," said he, as if to reassure himself. "My father is playing chess with the chaplain; my mother and sister ply the distaff; the varlets are busy somewhere. I'll soon make them hear me."

So saying, he took the horn that hung at his belt, and sounded the once familiar notes by which he was wont to announce his return from the chase. No answer. Seized with impatience he rode on; the draw-bridge was down in spite of the lateness of the hour. D'Alvez crossed it. Beneath the dark vault, over which rose the bell-fry tower, he found neither servants nor men-at-arms. He shouted; the echo of the ramparts alone replied. He advanced into the court, and all around him was silence, darkness—absolute solitude.

"Oh God!" he cried, "what has happened?"

At this moment the moon struggled through the thick mantle of clouds with which she was enveloped, and poured a flood of light upon the castle. D'Alvez gazed around him, struck with a secret and undefinable terror; and it seemed as if the life-blood froze in his veins when he beheld the scene of desolation that was then disclosed. The castle was a ruin; the roofs were uncovered, the windows displayed their gaping recesses, stripped of glass and hangings; masses of rubbish strewn the pavement of the court in every direction; fragments of richly carved furniture, costly armor, broken ornaments, parchments with large waxen seals attached, lay scattered on the ground; fire and pillage seemed to have spared nothing but the massive walls, which themselves bore the mark of the flames. At this sight D'Alvez leaped from his horse; and, almost beside himself with terror, opened a window, the fastenings of which some hostile hand had doubtless shattered, and entered the armor room, where once he used to tilt with his father and his old retainers.

"Father!" he called aloud, "father, where are you? Mother, Alice,—sister, answer me."

"Halloo! who calls?" replied a voice, which proceeded from the vast and gloomy hall.

D'Alvez rushed to the spot whence the sound seemed to come, stretched out his hands, and encountered the arm of a man clothed in a coarse garment of goat's hair.

"Who are you," cried the young Knight; and he dragged the unknown to the window, through which the beams of the moon were falling.

The two men looked into each others face, "Is it you? Is it indeed you, my lord?" as he fell at the feet of D'Alvez. "Are you still alive! Do you not know me? I am James Grant, the goat-herd, once the companion of your sports."

"Yes, I know you, my poor James. But—tell me—what has happened? My father, mother and sister— In the name of God where are they?"

The man drew back; then, with a look of deepest horror answered, as he grasped the young man's arm: "Your father, mother and the sweet Lady Alice are all dead—slain by John de Mel-

fort, the ancient enemy of your house. They lie buried in the chapel."

D'Alvez's knees tottered under him; he supported himself against the wall, and fixed his haggard eyes upon the goatherd.

The latter resumed: "It was believed that you had perished at Mansoura. Melfort, no longer fearing your return, fell upon us. Vassals, men-at-arms—all, were massacred. My lord was slain, defending Lady Alice; but she was pierced with an arrow and fell dead. Your poor mother then died of grief. The wretches pillaged the Castle, leaving the bodies of their victims without burial, but the Monks of Saint Benedict laid them in consecrated ground. For myself, I was left for dead in the corner of the court yonder; but I recovered from my wounds, and continued with my flock to inhabit the place in which I had been bred. I never believed that you were dead; I looked for your return, for I have something to say to you."

"What," said the young man eagerly.

"John de Melfort has a castle and a wife and daughter. Revenge is sweet."

Next day broke in fair and calm. A man clothed in a white habit, and wearing a scapular, on which shone a red cross, was approaching along the path that led to Elvira. He walked with a firm step, seeming to contemplate with delight the leafy thickets, the banks covered with wild thyme, the ripple of the sparkling stream which ran babbling along its rocky bed. He repeated from time to time, in an under tone, verses from the psalms, as though using the strains of the royal Prophet to sing the praises of the Lord of all. Stopping before the walls of the Castle, he cast his eyes over the ruined towers, and said to himself—"I will go into the chapel and pray a moment over its deserted tombs."

He crossed the drawbridge, no longer guarded by men-at-arms; he entered the court-yard, and appeared struck with astonishment on beholding a young man standing with his back against the ramparts and gazing with mournful countenance on the havoc that surrounded him. The monk approached; and moved by a lively feeling of compassion, thus addressed him:

"My son, what dost thou alone in this deserted place? The masters of the Castle are no more. But you look pale and wan; are you ill? Tell me? If you are hungry, I have bread and figs in my wallet; if you are ill, I am somewhat of a leech."

While the good Religious was thus speaking with tender earnestness, D'Alvez slowly raised his head, and casting on him a look at once cold and calm, said, in a low voice more terrible than the wildest cry of despair—"I am Arthur D'Alvez."

"What, my dear son," exclaimed the monk, "are you then alive? Alas, it has been God's will to lay most heavy trials upon you; yet doubtless He has given you the strength and faith to bear them. But why remain here? You have relations and friends, who will rejoice to welcome you. I beseech you, my son, to leave this sad place, where every thing conspires to arouse your grief."

"Never will I leave this Castle," was the emphatic reply of D'Alvez.

The monk, though still young, had long sounded the lowest depths of man's heart. He well knew how a smooth brow and a placid smile often covers the bitterest and most excited feelings, and the fiercest passion disguises itself under a tranquil mien, as the burning volcano lies concealed beneath its veil of snow. Taking, then, the young man's hand, and fixing on him his dark eye, mild yet penetrating, he said—

"My son, you will not leave these ruins because you are nursing, not your grief, but your revenge; and there where you stand you meditate less upon your father than on John de Melfort."

"And what if I resolve to revenge the evil he has done me—will it not be just?"

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay it, saith the Lord. No, my child, it is not just to intrench on the rights that belong to God, and by an untimely and violent death to rob the sinner of the day of repentance which God might perchance give him. I say to you, from that God who will be your Judge, vengeance is not yours; and again I say to you, from Him who is your Saviour—"By patience shall you find peace to your soul." When you have made desolate your enemy's hearth, will you find your own restored? When you have plunged the sword into the hearts of his wife and daughter, will your mother and sister rise from the dead? When you have burdened your conscience with the load that now oppresses his, will your own be more light?"

"Father," interrupted D'Alvez, "you are a man of peace; you cannot understand me."

"My son, before I became a monk I was a man of war, like yourself; before I put on this habit I wore the breast-plate and belt of a knight. I felt the excitement of passions. I speak to you, then, as one who has had the experience of human glory; and I tell you that if to your blinded eyes there be certain grandeur in an insatiable revenge, there is that which is infinitely greater and more noble in the generous forgiveness which triumphs, not over an enemy prostrate at our feet, but over the haughty passions of our own heart."

"But, Father, you do not understand me; I pray you leave me."

"My son, my brother, I will not leave you; for the hour of despair is no time for good resolutions. God has sent me here. Blessed be His divine providence, which does nothing in vain."

"But know you," cried D'Alvez impatiently,—"you who want me to forgive like a coward—know you the evil this man has done me? Do you know that after two long years of captivity, I return with a heart bounding with hope and joy, longing for love, full to overflowing with the tenderest affection for my aged parents and my young sister; and, thanks to this Melfort, find instead of my father's hearth yon three tombstones? Did he not revenge, on a few poor vassals, an old man and two women, the wrongs of his ancestors; and shall I not render him woe for woe, pang for pang? I tell you that all night, as I paced these deserted courts, by the side of the graves where all I love lie buried, I heard dear familiar voices

crying 'Strike and avenge us,' and I *will* obey."

"No, my son; your grief deceives you. I knew those for whom you mourn. Your father was a just man, your mother a noble and pious lady, your young sister an angel of innocence. They have entered into the rest of the saints, and they pray for the pardon of their murderer; they heap upon his head, not the burning coals of vengeance, but the riches of a glowing charity. Oh no, blessed souls, it is not revenge you ask of the Lord; you ask but to see your enemy pardoned and throned in glory with you for all eternity. But your child, your brother, still bound with the cords of flesh, cannot understand you."

"Your words grieve me," said D'Alvez, "and yet your voice is that of a friend."

"Ah, doubt it not, my brother; that grief of which you have made me sole confidant binds us together forever. In the name of the friendship with which you have inspired me, grant me one favor. Our monastery is not far hence; deign to accept its hospitality. Our house will be your home; there you will find fathers and brothers ready to welcome you; and your projects, whatever they be, will ripen in silence and reflection. Leave this dreary place, and come to the abode which the Lord offers you."

"Who are you? What are you?" asked the young man.

"I am a Knight of our Lady of Mercy," replied the monk, "and my name is Peter Nolasco."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Name of Mary.

The dearest name

To Eva's daughters ever given!
Best loved on earth, best loved in Heaven;
Revered since bright Archangel came
With holiest message unto one
Who wore it as a lily fair,—
Who brought us life, by saying there:
"Thy will be done."

It seemeth strange

That others after *Her* should bear
That name of grace;—the jewel rare
Which pales not in a world of change,
Should but adorn a queenly brow;—
And ill accords that fragrant wreath
With the world-tarnished hearts beneath
That meet us now!

Yet would I part

With every other gift I hold:
And—were they mine—with gems and gold,
And human ties that bind the heart,
Rather than that most cherished name,
Which 'neath the noblest domes hath rung,
Which radiant choirs above have sung
With one acclaim.

And will not He—

The Son of Man who reigns on high,
Regard her with a clement eye—
Though stained her spirit's robe may be,
Who sought, who won no other fame,
And prized above the rarest gem
In earth's most envied diadem,

His Mother's Name?

It is a link

In pity sent to one so weak,
To draw me to the home I seek—
To stay my step on folly's brink:
It is to me a starry light,
That beams when other lights grow pale,
To guide the feet that else should fall
In sorrows night.

Ah! if I gain,

Through storm and calm, that port at last,
Where doubt shall be forever past,—
How light the toil! how light the pain!
But shall I in that hour lay down
This chaplet of my pilgrim years,
And at her feet who dried my tears,
Return the crown?

Or, doubly blest,

If she who on the pilgrim smiled,
But claims me fondly as her child,
In that dear, Promised Land of rest!
If she but call me still the same,
And to my prayer the boon impart,
Forevermore to hold that claim
Upon her heart!

BEAVER, PA., Sept. 6, 1865.

Weekly Chronicle.

First Feast of Blessed John Berchmanns in Rome.

As a festival, such as that we have just been keeping here in Rome, cannot come around again for many a day, I venture to believe that your readers will care for a fuller account of it than that which the limits of one of her able letters will allow your correspondent to give.

The approach of the feast of so young a Saint has naturally aroused a great deal of fervor among us. It was impossible that the consideration of the life of Blessed John should fail to make a deep impression; for it was a life only distinguished by its sweet simplicity and happy joyousness, and by the uncommon exactitude and merry-heartedness with which he performed his most trivial duties and seized the merest opportunities, and so a life unmarked by those extraordinary favors which make us ordinary men hold our breath and almost despair. From the Beatification up to Friday last there has been no cessation to the novenas, and every morning's little function has attracted considerable numbers. *Et cetera* had begun to gather about his pictures, and the visits to the altar over which it was placed had been frequent and general. Your readers will remember that, by what seemed a strange ordering of Providence, the first movement towards the Beatification of Blessed John fell through, and that his body, after laying apart for several years in expectation of the resumption of the cause, was taken off to the common burial place, and laid there with no other mark but his name written in ink upon the whitewashed case of lead that contained what was believed to be his body. Before the ink had faded, Almighty God interposed, and some suitable miracles recalled Blessed John to memory. It was then

thought wise to open the case and verify the body. This turned out no easy matter—the leaden case was not the original coffin, and all that was known was that on the original coffin there had been a leaden tablet scratched with his name. This was searched for, apparently in vain; and only after recovering the bones and dust and pieces of coffin, was it found in the bottom of the case. Soon after this, Benedict XIV inaugurated a new movement; but the political difficulties of the last and the present century has retarded the accomplishment of the pious desire until our own times. It would seem as if Almighty God had been reserving for this obscure Flemish lad a destiny grander than that of his two nobler brothers. The marvelous charity of the sweet-souled Polish boy, and the strange union of the deepest penance with the brightest innocence that marks the young Italian Prince will always tell upon individual rules. But the every-day life of Blessed John, who went through the ordinary duties of his state, and improved his opportunities with so grand a fervor and heroicity as to make every one who reads his life feel utterly ashamed of his own laxness and laziness and stupidity, will probably tell more widely upon the body of Christian youth so tempted to be disloyal and half asleep, when the world is first pool-pooling the idea of being loyal to Jesus Christ, and yearns for Him as it never dared do before.

For many weeks past, preparations have been going on in the Church of the Roman College. The Church of Saint Ignatius, one may as well say, is a very large church, and more than double the size of the renowned Gesu. It has a wide and lofty nave, and two good aisles, which are more properly a succession of large chapels, three on either side. These are entered from each other by arches resting on lofty pillars. Fine round arches and pillars open from the nave into the aisle chapels, though the division is really made by massive piers set with Corinthian pilasters. Only one of the chapels has marble pillars, and is coated with marble, but the pillars of this Chapel of Saint Joseph—the upper part of which marks the corridor wherein was the room in which Saint Aloysius died—are coated with Sicilian jasper; the walls are covered with finest marbles, and the altar columns are of verd-antique. All the chapels have cupolas, but this cupola of Saint Joseph's Chapel is the only one that is painted. There are paintings also on the upper walls of this chapel. As compared with this, the other chapels are bare and white-washy, and the stuccoed pilasters of the nave and the stucco frieze above them, and the brick pavement, create an impression rather damaging until the eye takes in the scale of the building and rests on the painted roof, upon which the famous Jesuit artist, Father Pozzi, lavished his strange perspective in the apotheism of Saint Ignatius and the earlier saints of the Society. Passing from the nave, there are the transepts, which form two immense chapels, decorated alike with a wealth of fine marbles. The floors are patterns of colored marbles, the grand balustrades of the altars are of

fine yellow and verd-antique, the *dais* of the sanctuary is all of fine marble, the rather heavy looking Corinthian pediment over the altar is of yellow and verd-antique, and each rests on four serpent twisted columns of verd-antique, of great size, with gilt capitals and bases, and gilt leaves wreathed around them. All around the altars and walls are variegated marbles. Over each altar is a grand relief, the figures colossal. To the right, as we face the high altar, is Saint Aloysius borne to heaven by angels, his figure in high relief and the *pose* and expression very striking and of a masterly beauty. To the left is a famous Annunciation in half relief, designed by Father Pozzi. Under the altar, to the right, in a beautiful urn of *lapis lazuli*, richly decorated and guarded by boy-angels, lies Saint Aloysius. Under the altar of the Annunciation has been placed the body of Blessed John, not as yet in an urn of *lapis lazuli*, but in one made like the other, and painted with that power of imitating marble which these Roman workmen possess so largely. It is also richly gilt, and its centre medallion is a silvered bust of Blessed John, as he lay dead on his pillow. Here the boy-angels are made only of plaster, but they are very happily cast, and while one holds up his beloved crucifix and rosary, the other holds his equally dear book of the Constitutions.

The aspect of the church which I have so lamely described has been for the last few days in course of transformation. Every inch of stucco and bareness in the nave and transepts and chancel has been covered with hangings or panelings of crimson velvet or silk damask, and cloth of gold and silver. The white pilasters were turned into pilasters of crimson, richly banded with gilt lace, the columns were covered with velvet and patterns of gilt and silver lace disposed upon them. The round form of the arches were traced in velvet and gilt lace and the very keystones were gilt. The inner side of the arches were richly draped with crimson silk and velvet, and white muslin festooned with gilt and silvered lace. Before the chapels of the Immaculate Heart and Saint Joseph, the white muslin was supplanted by cloth of silver. The stucco figures of the frieze stood out from a crimson background, and nothing was left bare but the masonic cornice of marble with its fine mouldings, which was only gracefully festooned, and the capitals of the columns, white or gilt, and their marble bases. Curtains of white and red silk draped the great entrance of the church, and immediately over the door, inside, was a painting representing Blessed John as he lay exposed in the church after death. At the other end of the church the high altar was canopied in crimson velvet and cloth of silver, and the fine columns at the apex, cased in velvet, were covered with the richest devices. Under the canopy was an oval painting of Blessed John rising to Heaven. All about the altar, and the two projecting singing galleries just outside the sanctuary, the paneling was of the richest kind and tastiest devices.

Besides all this, there were the arrangements for lighting the church. The cornice of the nave and transepts was lit with tall wax candles, four or five

feet long, arranged in groups of threes, fives, sevens, and elevens, of gradations in height caused by the form of the branches which held them. Every arch in the nave was traced by five glass chandeliers of large candles. The capitals of the pilasters were also traced in chandeliers. Immense chandeliers of rare large candles hung in the arches, and marked the line of the pilasters. The great arch of the chancel was completely traced out from near the ground on either side by large chandeliers. A similar arch of light traced out the commencement of the apse. In the galleries, on the walls, in the lines of the transepts were lights dispersed in chandeliers or in branches. A very beautiful effect was produced over the canopy of the high altar by a tasteful arrangement of some very tall lights about the famous words that are painted there: "*Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero.*" I endeavored to count the lights, and made a reckoning which I feel since was under the mark. Not including the six lights upon every altar, the double rows on some of the altars, the number of lights about the altar of Blessed John, the lights on the high altar, which at the close of Sunday's functions were considerably increased, not including any sanctuary lights, I reckoned them at one thousand nine hundred and fifty. The effects of this temple traced in light may perhaps be imagined by any of your readers who have seen a grand Roman *Festa*; to describe it to those who have not would utterly exceed my poor powers of description. It was the grandest thing I ever saw; it was at once complete and unique, and had none of that distance and vastness which makes the interior lighting of Saint Peter's seem quite beyond one's grasp to realize. The windows were all curtained, so as to make the effect more preceptible.

All this preparation came to an end on Thursday, and Thursday evening was fixed for the translation of the body, which had been taken some weeks ago from the common sepulchre and carried in state to the upper chapel. From this it had been borne on Thursday to the Aula Maxima, the upper corridor of the Quadrangle, and there it lay in state till six o'clock. The corridors of the Quadrangle, along which the procession was to pass, had been prepared with much taste. The inner walls were hung with silk and satin damask, and Prince Barberini had lent his famous old Scripture tapestries, which went round the whole line of windows. The arches were hung with white and red silk curtains, and the upper was filled in with red and white and yellow and white arranged in fluted rays with capital effect. In the corridor facing the great entrance were suspended large oval portraits of the five stars of the Roman College, each filling an arch. In the centre was placed Blessed John, having on his right Saint Aloysius and Blessed Leonard of Porte Maurice, and on his left Saint Camillus of Lellis and Blessed John Baptist de Rossi. Under the portrait of Blessed John was this inscription:

"Joanni Berchmans
Quinto ex condiscipulis nostris
Ad cœlitum honores evecto
Etenim festo cultu exornavimus."

There were flowers in plenty dispersed about the picture; between the arches were stands of flowers, and in the piers were placed elegant couplets, happily expressing his various virtues, while the pavement was a mass of bay leaves and box.

At six o'clock the procession began to leave the Maxima, chanting the *Te Deum*. The procession was very long. It was headed by the cross-bearer of the Sodality of the Prima Primaria and his attendants, the cross-bearer being the son of a prince of one of the oldest Roman families. Then came the externs of the schools with their professors—as far as philosophy. The members of the colleges and seminaries came next, in their various uniforms. Behind the German College came the cross-bearer of the church and the Jesuit novices, scholastics, and professors, all in *collars*, followed by the Bishop, the Archbishop of Selucia *in partibus*, with his ministers. Then came the choir of the Roman College, and boys strewing flowers. The chest which contained the body was borne by five scholastics in dalmaticas, who bore on their shoulders the velvet covered poles of the bier, rich with crimson and gold, and richly canopied, which supported the chest. On the chest itself was a white silk pall and a large wreath of rare flowers, festoons of rare flowers decorating also the bier. The Jesuit Fathers from the other houses followed the bier, and various other persons admitted to the procession, which was closed in by the band of gendarmerie. This procession had a striking character of its own—for in it there were many men, walking humbly, who have earned a reputation wide as civilization. Every one carried a long taper, and by the time the body entered, and the procession began to move up the nave, the effect in the church was very remarkable. The throng in the corridors had been notable, but there no women were allowed. But in the church had gathered a vast crowd; the kneeling sea of heads in the dim nave and aisles contrasted with the stage of lights in the transepts about the high altar—the whole illumination coming from the tapers of the procession, as only a few lights burned on the high altar and the Altar of the Annunciation. Through that crowd the bier was borne up to the high altar, and set down before it, while the *Iste Confessor* was sung and the Collect said. It was then borne to its resting place, and deposited on the new altar, and later placed privately in the urn.

Saturday.—This second day of the *Triduo* was marked by many more Communion and by a vaster crowd of worshippers. A peculiarity of to-day was a Greek Low Mass at the high altar at which the students of the Greek College made their Communion. The High Mass of to-day was pontificated by an Augustinian Bishop, Monsignor Michæli, and was remarkable for its exceeding beauty. Thundering orchestras are very rare in Rome, and the double choir of the Roman College needed no orchestra. In the pauses of the voices, instruments were to-day introduced with splendid effect. The panegyric was preached by Father Gallerani, a young Ferrarese Jesuit, who has a great reputation in Rome. His secret lies in this: his words literally

burn by their earnestness and fullness of meaning. To-day he preached from the words '*Inspice, et fac secundum exemplar quod tibi in monte monstratum est.*' The *monte* was the Vatican, and the words were the Pope's words to the Christian youth of the world. He powerfully contrasted the manners of B. John with the manners current among the youth of our days—the true philosophy of his self education with the false philosophy of theirs. He preached for quite an hour, but no one seemed weary of listening. At the Vespers, the venerable Capuchin Bishop of Muro, in Naples, pontificated. The voices of the boys seemed to have reached perfection, and there were some fine solos by members of the Papal Chapel. The crowd beggars all description.

Sunday.—The day of the feast was equal to the most sanguine desire. The doors of the church were opened at half past five a. m. A large crowd was waiting outside as early as five. By seven o'clock the church was so full that it was difficult to make one's way. Communion was incessant, and priests were stationed to give Communion out of Mass, to prevent any delay in the Masses. Several Cardinals said Mass, and members of schools and religious ladies visited the shrine. There were offerings of choice flowers; mothers brought their children to lay them before the altar, or to have them, if sick, touched by a relic. At eight o'clock the students of the college entered in solemn procession, singing the Psalms of our Lady. All the college and seminaries that attend the Gregorian University, and are still in Rome, were present. There were borne in the procession wreaths and baskets of magnificent flowers and letters to B. John, which were deposited at his altar. At the high altar Cardinal Sacconi said Mass for the students, and gave Communion, with the assistance of a priest, to the vast numbers. Every one received a compendium of the Saint's life, and the Mass, which was raised by mottets, ended with a grand *Te Deum*. At half-past ten the High Mass was pontificated by Monsignor Castellacci, Viceregent of Rome. The crowds that were present during the morning were beyond all comprehension, for the feast had also attracted whole multitudes of people from the country. The amount of demands for pictures, big and little, and the lives of the Saints and compendia of lives during the three days, reached a height which seemed to threaten beggary to the college. The church was not shut till long past one, and at three there were numbers waiting in the burning August sun at the different doors of the church and college. The visits to the rooms in the afternoon can only be described as the passing and repassing of continuous streams. The only visitors were of course males, but they were persons of almost every grade of life. The workhouse boys were prominent amongst the number. The room of Saint Aloysius and the chapel wherein Saint Stanislaus was received into the Society were equally public. The sight in the church beggared all experience of Roman crowds. Happily, a Roman crowd is one of the gentlest and most good tempered in the world, or in such a scene as that of yesterday afternoon in the

Church of Saint Ignatius, there would have been some serious difficulties. Everybody had his or her prayer to say before the shrine that was glittering with light and set with the rarest flowers. The panegyric was not long but very eloquent, and preached by Monsignor Anivetti, Domestic Prelate of the Pope. The Vespers were pontificated by Monsignor Clemente, Bishop of Damascus. Their elaborate singing was so curtailed that they were finished by the *Ave Maria*. There were fewer solos, but the voices of the boys were at their best, and the harmonies beautiful beyond description. More lights were placed about the high altar, and the appearance of the church at the close of Vespers was quite indescribable. The people still crowded the church, not dwindling off as they generally do at the close of Vespers, and Benedictus followed. When the Blessed Sacrament was exposed the *Te Deum* began. As the choir and the congregation sang alternate verses, the effect was extremely grand. Then followed a fine *Tantum ergo* by the choir, and the Bishop gave Benediction. The corridors of the Quadrangle were once more swarming with men and boys, and the rest of the congregation stayed to look at the façade of the church traced out cleverly in light. A military band was stationed there, and the Piazzis was more or less full for a long time. The other parts of the college were also illuminated and the neighboring houses contributed their quota of lights.

In this way came to a close those three happy days, and the first Feast of Blessed John Berchmanns will be a life-long memory to the least as well as the greatest who took part in it. The effect that may come of it, who shall attempt to measure? God's ways are not our ways. But surely not for nothing will He have allowed this young life to come so vividly before the youth of Rome in these evil days. There must be something great to come out of a life that has attained honor greater than ever king or emperor, even amongst his fellow men, through the turning his back entirely upon all that the world holds up for love and reverence.—*London Tablet*.

Death of Right Rev. Bishop Smyth.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, September 23.

Right Rev. Clement Smyth, Bishop of Dubuque, died suddenly at his residence in this city to-day, of dysentery. He was taken ill the first of the week, but was not considered dangerously ill until last night. He has been Bishop for the past eight years, and has resided in this vicinity for over twenty years.

Such is the sad news. Bishop Smyth was one of the first Trappists who came to this country. At the time of his appointment to the Bishopric of Dubuque, he held the office of Abbot at New Melleray, Iowa. By a strange coincidence, our first pages are devoted to the life and spirit of the Trappists; what is there said of the Order, may equally apply to the saintly Bishop,—that Rule was his life for many long years. While grieving for the loss sustained by his Diocese, may we not hope that such a life on earth, was but the prelude to his true life in Heaven.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Mission of Zanzibar, Eastern Shore of Africa.

Letter from Rev. Father Horner, Missionary of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Heart of Mary:

MY REV. FATHER: Having several times read, in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, that you would send your pious and useful publication gratuitously to those missionaries who would write you at least once a year, I now claim your generous promise for the mission of Zanzibar, whose direction has been confided to me.

I most willingly promise to send you, every year, a letter containing the most interesting facts relative to the apostolic ministry which we exercise on this eastern shore of Africa, so little known in Europe. And I am sure it will give you great consolation to learn that, since I have established the Apostleship of Prayer in this country, we seem to live a new life, so abundantly do the benedictions of God descend upon this young and interesting mission. And why not tell you the whole truth, since the glory of the good realized among us has gushed from the Sacred Heart of Jesus, source of all good and benediction?

Our mission has suffered much from financial embarrassments, which are now partially removed, thanks to the lively sympathy excited for this work of charity in France and the Isle of Bourbon. And whence can we trace the source of this generous sympathy, except to the prayers of the Apostleship of Prayer? It is therefore my firm conviction that your beautiful work aids our missions by your spiritual resources, in the same manner that the work of the Propagation of the Faith assists them with material aid.

You will not, then, be astonished, Rev. Father, if I solicit from your charity a little portion of the prayers of your pious Associates for the success of this mission, which is exclusively occupied with the regeneration of the African race, one of the most unhappy, most abandoned and the most worthy of compassion.

Alh, Rev. Father, if your eyes could see what I see, and your heart feel what I sometimes feel, how anxious would you be to stimulate more and more the zeal of those who are ranged under the banner of the Sacred Heart, and to urge them to pray that we may obtain the victory over the enemy of salvation!

Permit me to relate some facts which will give you a faint idea of the humanity of the Arabs. The two largest girls brought up by the Sisters of our mission have been found, one in a grave-yard the other on the sea shore. Their master, despairing to cure them, had cast them off as useless animals. Some months ago, as we were crossing the Arabian cemetery, we noticed something moving in the grass. We went near, and perceived to our surprise a little boy about seven years of age. He was emaciated to the last degree and covered with ulcers. He said to us, in tones capable of piercing the most insensible heart: "Sir, I have been here five days; I have eaten the grass like the asses."

We hastened to carry him to the mission, where

the good Sisters could not refrain from tears at seeing this poor little creature, who really resembled Job upon his dunghill. When his strength was partially restored by proper care, he related his little history in the following terms:

"I came from the shore of Africa in a ship. I suffered greatly during the voyage and contracted the disease from which I am now suffering. My master gave me Arabian medicine to cure me—that is to say, he applied red hot iron to all my ulcers; and when he saw that I did not recover from the disease, he had me carried to the grave-yard, where, during the nights, I had great difficulty to keep off the jackals that threatened to devour me."

We soon baptized the poor child, who was very intelligent, and gave him the name of Diédonne, (God-given.) Three days later he ascended to Heaven to be the protector of the mission to which he is indebted for his eternal happiness. Some days afterwards we found on the sea shore a little boy, who had also been cast away by his master. This unfortunate little negro had not strength enough left to tell us of his misfortunes, and a few days after his baptism his soul returned to its God. The next day a young man was brought to us who had fallen from a tree. We had barely time to baptize him before his death; praising once more the goodness of God, that, according to Saint Thomas, rather than see a soul perish that had been faithful to the natural law, would send an angel to give him baptism. We have now in our hospital for the blacks an old negro who had been cast off by his master. One day, as the Sisters of the mission were passing the grave-yard, they met this poor creature, who had gone there to die. "What are you doing there?" they asked him. He replied that his master had turned him out of doors, telling him to go and die in the grave-yard, since he could neither work nor even walk from door to door to beg his bread. We received him into the hospital, and as he possesses excellent dispositions, we will give him baptism in a few days.

We have already received in this manner many lepers, whom we have had the consolation of baptizing—but I fear to weary you by speaking of these events in detail.

As you see, Rev. Father, the Arab is merciless to misfortune. His slave is absolutely his beast of burden. As long as he can labor it is the interest of his master to keep him, but when the poor slave's days of usefulness are over he is literally turned out of doors to starve. Behold this Mahometan civilization, so much lauded by certain morbid European minds!

As the negroes on this coast of Africa are generally simple, good and well disposed to embrace our holy religion, I hope in a few years to have flourishing Catholic congregations.

We have in our mission, at present, thirty-one boys and twenty-one little girls. Every little boy whom we buy from slavery costs us the moderate sum of five dollars, and the girls eight dollars. The slave market of Zanzibar is at all times well provided with these poor children.

A generous Catholic from Alsace has made an endowment by which our mission will annually receive five dollars, for the purchase of a child, who will be educated a Catholic at our mission. I have every reason to believe that this beautiful example will be imitated by other generous souls; for what is this insignificant sum in comparison with the eternal happiness it will procure for a poor soul who without this alms might never see God.

I am familiar with the children of Europe, and I have worked nine years for the conversion of the blacks in the Isle of Bourbon, and I can certify that if the children of our present mission are inferior in intelligence to the whites and to the civilized blacks, they are also inferior to them in malice, and they joyfully embrace a religion which speaks as powerfully to the heart as to the mind.

Two things are necessary for our success—material resources and a greater number of missionaries. For the first, the fruitful charity of Europe, through the Apostleship of Prayer, will provide; but, for the missionaries, it is a little more difficult. Our African plains are greatly dreaded; and the fear that bodily strength would sink under the fatigues of the apostleship deter many; but this is an old and worn out excuse. It was powerfully urged to discourage me, and now I have labored ten years in mission and still enjoy excellent health. Are the words of Saint Paul no longer remembered: "I can do all in Him who strengthens me?" And will they not have a right to count largely upon the graces of state which God will send them?

Another may perhaps be frightened by the insuperable labors of the apostolic ministry, but let me ask him where is the career in which one sleeps habitually on beds of roses? Where the social position that has no thorns? And where can one avoid the common heritage of fallen humanity? We must suffer, it matters not in what position we are placed; this is the law of God.

In conclusion, permit me to acknowledge, through the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, our deep gratitude for all that generous Christian souls have done for our work by alms and by their prayers. I make a special *memento* of them in all my Masses, and the first Sunday of every month I usually offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass, for all the benefactors of the Mission of Zanzibar.

The Friends of the Heart of Jesus—The Blessed Imelda Lambertini, Virgin.

The name of Lambertini is one of the glories of Bologna. Few families have been more illustrious in the world and in the Church. Who does not know Benedict XIV and his pontificate?—But long before this great luminary enlightened the Christian world, Bologna saluted, in the bosom of the same family, the rising and the setting of another star, whose gentle rays were but shown to the earth and then withdrawn to Heaven. Nothing is more celestial than the life and death of the Blessed Imelda. She was born in 1325. Her historian relates that there was never any thing

puerile noticed about this child. When she was in her mother's arms there was a wonderful gravity in the manner she lisped her first words, and the gracefulness and modesty of her gestures charmed all who beheld her. Whenever she experienced any childish grief it was only necessary to speak to her of God, and she was immediately consoled; but if they sought to amuse her with frivolous anecdotes or tales, her tears continued to flow. As she grew older she loved to pray, to recite the Rosary and to make little oratories; and she spoke of the things of God, as a person experienced in spiritual life.

At the age of ten she resolved to do some thing great for her dear Lord, whom she so tenderly loved. In her noble family's house she was surrounded with all things that could possibly delight the heart of youth, but looking with contempt on all the splendors that were promised her she began to sigh after the charms of poverty, chastity and obedience.

Not far from Bologna was a monastery of fervent Religious. Imelda was obliged to shed many tears to free the barriers which were closed against her extreme youth; but at length she was admitted, and in her frail and delicate body she practiced the most rigid austerities. So attentive was she to mortify the inclinations of her heart, so faithful to all religious exercises, that it was a subject of astonishment to see a mere child serve as a model even to the most ancient. Nothing more profoundly touched Imelda than the thought of the Blessed Eucharist. She could not assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, without betraying the emotions of her soul by her ardent sighs. One thing was the cause of deep sorrow to heart: it was, that on festival days, while the Religious received Holy Communion, she alone was deprived by the advice of her confessor, who considered she was yet too young; he only thought of her age, but God regarded her heart and its desires.

One day, while she was indulging a holy envy in contemplating the happiness of her companions, and sighing with all the ardor of her love for the Bread of Angels, a host similar to those which the Religious received visibly descended from Heaven and rested above the head of the Saintly child. The Sisters, seeing it, immediately informed the priest; who, understanding from this sign the will of God, approached with respect, and receiving the Sacred Host on the paten communicated the young virgin.

Who could describe the feelings of Imelda! Her soul could not support her great happiness. Gently closing her eyes, as if falling asleep, Imelda resigned her soul to Jesus Christ, her Spouse, and left her innocent body in the hands of the deeply affected Religious. She was in her eleventh year.

The miracle of this death, crowning a life which from the age of reason had been a continual aspiration toward the Holy Eucharist, shows us how agreeable such desires are to the Heart of Jesus. And how dear to the faithful should be the pious and easy practice, so much recommended by the directors of souls under the name of spiritual Communion.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

JEWEL BROOK COTTAGE,
Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.

MY LITTLE CHILDREN: In my last communication to you I had stopped at Chicago—now I think you may prefer coming home with me, to our quiet little home in one of the prettiest little villages in the Green Mountain land, and I will resume the thread of my journey to give you the opportunity. You had better improve it, as you may not have another as good a one, perhaps, for a long time to come, and I would like to have you get a little acquainted among the Mountains, as I have a story laid up to tell you, of a vision or visit of Saint Joseph to the little daughter of our first and most renowned military chieftain, many years since, as she was at play on one of our pleasant river banks among these mountains. But I will reserve the story till after we arrive at the Cottage. I will look out first for your ride in the cars with me—this ride is all imagination, you know, just as children play “make-believe,” and don’t always forget when grown up. But as we are not quite ready to start, or the cars are not due at the station for some time yet, I may as well tell you a little about my stop here meantime. At least I must introduce you to my little year-and-a-half lily-bud niece. So gracefully coy she lifted her little head to study new found Aunt, you would surely have named her a lily too. Dear babe-child, she soon found Aunt Murie’s arms a better place than mamma’s sofa for a nap, and like a little white dove she would nestle there, as if just happy enough, while Auntynursed her to sleep with low-sung Hail Marys. Dear little thing, she seemed to have an intuition of their merit, and we never sang her any other cradle-song. One day I went out with her papa and mamma to visit a beautiful new cemetery about six miles from the city that is called ‘Graceland. She was carried too; and little one, tranquil as a lily in the waters, watched all the attractions we slowly passed on the way; and during the delightful afternoon, whether papa carried her in his arms through the pleasant lanes or we sat in the delicious shade refreshed by the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, this dear child just took her happiness so easy, and sat so serenely charmed, with papa or Auntyn, as we pleased to arrange it, she was not only completely happy herself, but more of a picture and a joy to us than all the beauties of Scripture or floral loveliness in this fair field of the dead. Ah, good children can never imagine what a treasure they are to their friends! But there was one sad spot in this pleasant garden of burial—the grave of little baby Florence, who had died without baptism. Dear little niece-child, looking unconsciously down upon the grave of her elder baby-sister, was also unbaptized, and we hurried away with a double sigh. Her fond parents do not recognize the necessity of baptism for their precious flower yet, and this is specially why I have introduced her to you, that I may beg of each of my little baptized readers a Hail Mary devoutly said now with

the intention that our little one may not die unbaptized.

My little friends, think how many little children have died in just this one city without Holy Baptism, and thank Almighty God that He has given you Catholic parents who have not neglected to secure for you the grace of that first saving Sacrament, or to bring you to the one true fold where only children are truly and well loved and cared for. And now, I am thinking that it would be a beautiful act of child-charity for all who gather around the little altar to our Holy Mother in this sacred corner of the AVE MARIA to join me daily in a decade of their Rosary for all the little unbaptized children in our dear country, praying, my little ones, you understand, that they may not die without baptism. All who will so join, may hold up their hands. Thank you, dearest children; I seem to see a good many little hands up; I am sure you have learned that act of love, “I love Thee, O my God, with all my heart, and my neighbor as myself.” My little neighbors, we will love to pray for you all, I hear you saying. God will bless you for it, little children, and our Blessed Mother of God saw all the little hands up, and she will bless you too. The Catholic religion is spreading beautifully in our dear country now. God grant it may spread yet more and faster; yet there are such multitudes to be converted, we need I, am sure, our dear Lady and Mother to pray for us all the time; and the dear Blessed Virgin, I am confident, loves particularly to have little children constantly begging her powerful prayers. I was speaking of the spread of our holy faith, dear children, in Chicago, which is only about thirty years of age. There are already fourteen Catholic churches. I was able to visit just one half. In the new Cathedral, an elegant and handsome edifice, I attended at High Mass on Sunday, and at Vespers in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where there is a Mass said just for the children every Sunday morning at nine o’clock; and the singing is so beautiful and the services of the children’s Mass is so interesting, they have to just lock the doors, to keep the crowd out, so as to have room for the children. I was scarcely seated for Vespers here before I became sweetly interested in the altar-painting, a picture of our pure Mother of the Immaculate Conception. After the services a lady who came with me told me when the Rev. Pastor was building his church his heart was set on having this picture for his altar, but there was no artist in Chicago to paint it, and I suppose he could not afford to import it. But, at any rate, there was a man in his congregation who sometimes had painted some other things, and the Pastor was led to think he might paint the picture he so much desired; so he made known to him his wishes. The man, very much surprised, refused. He had never attempted any painting of this kind; and to design and finish such a picture, he had no idea he could possibly do it. But the Reverend Pastor, impressed that he could, laid it upon him to do; and so, under obedience, the man, forced to comply, promised if his Pastor would first make

a novena for his success to the Blessed Virgin, he would undertake it. The novena was made, and the painting commenced; and this was the fruit of prayer to our Mother of the Immaculate Conception, joined with faithful effort. Oh our gracious Mother was never more able to listen unto the requests of her suppliants than in this our present day! And after this recital I was more interested than ever in this holy picture. Ah, our ingenious Mother knows how a special answer to prayer before our very eyes seems to bring her so much nearer to us, and to so much increase our faith in her daily protection, and so she had commenced and ended this work so happily, that her dear children here might more trustingly feel that she is our Lady and Mother of *to-day*. From this church we were taken in by our lady-friend mentioned, to call upon the Pastor. While awaiting his entrance in the parlor, we amused ourselves by looking from a rear window to see the perfect neatness of the yard beneath, the more so that it was the back-ground, and Master Pompey's or Carlo's domain, for there was the clean, shining little graveled walk running through the fresh, short-cut grass, straight to the most cunning little kennel, or little dog-house, that ever you saw. O it was so cunning! I could not help thinking it was a very nice thing to be a priest's dog;—I mean for a dog to be.

Another day I visited the Church of the Holy Family and Saint Patrick's. The Catholics of Chicago will tell you there is nothing like them in all the great Northwest. The former, the Jesuit's church, is the most costly edifice, I think, and religiously beautiful of the two. It is particularly rich in carved work, (black walnut, I should think.) The towering pulpit, supported by its four carved Evangelists, is a magnificent piece of workmanship; and the Bishop's chair, the Bishop's lofty and pretty large chair, children, is another handsome sight to see; and then there is the balustrade around the holy sanctuary, which is divided off once in about every two feet, or a little more, into separate divisions like a picture frame, in each of which is a carved picture. These pictures or carvings are all beautiful designs in commemoration of some event in the history of the life, or Passion of our dear Lord, or some emblem in His Holy Church. The one on the little gate, or door of this holy railing, is the dear Babe of Bethlehem on His mat of straw. The Babe is rendered by the artist with great beauty, and every straw is quite distinct in the little mat. I am thinking how the children must love that gate of the Bethlehem Babe in that favored congregation, and what a beautiful spot it would be for little children to make their First Communion before. Next is one of the most touching emblems of the Blessed Sacrament—the pelican and her young; the bird that feeds her young from her own breast—that bird that pierces her own breast with her bill that her starving brood may suck out the blood from her own veins and live. You know, children, this is what Christ our Lord does for us. He opens His own Heart and gives us His own blood; He gives us His flesh and

blood; He gives Himself entire in His Blessed Sacrament. It was a pretty thought. It was more—it was a precious thought, a religious thought, to put this bird looking down upon her bleeding breast, and her little pelicans feeding there, next to the Bethlehem Babe. The artist has made the old bird look down very sad and tender, and he has made the young birds very hungry, and their plumage is remarkably fine and glossy for wooden feathers. In another division is the Sacred Heart of our Lord pierced with the thorns, and burning; and in another the Immaculate Heart of His dear Mother—and that, too, has a sword pierced through it. One has the emblematic lamb, Holy little Lamb of Calvary! and there is in another a heap of all the instruments of His Passion. The cross, and the ladder they went up on to take Him down from the cross; the crown of thorns, the scourge, and the reed with which they smote Him; the spear, the hammer and the nails—and this picture is likewise only a little way from the Bethlehem Babe. It makes us feel sad to see it so near; but I think it makes us love the dear Babe more. There are others I would like to point out to you all around this beautiful sanctuary, but I wish to describe to you one of the beauties of Saint Patrick's Church, one that I can never forget to remember, so fair and holy is the glorious impression it makes on the beholders. So we will bow reverently down before the high altar here a moment, and then go softly out, as we have but little more time to spare to-day. Yes, we must walk very reverently down the aisle, for there is one of the holy Saints looking down at us from every window, or a holy saint-picture of one. And always, my dear little children of Mary, as well as to spend every moment devoutly while in God's holy house, we must recollect to go in and come out reverently.

Saint Patrick's is the next most elegant church in the city. "More so than the Cathedral?" asks little Patrick, at the left of my chair. (I have Mary sit at the right to-day, in honor of her name—it is the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, you know, to-day, upon which I am writing you so long a letter.) Rather more so, I think, little Patrick. There is one grand effect about the church of your saint; in the body of the church there are no pillars. The view from the altar, of the congregation, is one unbroken sea of heads; a grand sight when they all bow at Mass and Benediction. And over this vast congregation arches the blue roofing or ceiling, just the color of the sky, sparkling thick with gold stars, over the entire building, reaching or rounding down with the sanctuary end, to the floor in the rear of the holy altar—one unbroken blue sky of golden stars, except a space or ring of a few feet in width, over in front of the sanctuary, where alone the sky is broken up into clouds, and the stars have disappeared; but instead are cherub-heads thick as stars elsewhere, or angel-children, peering down as if just come to Mass—to adore their Lord, coming down at the consecration—to watch before the Blessed Sacrament. The effect is angelic! But I must close here now, little children. †††

AVE MARIA.

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THE BLESSED VIRGIN

PRESENT TO THE MIND OF THE PROPHETS FROM
THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD.

BUFFALO, September 25, 1865.

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR: In every moment of leisure (they have been few), and at night when I could not sleep, I have tried to comply with your wish to write a little for the AVE MARIA. I thought it best to string Scripture texts together; alas, I fear that they are too little known in their sublime connection. Subsequently, if God wills, I may resume more precise praise of our Holy Mother from those now presented in close connection.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.

Adam and Eve, in the mind of God, conceived immaculate; and created by Almighty Power and Love, without sin, were innocent, noble and glorious creatures. God constituted them in His own image and likeness, and created them a blessed communion with Himself. With man, God was seen "walking in Paradise;" with man, God was heard "conversing in Paradise." It would seem, as holy men have thought, that God was preparing the yet sinless creatures, made to His image and likeness, for an Incarnation, by which, even had redemption not been necessary, He would have espoused our human nature, and elevated its love, its prayer, its praise, its worship to divine value and power by closest union with Himself. This seems to be implied in these Prophetic words: "And His going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity." Micheas, v.

Only by sin, did death enter into the world. Hence innocent, sinless man, after passing his short earthly trial of obedience, would have received, as reward of that obedience, the joyous ecstatic vision of God's wondrous beauty, in the blissful light of Heaven.

But Eve was deceived by the false sophisms of the disguised father of lies; she fell, and drew Adam into her fall: "*Adam was not seduced*; but the woman being seduced, was in the transgression." 1 Tim., ii. God's sanctifying grace, and the sweet communion with God, foreshadowing the communion of Eternity, in beatific vision, were withdrawn. The soul, now become weak, could no longer hold the body with that grasp of infused Divine Power which before had made death impossible. "By sin death entered into the world." Eternal separation from the Holy God, (which is the second death, and the most awful of the sufferings that afflict lost souls,) would have

been man's portion, had not God in visible form (perhaps like that, with which His Virgin Mother subsequently clothed Him,) heard the confession of Adam and Eve, given them their penance, and pardoned them; though only after the great jubilee of the resurrection would He assume them to heavenly bliss.

Most touching it is to see how God, who knew that confession was useful to lead to humility, without which the pride of sin could not be pardoned, prompted his lost children, and like the good confessors, whom His mercy still appoints, questioned them, lest pride and shame might make them lose the just humiliation of confession; to which, from the beginning, He willed that pardon for the pride of sin, should be attached. Adam answers sincerely; he does not say that he was deceived or seduced; love for Eve caused his disobedience: "The woman whom Thou gavest me to be my companion, gave me of the tree, and I did eat." He did not say: I doubted your word, I believed what my wife told me, I believed what the serpent had said. No, his answer is rather: I knew that she had been deceived, I knew that she would die; but I did not like to grieve her. "She gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Eve also makes a sincere confession: "*The serpent deceived me and I did eat.*"

The judge curses the serpent, curses even the earth on which the sin was committed; but does not curse either Adam or Eve. As a kind Father, He reprimands them, gives them penance, and promises another Eve, and another Adam, son of that second Eve, through whom the head of the serpent shall be crushed, justice be restored, and a brighter, holier Eden secured to man. Hence, in the tenth chapter of the Book of Wisdom, we are told, that the increased wisdom "preserved him that was first formed by God, the father of the world, when he was created alone; and she brought him out of his sin." After cursing the father of lies, disguised in the form of a serpent, the Almighty says: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel."

This promise, which even among the Gentiles, was known, and called "the Oracle of Oracles," became the hope of man. In some form, in every age, every nation preserved it. Innumerable are the allusions to it in the old Bible, the sacred book of the Jews. The Divine promise to Adam, the Oracle of Oracles, as from the beginning by all it was called, was venerated in all nations:

"The Lamb slain from the beginning of the world inspired Abel, as he put his figurative lamb on the altar; and also urged on to the bloody sacrifices, which in every age, through primitive venerable traditions, more or less faithfully preserved, typified the true Lamb and the sacred divine Atonement."

About two thousand years before Christ, the Lord said to Abraham: "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I will show thee. . . I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee, and in thee shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed." According to God's promise, renewed at Hebron, but against the laws of nature; when Abraham was one hundred years old, a son was born to him, and called Isaac, that is Laughter, for Sarah said: "God hath made a laughter for me: whosoever will hear of it, will laugh with me. Who would believe that Abraham should hear that Sarah gave suck to a son, whom she bore to him in his old age?"—God orders the doting father to sacrifice his dear Isaac, but when the youth of God's promises, and of the father's hope is bound, for sacrifice on the altar, the Lord stops the father's hand, provides a ram for the sacrifice; and says: "By my own self have I sworn, saith the Lord: because thou hast done this thing, and hast not spared thy only begotten son for my sake; I will bless thee, and I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand that is by the sea shore. . . And in thy seed shall all nations of the earth be blessed."

Jacob, the grandson of Abraham, pronouncing prophetic blessings, on his death-bed, and seeming to hear the true Lamb uttering His mysterious words, "I am the vine," he says to Juda: "The sceptre shall not be taken away from Juda, nor a ruler from his race, till *He* come that is to be sent, and *He* shall be the expectation of nations. Tying his foal to the vineyard, and *his* ass, O my son, to the vine. He shall wash His robe in wine, and his garment in the blood of the grape."

About five hundred years after this, Baalam, a Gentile, but a true prophet and a servant of God, until the pride of kings, and avarice had seduced him; being hired to curse Israel, yet, in spite of himself, forced to bless the people whose mysterious indestructible existence, and whose wondrous mission, he, in prophetic vision, saw unfolding, themselves, in the distant vista of ages, exclaims: "The hearer of the words of God, who knoweth the doctrines of the Most High, and seeth the visions of the Almighty, *who falling hath his eyes opened*, says a star shall rise out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel; I shall see him, but not now. I shall behold him, but not near. . . Out of Jacob shall *He* come that will rule." This prophecy, famous through all the east, must have been remembered by the Magi when they followed the long expected star towards the stable of Bethlehem, to adore the Infant Ruler.

About the same time, the holy man, Job, a Gentile, but a faithful servant of God, consoled himself in his afflictions, by saying: "I know that

my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth; and I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh, I shall see my God: whom I myself shall see, and my eyes shall behold Him and not another: this my hope is laid up in my bosom." In the God-Man, Christ Jesus, "All the fullness of the Godhead dwells corporally." Job saw Him in Limbo, and most probably saw and sees Him in Heaven, even with the eyes of the body; since *that* body may be one of those bodies that rose at the Resurrection, and accompanied Christ to Heaven when, ascending on High, He led captivity captive.

But one of the most remarkable of all the prophecies concerning the Blessed Virgin is that of Isaiah. Two allied kings had laid siege before Jerusalem, against Aehaz, King of Juda; the Lord sends His prophet to the trembling King of Juda, to assure him that Jerusalem shall not be taken, and then he says: "Behold the Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son; and His name shall be called Emmanuel," that is, "God with us." Is. vii.

In the course of time the Archangel Gabriel was sent by God to the great and holy Prophet Daniel in the Palace of Kings; the prophet says: "When he was come, *I fell on my face trembling*;" and when the angel had disappeared, the prophet says: "And I Daniel languished, and was sick for some days." How different from the effect of the angel's visit to Mary! Soon after, whilst Daniel was praying for mercy upon Israel, the same holy Archangel came to him, and said: "Seventy weeks are shortened upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, that transgression may be finished, and sin may have an end, and iniquity may be abolished: and everlasting justice may be brought; and vision and prophecy may be fulfilled, and the Saint of saints may be avoanted. Know then, *therefore*, and take notice, that the going forth of the word to build up Jerusalem again, unto Christ, the Prince, there shall be seven weeks, and sixty-two weeks. . . . And after sixty-two weeks, Christ shall be slain; and the people that shall deny Him, *shall not be His*. . . . And He shall confirm the covenant with many, in one week: and in the half of the week, the victim and the sacrifice shall fail: and there shall be in the temple, the abomination of desolation; and the desolation shall continue even to the consummation, and to the end." Sixty-nine weeks after the epoch, indicated by Gabriel, *four hundred and eighty-three years after, a year for a day*, according to Leviticus, xxv, 8, Christ was baptized, and anointed, when the Holy Ghost descended, as a dove, upon Him. In the half of the other week, that is in about three and a half years, Christ by His Sacrifice on the Cross, abolished all the sacrifices. The abomination of desolation soon then began in Jerusalem, and in its temple. Both were destroyed. The Covenant was confirmed with many. And "the stone cut of a mountain without hands, struck the statue upon the feet thereof, that were of iron and of clay, and broke them in pieces. But the stone that struck the statue became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth." God's Church was established, man redeemed.

Seven hundred and fifty-eight years before Christ, the Prophet Micheas exclaims: And *thou Bethlehem*, Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda; out of thee shall He come forth unto me, that is to be the Ruler in Israel; and *his going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity*. Therefore will He give them up, even till the time wherein *she** that travaileth, shall bring forth; and the remnant of his brethren shall be converted to the children of Israel . . . and they shall be converted, for now shall He be magnified even to the ends of the earth. And He shall be our peace.† How Bethlehem, and Jesus, and Mary are here connected!

Six hundred and twenty-nine years before Christ, Jeremias, the Prophet both of Jews and Gentiles, sees the state of the expected Saviour, as Mary sadly knew him, when a cave was their place to lodge, and when they had to fly from the jealousy of Herod: "O Expectation of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble; why wilt Thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a way-faring man turning in to lodge? Why wilt Thou be as a wandering man, as a mighty man that cannot save? But Thou, O Lord, art among us, and thy name is called upon us; forsake us not." Jer. xiv. The Church repeats every day, the last lines of this prophecy in the chapter at Complins. In the 31st chapter, Jeremias giving the strongest reasons for Israel to hasten its conversion, says: "For the Lord hath created a new thing upon the earth: *A woman shall compass a man*." (In the Hebrew as it now is: "The Lord hath created a new thing in a woman.") "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: As yet shall they say this word in the land of Juda, when I shall bring back their captivity: The Lord bless thee, the beauty of justice, the holy mountain. . . . For I have inebriated the weary soul; and I have filled every hungry soul. . . . Behold the days shall come, saith the Lord, and I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Juda; not according to the covenant which I made with their Fathers: the covenant which *they* made void. But *this* shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel, after these days, saith the Lord: I will give my law in their bowels, and I will write it in their heart; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying: Know the Lord; for all shall know Me, from the least of them to the greatest, saith the Lord, and I will remember their sin no more." The New Testament, in innumerable texts, proves how wonderfully this was fulfilled; read especially 2 Cor. iii, 3-10; Heb. xvi; John vi, 45, etc.

Six hundred years before Christ, the Prophet Habacuc, seeing the future in holy vision, says: "O Lord, *Thy work*, in the midst of years bring it

to life. In the midst of years Thou shalt make it known: when Thou art angry, Thou wilt remember mercy. *God will come from the South, and the holy one from Mount Pharon*. The hills of the world were bowed down, by the journeys of His eternity. . . . Thou comest forth for the salvation of Thy people; *for salvation with Thy Christ*. . . . But I will rejoice in the Lord, and I will joy in God, my Jesus."

Five hundred and nineteen years before Christ, the prophet Aggeus, consoling the aged Jews, as they mourned because the second temple, though splendid, was inferior to that of Solomon, said: "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: yet a little time, and I will move Heaven and earth, and the sea and the dry land. And I will move all nations: *And the Desired of all nations shall come*, and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts." "Great shall be the glory of this last house more than that of the first, saith the Lord of Hosts: *and in this place I will give peace*, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Zacharias, contemporary with the last named prophet, sees, in holy visions of the future, much that Mary saw with her own eyes. Exultingly this prophet cries out, "Rejoice greatly, O Daughter of Sion, shout for joy, O Daughter of Jerusalem: Behold thy King will come to thee, the Just and the Saviour, He is poor, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass. . . . And His power shall be from sea to sea, and from the rivers even to the ends of the earth." Then speaking to the Saviour, he says: "Thou also, by the blood of Thy testament, hast sent forth *Thy prisoners out of the pit*, wherein is no water. Return to the strong-hold, ye *prisoners of hope*." The prophet sees the sufferings of Christ, sees Him judging the world, exults in the fullness of peace and joy that shall follow; and, between the sufferings and the joy depicts what is ever seen in the Catholic Church, but never more strikingly, than in Passion and Holy Week. "Thus saith the Lord. . . . In that day I will pour out upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of prayer: and they shall look upon *Me*, whom they have pierced; and they shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth for his only Son: and they shall grieve over Him, as the manner is to grieve for the death of the first born." Saint John, citing from the Hebrew, in his Gospel, xix, 37, quotes parts of the verse, when he narrates that our Lord was *pierced* on the cross.

Four hundred years before the birth of Christ, Malachias, the last of the prophets, closes the anticipated history of the coming Saviour-God, by *reproaches and holy promises*. By this prophet the Lord God Jehovah says: "I have no pleasure in you, saith the God of Hosts. And I will not receive a gift at your hand. For from the rising of the sun, even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles: and, in every place, there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation: for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord God of hosts. . . . Behold I send my angel, and he shall prepare the

* The Vulgate has: "*Usque ad tempus, in quo parturiens pariet*." The Septuagint: "*Usque ad tempus partientis: pariet, et reliquie fratrum eorum revertentur ad filios Israel*."

† Saint Jerome says of this text: "It may be also understood thus: Until the time when the Virgin shall bring forth, after which, when her Infant will have received the spoils of Samaria and the strength of Damascus, in the destruction of the Jewish people, a remnant of Israel shall be saved, etc."

way before *My* face. And presently the Lord whom you seek, and the angel of the testament, whom you desire, shall come to His temple. . . . And who shall be able to think of the day of His coming? . . . And the sacrifice of Juda and Jerusalem shall please the Lord, as in the days of old, and in the ancient years. . . . Behold I will send you Elias the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers: lest I come and strike the earth with Anathema."

It is scarcely necessary to say that a book might be easily made up of prophecies as clear as those here cited. The present selection is hastily made, in reference principally to the incarnation of the *expectation* of all nations, and of all ages, expected to be born, and actually born of a Virgin Mother. And, as Jews and Gentiles tell us, never was that expectation more vivid, never were prayers for His coming more fervent, than when Jesus came. In the first chapter of Saint John's Gospel, we read thus: "Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to him, and he saith of him: Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile. Nathaniel said to Him: *Whence knowest Thou me?* Jesus answered and said to him: Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee. Nathaniel answered him, and said: *Rabbi, thou art the Son of God! Thou art the King of Israel.* Jesus answered, and said to him: Because I said unto thee, *I saw thee under the fig-tree*, thou believest: greater things than these shalt thou see. And he saith to him: "Amen, Amen, I say to you, you shall see the Heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." Nathaniel was no doubt praying that God would soon send "the Virgin who should conceive and bear a son, who would be God with us, Emmanuel." Nathaniel had taken all possible precautions that no human being should see him, when he, like Daniel, "Set his face to the Lord his God, to pray, and to make supplication with fasting, in sack-cloth and ashes." And when Jesus told him that "*while he was under the fig-tree*, He saw him," Nathaniel felt that he was *then* in the presence of the God to whom, and for whom, he had then most fervently prayed. In reference to the Incarnation of the Son of God, the Archangel Gabriel had been several times sent to the prophet Daniel; who "fell on his face, trembling, . . . and languished, and was sick some days," from the awe he felt in presence of the great Archangel. The next embassy on which he was sent by the Most High, was to Zachary, High Priest of that year. Thus the Holy Scripture narrates it:

"There was in the days of Herod the King of Judea, a certain priest named Zachary, of the course of Abia, and his wife was of the daughters of Aaron, and her name Elizabeth. And they were both *just before God*, walking in all the commandments and justifications of the Lord without blame. And they had no son; for that Elizabeth was barren, and they both were well advanced in

years. And it came to pass, that while he executed the priestly office before God, in the order of his course, according to the custom of the priestly office, it was his lot to offer incense, going into the temple of the Lord. And all the multitude of the people was praying without, at the hour of incense. And there appeared to him an angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense. And Zachary seeing him, was troubled, and fear fell upon him: but the angel said to him, Fear not Zachary, for thy prayer is heard, and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son; and thou shalt call his name John; and thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth: for he shall be great before the Lord; and shall drink no wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb: and he shall convert many of the children of Israel, to the Lord thy God: and he shall go before Him, in the spirit and power of Elias; that he may turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the incredulous to the wisdom of the just, to prepare for the Lord a perfect people. And Zachary said to the angel: Whereby shall I know this; for I am an old man, and my wife advanced in years. And the angel answering said to him: I am Gabriel who stand before God; and am sent to speak to thee, and to bring to thee these good tidings. And, *behold thou shalt be dumb*, and shalt not be able to speak until the day wherein these things shall come to pass; because thou hast not believed my words, which shall be fulfilled in their time. And the people were waiting for Zachary: and they wondered that he stayed so long in the temple. And when he came out he could not speak to them: and they understood that he had seen a vision in the temple. And he made signs to them and remained dumb.

. "And it came to pass after the days of his office were accomplished, that he departed to his own house. And after those days his wife Elizabeth conceived, and hid herself five months saying: Thus hath the Lord dealt with me in the days wherein He hath regard to take away my reproach among men." Quite different in his embassy to Mary, was the conduct of the Archangel, from what it had been to the holy Prophet Daniel and to Zachary, who was just and blameless before God and man. "And in the sixth month, the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David: and the name of the Virgin was Mary. And the angel being come in, said to her: Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women. And when she had heard, she was troubled at his saying, and thought with herself, what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said to her: Fear not Mary: for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son: and thou shalt call Him Jesus: He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High: and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David His Father, and He shall reign

in the house of Jacob for ever, and of His Kingdom there shall be no end. And Mary said to the angel: How shall this be done, because I know not man. And the angel answering, said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee: and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; and therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God. And behold, thy cousin Elizabeth, she hath also conceived a son in her old age, and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren, because no word shall be impossible with God. And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word, and the angel departed from her. And Mary rising up in those days, went into the mountainous country with haste into a city of Judea: and she entered into the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth. And it came to pass, that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb, and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost: and she cried out with a loud voice and said: Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me, for, behold, as soon as the voice of the salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy; and blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished, that were spoken to thee by the Lord. And Mary said: My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour; because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid, for, *behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed*, for He that is mighty, has done great things to me, and holy is His name. And His mercy is from generation to generation to them that fear Him, He hath shown might in His arm, He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart: He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent away empty. He hath received Israel His servant being mindful of His mercy. As He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed for ever. And Mary abode with her about three months, and she returned to her own house."

Our ruin began by Eve; our restoration, to more than primeval grandeur, begins by Mary: the father of lies, under the serpent's mask, brings death to Eve, and to us; the Archangel Gabriel, Ambassador from the God of Mercy, brings life to us, through the spotless and faithful Virgin Mary. Eve was a virgin, and Mary was a virgin. The virgin Eve had a husband; the Virgin Mary had a husband; but, like his immaculate wife, he had bound himself to perfect chastity, by holy vows. An angel of darkness, by flattering and deceiving Eve, brings woe and death upon her and upon her race. An angel of light establishes, more and more firmly, Mary in true humility, and consequently in true grandeur, by teaching, "that nothing is impossible to God." And Mary bows her virginal head and says: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word." Then instantly "the Holy Ghost

came upon her, and the power of the Most High overshadowed her. . . . *'And the word was made flesh.'* . . . And God sent His only begotten Son, *made of a woman, made under the law.*" This woman is to be the second Eve; this man is the God-Man, the second Adam. Thus does God, to all that obey Him, far more than repair the evil done by the first Eve, and by the first Adam. Hence, if grateful and obedient, we in Heaven will sing, what already on earth our Holy Church sings, each Holy Saturday: *O Felix culpa, quæ talem ac tantum meruit habere Redemptorem.*" "O happy fault of Adam, which caused us to have such, and so great a Redeemer!"

SAINT TERESA.

Speaking of the Carmelite Order, the talented authoress of a recent interesting English publication, entitled "Religious Orders," offers the following gracious tribute to the glorious Saint Teresa of Jesus, whose festival falls on the fifteenth of October:

"As time progresses from the period of which we have been speaking, the first fervor of the children of Carmel grew cold; the fine gold was dim; the love of unnecessary dispensations crept in, and then came all its attendant evils. But where, save in the Church's pale, are miracles seen like unto her reforms?—reforms which bind together, and gather in, and strengthen the weak, and raise up the fallen; reforms which kindle up fire out of what looks like heaps of ashes: so in this instance, the mighty prayer had gone up from the Mother's heart to save the Order which bore her name and sign. And the "still small voice" came into Spain, and spoke to the heart of one destined to be His instrument. Was it a holy Priest or zealous Bishop? No; it was a young and beautiful Spanish girl, with so delicate a constitution, that on her entrance into religion she would not choose the Order of Saint Augustin, as being too severe, but entered the then *mitigated* Order of Mount Carmel. It is not our intention to trace the history of Saint Teresa, for her biography is well known to all. All over the Catholic world has her fame spread; her picture brings her familiarly before our eyes, and her sweet name is a household word. We know her well, with the burning soul speaking in those large, dark Spanish eyes; we see the rude Carmelite habit, which yet cannot conceal the majesty of her form, worn though it be with penance and sickness—that sickness which she loved so well, saying that it was sent to her because she should not have had courage to seek so much suffering for herself. We see her hand holding the pen with which she traced those wonderful works that have raised her to be considered a teacher in the Church. We see her smile, full of raptured love, and we can almost hear her cry, in low, impassioned tones, as she speaks to her Beloved—'Others may serve Thee better—that I do not deny; but that others should love Thee more, that I will never suffer.'"

To such a soul was committed the reform of Mount Carmel, and we cannot wonder that it was

eventually accomplished. Long indeed and weary was the task! The enemy did his worst against the Teresa whom he so hated; but, weak woman as she was, she came off victorious. In vain did he raise storms against her outwardly; her courage and perseverance survived them. In vain did he strive to darken her spirit; her deep love could know no change. In vain did he shut the hearts of men, so that she, on one occasion, found herself in the town, where she had come to found a monastery of the reform, possessing only a few ducats in her pocket with which to commence the work. "Teresa and these ducats are nothing," said she; "but God, Teresa, and these ducats, are more than enough." What wonder, then, before her death, she saw seventeen convents of women, and fifteen of men, adopting her reform. Did any thought of pride or of human exultation mingle with her retrospect? "Let us carry your body back with us to Avila," prayed her weeping Religious. "Will they refuse me here a little earth?" answered she, who almost then could hear the echo of that praise, in which the praise of earth is lost.

It was at the time when the archfiend prompted Luther, the apostate monk of Wittemberg, to blaspheme against good works, and against the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, that God raised up Saint Teresa to restore to the Church that legion of devoted and ascetic souls in the Carmelite Order, whose prayers brought down benedictions upon the earth and restored it to its fealty at the moment that Satan sought so boldly to usurp God's place by the wild heresies of the sixteenth century.

Teresa was born of noble parents, at Avila, in Old Castile. From her tenderest youth God inclined her to the love of His service. When only seven years old she took great delight in reading the Lives of the Saints, in company with her little brother, Rodriguez. These children were amazed at the thought of eternity, and even at so early an age felt impelled to despise all the things of earth, and value them at the price of eternity. Frequently they would repeat to each other, "*Forever—forever; eternity will last forever!*" And the martyrs were the special objects of their childish admiration; in imitation of these Christian heroes, the two children resolved to go into the country of the Moors, in hopes that they would be martyred for their faith. They privately left their father's house, and joyfully passed out into the open country, fully determined to offer their lives to God. But their absence was discovered, and the young would-be martyrs were soon overtaken by their uncle, who safely brought them back to their frightened mother. On being reprimanded, Rodriguez laid all the blame upon his little sister. Thwarted in this desire, Teresa and her brother resolved to become hermits at home, and they tried to build for themselves little hermitages of stones in the garden; but these they were never able to finish.

Teresa's mother early inspired her with a most tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin; and on her mother's death, Teresa, who was then twelve years old, threw herself in great grief upon her

knees before an image of the Blessed Virgin, and besought her with many tears to be henceforth a mother to her.

Such was the beautiful childhood of our Saint. In her life, written by herself, she deeply deplores the faults into which she fell at the age of fifteen, by reading romances, and from the pernicious society of a vain, frivolous cousin. She says "This fault of reading romances failed not to cool my good desires, and was the cause of my falling into many defects. I could not be satisfied if I had not some new romance in my hand." Her devotions were laid aside; her rosary, once her constant companion, now hung unnoticed by her crucifix; and the lives of the glorious heroes of Christianity, that had formerly so inflamed her heart, were cast aside for the frivolous inventions of the novelist.

Her father, deeply grieved at the alteration, and finding it impossible to separate her from the vain society of the cousin who encouraged in her this perverted taste for the idle romances of the day, determined to place her in a convent where many young persons of rank were educated. The happy quiet of her new home soon became very delightful to Teresa; her former feelings returned, and she sincerely repented of the faults into which she had fallen. After a year and a half spent in this happy life, she was taken home on account of sickness; and to restore her health she spent some time at the country house of a very pious uncle. There she read many works which treated of the vanity of the world and the immense difference between temporal and eternal interests. After many struggles and conflicts with herself, she finally resolved to embrace a religious life; and during her novitiate she was blessed with rare spiritual favors, which abundantly rewarded her for the severe interior trials she underwent in determining her vocation. The first years of her conventual life were marked by a complication of severe physical sufferings; the patience with which she bore them amazed all who saw her, and in the midst of the most intense pains her heart seemed always fixed on God alone. At one time she was supposed to be dead, and a grave was dug for her in the convent cemetery. Again, she was almost a helpless cripple for three years—but she ever regarded her sufferings as so many steps by which she might ascend to perfection, and she welcomed them as special pledges of the love of her crucified Lord. It was never given to mortal to rise to mere seraphic heights of contemplation than did Teresa amid her excruciating bodily pains. These high spiritual favors, which she so fully enjoyed, filled her mind, at times, with many fears that she might be suffering under illusion, for she knew that Satan often causes the fall of spiritual persons by leading them to indulge in pride and self-complacency. But the bodily pains she endured, and the persecutions she had at times to undergo in consequence of these favors, kept a spirit of deepest humility alive in her heart.

Such is a brief, very brief sketch of the first portion of her religious life, and during these twenty-eight years, God was preparing this chosen

soul for the great work of the reform of her Order. A perfect storm of indignation met her at the commencement of her efforts; but she was encouraged to persevere by Saint Louis Bertrand, Saint Peter Alcantara, and other holy persons. After many weary delays and bitter persecutions she succeeded in her great enterprise, and she lived to see seventeen convents of nuns, and fifteen houses of friars, established under her reformed Carmelite rule in all the principal cities of Spain.

In the life of this great Saint nothing is more admirable than the lessons of humility she gives in her own practice, as well as in her writings. Her usual exhortation was, that although we cannot arrive at the perfection of other virtues, or at a perfect imitation of our Blessed Lord, yet we can always humble ourselves and embrace mortifications.

In her writings she ever speaks with respect of those who most deeply persecuted her; and unkindness she always bore with silence and joy. At Seville, when many rose up against her and strongly condemned her, some one asked her how she could remain silent? She replied "No music is more agreeable to my ears. They have reason for what they say; and did they know me better, they would say still harder things of me." She felt only the sufferings of others, being entirely insensible to her own. When Father Gratian and the rest gave up all as lost, she answered them—"We shall suffer, but the reform shall stand." In one of her letters she says: "I return God a thousand thanks, and you ought also to thank Him for me. The cross is the secure and beaten road to lead our souls to Him. Woe to our reform and woe to us if the cross should fail us."

After recommending her undertaking, with many tears, to God, for the honor of His divine name, she wrote to the king, imploring his protection. Upon the representations of certain Dominican Fathers of great reputation, his majesty warmly espoused the cause of Saint Teresa, and an order was finally obtained from Rome to exempt all the reformed houses from the jurisdiction of the others, so that in future both branches of the Carmelites had their separate government.

Saint Teresa died at the age of sixty-eight, but her memory lives not only in her Order but even brighter in her wondrous writings. Her eloquence is celebrated; her writings entitle her to a rank even among the Doctors and Fathers of the Church; they are called by the Church, in the prayer of her festival, *heavenly*. These works have merited the highest encomiums. In the accounts of her visions and revelations all acknowledge that the most secret *adyta* of the sanctuary are there laid open; the most abstruse maxims, that experience alone can teach, but no words utter, are explained with greater perspicuity than the subject seemed capable of bearing, and this by a delicate female, without the assistance of books or without study. She entered upon the recital of the divine favors with humility and reluctance, submitting every thing she wrote to the judgment of her confessor, and often complaining

"that by this task she was hindered from spinning." Many sinners, by reading her Meditations before and after Communion, have been converted to God, and have embraced a life of perfect virtue.

No writings in the Church have ever received greater praise and commendation than those of Saint Teresa; even one of the most reserved of critics, Baillet, we find using the following language: "She discovers in her writings the most impenetrable secrets of true wisdom in what we call mystical theology, of which God has given the key to a very small number of favored servants." We see a frail female expound what the greatest Doctors never attained, "because God employs in His wonders what instruments He pleases; and we may say that the Holy Ghost had the principal share in the works of Saint Teresa."

It is authentically related that a nun entered Teresa's cell one night, while she was writing her Meditations, and she beheld her in an enraptured state, holding a pen in her hand, but often interrupting her writing, laying down her pen and heaving deep sighs; her eyes burned with a deep fire, and her face shone with a heavenly light, so that the nun, trembling with awe and respect, passed out without having been perceived by the Saint.

"Oh thou undaunted daughter of desires,
By all thy dower of light and fires,—
By all of God we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me;
Let me so read thy life that I
Unto all life of mine may die."

History of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives.

The Church, zealous to testify her gratitude to Mary for the benefits which this divine protectress constantly bestows upon the faithful, neglects no occasion to perpetuate the remembrance and reanimate our confidence in her.

The feast of the Blessed Virgin under the title of Our Lady of Mercy, was instituted in the universal Church in gratitude for the special mercy of Mary unto poor captives.

Saint Peter Nolasco was inspired with the design of establishing a Religious Order for their delivery, and this design was strengthened by a vision which the Saint had, of the Blessed Virgin, in 1215, who encouraged him to persevere. A great number of poor Christians were then groaning under the tyranny of the infidels; the Blessed Virgin told him that he could do nothing more agreeable to her Son and to her than to establish a Congregation under the title of *Our Lady of Mercy*, whose object would be to labor for the redemption of captives. This great Saint hesitated not a moment, but, aided by the zeal of Saint Raymond Pennafort and the assistance of James, King of Arragon, who had both the same revelation, he instituted, with the approbation of the Holy See, this celebrated Order. The Church established in perpetuity a particular festival, which is celebrated on the 24th of September, in memory of this signal benefit and in thanksgiving for the institution of an Order which is in itself a perpetual miracle of the most heroic Christian charity.

THE RESURRECTION.

'Twas Easter morn; at early cock-crow came
The Blessed Mother to her Son's dark grave,
For she would mourn as mothers only can—
A mother too 'bove mothers all of earth—
The early death of her beloved Son.
He had on Friday's darksome day been hung
On Calvary's mount, a sacrifice for men,
And in the torrent of His blood had paid
The ransom due from mortals for their crimes
Against Himself, the God of Majesty.

Silent and unattended, save by one
Of all the twelve who had for three long years
Drawn inspiration from His lips,—that one
Th' Apostle John,—she stood beneath the cross,
Heedless of all the clamor of the Jews
And brutal Roman soldiery; she heard
The last sweet words of her expiring Son,—
The prayer of mercy for His enemies—
His cry of woe and piteous suffering!
“My God! my God! hast Thou forsaken me?”
E'en in His agony He thought of her
Who was to Him the source of mortal life.
And, ere the throes of death had seized on Him,
He gave her to the care of John. Hespake and died!
And sped His soul to Limbo's murky shore.
When His poor mangled body had been bound
In sweet and costly ointments, and entombed
In the dark grave, where none had lain before—
Then, and only then, she left the scene of woe
And hastened to the humble house of John.
There, shut out from the prying gaze of men,
She mourned the sins of men, which caused
The death of nature's Lord and her obedient child,
Until the Easter morn, when nature showed
By all her pomp and greeting that her Lord
Had come again to gladden all things mute.
Alas! poor man alone was unprepared
To meet with joy his Saviour and his God.
She came alone (it suited not her grief
To be exposed before the eyes of men),
And long before the joyful king of day
Had heralded to men the coming morn—
Ere Magdalen, the penitent, began
Her pleasing work of love, the Mother there [joy,
Stood weeping, but with tears of mingled grief and
For 'twas not only sorrow brought her there—
E'en when the rage of Jewry had attained
Its almost height, and nailed Christ to the tree;—
When heaven and earth seemed but to work His
When all th' Apostles had deserted Him [death,
And left Him to the mercy of His foes;
When God had seemed to leave Him to His woe,
And hand Him o'er to Satan's power;—
Th' inmost soul of Mary know right well
That Satan ne'er could overcome her Son,
That death could never bind Him in its chains—
Though even Peter's faith had wavered; though
The love of John could scarce withstand the blow
Of His untimely death; still, Mary stood
In all her faith and hope and love secure;—
His words of prophecy rang in her ears:—
“To Jerusalem we go, fulfill we must
Whatever was written of the Son of Man
By prophets of the elder days. For He
Must be delivered into Gentile hands,

And shall be mocked and scourged and spat upon,
And then be sentenced to a cruel death,
But on the third day after rise again.”
These words of hope and comfort she had stored
Fast in her memory, to cheer her heart
When days of woe would lower o'er her soul,
And sword of bitter sorrow pierce her breast;
When black despair would threaten to destroy
All that remained to shield her suffering heart!
She knew that heaven and earth would pass away
Ere one iota of His word could fail.

Strong her hope, then, that this prophecy
Could not but be accomplished on that day.
True to a Mother's love, she bent her steps
Unto His grave, that she among the first
Might welcome Him when risen from the dead!
She found the garden gate was opened wide,
And fearless entered, that she might behold
The place where Christ her Son had late been laid.
The stone which closed the grave had been removed;
She quickly entered, but could nowhere find
The object of her search; but in His stead
She saw the glorious form of Cherubim
Clad in the glory of the noonday sun!
She was not startled at their gaze, for oft
Had she held conversation with the choirs
Who live in brightness near the throne of God.
But they, though bright and beautiful they be,
And crowned with Heaven's choicest favors, stand
In meek and lowly reverence at the sight
Of her who had for nine months in her chaste womb
Borne Christ her Son, their Ruler and their God;
She was, though mortal, their anointed Queen,
High placed above them; for to her alone,
Of all God's creatures, did the Son of God
The glorious privilege grant of bearing Him.

When thus she saw the empty sepulchre
She knew that all His prophecy was true!
And that indeed the third day saw His triumph
O'er death and hell, His ancient enemies!
Oh! with what radiant joy her soul was filled,
When thus she saw the victory complete!
And mankind ransomed from the galling yoke
That pressed them downward with resistless force
To hell's deep chasm and chaotic gloom!
She stood thus musing with ecstatic joy
Until she heard a footfall at the door:
A mother's instinct told her 'twas her Son—
She turned and saw Him in full glory robed,
His face shone clearer than the noonday's sun,
His garments white were as the driven snow,
And o'er His head a brilliant halo glowed—
The sign of glorious immortality!

The haggard marks of torture were not seen,
But on His Person still He bore the prints,
Made by cruel nails and deadly lance;
The marks remained to show mankind the love
Which their Creator had evinced for them!—
Nought else remained to tell the tale of woe
Which had been borne so patiently for men!
Angels in air announced the miracle,
But none was there to hear it—save the Mother;
She turned and saw her Son, and with a cry
Of Heavenly joy she sank into His arms!
Happy that Mother, in her swoon of love!
And happy, too, the Son returned from death!

Sweet Mother!

By the anguish thou didst feel, when
 On thy tear-besprinkled countenance broke
 The sad sight of Christ in agony! and
 By the joy that thrilled thy sinless soul,
 When first thou saw'st Him in glory crowned!
 List, we beseech thee, to thy children's prayer,
 That we, too, when the shade of death shall come,
 To darken to our eyes this world of sin!
 May joyful sing our canticle of praise
 And join thy Son and thee in bliss above!!

Sweet, Blessed Mother!

Bend thee to our prayer;
 Mother and maiden mild, spurn not our cry,
 But bounteous listen, and in mercy hear.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 7.—The Knight of Our Lady of Mercy.

[CONCLUDED.]

Ten years passed away. The Order of Mercy possessed a convent at the gates of Montpellier, from which, as from an advanced post of charity, issued forth from day to day the valiant chivalry of the cross to defend the countries of Europe against the incursions of the Saracens; or more heroic still, to rescue their victims from their hands in the very heart of their bagnios and amidst the sands of the desert. It was towards this retreat, whose white walls were conspicuous from afar, that about mid-day a young girl might be seen directing her steps, accompanied by a youth and an aged serving-man. After crossing the drawbridge, they stopped under the donjon-keep, from the summit of which floated the banner of the Order. There they spoke a few words to the sentinel, who pointed out the way to the cloister. The youthful inquirers paused, as if awe-struck, at the entrance of that wide inclosure, where already some of the brave companions of Peter Nolasco and Raymond of Pennafort were taking their peaceful and glorious rest. Their modest tombs rose in the centre of the court; around under the vaulted cloister walked, in silence, a number of knights and priests, the former wearing their white tunic and mantle, the latter having their habit of the same snowy purity embroidered with the arms of the King of Arragon, token of the affection borne by that truly Christian Prince for the noble Order of redemption. Nothing disturbed the quiet seclusion of the place, save the measured fall of their footsteps upon the pavement and the rustling of their long robes of serge, as they paced continually to and fro. At length a priest, perceiving the maiden and her companions, approached her. He was a man still in the prime of life; but his sorrow-stricken brow, and his hair prematurely sprinkled with grey, seemed to mark him as one who in the world had encountered wrongs and sufferings such as had left wounds in his soul, which time, as yet, had but imperfectly healed. In a voice full of sweetness he asked—

"Maiden, what seekest thou?"

"Alas, sir," she answered, "we are two unhappy children; well nigh orphans, I might say, though our father and mother are yet living. One is a

captive among the infidels, and the other is dying of anxiety and grief."

"Your father is in slavery?"

"Yes, sir. He had gone to Barcelona, to receive a legacy bequeathed him by a friend of my mother, and was returning joyfully to Provence when the galley in which he sailed was taken by the Barbary pirates. Resistance was vain; the Saracens carried him off into slavery, and we have heard that he is now in Tangiers. My noble father a slave, loaded with chains and exposed to the lash!" Tears and sobs interrupted her words, and her brother wept at the sight of her tears.

"Compose yourself, my child," said the monk, "your father shall be redeemed."

"Ah, noble sir, we count nothing too costly for his ransom. See, my mother has given me her jewels, her bracelets, and her rings. We will pledge our lands, every thing we possess. If only you will consent to go to my father's rescue, we will put in your hands a sum more than sufficient for his ransom; we have faithful vassals, too, and tried friends, and then there is not one amongst them but would aid in the release of the Lord of Melfort."

"Melfort! Did you say Melfort?" cried the monk. "Your father's name is—"

"John of Melfort, sir. If you were ever in Provence you know it is no ignoble name."

"I know it," said the monk, in a low, stern voice; "I know it, alas too well."

He turned away. His eye for an instant gleamed fiercely; the next minute he raised them to the crucifix which hung in the middle of the cloister. "O great God," he murmured, "and do such fierce passions reign in a soul which Thy grace has vanquished? The voice of this child rouses in my heart feelings of hatred and revenge which I deemed forever stifled. Father, mother, sister—what will you have me do? Blessed souls, what is it you ask of me?"

He stood silent for some time, his eyes fixed upon the holy crucifix; then, turning toward the children, he spoke with a voice of angelic sweetness—"I shall myself go in search of your father; and, if it please God, I shall restore him to you. Pray for me, a poor sinner."

That same day, a monk, clothed for a journey, knelt to receive the benediction of Peter Nolasco, the General of the Order, who, as he embraced him, said:

"Go, my beloved son, and spare neither your blood nor your life in the service of your neighbor. Go, servant of God; follow in the steps of your Master; forget not your vows, which oblige you to remain yourself in chains, if need be, to deliver a Christian from captivity. Brother Arthur, farewell—and may God speed you." * * *

The watchman on the top of the tower of Saint Victor's Abbey, of Marseilles, had just given warning that several vessels were on the point of entering the harbor; crowds were hurrying to the quay, and trying to distinguish the different ships by their rigging or their general make, as they ran before the breeze. In the midst of the noisy bustling throng, yet somewhat apart, might

be seen a silent little group; a lady, dressed in deep mourning robes, a young girl who clung timidly to her, and a handsome boy, twelve or thirteen years of age, who from time to time played carelessly with a tall greyhound by his side. An old servant stood behind them, and all were eagerly watching the white sails as they neared the shore. The forms of three vessels, in particular, were now clearly seen, and soon the spectators could distinguish the colors of the flags displayed at their bows.

The keen sight of a master pilot at length recognized the leading vessel. "Praised be Our Lady of La Garde! 'tis the 'Happy' bark: she comes from Palermo, and brings news from my Lord of Anjou."

"And the second," broke in another, "is the sloop 'Saint Mary;' she comes from Smyrna, with fruits and perfumes."

The two ships thus announced rapidly entered the roads, amid the exclamations of the crowd. The third still lagged behind in the distance, laboring heavily against the wind, which had suddenly veered from the shore. The lady and her children continued to watch her with intense anxiety, although she would occasionally say—"It is no use expecting, my children; it is God's holy will to try us."

"Mother," suddenly exclaimed the boy, "look! I see it clearly; the holy standard is floating above the sails!"

The widow turned pale, and pressed her hand upon her heart, that beat tumultuously between hope and fear: and as she gazed upon the waters the flag unfurled itself to the breeze, and she saw clearly upon the white ground the arms of Arragon, with the device "*Redemptionem misit populo*—He gave redemption to His people."

"It is the 'Saint John the Baptist,' the galley of the Redemptors!" shouted the people.

"O Holy Virgin," said the widow, "let me not be disappointed in my hopes!"

Still she gazed, and on the deck she beheld a man in a white habit.

"Mother," exclaimed the young girl, "it is he—it is the priest."

"There is a captive on board!—Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the mariners and people, whose attention was now strongly excited. "Thanks to Our Lady of La Garde; he shall hang up his chains at her altar."

The lady tottered to the water's edge; a mist came over her eyes; she dared not look up, fearful she might not behold her husband, so long and vainly expected; but the exclamations of her children, the shouts of the people forced her to raise her head. The vessel was close upon the quay; a man was landing from it, in ragged garments, his hands and his feet loaded with chains; but his countenance—it was he! She uttered a cry, made a few steps forward, and fell swooning with joy into the arms of the captive. He strained her to his heart and extended his hands to bless his children, who, kneeling at his feet, were endeavouring to loosen the fetters which he had just resumed; then, turning to the monk, who was at

that moment leaving the galley, he cried—"My wife, my children, if you love me you must love and bless this good Religious; to him I owe my liberty, my life. Let all who love Melfort honor and bless this man of God!" Then, as the monk strove to move away, he grasped him by the arm, and in a still louder voice cried—"He sought me out on the verge of the Great Desert, whither my masters had carried me; he found me dying of the black plague; all had abandoned me; but, undeterred by the loathsome disease, he installed himself as my nurse; he cured me by his skill, or rather by his loving and tender care. The barbarians declared my ransom-money insufficient—he offered to remain in my place; but this I called God and His Blessed Mother to witness I would not suffer. And all this he did. And now—hear me, my son—I bid every one who bears the name of Melfort to be henceforth not only the friend but the servant of the holy Order of Mercy."

As he concluded, a man, wearing a cloth gown and cap, pushed his way through the crowd, and said abruptly:

"Ha, you are the Lord of Melfort! And do you know the name of your deliverer, my lord?"

"He is called Brother Arthur, but what other name he bears I know not."

"Let me tell you, then. His name is Arthur, Lord of Alvez; Alvez—do you hear? Ah, my lord—my dear master," added the man, bathing the monk's hands with his tears, "I knew you!"

Melfort started back as if thunder-struck; he gazed at the monk with a sort of terror, as though the dead had suddenly stood before him. "Arthur D'Alvez!" he said at last, "can this be so?"

"Be so!" cried James Grant (for he it was); "I should have known my lord among a thousand. I was his serf, his liege-man; he freed me, and amply provided for me. I am now a free man and burgher of the town, and to him I owe all."

"And I too," exclaimed Melfort, falling on his knees before D'Alvez. "Servant of God, is it true—this that I hear? You knew who I was, and you saved my life at the peril of your own!"

"Kneel not to a sinner, my brother," said D'Alvez, raising the Knight from the ground; "Let us forget the past, and pray God to forgive us for all we have done against each other."

"It is your forgiveness I implore, that I may hope to be forgiven by God," answered Melfort; "but know that from the day on which, to avenge my father's wrongs, I laid murderous hands upon your kindred, I have never had one peaceful night; the very prosperity Heaven bestowed upon me was bitterness to my heart. I shall believe myself pardoned only when you have forgiven me."

"Let this embrace be the pledge of my friendship," said Arthur, as he threw his arms around the hereditary enemy of his house. "And now, come to the altar, where I go to offer the Adorable Sacrifice, and receive the pledge of the mercies of your God! Come, follow me!"

They proceeded to the Chapel of Our Lady of La Garde, followed by James Grant and a crowd of people. The captive laid his chains at the

feet of the miraculous statue; and the little children, according to the ancient custom, replaced them with garlands of flowers.

The Mass began. Arthur D'Alvez, son and disciple of Saint Peter Nolasco, immolated on the altar, once and forever, every remembrance of the ancient feud; and, when himself lovingly united with the Saviour of mankind, he laid the Sacred Host on the lips of Melfort, they remained no longer those scions of two hostile houses, but twin brothers, united together in the bonds of Divine charity by the noblest of all self-sacrifices, and a gratitude as humble as it was profound.

NEW PUBLICATION.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS, by J. W. Cummings, D.D., LL.D.,
Published by P. O'Shea, New York.

This manual of religion, by Dr. Cummings, of New York, is written with great force and elegance. It is admirably adapted to the Christian living in the world, for whom it is professedly prepared. Each chapter is complete in itself, giving the philosophy of the subject in question, suggesting rather than indicating a personal application of its principles. It embraces a wide range of topics, from a theological definition of faith to the more recondite one of the uses of taste and imagination in religious worship. It is a pious encyclopedia, containing matter suitable for Christians of every grade—from the sinful soul struggling amid a sea of gloom, to that of the saint shining like a star in meridian splendor. Its pages reveal a soul that has passed through a deep religious experience; who has pierced with rare intellectual vision through the shadows of the world of sense, and weighed all its claims in the white light of eternity. We feel that the world was not resigned, because its fascinations were not fathomed; but rather that the soul, with prophetic grace, measured all by a supernatural standard. It is just the book we would wish those outside of the Church to judge her by. The grand eternal principles of our Holy Faith are here presented unincumbered with matter foreign to our national habits of thought. We must have books by and for us, instead of relying entirely upon the works of a by-gone age. Works of Science and Art must be rewritten every few years, to accommodate themselves to the advancing standard of improvement. Literature is far more evanescent and changeable even in its character, reflecting, as it does, the opinions, manners and pursuits of a people. Religious Literature is equally progressive in its form, though more sensitive and spiritual in its developments. It is the *tide-mark* of the devotion and religious advancement of a Christian community; it is the inner light of the soul, revealing itself through the various forms of individual and national life. We must not forget what we owe our own age, in relying upon the labors and works of those who nobly did their duty in their day, and who show us by example our duty in the present. The demon of unbelief incessantly assumes new forms, and entests upon its side much of the learning

and genius of the age. It manifests itself everywhere, not only in the severe scientific treatise, but in general literature and poetry, and is symbolized in the sweet blandishments of Art. All weapons are used with equal dexterity by the enemy of souls. The Church has, with supernatural wisdom, pressed all the Arts into her service. Music and Painting are domesticated in her temples; Literature has poured its offerings into her treasury; she has had her poets, too—her Dante, her Shakspeare and her Dryden. In our own day, the noble, the gifted Montalembert has charmed millions by the melody of his style into reading what otherwise would have been unheeded. Listz, too, has recently consecrated his matchless musical genius to the service of religion. His Oratorio of Saint Elizabeth will go down the ages, revealing, as only true music could, the depth, the sweetness, the dazzling purity of her angelic soul. We must believe that many chosen spirits will thus be led through the lower worship of Art to the higher worship of Eternal Beauty. Let such books as "*Spiritual Progress*" be multiplied, adapted to the tastes and even prejudices of our people. Let all the power of Eloquence and Art be used to command the attention of those who must first be charmed before they can be convinced.

The Science of Mary.

St. Denys, when he saw the vision of Mary, said with wonder that he might have mistaken her for God. We may say, in more modern and less simple language, that Mary is like one of those great scientific truths, whose full import we never master except by long meditation, and by studying its bearings on a system, and then at last the fertility and grandeur of the truth seem endless. So it is with the Mother of God. She teaches us God as we never could else have learned Him. She mirrors more of Him in her single self, than all intelligent and material creation beside. In her the prodigies of His love toward ourselves became credible. She is the hill-top from which we gain distant views into His perfections, and see fair regions in Him, of which we should not else have dreamed. Our thoughts of Him grow worthier by means of Her. The full dignity of creation shines bright in her, and, standing on her, the perfect mere creature, we look over into the depths of the Hypostatic Union, which otherwise would have been a gulf whose edges we never could have reached. The amount of human knowledge in the present age is overwhelming; yet the deepest thinkers deem science to be only in its infancy. Many things indicate this truth. Just as each science is yearly growing, yearly outgrowing the old systems which held it within too narrow limits, so is the science of Mary growing in each loving and studious heart all through life, within the spacious domains of vast theology; and in Heaven it will forthwith outgrow all that earth's theologies have laid down as limits, limits rather necessitated by the narrowness of our own capacities than drawn from the real magnitude of her whom they define.

Weekly Chronicle.

Pio Nono at Castel Gandolfo—Misrepresentations of the Liberal Press—Eighteenth Centenarian Anniversary of Saint Peter's Martyrdom—Boulogne Fêtes.

ROME.—We have no other news from Castel Gandolfo than that of the constant good health of the Pope, who is the more active, it seems, in matters connected with his high office, from his being more removed from the attention of the world at large in general, and of the diplomatic world in particular.

The misrepresentations of the Liberal press in matters concerning the Papal Government and the Church are coming pretty thickly upon us. Thus, instead of discoursing on the sufferings of the prisoners in Victor Emmanuel's dominions—where, in spite of turning convents into gaols, persons arrested on suspicion are kept for years, without trial, in a state of confinement somewhat similar to that of negroes on board a slaver; where eighty-nine prisoners, arrested for reaction at Viesti, on July 27, 1861, are now being tried at Lucerna, shut up in an iron cage; where women are repeatedly flogged, as in the Pretorial prison of Florence; where the exiles of the Pica law, compelled to live on the Island of Lipari, are being starved on an allowance of three and a half pence a day, even against the provisions of that very law of blood; where fowls are officially numbered, as in Salernitano, and their unaccounted disappearance punished by the imprisonment and exile of their owners, etc., etc.,—the *Siecle* chooses to fill minds (such as they are) of its million of readers with the account of the passion and martyrdom of fourteen political prisoners in the Bagno di Civita Vecchia. Now they are known—even to the French garrison and its officers—to be guilty of ordinary criminal offences against society, and to be kept in a hall where sixty prisoners were previously confined.

There is reason to believe that at the approaching Consistory the Holy Father will issue an Encyclical to invite the Clergy and faithful throughout the world to the celebration of the eighteenth centenarian anniversary of St. Peter's martyrdom, which will be in June next. The Canonization of Blessed Peter Arbuez, Josaphat, and Germaine Cousin, is expected to take place on that occasion.

THE BOULOGNE FÊTES.—On Friday, the 11th ultimo, according to the order set down in the programme of the pilgrimages of the Assumption of 1865, the British Catholics, either resident or sojourning in Boulogne, together with those who have come across the Channel expressly to take part in these celebrated religious *fêtes* and gain the indulgences connected therewith, assembled at 3.30 p. m., at the Church of Saint Nicholas. I never enjoyed a higher feeling of exultation than in forming one of that most interesting procession and taking an unobtrusive part in a proceeding designed to do especial honor to the ever Blessed and Immaculate Virgin in the public streets of one of the most famous towns of the greatest of Catholic and Continental nations, where

the services of the Church of Christ are protected by the State, and where the greatest and most distinguished deem it an honor to do public homage to the Mother of God. Such, no doubt, was also the feeling that swelled the breasts of the three hundred Priests and laics who took part in the British procession on Friday. In the Cathedral there were twice that number, but of these I have no doubt a considerable proportion were Protestants. After the great organ had pealed forth a grand symphony and the *Salve Regina* had been sung, the Rev. Mr. Smith ascended the pulpit and delivered a remarkably eloquent and able discourse vindicating the Catholic doctrine and feelings with regard to the veneration of the Blessed Virgin, from the universal Christian doctrine of the Incarnation. An argument more clear, logical, and convincing, has seldom, if ever, been maintained in that pulpit from which great preachers, theologians, and divines have addressed overflowing congregations, and I have reason to know that it had produced a deep impression upon several of the Protestant portion of the audience. At the conclusion of the discourse there was solemn Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, and then a procession round the back of the temporary high altar to venerate the ancient relics, through the aisle on the Gospel side, and thence back to the Church of Saint Nicholas, where, after the recitation of the *Angelus*, the pilgrims separated a little before six o'clock.

On Sunday the sermon commenced at 7.30 a. m., with a Low Mass, at which Holy Communion was administered to the Paris pilgrims who had arrived by special train on Saturday evening, to the number of 2,000, accompanied by their respective Parochial Clergy.

On Monday, the pilgrims of the several parishes of Abbeville arrived at half-past eight a. m., and after performing their devotions returned home at five in the afternoon. Tuesday was devoted to the pilgrims of Saint Etienne and Calais, and Wednesday to those of upwards of half-a-dozen parishes in the Pas de Calais. On Thursday the pilgrimages will close with great solemnity—finishing with the Pontifical Benediction.—*Lon. Reg.*

Approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop of Newark, N. J.

NEWARK, September 22, 1865.

VERY REV. DEAR SIR:

I have received, and read with much pleasure, several numbers of the AVE MARIA, and would be glad to have it circulated in my Diocese, as tending to foster devotion towards our Blessed Lady as *Regina Cleri*.

With sincere regard, very truly yours,

JAMES, Bishop of Newark.

VERY REV. FATHER SORIN, S. S. C.

A RELIGIOUS LIFE is not a thing which sheds itself like a bright bubble on the river surface. It is rather like the river itself, which widens continually, and is never so broad or so deep as at its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of eternity.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Mission at the North Pole.

We have just received a most interesting communication with regard to this mission, of which we have already spoken to our readers. It comprises Laponia, the island, the Faror Islands, and stations north of Scotland. Everywhere the missionary has to struggle against all sorts of difficulties; the most insurmountable is Protestant intolerance. In some places this intolerance becomes absolute persecution.

The Mission of Altengaard, in Laponia, offers the greatest hopes for the future, as we may judge from the following extract from a letter to the Very Rev. Apostolic Prefect, M. Bernard, by the Abbé Maesfranck, missionary at Altengaard:

"I do not hesitate to repeat what has frequently been said before me, that the mission of the North Pole is the most difficult one upon the face of the globe. And for this reason I believe it has been most providentially placed under the special protection of the Queen of Heaven, in whose honor the Church chants these beautiful and consoling words: '*Cunctas hereses sola interemisti in universo mundo*—Alone thou hast destroyed all the heresies in the entire world.'" Yes, it is a secret design of Providence that our Arctic Mission was designed on the memorable day on which the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin was proclaimed. Great evils require great remedies, and difficult works must have powerful patrons. Satan doubtless trembled with rage on this day of earth's rejoicing, when he saw her, who has special mission to destroy his empire, follow him even to the very summit of the globe; when he saw the Blessed Virgin prepare to invade his reign, until then so peaceful in the frozen regions, where he seemed to have established his last quarters. You know, my lord, that the enemy has already opened against us all his forces, open and hidden; but, notwithstanding his wickedness, his hatred, his calumnies, and every difficulty he has thrown in our way, this mission, under the powerful protection of the Immaculate Virgin, bears consoling fruits of benediction. Witness the long register of names which the civil authority, with a good deal of anxiety, requires every year, to verify the names of those who have abandoned the Church of the State; witness also our cemetery, which already incloses the remains of a goodly number of faithful and pious neophytes, all of whom, I may say, died the death of the saints; and I have the firm hope that they have gone to glorify God for the grace of their conversion, and to intercede more powerfully to obtain the same grace for their unhappy brethren who are still obstinately blind in the way of error.

"In this region, where the souls are almost as cold as the climate, conversions must necessarily be slow. Nevertheless we have good grounds for hope. Among a number of these wandering brethren I find much of Catholic faith, but human respect is a terrible obstacle to the manifestation of these favorable dispositions. However, we hope

to triumph over these obstacles, through the intercession of our good and merciful patroness, the Immaculate Virgin, who has already deigned to show us that she is the patroness and guardian of the mission.

"I know not whether you have heard the following little incident; it will give you an idea of the maternal attention of Mary over her faithful and confiding servants. One day, a good neophyte, full of faith and piety, found himself engaged in a religious controversy with several Protestants. For the time being, at least, they were all united; in their determination to crush the Catholic they dropped all minor differences between themselves. Although illiterate and alone, the convert successfully defended his faith. Finally one of his adversaries placed a Bible on the table, saying, with a tone of contempt and haughty confidence: 'There; I defy you to show me, in that book, a single text that proves the saints pray in Heaven?' The good neophyte knew perfectly well that it was in the Bible—but where? Great was his embarrassment. Nevertheless he was not disconcerted; but, placing all his confidence in the actual assistance of God, he addressed himself interiorly to the Blessed Virgin in these terms: 'O Immaculate Virgin! assist me; not for myself, but for the glory of thy Son;' and then, full of faith and confidence, he opened the sacred book, and his eyes fell upon the fourth verse of the eighth chapter of the Apocalypse of Saint John: '*Et ascendit fumus incensarum de orationibus sanctorum de manu angeli coram Deo*—And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God from the hand of the angel.'" You may be sure that our neophyte was as triumphant as his adversaries were confused.

"Let me give you another instance, which I also attribute to the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin. As you are aware, a Protestant mission has been established here, to prevent conversions to the Catholic faith. The minister who has presided over it for several years is a man of talent and great zeal,—I might almost say of great fanaticism,—which he at all times exhibited by his hatred of Catholicity. By slanders, calumnies, invectives and injuries of every nature he tried to injure us. On my part, I tried to refute all the evil he produced against us; but I perceived that I gained nothing by this course. Then I recommended this poor deluded man to the mercy of God, through the intercession of her who is the patroness and guardian of our mission; every day myself and neophytes prayed in common, we particularly invoked the Blessed Virgin; and whenever the opportunity presented, I sent him some Catholic books. After a certain lapse of time I chanced to meet him, and was pleasantly surprised at a most happy change in him. This man, formerly so proud, haughty, and even wicked in his conduct toward Catholics, had suddenly become most affable and friendly. We entered into conversation, and I found his sentiments entirely changed; and this man, who, from the pulpit and on every other occasion, sought an opportunity to villify our holy religion, became its apologist to such an extent that the report went abroad of his

having become a Catholic. He was reported to his Bishop, and the latter soon arrived to take due informations on so serious a subject. A division immediately arose among his congregation—some accusing, others defending him; a violent altercation took place in their *meeting-house*—a religious dispute, which strongly savored of the burlesque. I was present, and can testify that it was truly a comic scene. A few days afterward I had a long interview with the minister; he could not conceal the embarrassment and anxiety which agitated his heart. 'No,' he exclaimed, 'I have nothing against the Catholic religion; it is the only true and holy faith,' and, after a moment's reflection, he added: 'Oh, if I were not married; but, I am the father of a family.'

"A short time after, he was removed. How much I pitied his situation! Who had operated this wonderful change in a soul so short a time before entirely Protestant? It was neither our books nor conversation; but I attribute it to the grace obtained by the intercession of our good patroness, the Immaculate Virgin, to whom we had prayed for this end.

"Lately, I received the following words from the pen of the apostolic prefect: 'The North Pole, the summit of the globe, must no longer belong to the kingdom of Satan.' God grant it may not; but to attain this holy end we need more priests. At present our situation is such that we are under the necessity to make an appeal to Catholic countries and to the Christian charity of our brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ. We need three kind of alms to wrest this summit of the globe from the kingdom of Satan: prayers for souls, material alms, and devoted priests.

"The inhabitants of these inhospitable regions are doubly poor; but their greatest poverty is that of the soul, of which Saint John speaks in the Apocalypse (iii, 17): "*Et nescis quia tu es miser et miserabilis et pauper et cæcus et nudus*—And thou knowest not that thou art unhappy, miserable, poor, blind and naked." Nevertheless they are, in imitation of their father, Luther, proud, disdainful, haughty and full of self-confidence; hence they say: "*Dives sum et locupletatus et nullius egeo*—I am rich and opulent; I need nothing." "We have the Bible and our faith—we need nothing more." To this poverty of the soul we must give liberal alms of, prayers, humble and ardent supplications to the Father of mercy, that He will deign bring back to the fold these poor stray sheep. The people of these Arctic regions are equally poor in temporal goods; the soil scarce produces any vegetation, and the fisheries, on which they depend, are not always successful; therefore we need material alms to build our churches and support our missionaries. But the third kind of alms, of which we have the greatest need, is the devotedness of some good, pious priests, who will offer their lives for the glory of God, the destruction of Satan's reign at this extremity of the earth, and to honor the Immaculate Mary, our tender Mother, who has taken under her protection the mission confided to our care. Here, above all other places, we can apply to ourself the words of the Divine Master: *Messis*

quidem multa, operarii autem pauci. This good priest might also add: "For five years I have been alone at Altengaard, at a distance of twenty hours of navigation from my only confrier—will not my appeal be heard by some devoted missionary?"

I have the honor to be your most obedient servant,

E. MAESFRANCK,
Apostolic Missionary at the North Pole.

In Suffering with Jesus the Christian becomes a Redeemer with Jesus.

In redeeming us by suffering, Jesus has given us the power to become with Him the redeemer of our brethren; and to accomplish this glorious title, it is sufficient to unite our sufferings to those of His Divine Heart.

Yes, sufferings, that is to say all that nature so greatly abhors, all that prostrates the body, all that breaks the heart, all that plunges the soul into bitterness, all that destroys as it were our poor humanity, has become, since Jesus Christ and in Jesus Christ, the most powerful instruments for the regeneration of souls and society. The Heart of Jesus has performed many miracles, but none more wonderful than the transfiguration of suffering. He has made sorrow lovely and humiliations glorious. He has given the fountain of life to death and the secret of strength to weakness.

To all those who would imitate Him in working for the salvation of souls, He addresses these words, which every age verifies in the most striking manner: "Unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, itself remaineth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." (John vii, 24.) There are as many sorts of apostleships as there are different dispositions in man. There is the apostleship of preaching and the apostleship of prayer, the apostleship of teaching and that of charity; by all these means we can unite ourselves to the divine apostleship of our Saviour, and become His auxiliaries. But in as much as He saved the world by His sufferings more than by His teachings, miracles or prayers, so we cannot obtain a greater part in His merits and in the fruit of His labors than in exercising, in union with Him, the divine *Apostleship of suffering.*

Nothing seems harder than this doctrine, yet in reality nothing is more consoling. Act as we may, suffering will be the inevitable and perpetual necessity of our earthly existence; what then is more encouraging than to see in this sorrowful necessity the source of the greatest merits and the most fruitful instrument of all apostleships? To enjoy this fruitfulness one condition is essential, namely, that we unite ourselves with Jesus suffering; that we accept these sufferings as He accepted His, not only with resignation but with love; that we assume His intentions, in offering our sufferings not for our own advantage, but for the glory of God, the expiation of sin, the conversion of sinners and the triumph of the Church.

Suffering endured in this manner is, undoubtedly, of all apostleships the most sanctifying, fruitful and meritorious for the soul that practices it, the most glorious for God, and the most useful for the Church.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

Thro' the dark casement, moonbeams are peeping,
Veiling with glory the babe sweetly sleeping;
Every chaste motion her mother attending,
Over her cradle the patriarch bending;
Around the dear cottage angels are winging,
Heavenly music softly they're singing.
Soft-floating zephyrs, Vesper-sweets stealing,
Kiss now the infant—scented hymns pealing;
Flow'rets 'mid dew-drops—petals ere closing,
Offer their sweetness to Mary reposing.
Heaven, by Mary, Eve's fall is repairing;
Earth is exulting—hell is despairing.
Approach then her cradle; do not be chary—
But whisper a prayer to dear little Mary.

The Altar Boy of Our Lady.

The town of Chartres, or rather the whole country which surrounds it, was before the Christian era the central point of the religion of the Gauls. There was the principal college of their Druids, over which a supreme pontiff ruled as president; and there, also, according to ancient traditions, more or less supported by authority, the Druids had raised, in a vast grotto inclosed by a circle of ancient oaks, an altar to the Virgin who was one day to bring forth the Saviour of the world. This image, we are told, represented a woman seated on a throne, with her Son on her knees, and robed in a long tunic down to her feet, with a mantle in the form of an antique chasuble, and a crown on her head of oak-leaves, and a veil hanging from it over the shoulders. The grotto in which it was placed is the crypt of the present cathedral, in which the early Christians celebrated the holy mysteries in time of persecution; and the town of Chartres has ever been under the especial protection of the Blessed Virgin, who has shown her favor to it by many miracles.

In the year 1116, in the reign of Philip I, on the evening of the 31st of October, there was a solemn procession in the subterranean church of Chartres, while hymns of praise were sung to our Lady, the Queen of "All Saints," whose festival was to be celebrated the next day. The pious Bishop presided; when the crowd, fervent and recollected, sang with a devout heart. The monks and priests all held torches; at intervals, when the procession rested, the Bishop, with mitre on his head, and crosier in his hand, blessed the faithful, surrounded by the young phalanx of altar boys bearing tapers.

Among these children there was one especially remarked as being the most diligent and recollected, though he was but ten years old. He was the son of a poor widow, who found in him her treasure and her joy. It was said of him that he had divided his heart into three portions, of which he had given one to God, one to the Blessed Virgin, and one to his mother; and all these three affections were in full exercise. Never was he absent from a religious ceremony; never were the

festivals of the Blessed Virgin celebrated without his being there to assist: he never seemed thoroughly happy except in church; and when in the narrow streets of this ancient town a chance passer-by asked who he was, he never failed to answer with an innocent pride, "I am an altar boy of our Lady of Chartres."

The mother of this sweet child, as may be supposed, was very unwilling ever to have him out of her sight; and therefore she was, like him, assiduous in frequenting the house of God; and never ceased following him with her eyes, whether he was serving Mass, or carrying the little vessel of holy water, or whether, in attendance on the good Bishop, he formed one of the little band of whom our Lord, in an especial manner, commanded that they should be suffered to come to Him.

On the evening of which we are speaking, this good mother was watching her little son, as he attended on the Bishop; and was first surprised, and then anxious, when, on the second turn of the procession, she missed him from the ranks of his young companions. The third turn came, and he had not re-appeared. What could have become of him? When the procession was over, the faithful retired; but the mother, who had been suffering for more than half an hour, hastened into the sacristy with a hurried though modest step, and, in a low voice, asked every one she met for tidings of her son. But no one had seen him disappear; and it was only then for the first time that they observed that he and his taper were missing.

She went back into the crypt with the sacristans, who sympathized in her anxiety; the other altar boys followed; then the priests and monks, and lastly the good Bishop himself. All loved the gracious child, and took an interest in him; and all were anxious to find out what had become of him, whether he was lying ill in some remote corner, or whether he had forgotten himself in prayer over some holy tomb; for that crypt had received the bones of several martyrs.

They all sought in vain, however; they explored every corner, every niche, every turn, but could find nothing; they called the child again and again, but no answer was made: so they concluded at last that he had either left the church unperceived, or had been carried away, or that he had fallen into a deep pit just behind the old altar of the Druids. There the mother ran, with her torch in her hand; and she had no sooner thrown the light on the mouth of the pit, than she gave a cry of anguish which drew all the party to her side in an instant. At the bottom of the pit she thought she espied a white surplice. The others looked in; but by the uncertain light of the torches they could see nothing: a mother's eye, however, was to be trusted; and by the Bishop's desire, the most active of those in attendance let himself cautiously down to the bottom of the well, where he found the poor child, drowned, stiff, insensible, and frozen by death.

All stood around the mother in silent grief, none daring to attempt to console her; for she seemed quite stunned, in a way which struck awe into the hearts of all around her. The feeling, how-

ever, which so overpowered her, was not consternation, though it seemed like it; it was an impossibility of believing that her son was really taken from her. As soon as the child was brought to the top of the pit, she seized him eagerly in her arms; and rushing to the altar of Our Lady, she laid him all dripping as he was at the foot of the holy image, threw herself on her knees, and cried:

"Behold him, Blessed Virgin; this dear child whom we have lost. He is no longer mine, Lady of Chartres, he is yours; I have given him to you: I give him. But you know, dear Lady, that he loves you; he was under your protection; and you cannot surely suffer that he should not awake."

The tears of all present mingled with those of the widow full of faith; all knelt round, praying and sobbing. But few dared to hope that a child who had been an hour drowned could possibly revive; indeed, scarcely any except the good Bishop and the little altar-boys, whose young hearts dared to participate in the mother's hope. But faith prevailed: the child of miracle opened his eyes! He was at once surrounded and borne away from the altar, and his voice joined in the rapturous thanksgiving which immediately resounded through those ancient vaults.

When the first transports of joy were past, the child thus raised from the dead was immediately overwhelmed with questions; and he explained that, in trying to get to his place, he had been imprudent enough to pass behind the altar; and not thinking of the pit, had fallen into it headlong. As all wondered that he had received no injury, and knew at the same time that he had lost all consciousness of life during the hour that he had passed in the water, they asked him if he had seen, heard, or felt anything. "I felt nothing," he answered, "except a wonderful sensation of delight; I saw nothing except angels moving gently round me; and I heard nothing except their harmonious voices, which responded in the words of the Church to the Lord Bishop, when he addressed to the faithful the *Pax vobiscum*. They also responded to the *Dominus vobiscum* of the Priest."

Such is the marvelous adventure of the altar-boy of our Lady of Chartres. The Bishop was so struck with the wonderful circumstance, that, in order to preserve the remembrance of it, he established a custom which has been observed ever since in the cathedral of Chartres; namely, that when the officiating Bishop chants the *Pax vobiscum*, or a priest the *Dominus vobiscum*, whether at Mass, or at Vespers, Matins, or any of the canonical hours, the choir is silent, knowing that the angels are chanting the responses, and that God is hearing them.

The Favored Little Boy.

Come, my dear little friends, and I will tell you something that happened only a short time ago.

In the village of Fintona, County Tyrone, Ireland, lived a little boy, named Hugh, who always nourished in his early youth a great devotion to our Immaculate Mother, Mary. When quite young, he thought (perhaps like you, my dear children,)

that he would like to be a priest. He made his desires known to his parents, who, although very pious, and truly virtuous, would not listen to his proposition, but opposed his design in every possible way; God, however, had destined him for something great. His eldest sister, Mary, was the only one of the family who seemed to encourage him, saying: "Now, Hughie, pray hard to the Blessed Virgin; then, if you are to be a priest, she will assist you." Daily she would take him to a solitary place, under an overhanging rock, situated not far distant from their home, and there make him kneel on his little bare knees until she had said the Thirty Days Prayer for the good child's intention. He knelt motionless, with his tiny hands folded, until she repeated the final "Amen;" then he would rise with renewed confidence in Mary's intercession.

Our loving Mother heard his request, and aided him in obtaining the object of his ambition. One day he left his father's house to visit an uncle, who was about to leave Hibernia for America. The time had arrived that God was to manifest the power of His Virgin Mother and to reward the devotion of our little hero. Hugh did not return home, but embarked with his uncle, his whole possessions consisting of the clothes he wore. On the arrival in his new home he instantly went in search of employment, which he soon found. Some time after, he taught school at one of the churches in Philadelphia. All his leisure hours were devoted to the study of Latin, to insure success of admittance in the seminary. He had no difficulty in gaining the point, for Mary was at his side. He entered, and by his merit and extraordinary talent soon gained the affection of his teachers and companions. By constant application to his studies he acquired, in a short time, as much learning as many of the elder students. No less did he endeavor to learn the science of the saints, particularly that of devotion to Mary. His piety and modest deportment was a subject of edification to all who saw him.

At length the happy moment for which he had so long and so ardently sighed arrived, when he should receive, from the hand of the sainted Bishop Neumann, the sacred character of priesthood. Shortly after his ordination he was appointed director of a Religious Community under the immediate patronage of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Nothing could now daunt his zeal in promoting the love of his Heavenly Mother; wherever he went, he would plant the seed of devotion to her.

This favored little boy was Rev. H. Monahan, who died only a few weeks ago. He was the good child on whom the ever watchful eye of our dearest Mother rested. No doubt he is now enjoying the glorious vision, and continuing to do in Heaven what he began on earth: viz. to praise and glorify her name.

Which of you, my dear little friends, will not love that good Mother? If you pray to her every day, she will do for you what she did for a Saint Stanislaus, an Albertus Magnus, or for the little boy of Fintona.

AVE MARIA.

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SAINT WORSHIP.

No one is required by Catholic faith to believe in the literal historical truth of every thing to be found in the legends of the Saints. The Catholic mind is as remote from credulity as from skepticism, and in the Lives of the Saints, as elsewhere, the incidents and events, the sayings and doings recorded are as historical facts to be accepted or rejected according to the historical evidence in the case.

Popular love and veneration delight to ascribe to the great Saint as to the great hero, whatever they find that comports with his character and tends in their estimation to complete it, and in process of time gather round him a variety of incidents which may never have happened to him, and sometimes incidents that may never have happened at all. Sayings and doings are ascribed to one Saint that in the historical order are true only of another, and sometimes that are literally true of no one. This is natural and every day happens to every distinguished man, whether distinguished for wit, learning, heroism, benevolence, or holiness; and it would be rash to say that all is false in the theories of our modern German mythologies, only they exaggerate and misapply the truth they have. Indeed a vein of truth runs through even the heathen mythologies, though moral and philosophical rather than historical truth. Things of this sort do not offend the pious heart, however much they may the historical critic. Certainly piety is never nourished with falsehood, and it can live and thrive only in an atmosphere of truth, but there is a whole world of truth, and truth of the highest order, above the more outward sensible fact which is all that is apprehended by the materialist.

When our Lord took three of His disciples, Peter, James and John, ascended Mount Thabor, and was transfigured before them, nothing was changed or assumed in Him, and what His disciples saw was only Himself as He was at all times and places in Himself. The miracle was impartially withdrawing for the moment the sensible veil from before their eyes, enabling them to catch a glimpse of that glory always before them, and but ordinarily hidden from their sight. Always is there before us, above us, round about us, and in which is our real life, a truth which transcends the simple, outward, sensible fact. The sensible facts are only the shadow of the truth. The real truth, the real significance of the historical fact, all its meaning or worth lies in the order

that transcends it, in the moral and spiritual order, which is back of it, the unseen, the unchanging, the eternal, and which is symbolized by it.

From before the pious and believing heart grace always to some extent withdraws the sensible veil, and partially discloses the transcendental world, the invisible and the eternal, in which is the soul's light and life, its strength and its joy. The regenerate soul has ascended the Mount with its Lord, sees His face shining as the sun, and His garments white as the snow, and falls prostrate at His feet and adores. Having found the truth, having, as it were, reached the object of its love, penetrated to the living reality, symbolized by sensible facts, it has got all they can give, and it can value them only as means of shadowing it forth to its own sensible nature or to that of others. It interprets the facts, and would make them capable of expressing what it sees, feels, and loves, yet it finds them always too narrow for the glory present to its affections, and has a constant tendency to enlarge or multiply them, to make them adequate symbols of the truth it adores. In this way the legend is constructed and grows. It is not false, but in the highest sense truthful. The truth present and loved demands for its utterance all the events and incidents of the legend, and renders morally and spiritually true even those events which never historically happened. The legend may therefore always be read with confidence for spiritual edification, for it is always true as far as it goes in the only sense in which the soul understands it, and therefore true in the highest of all senses.

Something of the same principle which idealizes the Saint, generates the *cultus sanctorum*, or Saint-worship. The heart that is filled with the love of God overflows in its love to all that is godlike or related to God. As God's own love overflows in creation, for creation springs out of the exuberance of His love, so does the love of each one who really loves Him overflow to every thing He has created. It loves all that is an object of God's love, all that is dear to God. It loves God in Himself, and in His works, as we love the Son because we love the Father. It is the nature of all real love.

All love is demonstrative. It seeks always to express itself, and the expression of love is worship. From love springs alike the worship of God and of all that is godlike or related to the supreme and central object of love.

In every age of the Church Saint-worship has obtained, never, I believe, by virtue of any positive

precept, but from the overflowing of the pious Catholic heart. It is, if I may so speak, a necessity of Catholic piety. The love with which the regenerate and faithful soul is filled, cannot be satisfied without it. That love must worship and it must worship the universal God. God in Himself and God in His works, all of which through His creative act partake of His divine being, and are through the medium of that act identified with Him. The worship would seem to it incomplete, defective, if it did not embrace the creature with the Creator, and especially, if it did not include the Saints who of all His creatures are the nearest and dearest to Him. The heart that does not include them in its love to God, and honor them in its honor to Him, may break no positive command, but it may be assured that it has at best only a stingy love, and no reason to applaud itself either for its logic or the fullness of its devotion.

The Protestant sects regard, or affect to regard, the worship which we render to the Saints, especially to the Blessed Mother of our Redeemer, as idolatry, but this is because they do not consider that to worship God in His creatures, especially His Saints, redeemed by His Blood, and sanctified by His grace, is still to worship God, or that the worship which we render to the Saints regarded solely as creatures, is never that which we offer to God Himself. Supreme worship is due to God alone, and to give it to another is idolatry, is treason to the Most High, to the Majesty of Heaven and earth; none know this better than Catholics. But worship is a general term, which includes not only different degrees, but different species. The word, is from the Anglo-saxon *weorthscipe*, which means simply the state or condition of being worthy, dignity, or worthy of honor, or respect, and to worship is to ascribe worth, honor, dignity, or excellence to some one, or literally to honor it may be God, the living, the magistrate, or simply a man for his office, station, possessions, acquirements, or virtues. The word itself may with like propriety designate the religious homage one owes to God, the reverence we give to the Saints, or the civil respect we pay to magistrates, or to all persons in authority, whether in Church or state. Idolatry is not in rendering worship to men, but in rendering to them the worship that is due to God alone.

The Protestant sects overlook this fact, and when they see us unmistakably worshipping Saints, and perhaps rendering them as high a worship as that which they in reality render to God Himself, conclude, rashly, that we are idolaters, and brand the worship we give to the Mother of God as Mariolatry. But they seem not to be aware that the supreme and distinctive act of worship to God is sacrifice, and that we offer sacrifice never to any Saint, never but to God alone. Hence it is the worship we pay to Saints, even the highest, is never a distinctively religious worship, and it is an open question, or a question not defined by the Church whether it is properly religious worship or not. It is or is not, probably as the term *religious* is taken in a wider or in a more restricted

sense. That Protestants should regard our Saint-worship as idolatrous is not strange or surprising. Having rejected the sacrifice of the Mass, they have no sacrifice to offer, and therefore really no supreme distinctive worship of God, and their supreme worship is of the same kind, and very little, if any, higher than that which we offer to the Saints themselves. They see us give to the Saints as high a worship as they render to God, and why then should they not regard us as idolaters?

Doubtless, so-called orthodox Protestants hold that a Sacrifice, an all-sufficient Sacrifice has been offered by our Lord in offering Himself on the Cross, but in their view this Sacrifice was completed, finished in the past, and is not an offering continuously made, and therefore made now and on our altars as really and as truly as on Calvary. In regard to men now living they hold it to be a past and not an ever present Sacrifice, and therefore according to them we have no sacrifice to offer, consequently no supreme distinctive worship of God. Hence their churches have a table, but no altar, except by a figure of speech, as it is only by a figure of speech that they commune of the body of our Lord. Their divine service or religious worship consists chiefly of prayer and the singing of hymns or psalms, and comprises nothing in kind which it is not perfectly lawful to offer to men. It is lawful to love our neighbor, to honor the magistrate, to pray to men in authority, to sing the praises of the conquering hero, and to confide in our friends. What in all this is distinctively religious worship, or which can be given only to God?

The simple fact is that Protestants accuse us of idolatry, because they have and believe in no worship higher than our Saint-worship. But, because they have and believe in no higher worship, it does not follow that there is none higher, or that we have it not. It is not good logic to argue that because they in their worship anthropomorphize God, we in ours divinize the Saints. The canonization of the Church is not the apotheosis of the pagans. The Church has a perpetual Sacrifice, not that the sacrifice on Calvary is repeated or renewed on our altars, but is continued or perpetuated on them in an unbloody manner, without cessation or interruption. This sacrifice perpetuated in the Sacrifice of the Mass, really and truly, and not symbolically, as in the Jewish sacrifices, is the supreme distinctive worship of God. This Protestants have not; what they have may be good as far as it goes, but it is a worship that may be rendered to God in common with men. As we have the true spiritual worship and offer it only to God, we can accept and encourage the overflowings of the pious heart towards the Saints without any danger of idolatry.

The Holy Sacrifice is never offered to a Saint, not even to the Mother of God, our churches and altars are all dedicated to God alone. Those that bear the name of some Saint are like all the others dedicated to God, and are simply placed under the patronage or intercession of the Saint. The Saints honored by offices in the church service, are not the direct object of the worship. The

Sacrifice is offered to God in thanksgiving for them, and the prayers are all addressed directly to God, and only their intercession is invoked. In the authorized Litanies of the Saints and of the Blessed Virgin, the Saints are indeed invoked, but nothing of them is asked but their prayers for us, which is no more than we all ask daily of our pastors, of our friends, and of one another, and why may we not ask as much of a Saint in Heaven as of a sinful mortal on 'earth? Is the Saint less living, or less dear to God?

But Saint-worship does not simply spring from the exuberance of Catholic piety, is not simply an instinct or spontaneous outburst of the Catholic heart; it has a reason in the deepest mysteries of our religion, and there is a profound philosophy in it, undreamed of by those who neglect it. It is no excrescence on the Christian religion, no corruption of the simplicity of primitive worship, but a normal development which has its root in the very essence of the Christian system, or the Divine plan of creation, redemption, and glorification. It is defensible not only to pious affection, but to the understanding, and rests on the deepest philosophical and theological principles that we know either by reason or revelation. The Christian religion is Catholic, all its principles are Catholic, and for every thing in it or pertaining to it there is a Catholic reason. Catholic means whole, and universal, because it embraces the whole. The Christian religion is a systematic whole, and all its parts cohere and are inseparable parts of a complete whole. The catechism is supremely logical, is a dialectic whole, and no part can be denied without denying the whole.

The worship of the Saints does not stand alone, but rests on a principle as universal, as integral, and as essential as the worship of God. The command, love thy neighbor as thyself, rests on the same principle or ground, as the command, love God. There are two senses in which we may consider Saint-worship. The first, as the worship of God in His Saints; the second, as the worship of the Saints for what they are personally, or what nature and they by the grace of God have made themselves.

But I have no room in my present article to say anything further, and must reserve the discussion of Saint-worship under these two heads for future numbers.

ELIZABETH, N. J., October 2, 1865.

Autumn once more begins to teach;
Sear leaves their annual sermon preach;
And with the southward-slipping sun
Another stage of life is done.
My soul appears, as I get old,
More prompt in act, in prayer less cold;
Crosses, from use, more lightly press;
Mirth is more purely weariness;
With less to quarrel with in life,
I grow less patient with its strife;
I wish more simply, Lord, to be,
Ailing or well, always with Thee!

Saint Luke, the Evangelist of the Divine Maternity.---October 18.

"Luke, the physician most dearly beloved" of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, was born at Antioch, in Syria. He wrote his Gospel about twenty-four years after the Ascension; and in it he shows himself in a special manner the Evangelist of the Sacred Infancy of our Lord and the Divine Maternity of our Blessed Mother; for it is only in his Gospel we find the touching relation of the Annunciation, the Incarnation, and the visit of the Mother of God to her cousin Saint Elizabeth. To him also we are indebted for the three Gospel songs—the *Magnificat*, the *Benedictus* and the *Nunc dimittis*. A painter is always a poet, hence we find that Saint Luke treasured up in his Gospel those sublime canticles of the Sacred Infancy for the joy of future ages. And it was doubtless by the lips of the Blessed Virgin that the Holy Ghost revealed to him the mysteries of Nazareth and Bethlehem, and her sweet voice must have repeated to him the Angelic Salutation of God's heavenly messenger, and the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the angels, whose celestial tones, around the poor stable of Bethlehem, filled the winter night with the harmony of Heaven. The tender poetical instincts of his artistic mind seemed to linger around the Sacred Infancy and Divine Maternity at the lowly crib. "He is there, by the appointment of the Holy Ghost, as the painter of Mary and the secretary of the Infant Jesus."

Father Faber says that "he lived with the Mother of Mercy until he saw nothing but mercy in her Son. * * * His Gospel has been named the Gospel of mercy, because it is so full of incidents of our Lord's love for sinners. It is from him chiefly that we have the conversion of sinners and the examples of our Lord's amazing kindness to them. It is a Gospel of sunshine. It throws strong light into the darkest places, and loves to use the power it has to do so; and is not all this painter-like? The examples to which the fallen sinner turns instinctively, when hope and despair are battling for his soul, are mostly in the Gospel of Saint Luke. He chose what he most loved himself; and inspiration ministered to the bent of his genius rather than diverted or ignored it. He is known, like all artists, for his choice of subjects. What wonder he was the companion of Saint Paul when their minds were so congenial? The magnifying of grace, the facility and abundance of redemption, the vast treasures of hope, the delight of reconciliation with God, the predilection for the grand phenomena of conversion, all these peculiarities of Saint Luke's genius would recommend him to the Apostle of the Precious Blood, and would also give him swift admission to the intimacy of Mary."

Saint Luke, as the Church's first painter, is "The type and symbol of true art which is the child of devotion and theology." His inspired pen traced the exquisite tableaux of Gabriel and Mary in the house of Nazareth and the earthly beatific vision of the mid-winter's care; and with his pencil he

portrayed the beautiful lineaments of our Blessed Mother for a precious legacy to the faithful. Three or four of the portraits of the Divine Maternity painted by him are still extant; the most celebrated one adorns the Borghesian Chapel in Saint Mary Major. It was this painting of Our Lady that was borne in solemn procession by Gregory the Great through the streets of Rome, to avert the effects of the terrible plague that well nigh decimated the Eternal City in the sixth century. While the illustrious Pontiff, bearing the image of the Mother of Mercy, was passing Adrian's mole, celestial voices filled the air, and were distinctly heard by the thousands assembled chanting *Regina celi, letare, Alleluia; qui quem meruisti portare, Alleluia; resurrexit, sicut dixit, Alleluia*. The amazed Pontiff, in chorus with the surrounding multitude, replied *Ora pro nobis Deum, Alleluia*. At the same moment an angel, brilliant with light, was distinctly seen in the Heaven sheathing a naked sword, and on that day the pestilence suddenly ceased throughout the city.

Saint Luke lived to a very old age and was then crucified at Achaia, in Peloponessus.

Raphael, the Angel of Joy.---October 24.

It seems most natural for us to love very tenderly "Raphael, the man-like Angel, the healer and redeemer, because he was so like unto Jesus in his character, and made such beautiful revelations of that pathos which was in God;" for his power and will to guide our steps and bring peace and joy to our hearts is the same to-day as it was in those olden times, when the prayer of Tobias in deep grief "was heard in the sight of the glory of the most high God." (Tobias iii, 24.) We all know and love that exquisite episode in the Jewish captivity; how Raphael came from Heaven to guide the steps of the dutiful son and restore sight to the venerable father; and, as he parted from them, how the glimpse of his angelic beauty, which he permitted them to see, cast them into an ecstasy for three hours; and how he left, as a golden legacy, his spirit of joy and thanksgiving to that holy old man, which added to his life almost another half century, and then how beautiful its close! "The rest of his life was in joy; with great increase of the fear of God he departed in peace," and Raphael's gift continued with the young Tobias, for "After he had lived ninety-nine years in the fear of the Lord, with joy they buried him."

Raphael's powers are not weakened under the New Law; still is he going through the world, binding the agents of Satan and destroying his snares, and guiding wayfarers along the royal road of the Cross, throwing the bright rays of joy over its every dark ravine and gloomy shadow. And ever, when the priest of God goes to the dying Christian with the Sacrament of a happy death, Raphael is at his side, and by the rays of joy he throws around that last bed-side, he shows to the departing soul the bright vestibule of Heaven. It is of pious belief, founded upon the revelations made to different saints, that each of the Seven

Angels who stand around the Throne has one of the Sacraments committed to his special keeping: the Holy Eucharist to Michael, Baptism to Gabriel, Mary's messenger; Confirmation to Uriel, the Strong Companion, who is represented in painting holding in his right hand a drawn sword across his breast; Penance to Jehudial, whom we see in pictures holding a golden crown in his right hand and in his left a scourge; Matrimony to Barachiel, the Helper, said to be the Angel who rebuked Sara when she laughed; he is painted with the fold of his cloak filled with white roses; Sealtiel, the Praying Spirit, whom art depicts with face and eyes cast down and hands clasped upon his breast, guards Holy Orders, and hovers over the sanctuary when the words of solemn ordination consecrate the young Levite "a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec;" and strong, bright, joyous Raphael comes with Extreme Unction to aid us in that last journey beyond the tomb.

But how can we find words to speak of the Angels. Their nature is not ours; their creation lies dim and remote, far beyond the most distant vista of human history. Yet although we cannot study each page of their lives as we can those of the Saints, still our Holy Mother the Church wishes us to keep their daily remembrance in our minds, and for this purpose she consecrates the month of October to the commemoration of these Blessed spirits. Most soothing and cheering it is, when our poor tired humanity grows faint and weary with the many sad trials and disappointments that meet us at almost every step through this land of exile, to look above and contemplate that vast angelic world with its many bright kingdoms, and to grow familiar with daily thoughts of those whom we hope will one day welcome us to Heaven.

One who seems to have borrowed an Angel's lyre to sing the joys of Heaven tells us that "It is well worth while for a theologian to spend his whole life lying on the confines of that bright creation, to mark the light and gleams which come to him from out of those realms of the eldest-born sons of God. It is not only sweet to learn of those whose companions in bliss we hope some day to be, and one of whose royal princes is ever at our side even now, ennobling rather than demeaning himself by ministries of secret love; but it is sweeter still to know so much more of God as even our imperfect theology of Angels can teach us. No one knows the loveliness of moonlight until he has seen the sea. So does the ocean of angelic life, in its clear field of boundless waters, reflect the shining of God's glory. Devotion to the Angels is a devotion which emancipates the soul from littleness, and gives it blissful habits of unearthly thoughts. Purer than the driven snow are all those countless spirits; pure in the exuberance of their own beautiful natures, not by the toilsome chastening of austerity nor by the quick or gradual death of nature at the hands of grace. Mary, their Queen, looks down unto them for evermore, and the white light of her exceeding purity is reflected in them as in deep, still

waters. They come nearest to God, and it is one of the rubrics of Heaven's service that the incense of men's prayers should be burned before God by Angels. Yet they are our kin. We look up to them more as elder brothers than as creatures set apart from us by the pre-eminence of their natures. We love them with a yearning love; we make sure of being the comrades of their eternal joy; we even imitate their impossible heights without despair; for their beauty invigorates us rather than disheartens us. It is an endless delight to us that they serve God so well, while we are serving Him so poorly. Beautiful land! beautiful bright people! how wonderfully the splendors of creation shines on them, while from off their ceaseless wings they are ever scattering lights and odors which are all of God and from God's home, and make us homesick, as exiles are who smell some native, almost forgotten flower, or hear the strains of some long silent patriotic melody! No cold gulf is between us and those angelic spirits. Like a ship that hangs upon a summer sea with its fair white sails, and one while seems to belong to the blue deep and another while to be rather a creature of the sunny air, so do the dear Angels hang, and brood, and float over this sea of human joys and sorrows, never too high above us to be beyond our reach, and more often mingling like Raphael their unsullied light with our darkness, as if they were but the best, the kindest, and the noblest of ourselves." To some Saints it has been given to see their Guardian Angel ever at their side, guarding them as Raphael did the young Tobias. Exceedingly beautiful, for instance, is the Angel Guardian chapter in the life of Francesca of Rome; but this we must reserve for another number. To-day we wish, as his festival approaches, to increase our love for Raphael. May he, the Angel of Extreme Unction, bring his spirit of joy and thanksgiving to the death-bed of every reader of the AVE MARIA. Oh blissful ending of life, with such attendants as Mary and Joseph, our Guardian Angel and Raphael!

Ave Maria.

*O! Domina mea! O! Mater mea!
Tibi me totum offero.*

My Mother dear, my Queen divine,
My heart, my soul, my life are thine,
All that I am, or e'er will be,
For once, for all, I give to thee;
And thro' thy sinless hands to Him,
Whose hands, whose Heart for us were riv'n,
Thy only Son, the King of Heaven.
Ave Maria!

By all the love that made Him thine!
To every suppliant at thy shrine,
Queen-Mother of our fallen race,
In life and death, impart this grace,
From hour to hour, to love thee more,—
Till dangers past, and sin forgiv'n
We bless thy Son with thee, in Heaven:
Ave Maria!

FREDERICK, MD.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 8---The Cross of Oviedo.

"I cannot bear those timid apologists who say: 'The Gospel is good, because such a prince practiced it.' I wish they would say, inversely: 'Such a prince is good, because he practices the Gospel faithfully.'"

I have already written this thought elsewhere, but my words are not so impressive, that I should be careful not to repeat them, when appropriate.

History bears witness to this truth on every page. Their fidelity in observing the doctrines taught by Christ will always be the measure of the virtues of kings, and of the happiness their subjects derive from their reign. But the Pagan annals set before us emperors who have been the delight of mankind. Philosophy boasts of having formed rulers of the people more perfect than Christianity has done. The wisdom of Trajan did not hinder the provinces from feeling the weight of his avarice, and the flattering rhetoric of Pliny, his courtier, has neither hidden the scandals of his palace nor the cruelties he inflicted on Christians. In the legend of Julian the Apostate I have shown what we ought to think of that Emperor. The only exception that can be objected against my rule, is the Emperor Titus. But there is nothing to prove that the destroyer of Jerusalem—the executor of divine vengeance and of the prophetic threats of our Saviour, might not have had a knowledge of the Gospel, and, if it were possible, I would answer that he practiced it without knowing it.

The best kings are those who have merited the title of saints, and if posterity respects any reproach against their memory, it can bring against them only such charges as result from the inherent imperfections of their age and of human nature, of which the Church herself accused them during their life. Some have not shrunk from hiding under the royal purple a penitential hair-shirt, from wearing under their golden diadems a crown of thorns, and from cultivating the austere virtues of the cenobite, in the midst of their sceptred power and the intoxications of victory and prosperity.

Alphonso the Chaste was one of this number. King of Asturias by birth, he endeavored to render himself worthy of the throne by an active and ardent piety. Piety did not make him effeminate. His father, Froila, left him a kingdom harassed on all sides by the Saracens; and, straitened as his kingdom was, Maurogatus, the young Prince's uncle, despoiled him of it during his minority. Alphonso did not lose courage: he placed his rights under the protection of the Mother of God, and urged Heaven, by the innocence of his life, and, above all, by the purity of his manners, to take his part in the contest. In a transport of fervor he pronounced at the feet of the Blessed Virgin a vow of perpetual virginity. The report of his virtues charmed the heart of the people. They followed him in throngs. He had, as yet, no kingdom, and still he had numerous subjects and a powerful and devoted army. The usurper could make no head against him. He en-

tered into the possession of his inheritance, and began to think of enlarging it at the expense of the Moors, the enemies of Jesus Christ and His Church. Patriotism, elevated by the religious zeal and love with which the young monarch inspired the hearts of all, assembled under his banners all the youth of Asturias, and filled his soldiers with an irresistible bravery. All the battles he engaged in were so many victories. These first triumphs increased his power, and he was able to sustain the shock of all the Arab forces that the Emir Mugaïld precipitated upon him to crush him. The battle between them took place in the year 793. The Spaniards were full of daring. When the King gave the signal, the two armies saw distinctly, in the midst of the Christian standards, the Blessed Virgin, bearing in one hand a buckler, and in the other a flaming spear with which she threatened the Saracens.

This vision emboldened the Spaniards, and spread horror, confusion, and consternation among the infidel ranks. Seventy thousand Saracens, with the Emir that commanded them, lay dead upon the field of battle on this glorious day. The camp of the infidels and all their riches fell into the power of the victors. To testify his gratitude to the Mother of God, to whom he attributed his victory, as well as to perpetuate the remembrance of it, Alphonso built in honor of the Blessed Virgin a church at Oviedo, his capital. Whilst it was in course of erection, the nobles begged with so much persistency that the King would take a wife, that he could not refuse them. Ambassadors crossed the Pyrenees, and appeared at Aix-la-Chapelle, to solicit the hand of the Princess Bertha, sister of Charlemagne.

Such was the glory that the name of Alphonso had acquired in Christendom, that the King of the Franks did not hesitate a moment, if we believe Baronius, as he wished that the marriage should cement his alliance with the King of Asturias. The ambassadors brought letters to Bertha, by which she was informed of Alphonso's vow, and the condition upon which he had consented to marry. The Princess made no objection. Espoused to the King, he treated her as a sister, and they lived together by mutual agreement in continence and virginity.

The building of the church was completed. Pillars of marble taken from Mahommedan mosques supported the Christian edifice. The young warriors gloried in making expeditions into the Moorish country, to bring back spoils with which to ornament the sanctuary. Many who had enriched it by their bravery did not live to see its dedication, and went to receive from God the reward of their pious exploits before the completion of the church. But it was finished at last, and the day for the consecration of the altars was fixed.

Alphonso had reserved a large quantity of pure gold, with rare and precious jewels obtained by conquest from the Saracens. Of these he intended to make a cross, the magnificence of which should be unrivaled throughout Christendom.

But there was not in all Asturias a goldsmith capable of undertaking this work.

Some days after, at sunrise, and before the hour when the gates of the city were opened, three strangers were observed in the streets of Oviedo. No one had seen them enter, nor could any one tell whence they came. The eyes of the citizens followed them with curiosity, for neither among the young people who had followed the embassy to the northern regions of the Franks, nor among those who had traversed the Moorish frontier, did any one recognize the fashion of their apparel. They seemed to be about the same age. Scarcely past the time of boyhood, in their faces however was discernible something of the energy of manhood and of the maturity and gravity of old age. Their looks were full of power and wisdom, and a glory more than human seemed to surround their heads. A sweet and holy recollection was seated on their brows. It seemed the earth they trod upon was a land of exile, and that their thoughts turned over to their distant native country.

After having sought their way for some time, they stopped in a public square, and one of them approaching a Spaniard, who was standing at his threshold, asked him:

"Would it be a breach of courtesy, sir, to beg of you to point out to us the street that leads to the King's palace?"

Surprised to hear him speak with such purity the dialect of the country, the merchant to whom he spoke surveyed him with an air of astonishment for a moment, and then replied:

"I will not point it out to you—I will accompany you myself."

It was not only from a disinterested sentiment of hospitality that he offered to act as their guide; he hoped, while walking with them, to be rewarded for his politeness by the satisfaction of his curiosity in their regard. After calling his wife, and giving the house in charge to her, he set out along with them.

"You gentlemen," he asked of them, "are no doubt ambassadors, coming to offer to our glorious monarch the alliance of some distant king?"

"This country certainly is not our own, but we are not commissioned with such weighty matters. Besides, the King of Asturias has been in alliance from infancy with the Lord whom we obey."

"Might it be the King of the Franks? His sister is our Queen."

"The King of the Franks is mighty; but He who has sent us is still more powerful."

"Then you bring presents with you?"

"Yes. We come to offer as a present the talent we have acquired for working the precious metals. We have learned, by rumor, that the King seeks goldsmiths to make a golden cross. We have come to beg the honor of attempting this work."

"May God assist you! The King is munificent; your reward will be great."

"It is not in the hope of gain that we have been drawn hither. Our reward is to work for the glory of the house of God."

At these words they arrived at the gates of the palace; they saluted their guide, thanking him for his courtesy, and entered.

Alphonso received them with much affability. He questioned them; they would not say from what country they came; they merely gave the vague answer that they were neither natives of the Spanish soil, nor of the same side of the mountains. In proof of their talent as artists, they showed the King several articles of curiously fashioned jewelry, of which the workmanship was their own; they offered these as a pledge until they should return the gold and precious stones which were to be confided to them, but the King did not require any such pledge. The air of open frankness which shone from their countenances, and the modesty of their language, immediately obtained for them the confidence of the holy monarch.

"And how long a time will this labor require?" he asked of them.

"The most skillful workmen, your Majesty, working night and day, could not do it in one week, even if the metal should come without flaw from the mould."

"And what wages shall I give you?"

"We know your Majesty's munificence. When the cross is finished, you will be able to calculate its value. All we ask is that you would assign us a work-shop where we can labor without disturbance."

Alphonso gave them an apartment in the palace itself, which the goldsmiths declared to be perfectly suitable. They prepared furnaces and all the instruments necessary to their trade. Then they carefully closed all their doors, as if to pursue their work in secret.

Now the room they had chosen had a private entrance, of which the King had not thought. When at table, with the nobles of his court, he told them of the arrival of the goldsmiths.

"They are shut up in their room," said he, "but has any one given them provisions?"

He sent one of his officers to ask what they would have to eat and drink.

The officer came back immediately. He had knocked, and received no answer. In listening at the door, he had neither heard the noise of hammers nor the crackling of flames nor the scratching of chisels. The room was certainly empty.

The King then thought of the secret door, and turned pale. The goldsmiths, no doubt, had fled, and carried off his treasures.

"Please your Majesty," cried the lords, "they cannot be far off yet; we will pursue them, and make them pay the penalty of their crime."

"No," said the Prince, "I had too much confidence in them, and I should alone suffer! But perhaps we accuse them unjustly; we are not quite sure of their guilt."

He went in person to the apartment he had assigned them. The same silence still reigned there. They broke in the door, but found not the strangers. But in their place they found a golden cross magnificently chiseled, and adorned with precious stones. It was weighed, and found to be exactly the weight of gold the King had placed in their hands.

The King and all his court, amazed at the inimitable perfection of the work, recognized in it the handiwork of angels, and, falling on their knees, they gave thanks to God.

Protection of Mary.

A fierce tornado passed through the city of South Bend, in August last, carrying away the bridge, roofs of buildings, trees, etc., and spreading destruction in its path, but its force seemed marvelously stayed before reaching Notre Dame. A New York editor attributes this preservation to the grace extended by the Blessed Virgin in acknowledgment of her pleasure in the publication of the AVE MARIA. Shall we, then, be insensible to so signal a protection?

Sullen, down the river's bed,
Sweeping through the summer boughs,
Whirling, tossing every shred
On the streets, the tempest ploughs.
Hark! augmenting on its course,
With a frightful sound it rolls,
And the angry winds grow hoarse,
And the murmuring wave condoles.

Now the demon of the storm
Grapples in his ruthless hand,
Moaning shrubs, their fibres warm
From the rich heart of the land.
Stronger sweeps the driving rain—
More terrific is the roar,
Of the awful hurricane,
As the torrents howl and pour.

Now, huge forest trees are rent
While their roots within the ground
From their tightened hold relent,
And they rise with rushing sound.
Human art, how frail thy power,
When the raging storms abroad,
Cast thy boast in one short hour
Down before the might of God.
Sturdy bridges, buildings proud,
Reel beneath the giant tread,
Of the monster born in cloud,
Chilling every heart with dread.
But what force now turns aside
The wild current of the gale,
Curbing the tornado's pride—
Stillling its tumultuous wail?

Ah, 'tis blessed Mary's care
O'er the spot long consecrate,
To her virtues pure and rare,
Bids the furious blast abate.
"Hail blessed Mary!" This glad word,
Echoing forth from holy dell
In angelic courts was heard,
Holy Mary guards it well.

"Hail blessed Mary!" From this ground
Sacred to thy thrilling name,
Gabriel's words are borne around,
Kindling their celestial flame
In full many a loving heart:
Soars in throbs of joyous time,
On the eager wings of Art,
Far through our beloved clime.

"Hail blessed Mary!" We will rest
 'Mid the storming and the calm,
 Safe on thy maternal breast,
 Breathing peace, thy breath of balm.
 Hurricanes will turn aside
 At thy look of firm command,
 Just as storms of human pride,
 Lulled, go down before thy hand.
 Fly we to thy patronage,
 Holy Mother of our God!
 Though the wildest storms may rage,
 Stronger is thy power abroad.
 O despise not in our need,
 Us who humbly honor thee;
 Hear us ever when we plead,
 Ever our protection be.

St. MARY's, October 7, 1865.

The Holy Name of Mary.

The faithful, in the early days of the Church, held the exalted name of Mary in the fondest admiration. And it is on record that the first Christians in Palestine were accustomed to testify their attachment to this devotion by reciting five Psalms, the initial letters of which, when joined together, made up the holy name of Mary—*Maria*. These Psalms are:

M agnificat. (Luke i.)
A d Dominum cum tribulaver. (Psalm 119.)
R atribue serua tuo. (Psalm 118.)
I n convertendo Dominus. (Psalm 125.)
A d te levavi. (Psalm 122.)

Mary of the ancient writers taught, that it was through a great mystery that the Mother of God was called Mary, which name is derived from the sea. For as the sea receives and contains all the waters of all the rivers of the earth, so *she* is possessed of all the perfections of all creatures. And those ancient authors further taught that the *five* letters (*M A R I A*) of that glorious name insinuate that the Blessed Mother of God was preeminently gifted with all those endowments for which the *five* women spoken of in the Old Testament are so singularly renowned, and the initials of whose names constitute the name *MARIA*, namely:

The faithful	M ichol. (1 Kings, xix.)
The gentle	A bisag. (3 Kings, i.)
The diligent	R uth. (Ruth, ii.)
The heroic	J udith. (Judith, xiii.)
The tender-hearted	A bigal. (1 Kings, xxv.)

And the sweet-tongued Saint Bernard wrote: "As Christ, by His *five* wounds, brought salvation to the world, so the Blessed Virgin, by her most holy name, which consists of *five* letters (*M A R I A*), obtains pardon for sinners."

Devotion for the name of Mary always prevailed, from the earliest ages; and so great was the veneration in which it was held, that for a long period no females, not even those of royal rank, were allowed to adopt it.

When Alphonsus VI, King of Castile, was about to marry a Moorish princess, he positively forbade her to take the name of Mary at her baptism, although she herself ardently wished to do so.

When Wladislaus, King of Poland, was on the

point of getting married to a Princess named *Maria Aloysia*, it was expressly stipulated, in the marriage settlement, that she should immediately relinquish the name of *Maria*, and content herself with that of *Aloysia*. And when Casimir I, another King of Poland, made a treaty of marriage with a Russian princess, whose name was Mary, he required that she should at once forego that honored name, and take another. It is also recorded that in Hungary, in former days, the faithful never mentioned the name of Mary, through their profound veneration for it. When speaking of the Blessed Virgin, they always called her "Our Lady"—"Our Blessed Lady." And, whenever they chanced to express the name itself, they did so, even the most obdurate of them, with bended knee, and with uncovered head.

It does not appear from the Sacred Scriptures, that this name was divinely imposed upon the Blessed Virgin; but there is, and always was, a pious belief among the faithful that it was given to her through the revelation of an angel. Saint Antoninus said that "The day on which the Blessed Virgin was born, the name of Mary was given to her, by her parents, in accordance with the revelation of an angel."

Mary is called *Marjam* in the Syriac and Hebrew languages. It is a compound word *Mar-Jam*; *Mar* signifies a Mistress, and *Jam* signifies the Sea; that is—"Mistress of the Sea."

The name was first applied to the sister of Moses, after the passage of the Israelites across the Red Sea and the destruction of Pharaoh and his army, as we read: "So Mary the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand: and all the women went forth after her with timbrels and with dances: and she began the song to them, saying: 'Let us sing to the Lord: for He is gloriously magnified; the horse and the rider He hath thrown into the sea.'" *Exodus* xv, 20, 21. That Mary, the sister of Moses and Aaron, was the type of the Blessed Virgin, who is also called Mary, that is, the Mistress of the troubled Sea of this life, across which she guides us in safety to our true promised land. That, then, is the literal meaning of the word Mary—"Mistress of the Sea." There is another meaning, but of the same import, more generally adopted, and that is, "Star of the Sea."

As the ancient mariners steered their ships, and gained their ports in safety, by watching a certain star: so, in like manner, the Christian, sailing through the troubled and dangerous ocean of this life, can weather the storm, and obtain refuge in the harbor of eternal happiness, if he seeks for and follows the guidance of Mary the "Star of the Sea."

The liturgy would seem to confirm this signification of the name; for there is a sweet hymn sung in the office of the Church; it is familiarly known in every clime throughout the world; it is a favorite among the admirers and lovers of music of every sect and rank; and, in the old Catholic countries, the simple peasant gladly carols it, as he returns to his home at the setting of the sun. It is called the *Ave Maris Stella*—"Hail, Star of the Sea."

Archangel Raphael.

He is glorious midst the angels,
Midst the highest there in Heaven,
Standing almost in the furnace,
One of God's selected Seven!
He is special in his beauty;
Like unto him there is none;
Tender, patient, and pathetic,
Dear St. Raphael stands alone.
He hath drunk of that one fountain
In the Godhead's placid breast,
Till his beautiful broad spirit
Is with love of man possest.
Oh look, look upon his beauty,
E'en in Heaven how passing fair!
God Himself, O grand Archangel!
Deems thee bright beyond compare.
Thou hast loved us like the Father,
With an unbought love and free;
Like the Father's pensive sweetness
Is the love of man in thee.
Thou hast loved us with that longing
Which so wrought upon the Word,
That He took our flesh upon Him,
And our race to thine preferred.
Yet the Person of the Spirit
Is reflected most in thee,
With thy fires, and consolations,
And man-loving jubilee:
For thy proper gift is gladness;
And thy nature is so sweet
Thou art made to be the shadow
Of the Unmade Paraclete.
It is God's exceeding pathos,
Which has tuned thy spirit thus;
It is God's exceeding sweetness,
Which inclines thee so to us.
Like the human Heart of Jesus,
Thou art loving man all day:
Like the character of Mary
Is thy fashion and thy way.
There's scarce a joy thou wouldst not forfeit
The sweet joy of priests to win,
Scarce a gift thou wouldst not barter
For the power to pardon sin.
O Archangel of compassion!
Unto thee God's Heart is given;
For thou lov'st the gift of healing
Most of all the gifts of Heaven.
Art thou angel, blessed Raphael!
Or a man in angels' guise?
Or His likeness, who took on Him
Fallen man's infirmities?
Thou wouldst long to be incarnate
So to share the Saviour's part;
For the angel's spirit in thee
Beateth strangely like a heart!
O thou human-hearted Seraph!
How I long to see thy face,
Where in silver showers of beauty
God bedews thee with His grace!
But I see thee now in spirit
Mid the Godhead's silent springs,
With a soft eternal sunset
Sleeping ever on thy wings.

Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Natchez.

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI, October 4, 1865.

VERY REV. E. SOBIN, S. S. C.:

Very Reverend and Dear Sir:—Yours of August 29, concerning the AVE MARIA, I found here on my return from preaching the Jubilee through a part of my Diocese.

I felt really ashamed that I should have to be asked for my opinion about that beautiful work in honor of our ever Blessed Mother. But the truth is that since the war is over I have been almost continually absent from Natchez. The few days that I was home, at intervals, my business would scarcely allow me to do more than glimpse at some of the numbers received of the AVE MARIA; but these glimpses gave me such admiration for it that, in my last tour especially, I have everywhere spoken of it and urged all Catholic families to subscribe to it. But verbal accounts cannot produce the same impression as a sight of the work itself, and I think of no better way to aid its dissemination than this, viz:

I have not at present at my disposal conveniently the \$20 for a life subscription, but I inclose you \$5 for two copies for the current year. One copy I beg you to lay aside for me, and at the end of the volume have it bound and sent to me to keep. The other copy please send to me as it appears, and when I have read a number I will send it to one or another of those whom I think most likely to subscribe for the work. I believe when they read one or two numbers many of them will be glad to receive it regularly.

I am just recovering from the first dangerous sickness of my life. During the whole of it, I felt in an especial manner—not by any visions, or in other various ways—very simply, yet very especially, the love and protection of Our Blessed Mother of Sorrows, and I resolved that one of the very first uses I should make of returning strength should be to express my interest in the AVE MARIA, and to aid the extension of its sweet influence over all hearts, as far as in my power. I am jealous for some little share in your holy work, and for the reward that she has promised. *Qui elucidant me vitam eternam habebunt.*

Yours, in Jesus and Mary.

WILLIAM HENRY, Bishop of Natchez.

CHIEF WRITERS ON THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

St. Dennis the Areopagite and St. Ignatius, Mart.

The literature of all nations has been devoted to Mary's fame; every century of the Catholic Church vies in repeating her most singular good qualities, thinking an age honors itself when it adds a jewel to her precious crown. David foretold it, when he said: "The Lord will tell all nations how magnificent is my City; how they have adorned her foundations, her gates and even her people." This glorious city is the great Mary, Mother of God (St. Procl., Orat. vi.) who has been praised; honored, and magnified by the greatest men, full of divine doctrine, enlightened and guided by the Divine Spirit to bear witness to

truth. She has also graciously accepted the flowers offered her by a great many writers of less celebrity, who fulfill the prophecy by joining with the multitude of believers in unanimous and solemn chorus of praise to the Queen of Heaven, their most loving Mother. No doubt it was the Divine Spirit who prophesied through King Saul and the shepherd Amos of Thecua; who guided Samson's strong hand, as well as the young girl's, Jael; made known His oracle to the greater prophets, as well as those who are called lesser, in order to teach us that God is pleased with the efforts of both great and small writers. It would be a long task to relate all that has been said or written in praise of the Mother of God; it will be enough to mention the chief writers, who have borne witness to her, and to describe their magnificent eulogiums, as far as the limited space of a few pages in a periodical will permit. One of the first was Saint Dennis, called the Areopagite, who, while in Heliopolis, had noticed the extraordinary eclipse of the sun and the visible darkness of the world during the very hour of Jesus Christ's death on Calvary, and was heard to cry out: "Either the Author of nature is suffering or the machine of the world is going to pieces." When Saint Paul came to Athens, to make the faith known, Dennis went over, in firm conviction, from the worship of many gods to that of the true God—from the body of learned Areopagites to the followers of Jesus crucified. The same Apostle consecrated him Bishop of Athens, his birthplace, and he shone like a great light of knowledge and piety. His heart burned with fervor to revere, honor and see the Mother of Jesus Christ, and he went to Jerusalem for this purpose, and expresses the end of his journey in the following words: "When I was introduced to the Virgin Mary, an immense divine splendor lighted my body and pierced my heart and my mind; I was so overwhelmed with joy and delight that neither my body nor my mind could bear it. I confess that, if I had not been divinely instructed that she was a creature, who had risen to the dignity of Mother of God, I should have believed her to be a true God and should have adored her as such."

When he returned to Athens, and went from that city to Rome, Saint Clement, the Pope, sent him to France to make the faith known there, where his success was so great that Paris and other neighboring places soon became followers of the Nazarene. But Satan's satellites became envious, and denounced him to Trajan, saying "He destroys our gods," and his days were ended with martyrdom, after he was more than a hundred years old. It is well to bear in mind that his body got up after his head was cut off; he took his head in his hands, and carried it more than two miles from the place of his execution.

In his golden book, *De Divino Nomine*, he speaks of the praises to Mary, and shows clearly how her name was proclaimed throughout the whole world by the Divine Spirit, which impelled and helped believers to meet together, in one place to sing hymns and do homage to the Mother of God.

The Apostles were guided to proclaim the graces bestowed on her, and her good qualities, to every nation in existence; the faith of Jesus Christ being inseparable from the glory and magnificence of Mary, His Mother.

In his book, *De Cal. Hier.*, chap. iv, he shows that the perfection and dignity of a creature depends on its distance from God—the nearer the higher. Hence, Seraphims are more perfect than Cherubims, and the latter more so than Thrones, and he concludes that Jesus Christ, being the beginning of grace, by authority, according to His divinity, and the means, according to His humanity, the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, having given Him His humanity, must enjoy a greater fullness of grace, than any other creature. In the letter he wrote to his master, Saint Paul, he calls Mary, the banner of happiness for all who bear it by copying her virtue and good deeds, and for all who cherish it in their hearts with devout honor and sincere affection. And in his letter to Caius, we read the following words: *Christus super hominem operabatur ea, quæ sunt hominis; et hoc monstrat virgo super naturaliter concipiens*; (Ep. ad Caium, c. iv,) proving by inference the supernatural Conception of Jesus Christ in the womb of a Virgin Mother, from His supernatural deeds.

Saint Ignatius, the martyr, was a contemporary writer with Dennis, and is said to have been the same boy whom our Saviour called, when he gave his disciples that hard lesson: *If you do not become like this little child, you cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven*. (Matt. xviii, 3.) Under the tuition of Saint John the Evangelist, he was raised to the See of the Church of Antioch, the second after Saint Peter, and was consecrated by the same Saint John, or as others think, by Saint Paul. He flourished in his ministry by zeal for converting souls to God and destroying idols, and all the enemies of the faith began to show their malice. When Trajan, the Emperor, was in Antioch, he tried to delude Ignatius with promises and offers, and mislead him to sacrifice to idols; but he could not make him waver, and condemned him to be devoured by wild beasts in Rome, fearing the people would not allow it in Antioch. And so he was torn to pieces by lions in Rome, in the year 109 after the birth of our Lord.

In his epistle to his teacher, Saint John, he expresses his great desire and ardent wish to see the Most Holy Virgin, having heard from trustworthy persons that she, besides being mistress of true religion and of penance, had become to believers the administratrix of all works of charity, helping them, and advising them in a gentle way, and that her holiness was angelic, as well as human. Therefore, he was so desirous of an opportunity of seeing her—that heavenly prodigy, that worthy pattern for Christians, that sacred sign, a worthy object of pure veneration, that divine image which angels themselves must revere. (Ep. 1 ad Joan.)

In his letter to Heron, and, as some think, to Nero, he declares that Mary's pregnancy was neither common nor usual, but strange and to be admired as a proper pregnancy for the Maker of all, being generated without man's co-operation.

"For," says he, "if Adam's body was virgin because it was made of the four elements, Eve's body was virgin because it was taken from Adam's rib, the body of Jesus Christ was virgin because it was brought forth by a mother without a father. But no miracle occurred in forming Adam's or Eve's body, like there was in that of Jesus Christ, which was generated in a different way from that of all the other children of Adam, and in spite of nature's laws, because it was born of a mother without the help of a father, and that mother was a virgin, thus proved to be superior to her first parents." (*Ep. a Her.*)

Weekly Chronicle.

Sketch of the Life and Ministerial Services of the late Bishop of Dubuque—Consecration of the Bishop of Louisville—Death of General Lanouvière.

Bishop Smyth is dead! This community was startled yesterday morning, as if some sudden and unforeseen calamity had befallen it, by the announcement, made at first prematurely, that Bishop Smyth was dead. Such was the rumor early yesterday morning, but it was not till within ten minutes of noon that the soul of the deceased Prelate passed from its earthly sphere into the realm of eternity. During the morning, crowds of people, of both sexes, of all ages and conditions, visited the Episcopal residence to take a last farewell—some of their chief pastor, others of their friend, others again of their fellow-citizen, and not a few of their Spiritual Father in Christ and counselor in the trials and troubles to which so many among us are subjected.

The subject of this obituary was born in 1810, County Clare, Ireland. He passed his collegiate course with much distinction at Trinity College, Dublin; but turning aside from all aspiration for wealth or worldly honors, he presented himself for admission into an humble Community of Lay Brothers of the Presentation, near Cork, but he soon experienced that his soul sought for more seclusion and discipline than was afforded in the Presentation Order. He had read the lives of the hermits of the desert, and how those holy men had, many of them as solitaires, spent their lives in the service of God. Of all the existing Religious Orders of the Catholic Church, the most rigorous in its discipline, the most exacting in its requirements, the most solitary in its habits is the Cistercian. To a monastery of this Order, situated in the County Waterford, Ireland, and known as the Abbey of Melleray, the young aspirant to the life of a recluse bent his way. He was received as a Choir Brother in this Community, and in due time became a professed Religious. The knowledge of music, which he had acquired among his other accomplishments, suggested him to the Abbot as a leader of the choir, and he was accordingly appointed to that office.

The Abbey of Melleray, in Ireland, is situated in a barren and mountainous part of Waterford. About the time when the subject of this sketch became a member of the Community there were no schools in the vicinity, and consequently the

youth, for miles around, grew up into manhood, and from manhood to old age, without the advantages of school education. Here was an opportunity to manifest another characteristic trait of our late Bishop. He conceived the project of establishing a school at the monastery and of taking the principal charge of it upon himself, besides performing the other duties imposed upon him by the rules of the house.

This laudable project met with the approbation of the Abbot, and a school was thus established which has become celebrated in Europe. At the present time it numbers upwards of 500 students, some of whom are from the far distant Australia.

Talents and acquired knowledge such as he possessed could not remain hidden even in a cloister. His superiors perceived in him not only qualifications in learning, but qualities of mind and heart which pointed him out as a fit subject for the ecclesiastical state, and in obedience to the wishes of his superior, not by his own will, he made the necessary studies for the ecclesiastical state, and was ordained a priest about twenty-one years ago.

We of the world know but little of the hidden life of a Cistercian. Unbroken silence for months and years, except in prayer and praise to God; austerities compared to which the ordinary fasts of Christians are luxuries; vigils which task not only the physical nature of man, but subject his supernatural qualities to an almost unendurable ordeal,—such was the life spent by our late Bishop for fourteen long years, with scarcely an intermission. No wonder that he had so well studied the nature of man as to sympathize with his fellow-beings in affliction; that his long and secret communion with his Creator had fitted him to counsel the doubtful, to comfort the sorrowful, to strengthen the timid, to reprove with Christian indignation the transgressor, not only of the law of God, but of the law of civil order.

The famine which more than decimated the Irish people in 1848 affected the Monastery of Melleray to such a degree that it became necessary to seek for some of the brotherhood a more productive soil than the barren hills of Waterford afforded. Accordingly, a deputation of the monks of that Abbey came to America in 1849, and after visiting several localities in the United States and Canada, they accepted of a donation of several hundred acres of land situated in Vernon Township, Dubuque County, Iowa, proffered them by the late Bishop Loras of this city. Bishop Smyth, the Prior of his Order, was one of the number of the monks who came to this country in 1848. He was the first Prior of this Monastery, and, as such, laid the foundation of prosperity and usefulness which it has since attained.

In February, 1858, the decease of Bishop Loras devolved upon Bishop Smyth all the responsibilities with the title of Bishop of Dubuque. It is only by those who are acquainted with the duties of a Catholic Bishop, in what might be considered a missionary country, that the responsibilities of the Bishop of this Diocese can be appreciated.

The establishment of schools was an object on which he had fixed his mind with a determination to succeed. Of all others there was one institution which was the darling object of his heart, the object of his most anxious solicitude; one which he had long contemplated as the crowning institution of charity in Dubuque; we need scarce say that we allude to the projected Orphan Asylum. Some of his last thoughts were directed toward this object, some of his last words were directed toward its well-being. It was his intention, expressed to the writer of this sketch, to perform Divine service, as soon as he should become able, in the chapel of the Orphan Asylum. He had expected some weeks ago to be able to celebrate Mass on the 8th of September, one of the festivals of the Blessed Virgin, at the Orphan Asylum; but that day having passed without much change in his health for the better, had fixed on the festival of the Holy Angels, the present week, as the day on which he would celebrate the Holy Mysteries and inaugurate the Orphan Asylum. In one of the last conversations the writer of this had with him, the inquiry was made, "Bishop, by what name shall we call the Orphan Asylum?" He paused for a moment and replied, there is no better name than that of our dear Mother. Let it be called, after her, Saint Mary's Orphan Asylum. It was the last Institution of his Diocese to which he gave a name. May it live to become one which will exist for ages to commemorate his memory.—*Dubuque Herald*.

The consecration of Right Rev. Peter Joseph Lavalley, D. D., Bishop of Louisville, took place in the Cathedral of the Assumption of the B. V. M., in that city, on Sunday, 24th ultimo. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, was consecrator. The sermon, we need not say, an eloquent and appropriate discourse, was preached by the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore. Rev. Messrs. Hutchins and Streber were Deacons of Honor; Rev. Messrs. Brady and Peytlien were Deacons and Subdeacons of Office; Assistant Priest, Very Rev. F. Chambridge; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. David Russell, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Wiseman and Lawler; the Notary who read the Apostolic Letters, Rev. J. Schacké. There were present the Right Rev. Bishops Lefevere, St. Palais, Carrell, Luers, McGill, Rev. Dr. McCloskey, President of the American College, Rome, and about forty-five clergymen. The splendid Cathedral was crowded to its utmost capacity. The Mass, admirably performed by the choir, was Haydn's No. 1.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Richmond preached in the evening. Thus happily and edifyingly passed a day that will be long memorable in the annals of the Church of Louisville.—*Catholic Tel.*

The death of Gen. Lamoriciere has left a blank in the French army. Although his name was no longer on the roll of our forces, he ranked among our best and bravest generals, and his memory is dear to the nation. It was to him that Abd-el-Kader surrendered his sword, and it was he therefore who had the honor of establishing peace in Algeria. The victor and the vanquished may have met of late, but what a change! The Arab

has been going up and down France in honor and favor, while the Frenchman has been secluded in privacy, and has thought only of serving the Church by assisting Pius IX in the defence of his domains. Castelfidardo is the most glorious page in the General's history, for services are measured by the greatness of the cause to which they are rendered. Posterity will therefore appreciate this contest, which is nothing indeed when looked at from a military point of view, but which ranks high in history on account of the acts of devotion which it brought out; acts to which future ages will bear witness. It is the Church alone that is immortal, and immortality is the heritage of her defenders. Such was the part which Gen. de Lamoriciere played: he despised the obloquy which his new career entailed upon him. He had witnessed great events, which had dissipated some of his illusions, and had elevated his mind. He had beheld social order threatened by impiety, and the chair of Peter the only thing not overthrown in the midst of overthrows. He displayed marvelous energy, activity, and hopefulness in an enterprise which was destined not to succeed. He had to bear testimony with his life and with his blood, and did so cheerfully. Abandoned by the Catholic Powers; violently attacked in defiance of the law of nations, Lamoriciere maintained a desperate struggle. Pimodan, his brother in arms, fell in the front rank, and sealed his faith with his blood. He was not sent to conquer, but to fight. He accomplished his task like a Christian soldier along with the little band of Christian youths who were happy in serving under him. Their names are written in the Book of Life; they will be mentioned in history, for to have been at Castelfidardo is not less honorable than to have followed the standard of Godfrey de Bouillon or St. Louis. By contenting himself with fulfilling the duty of self-sacrifice, Lamoriciere trod the path of higher glory than that of his African renown, or even that acquired by the effective support he lent to the Government of his country, when he saved her from anarchy. He died almost suddenly, with the crucifix at his lips. What more shall we say? His death was worthy of his life.—*Le Monde*.

OBITUARY OF LIFE SUBSCRIBERS.

Requiescant in pace.—Amen.

At the Convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C. on the 3d ult., Sister M. ANTONIA, professed.

At Ludlow, Vermont, on the 4th ult., Mrs. A. HEMENWAY, the mother of the accomplished authoress of the *Rosa Mystica*, written under the name of Marie Josephine.

THERE are yet foolish men who refuse to God the power to work miracles. In reply to their blind protests God multiplies deeds in place of arguments. Let such incredulous philosophers search the annals of some sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, and they will soon convince themselves that not a day passes that does not witness some such wonders of the power and love of the Mother of God.—*L'Echo de Notre Dame des Victoires*.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Christian United, by Suffering, with his Redeemer.

By suffering we mean the privation of all the goods which man can prefer to God, either material or spiritual: health, consolations of the heart, esteem, friendship, power, reputation. All of these too frequently become idols and receive from man divine honors. Suffering breaks the idol, and man, deprived of these advantages, wounded in his body, or, more keenly still, in his soul, finds himself abandoned and despised; then he turns lovingly to his crucified Saviour and unites himself to Him only and forever.

Suffering is also the most efficacious means of restoring life to the soul, and of destroying the tyranny of Satan. How is it that the soul loses the life of grace? How is it that she falls into the slavery of Satan? By the unworthy preference she gives to the creature in contempt of the Creator. God is the life of the soul, and as long as the soul is united to God by love, she receives from Him, with ever increasing abundance, the outpourings of His divine life. Then is she free; then she may dare all the infernal powers to conquer one who is united to God. But, if this soul breaks the tie which unites her to God; if she ceases loving Him, and becomes odious to Him by her rebellion, from that moment the life of God abandons her, in the same way that the life of the soul abandons the body as soon as the latter ceases to be united to the soul. From that moment also she becomes the slave of Satan, the natural ruler of all God's enemies, and she is subjected to him by as many chains as she has disorderly affections.

To put an end to this shameful slavery, and to restore to the soul that life of which she has been deprived, there is evidently but one means: the overthrowing of the obstacles which separate her from God; the breaking of the bonds which bind her to Satan; the destruction of that love for created things which has destroyed in her the love of the only True Good.

Suffering has a great influence in producing these salutary effects. By itself, of course, it would not have the power of restoring to the soul the life of God; that power belongs to grace alone. But suffering disposes the soul to receive grace; it diminishes in her the empire of death, and enfeebles the fascination of created goods; it dissipates the intoxication caused by the pleasures of sense and the fumes of pride; it weakens, little by little, the temptation by which Satan reduced that poor soul to his detestable slavery. And when that soul, so disposed by suffering, has received true life by supernatural grace, suffering has again a still greater power of completing the work of grace. It helps us to expiate daily more completely the sins we commit; it causes to disappear the remains of the stains resulting from imperfectly destroyed disorderly habits; it detaches the affections more and more from created goods, to turn them to the One True Good; it fills the soul with Divine love in the same proportion

as it empties it of all other love. These precious results can, without doubt, be obtained by other means; but there is no means which produces them more efficaciously than suffering. The soul can unite herself to God by prayer—she can unite herself to God by labor; but suffering accepted in the sight of God, suffering loved for God's sake, suffering offered to God, unites the soul to God much more closely. Suffering, such as this, is the best of all prayers, the most fruitful of all labors.

Behold why Jesus Christ has chosen the apostleship of suffering before all others. Come upon earth to glorify His Father and to save souls, He gave the preference to suffering, because earth offered nothing more glorious to God or more salutary for men. So He was not contented, in undergoing those sufferings, that were absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of His mission. He would undergo them in superabundance—with a certain prodigality. *Copiosa apud eam redemptio.* Until He had descended to the depths of the abyss of grief, and had given the last drop of His Blood, He did not think that He had done enough to vindicate the majesty of His Father, to expiate our crimes and to destroy the reign of sin.

But when our Divine Saviour has so generously fulfilled His task, when the last drops of Blood have gushed from His wounded Heart, is the mission of suffering finished? Since the Divine Majesty is still outraged to the end of time, it must be that to the end of time, these outrages need reparation. As long as the enemies of God continue to prefer shameful pleasures to the Infinite Good, so long must the servants of God place their glory in sacrificing even legitimate pleasures to Him. As long as that blasphemy in action, of putting the Creator below the creature, resounds upon the earth, so long also must resound that protestation of suffering which proclaims Him alone worthy of our entire affections.

It is for this reason that, having suffered in His own Person, the Divine Head of the elect wills that, till the end of time, He shall continue to suffer in His members, and that He perpetually renews in His Church the holocaust which He offered upon Calvary. Since the Church is only Jesus Christ continued and fulfilled—since her earthly existence is only the reproduction of the mortal life of our Saviour, it is indispensable that suffering should occupy in the former as great a place as in the latter. Like Jesus Christ, and by the same right, it is necessary that the Church should *suffer and thus enter into her glory.* The more she suffers, the more she glorifies God, the more efficaciously does she contribute to the salvation of souls, to expiation of sin, to the destruction of the reign of Satan. And what is true of the Church is evidently true of each Christian, for the Church is nothing more than the Society of Christians. The measure of suffering which each one of them endures, in union with Jesus Christ, is ordinarily the measure of the efficaciousness with which he contributes to the success of the work of Jesus Christ. As the Church is one grand reproduction of the Incarnate Word, so is each Christian

a lesser reproduction. It is true that all of us cannot reproduce the Divine Model under all His aspects; one imitates Him in the obscurities of His hidden life; another follows Him in His public labors; each one traces His resemblance in the shape imposed by age, sex, or condition; but there is one feature that should be found in all, because it always accompanied our Saviour—it is the feature of suffering. As He entered Heaven only by this road, it needs must be that those who would follow Him to Heaven should go by the same road, and that it should be the limit of all the paths which lead to this happy bourne. If our Saviour has purchased His Blessed Name of Jesus only at the price of His Blood, all who would be saviour by and with Him, cannot flatter themselves that they will obtain the title on any other conditions.

We can now understand in what sense Saint Paul said that he filled up in his flesh what was wanting of the sufferings Jesus Christ underwent for His body, which is the Church. These words, so strange at first, are rigorously true, and there is no Christian who cannot, and who should not, say them of himself. Nothing, assuredly, is wanting in the sufferings of Christ as to merit; our Divine Saviour has done and suffered all that He could do and suffer for us in His own Person. But it remains still that He should do in His members what He has done in Himself, since the mission he has received must be fulfilled by His entire body and not only by the Divine Head of this great body. The testimony and the protest to the Divine Majesty which Jesus Christ has furnished by His sufferings, during His mortal life, must go on till the end of ages, since this protestation is not less necessary now than it was eighteen hundred years ago. Unable, henceforth, to suffer in Himself, our Divine Head needs us to render this testimony to God His Father; we are therefore charged to continue and fulfill Jesus Christ—to pursue His work—to consummate His glorious Passion.

Let not Protestants, then, repeat to us their unworthy objection: "If Jesus Christ has made atonement for us to the justice of His Father, why should we believe ourselves obliged to join our satisfactions to His?" It is the same as saying "If innocence itself has done penance for our crimes, why should the criminal repent of them?" "If the Father is outraged, why should not the children rejoice at the sight of the outrages?" "If the Head is crowned with thorns, why should His members not crown themselves with flowers?" It is the same to renounce the cross of Jesus Christ; it is worse than all to renounce His Heart and His love. It is to renounce the title of Christian.

However, all Christians are not called upon to participate with the same plenitude in this incomparable glory. There are those of whom this privilege, common to all, becomes the special vocation. Suffering, we have said, is the common feature that should mark all the members of Jesus Christ, under whatever aspect they may be destined to reproduce that Divine Model. But there are those who have no other destiny than to reproduce Him under the aspect of suffering, to imi-

tate Him as the *Man of Sorrows*. Some are called to dwell with Jesus as a workman in the house of Nazareth; others to go about with Jesus, as a preacher, through the cities and villages; others to give their care to the sick with this Divine Physician of the body and soul; but there are others also who have no home but Calvary—no work but suffering—no vocation but to dwell upon the cross, with Jesus crucified, during long years—during an entire life.

Who are these chosen victims that God reserves to Himself, to immolate them as a holocaust of agreeable odor? Are they only the Religious, whom He calls from the world, to enter into austere Orders, where there is no occupation but prayer and suffering? These Orders are, no doubt, in the sight of the entire world, the most brilliant reproduction of Calvary; but, nevertheless, there is no need to join them in order to be fastened to the cross. How often do we find in the midst of the world, and sometimes in the most brilliant positions, Christians crucified in body and soul, who feed only on the bread of sorrow, and whom God appears to strike, as He did Job, with redoubled blows of His merciful rigor.

Are these souls excluded from the Apostleship of the Heart of Jesus? Do their infirmities, their annihilation, hinder them from contributing most efficaciously to the salvation of souls and the triumph of the Church? To suppose so would be to mistake the virtue of the cross, to cast into oblivion the surest teachings of the Gospel. There is nothing more fruitful than the apparent annihilation of these souls—nothing more powerful than their weakness. Far better than those who work and preach, do they realize the words of our Saviour: *If the grain of wheat fall to the earth and die, it shall bear abundance of fruit.* To rejoice in this fruitfulness one condition only is necessary: that these souls suffer not alone, but that they unite themselves to Jesus' suffering, that they make His dispositions their own, in accepting their sufferings as He accepted His, not only with resignation, but with love; that they invest themselves with His intentions, in offering with Him their sufferings not only for their own advantage, but also, and above all, for the glory of God, the expiation of sin, the conversion of sinners, the success of evangelical labors, and the triumph of the Church; that they suffer *by Jesus*, in drawing continually from His Heart the strength to bear their trial; that they suffer *with Jesus*, in remembering that He has endured before them, as their Head, all the griefs that they endure, and in making thus of suffering a bond to unite them to Him; that they suffer *in Jesus*, penetrating themselves with His spirit, which flows ceaselessly from His Heart into their hearts, and allows them to live in Him, as he lives in them; that they suffer *with Jesus*, in proposing to themselves as their sole object His good pleasure, His glory, the accomplishment of His work. Suffering endured thus is undoubtedly of all Apostleships the most sanctifying, the most fruitful, the most meritorious to him who exercises it, the most glorious to God, and the most useful to the Church.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Saint Innocence.

Dear little Saint! sweet Innocence!

Thy throne in Heaven we see:
Jesus, thy love, the Eternal King,
Hath done great things for thee.

In days of darkness when the world
Despised our Saviour's name,
Thy childish heart, by grace grown old,
Gloried in such dear shame.

The Roman children knew thee well,
Light-hearted in thy play,
Filling the vineyards with thy songs,
The gayest of the gay.

They saw thee at thy daily tasks,
Obedient, gentle, still:
They learned from thee how softly love
Its duties can fulfill.

They wondered at thy modesty,
Thy soul's most sweet defence;
It made thee like a queen to them,
Dear little Innocence!

And now thou art a real queen
Up in the land of Heaven:
Jesus to thee a jeweled crown
And fadeless palm hath given.

In grand old Rome thy love was set
On our dear Lord alone:
He saw the secret of thy heart,
And took thee for His own.

He loved thee, midst the orange trees
And flower-beds of thy home,
And amongst the Sunday worshippers
In the close catacomb.

He loved to hear thee sing the songs,
The Christian songs that tell
Of the Good Shepherd, and the sheep
That Shepherd loved so well.

He made thee grave, and all the while
He made thee grow more gay;
Thy heart grew lighter through the weight
Of love that on it lay.

He gave thee faith that made thy heart
Strong as the walls of Rome;
He gave thee love and purity,
And then He called thee home.

Dear martyr-child! they tore thy flesh:
With fire they scorched each limb;
But games, midst orange gardens seemed
Less sweet than death for Him.

And now thou art with Him, fair child!
Nestling at His dear feet:
Thou knew'st that Heaven was bright, but not
That it was half so sweet.

Our own dear Saint! make us like thee;
Be thou our kind defence;
Give us thy gift of modesty,
Sweet sister Innocence!

JEWEL BROOK COTTAGE.

MY LITTLE CHILDREN: Before we leave this city, Chicago, I will show you where that lady lived who took me to call upon the Reverend Doctor in whose yard we saw that cunning little dog-house we spoke of in our last letter. You see that tiny brown cottage, not far from the new Cathedral?—that is the place; very tiny and brown, with little blinds to shut out the warm summer sun from the little windows. It does not look, as we stand before it, much too big for a child's play-house: not much. What a modest little dwelling!—and don't you see the very small bed of scarlet verbenas in the short-cut grass in the miniature yard, just large enough for the little cottage? There is no entrance at the front; why, it is not great enough for that, or else its designer wanted it to appear and be rather more secluded in its look. To enter, we go round the side and up the littlest flight of stairs. On this head-stair stands a box of red balm we remember to have seen at Notre Dame. It is a souvenir of the dear place where the AVE MARIA blossoms every week for you; but we will stand only a moment to smell the balmy blossoms and touch the fragrant leaves, for within is

"The prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy."

Will you have a seat in that nice Gothic chair? or recline by me on the more cozy sofa? I want you to see the dear, olden, quaint saints that adorn these walls. How thick the pictures are! In this corner, now, what a pretty "what-not" full of treasures; a few choice books in such chaste, nice covers, and numerous holy mementoes; here a curious crucifix, there a peculiar Rosary—a prettily odd string of our Mother's dear beads. When you have sufficiently admired all these pretty and precious curiosities, I will ask the lady to let you take a peep into the little room, off from this, where she let me lay off my bonnet and shawl—a very old picture of Saint Michael, you see, guarding the door on the inner side—the *boudoir*-bedroom, fair as an angel's sleeping-cell; if angels slept, such an one as we might imagine they would choose; and all around these walls are holy pictures also. Who sleeps here—sleeps surrounded by saints?—I thought, when I came in. There is the little bed with snowy cover—over its head a Saint Joseph by one of the old painters, and a black crucifix; at its foot is the little oratory, or a little stand with tinniest vase of fresh flowers, where a little spirit-lamp burns before a picture of the Sacred Heart, and a small image of the crucifixion on the wall behind. It is the hour of four, and that little spirit-lamp will burn an hour in commemoration of the flame of love that ever burns in the Sacred Heart of our Lord for us. I had to kneel, when I saw it, right down there and pray. Don't you also, children, want to kneel right down before it? The lamp gives its light, the flowers give their fragrance to God, but the perfume of an innocent child's prayer is far more sweet to the dear Heart of Jesus.

How sacred and beautiful the Catholic religion can make our parlor! How beautiful the Catholic religion can make a little bedroom! How beautiful reverent Catholics can make their homes!

I never wanted a room so much in my life; a little room, just to make it Catholic and beautiful for God. How delightful to dwell thus in a very shrine for Jesus and Mary and the Saints! I am sure no pious, thoughtful youth or child could ever enter here and not begin to think, when they may grow up and have rooms of their own, how they will adorn them, and perhaps there is one little room at least they may commence to thus beautify even now. And this dear cottage is frequented by such young learners; there is yet another room where there are not only pictures, but casts of animals' heads, and subjects for sketching and painting, and pupils gathered there. This lady is an artist, and their teacher. I think she loves little children as well as myself, perhaps better, for she not only instructs them to paint with rare care and fidelity, and writes for them in the *Young Catholic*, a dear little paper, but she may have one of these days a very nice book out; stories about young saints, etc., just for children. But this is perhaps a bit too early for any such hint to the general public; you need not say much about it, but when it comes I am sure you will be delighted with it. But what I would impress upon my dear children, in this letter, is the sweetness and beauty of the Catholic atmosphere this lady has created around her. Said the lady to us, when we expressed our admiration; "I wish my rooms to have a Catholic air; I mean that every one who comes into my house shall know that I am a Catholic." That is the right thought. There are some, even good Catholics, and not among the indigent or poor either, who do not seem to realize what a beautiful religion they have, and who appear to forget that it is their privilege to have every room in their house more sanctified by the heavenly influence of some sacred picture or crucifix. Catholics know how much they are instructed in the Church by their eyes—how much strangers to our holy religion are drawn by these things; why not, then, gather them more about them in their homes, to religiously beautify their dwellings, help instruct their children and edify their neighbors? I have written to you, little children, that, when "grown up," you may remember to have read in the AVE MARIA that every pious picture of Jesus or His Holy Mother, or of Saint Joseph, or of any of God's holy saints is a treasure in the house. May you all have your houses full of them. I have written unto you, little children, to inquire of each of you is there not at least one little room, where you may now sleep, that you could thus yet more enrich?

Beloved little children, yours truly, †††

God is Almighty.

There was a time when there was nothing except God Himself; no sun, no stars, no earth, nothing but God. All was darkness; but God spoke the word, and then the sun shone in the heavens, and the stars sparkled in the blue skies, the mountains rose up out of the earth, the rivers flowed into the great sea, the green grass grew over the earth, the beautiful flowers covered the fields, the trees spread out their branches. At His

voice the fishes were swimming in the waters, the birds flying in the air, and the beasts were on the face of the earth. Then God took some of the dust of the earth, and made out of it a body, and He breathed into it the breath of life, a living soul, and there was Adam, our first father. So God made all things, and the words of God are perfect. Dent, xxxii. A little girl once made a pocket-handkerchief, but she had something beforehand to make it of—she had plenty of linen and thread, besides pins and needles and scissors. When God made all things, He made them out of nothing. If God had made the world out of one little grain of sand, this would have been a wonderful thing, but He made it of nothing—nothing! A carpenter had to make a chair, but it cost him a great deal of labor and trouble and time to make it. He had to get wood, and saw it and cut it and hammer and nail it. To make all things was not the least trouble or labor to Almighty God. It is as easy for God to make the whole world as to make one little grain of sand. "He spoke, and at His word all things were made."

The great God, who made all things, rules over all things. All creatures, in heaven, on earth, and everywhere, obey Him. "For who resisteth His will?" Romans, ix, 19. Every grain of sand, every leaf, every flower, every insect, every beast on the earth, every fish in the water, every bird in the air, all obey God and do His will. Why does the sun rise and set, and the stars go forward in their path? Because God tells them. Why do the winds blow, and the trees blossom and give their fruits? Why do the rivers go on without stopping, and the swelling waves of the sea—why do they not break in upon the earth and drown it? Why does the thunder shake the earth, and the lightning strike the high trees? Because God commands them. In the things which are done in this world, men think they are doing only their own will, and yet all the while they are doing the will of the great God. Kingdoms and empires rise and fall. The great towns and cities, capitals of empires, become a ruin and crumble into dust, and they are swept away by the winds. The very place where they stood is not known, and their name is to be found only in histories. All these things are done because it is God's will. "Shall there be evil in the city which the Lord hath not done?" Amos, iii. The great and the wise men of the earth take counsel, and the nations of the world make wars, one against the other, and they do it to please themselves, and they know not that they are instruments in the hand of God, to do His will, like tools in the hand of a workman. "So God does according to His will with all, and there is none that can resist Him and say to Him, why hast Thou done it?" Dan., v, 32. Therefore let us adore the great Almighty God, the Creator and Ruler of all things, saying: "Great and wonderful are Thy works, O Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, O King of Ages: who shall not fear Thee and magnify Thy holy name?" Apoc., xv. "Be ye humbled under the mighty hand of God." 1 Pet.

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SUAREZ; OR, THE THEOLOGIAN OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No theologian has ever written more admirably of the Blessed Virgin than Suarez; it may not, then, be out of our sphere to show in this first article how he obtained this wonderful science, and, in a second one, what was his doctrine concerning the Holy Mother of God.

To the scholar it will be nothing new, but to the readers of the AVE MARIA, at large, it can scarcely fail to prove interesting and instructive. During the past three centuries, Suarez has remained unrivaled among schoolmen; but it is not generally known that his wonderful intellectual endowments were the sudden gift of the Blessed Virgin. To speak then of Suarez, is to manifest one of those prodigies so often recorded in the annals of her devotion. In the late numbers of an English publication (*The Month*) we find an interesting life of Suarez, from the pen of Rev. H. Coleridge, D. D. From this sketch we learn that Suarez was born of noble family, at Granada, in 1548. But little seems to be known of the youth of our future theologian. His history seems to begin at the University of Salamanca. That great seat of learning was then in its most flourishing condition, and had taken the lead for the time among the Universities of Europe. This was in the spring-time, or early summer of the Society of Jesus, and men of the highest mental and moral attainments were pressing into it on all sides, but particularly in Spain, which was, as it were, its native soil, and which gave to it its founder, its most illustrious saints, and a very large proportion of its most celebrated names. These were also days of great mental activity; the enthusiasm of saintliness was in the very air of the country, which had recently given birth to a glorious family of saints, of whom Saint Peter of Alcantara, Saint Teresa, Saint Ignatius, Saint Francis Xavier, Saint Francis Borgia, Saint John of the Cross, Saint Louis Bertrand and Saint John of God were but the most renowned members; a time of hope and faith and courage, when great resolutions were made without cowardice and executed with fidelity and generosity. High vocations were caught up, and continued through life; and striking conversions, either from sin to a life of virtue, or from an ordinary Christian life to the path of perfection, were no rare fruits of a single meditation or a powerful sermon.

Francis Suarez had always led an innocent life,

but his father sent him to Salamanca without any idea of the lofty teachings that would make him captive there, and give to the Society of Jesus so great an ornament and to the Church so famous a Doctor. Ramirez, one of the most learned professors in Salamanca, was too old to enter the Society when it was first established in Spain; but he directed many of his pupils to it. At one time he sent fifty applicants to the Order, and among them was the young Francis Suarez. In those days Religious Superiors could well afford to be fastidious, when they had so large a body from which to select, and indeed at all times such fastidiousness is their truest wisdom. "We don't want good little souls," exclaimed Saint Teresa, when some one for whom nothing more could be said than what is contained in that very ordinary commendation, was presented to her as a candidate for Mount Carmel. It was on this ground that Francis was refused admission. "He was a good little soul, but had better go elsewhere; all the more because his noble birth might naturally raise expectations that he would be employed in some of the more prominent posts, and would consequently make it more remarkable and more galling to himself, if, on account of his dullness, he were always kept in the back ground." Such was the opinion formed of a youth destined to become one of the brightest lights of the age.

Happily, Suarez, although dull, was resolute. The Rector of Salamanca had refused him, but he applied to the Provincial of Castile. Although the latter did not discover in Suarez more than the others had done, nevertheless he felt a strong internal impulse to yield to the application. Suarez was sent back, with a letter directing the Rector to admit him into the Society, but with the understanding that he should sign an agreement in writing, in which he declared his willingness to serve, if so required, in one or other of the inferior grades in the Society, and freely abandon all claim to be applied to the higher studies.

We shall not attempt to follow him in the "saint-infected air" of the novitiate. We may vaguely imagine what must have been his fervor and happiness, partly from what we already know of his piety, zeal and humility; partly from the fact that his religious life, the foundations of which were then laid, was a continual practice of the most perfect virtue. In truth, if he had not been so renowned afterwards as a theologian, his name might still have been handed down to us, as that of a Religious of remarkable sanctity,

even in those days when saintly souls were plentiful. His humility, mortification and recollection were the admiration of all. But there still hung over him the grave question of his intellectual incapacity for the work of the Society, and Suarez seemed doomed to justify to the full the anticipations of those who had pronounced him to be wanting in mental powers.

He was quick and even clever in other things, but he could make no progress in his studies. No one could blame him for want of industry or application, yet in class he failed entirely. His dullness became a proverb, as had been the case before him with Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas. One of his companions was appointed to help him by going over the lectures with him in private, after they had both listened to the professor. It was an ungrateful and wearisome task. At last the courage of Francis failed, and he went to the Rector of the College to beg to be allowed to give up study altogether, as he was unfit for it; he was perfectly content to be employed all his life in humbler occupations.

The Superior told him to continue a little longer, and to redouble his prayers to the Father of Lights. From his tenderest years the young Suarez had ever testified the most sincere devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, and he now resolved to implore her special intercession in his trouble. Suddenly a change came over him; his mind seemed to open to a new sense, and, when he went again to the classes, he found himself able to penetrate and grasp the doctrines of the professors with the utmost ease and clearness. His fellow-student came to help him, as he was wont, expecting the same unthankful task he had so often performed before, but he suddenly found the matter of the lecture set before him in the most lucid manner, and difficulties and objections suggested which he himself was not capable either of seeing or answering. In short, Suarez became all at once the leader and the oracle among the students, and he always attributed the change that came over him to the assistance given by the Blessed Mother of God in answer to his prayers.

His case only adds another to a long list of instances in which powers of the highest kind, which were to be exercised during a long life for the service of the Church, have been bestowed in such a manner as to show beyond the possibility of a doubt that they were given in answer to prayers offered to God through the powerful medium of the Blessed Virgin.

The firm conviction of Suarez that he owed the illumination of his mind to the intercession of our Blessed Lady, has impressed upon all his writings that deep and abiding confidence in her heavenly privileges and great power, and it formed the foundation of the lively devotion to Mary which pervades, in glowing colors as it were, his writings.

At a time that he was most of all given to literary speculation and composition, he devoted a large share of his time to exercises of piety and mental prayer. He it is who has left behind him that wonderful saying, that "Rather than give up

one hour of prayer he would willingly renounce, not only the knowledge that he himself had received from God, but all the knowledge possessed by all the world put together, if it could belong to himself alone." In his writings there is a calm fragrance of devotion which seems to reveal that they reflect the thoughts of a man accustomed to speculate only under the softening influence of prayer.

Most of the anecdotes, and they are not many, which have been handed down to us concerning him, show his humility—a virtue that could not have been preserved in its perfection in so eminent a teacher and writer without a great deal of prayer. He is on a journey to Rome, and comes to a college of his Order on the way. The Superior receives him with great attention and affection, and hurries off to the kitchen to order a meal for his guest. There he finds a novice making but poor way with a task, set for him by the cook, of washing the dishes. He complains that he wants help, and the Superior bids him press into his service the first person he meets in the corridors. When the dinner is ready, the Superior goes to look for Father Suarez, but can find him nowhere. At last he is discovered in the kitchen, having been the first person the young novice who wanted help for the dishes had found in the corridor. Or, again, he goes, by invitation, to a public theological discussion. Being asked to object, he does so, and in a few syllogisms reduces the unfortunate defender to his last gasp; whereupon the professor, unable to bear the disgrace of his pupil, takes up the argument, not however with any new train of reasoning, but with a violent tirade against Suarez and his Order. Every one is disgusted except Suarez himself, who listens with great attention and serenity, and at the end takes leave of the professor in the kindest and most cordial manner.

Another time he had been challenged to a public dispute, by a theologian who had aimed at the chair in which Suarez had been placed, in the University of Coimbra. Suarez was ordered to accept the dispute. After some time, he so completely entangled his adversary, that nothing remained to be done but to draw an obvious conclusion in order to put him in flagrant self-contradiction. Instead of this, he deliberately gave him an opportunity to escape, although he could hardly do so without making an apparent failure himself.

The general reader will perhaps scarcely appreciate the self-command shown in these instances, so easily as those who have witnessed the ardor with which theological disputations are sometimes conducted, and the violence with which human nature sometimes betrays itself, as the cold glittering meshes of an inevitable *reductio ad absurdum* close around some floundering debater. In the case just mentioned, Suarez's reputation was, to a certain extent, at stake, as it was his first public exhibition at Coimbra. Suarez is fertile in invention and subtle in argument; but the quality which, perhaps more than any other, distinguishes him among the writers of his class, is the soundness and clearness of his judgment. He has perhaps no peer in sagacity, freedom from

exaggeration and a delicacy and faithfulness of instinct which belongs to the consummate theologian. The brilliant reputation of Suarez soon caused him to be called to Rome, and Rome was at that time full of activity and religious enterprise under the vigorous and beneficent rule of Gregory XIII. The galaxy of saints that had made the Council of Trent so illustrious had not passed away altogether. Saint Ignatius was gone, and Saint Francis Xavier and Saint Francis Borgia; but Saint Philip was still at Chiesa Nuova, and Saint Camillus of Lellis was but beginning his Congregation. Saint Charles was one of the Cardinals. Saint Aloysius Gonzaga was one of the pupils of Suarez. Other celebrated men either came to Rome or resided there permanently.

The sojourn of Suarez in Rome probably gave the finishing touches to his perfection as a theologian. Not very many great theologians, in modern times at least, have ever spent all their lives away from Rome. Such men have need, so to speak, by the side of all other advantages, of the theological atmosphere of the Holy City. The perpetual contact which its students and teachers enjoy with the great Doctors there to be found, and with the ever living action of the Church at its central seat of government, the great religious incidents which can happen in no other place, the pontifical ceremonies, the canonizations, the jubilees, the conclaves, as well as the memories and blessings which haunt the shrines of the Apostles and martyrs of early days, and blend so harmoniously with the spirit that breathes from the relics of later saints of every successive century—all these, and a hundred other kindred influences, insensibly balance and adjust the mind, and give to all its utterances that perfectly Catholic and Roman tone which distinguishes the writings of such theologians as Suarez. The effect is very discernible in the contrast which their works present to those of others who have not had the same advantages. Many such writers have contributed largely to the theological treasures of the Church; but others, with the noblest intentions and most patient industry, have often failed lamentably on account of this indescribable gift of which we are speaking. They have been exaggerated or incomplete, extravagant or narrow, frightened at shadows or unable to see things in their proper relations, like children who have not learned the secret of distance and perspective. This may be set down to many causes: it may be the effect of personal character, continual contact with heretics, want of traditional learning, self-education, or similar causes, but it can hardly be better described than by the single word un-Roman.

"The perfect theologian not only takes the right side of the questions that arise before him, and divines instinctively the true doctrine on some point, perhaps which has not yet been ruled by authority; he will have the gift also to discern what is to be pressed, what not. He will know the great wisdom of silence and patience, of leaving questions undisturbed for which the time has not yet come. His arguments will be as

judiciously selected as his conclusions are sound, and he will be in no danger of riding his theory to death or of urging his authorities beyond their proper meaning. Among the thousand influences, natural and supernatural, which most combine to produce a consummate and faultless theologian, that of which we are now speaking is certainly not the last." Suarez might have been very great without it, as others have been; with it, he became a theologian surpassed by no one since the days of Saint Thomas Aquinas.

From Rome Suarez was sent to Salamanca. This was his place of predilection, as it was there he received from the Blessed Mother of God his wonderful intellectual gifts.

He afterwards taught with most brilliant success in Coimbra and Rome, and was then sent to Lisbon; but as he reached his sixty-fifth year, he began to long for repose. Continual mental activity is probably one of the severest kinds of fatigue of which our nature is capable, and there have been examples of literary men, such as Scott and Southey, whose minds have been entirely or almost worn to pieces before their bodies. If mental exercise is so fatiguing, much more is it when united with daily oral teaching—not the lightest or least wearisome of martyrdoms that Christian charity can undertake or sustain.

A glance at the portrait of Suarez tells the tale, no doubt, of the continual self-encirclement of a saintly soul; but a great deal of the suffering that is written there is to be set down to the mental labors of which we speak.

Death came to him at last, in 1617, when he had entered his seventieth year. His illness lasted ten days, during which he was continually giving fresh proofs of his consummate charity, piety and patience. He suffered the greatest pains without complaining, because he would have had to wake up the lay brother who slept near him to aid him in their relief. His cell soon became a kind of centre, round which all that was good and great in Lisbon was gathered.

Death, as it drew near to him, seemed to lose all its characteristic terrors. Once he was asked if he had any thing on his conscience that gave him pain; he answered no, for that by the mercy of God he had never done any thing but under obedience. Another time he seemed to be in his agony, and the last prayers for a departing soul were said by his side. But the paroxysm passed away; he recovered his senses, and woke up as from a deep sleep, with a face bright with joy, and with those words on his lips that have since become famous: "I never thought it was so sweet to die." Admirable servant of Mary!

This is not the place to attempt even the shortest account of the manifold treasures that are contained in the writings of Suarez, or of the immense influence they have exercised. He had every mental quality, every collateral advantage, every opportunity that could be asked for, to fit him for his high vocation. He learnt from the best masters, he had the largest experience in teaching, he was brought into contact with the most illuminated minds of his age. He had be-

come perfectly familiar with the purest strains of Catholic theology, made the floating traditions of the schools a part of himself, and completely mastered the rich stores of the literature of the Church. He had, besides, a wonderful memory and calm judgment, and a bright and flowing style.

Great gifts! And he ever and constantly affirmed that he had received them in answer to his fervent prayers to the Blessed Mother of God. Through life, he testified his gratitude by using the talents intrusted to him for the one sole end—the glory of her Divine Son; and ever, amid the most splendid intellectual triumphs, he was humble and simple as a child. We have now briefly shown what the Blessed Virgin did for Suarez; in a future number we will show what Suarez did for the Blessed Virgin.

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS.

Feasts of Triumph and Jubilee of the Holy Dead.

The children of the Church live in an atmosphere charged with the highest elements of all that is beautiful to the eye, glorious to the mind, poetical to the imagination and consoling to the heart.

A divine meaning penetrates all the actions, institutions and symbols of the Church. Every thing human and earthly, that can be turned to the honor and worship of God, has been used by her to raise her children's hearts to the very throne of their Eternal Father.

In moulding the hearts of all men to love and honor God, she uses the whole range of intellectual and material objects. To keep bright the chain which unites the Churches militant and triumphant, every month has its sweet and consoling devotions: the holy time of Advent, preparing for the coming of the Redeemer, and from Christmas to the Ascension we have participated in the spirit of the birth of our Saviour, His circumcision, presentation in the temple, flight into Egypt, baptism, and fasting in the desert; His public life, miracles and labors; His death, resurrection and return to the abodes of eternal bliss. Through these feasts we have lived in the life of the Gospel. We have followed our dear Lord, as did His Blessed Mother, from the crib to the moment of His glorious Ascension. Then the dear novena of the Assumption began on the Feast of the Transfiguration—followed by Pentecost, with its deep mysterious solemnities—filling our minds and hearts with the wonders and beauties of the Blessed Trinity, Corpus Christi and the Sacred Heart, representing the Church in its history—its joys and sorrows, its combats and victories. And now the day of repose has at length arrived—the feast of eternal peace: the grand festival of All Saints crowns the year, and reveals with dazzling splendor, to the children of exile and the soldiers of the cross still at their post, the triumphs and joys of our heavenly country. Time ends and eternity begins with this kingdom of glory. Who can imagine it? Let us listen to one who lately went to join that triumphant throng speak of the “bright and beauti-

ful multitude of glorious souls which form the outer ring of this stupendous court. This is the portion of the kingdom of grace which the waters of baptism alone have flooded. The little ones have become, as it were, men of thirty-three, like Jesus Himself, and their untried, untempted nature has been washed white as snow in His redeeming Blood. The mightiest scholars upon earth know not so much as they, though the hearts of Saints on earth have sometimes loved with a love as intense as theirs, and perhaps more intense. Is there a lot on earth, round which the sunshine of prosperity and joy is shining brightest, which is not purely miserable compared with the present glory of the infant members of Jesus whom Baptism has saved forever? But let us pass beyond the joy of the outer ring, to that multitude that no man can number. Who would have believed that so many souls had ever been created? Here are all nations and tribes and tongues; all sexes, ages, ranks, occupations, and times of the world's history. How beautiful they are! How various their sanctity! how orderly their classes and degrees! There are Pontiffs and Doctors; martyrs, confessors, and virgins; novices and lay brothers, religious and seculars, all bathed in the sunlight of the Lamb. These are the Saints who have not attained to the vacant thrones in the angelic choirs—the unplaced Saints as they may be called. But we must onward still into the thick of Heaven. We come now to the holy angelic kingdom, among whose thrones are placed those of earth's mightiest Saints, elevated to fill the seats of the one-third of that bright host whom Lucifer drew down with him in his fall. Higher still. We now approach the far-famed hierarchy of the Incarnation, wrapt in a glory of its own, suffused with special splendors from its vicinity to the Sacred Humanity of the Word. There are the eleven Apostles, and Matthias and Paul and Barnabas, who filled up the Apostolic College. There are the unapostolic Evangelists, Mark and Luke, with Simeon and Anna, Elizabeth and Zacharias, Joachim and Anne, Magdalen, Martha and Lazarus, Simon the Cyrenian and Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus and Stephen, Malchus and Veronica, Longinus and Dimas, with the seventy disciples and others, Gospel Saints. There are the Holy Innocents, who now enjoy singular power in Heaven as the patrons of the dying. Higher still. Within reach of the Sacred Heart of Jesus rises the mediatorial throne of Mary. Wonderful, amazing is her glory. It is too bright to see, save darkly and in enigma. Ocean opens out after ocean. Can we measure the munificence of God, the liberality of the Word, the extent of what is communicable by the Most Holy Trinity? Then, and not before, we may measure Mary's glory. And see how each hour there are fresh arrivals at the gates of Heaven, and the angels lead the new comers to Peter, and Peter to Mary, and Mary and Peter to Jesus, and Jesus to His Father, and each new soul gives force to the mighty undulations of excessive joy. Oh how dull earth grows as we think and speak of things like these!”

But the hymns of joy and anthems of glory of this great festival are replaced by plaintive moanings and sad sighings and sobs broken by tears, come from the other world, across the damp charnel-house and up from the closed tombs of the cemetery. It is a new festival; for with all these sad sounds, blessed strains of immortal hope sweetly mingle, telling in plaintive minor modulations how after expiation and suffering comes the happy eternity. And in a holy and mysterious communion these two united festivals join the three Churches of Heaven, Purgatory and Earth: this trinity, this unity, these three Churches, form but *one* Church. It is the *One*, universal, holy, ancient and imperishable Church, which has taught, combated, pardoned and blessed her children through the long course of ages from the beginning, and so will she continue to the end. And the festivals of All Saints and of All Souls are, as it were, the two glorious portals of eternity. November belongs to them; it is the month of Heaven, of Purgatory, of eternity, and with them the ecclesiastical year ends. But the piety and charity of the faithful have more particularly consecrated November as the month of the souls in Purgatory. It is, as it were, the season of sorrow and mourning. Nature has thrown aside her festive robes; the earth is cold and bare, and the damp, foggy atmosphere envelopes it like a winding-sheet; the verdure of the forest has all passed; the dry, withered leaves are torn from the trees by the stormy breath of the north wind, and rustle beneath our feet; dull, leaden clouds sweep over the sky, almost obscuring the faint, sickly gleam of the sunbeams; everywhere we see the marks of destruction and death. We are surrounded by a sublime and melancholy harmony which touches the heart. Nature in this month seems to make a solemn accompaniment to the plaintive cadence of that sad Purgatorial chant. Have pity on us, at least you, our friends, for the hand of the Lord is heavy upon us. They cannot do penance nor pray for themselves. They have no priesthood nor altar. For all these aids they must look to us.

And we know, by faith, that our prayers can help them. To-day, All Souls Day, Masses are said for them all over the world; Communions are made, beads are said, and alms given throughout all Christendom, for the dear friends that are not lost but gone before. "Oh what thoughts, what feelings, what love should be ours, as we, like choirs of terrestrial angels, gaze down on the wide, silent, sinless kingdom of suffering, and then with our own venturesome touch wave the sceptred hand of Jesus over its broad regions, all richly dropping with the balsam of His Precious Blood. How solemn and subduing is the thought of that holy kingdom, that realm of pain. There is no cry, no murmur; all is silent, as silent as Jesus before His enemies. We shall never know how we really love Mary till we look up to her from out those deeps, those vales of dread mysterious fire; from that consecrated empire of sinlessness and yet of keenest suffering. The beams of Mary's throne lighting up their land of pain; the silver-winged angels voyaging through the depths

of that mysterious realm; and, above all, that unseen Face of Jesus, which is so well remembered that it seems to be almost seen."

All Souls Day is truly the great jubilee of the holy dead; November should be their month of great favors and many ransoms, drawn from the treasury of the Church militant. Shall we refuse them our aid?

MARIE DENISE, or Devotions for the Dead.

It is a cruel flattery of relations, who will always have it that those near or dear to them die the death of saints. They would surely have a scruple if they knew of how many Masses and prayers they rob the souls by the selfish exaggeration of their goodness. I call it selfish, for it is nothing more than a miserable device to console themselves in their sorrow.

While devotions for the dead have characterized most of the saints in a very special manner, for Saint Thomas tells us that charity is incomplete until it includes the dead as well as the living, nevertheless there have been certain holy persons whose lives seem almost to have been set aside by God in sacrifices of the most supernatural kind, for the souls in Purgatory.

In the subject-matter of Purgatory we may with the less scruple make use of such revelations, from the example of so grave an authority as Cardinal Bellarmine himself, who, in his treatise on Purgatory, as I have already said, adds always some private revelations as a distinct head of proof. For many reasons, I have preferred to take my example from the life of Sister Marie Denise de Martignat, of the Visitation, (who died in the Convent at Annecy, in 1653.)

At the time when Mademoiselle de Martignat left the French court for that of Charles Emmanuel, at Turin, there was a lady living in that capital who went by the name of the Mère Antée. She had received a special attraction from the Holy Ghost to devote herself to the service of the souls in Purgatory. She had now spent many years in this way; and forming an acquaintance with Mademoiselle de Martignat, she had obtained from God, by her prayers, that Marie Denise should succeed her in her high office; and in fact her soul was the first which Marie Denise ever saw coming out of Purgatory, after a detention of five hours there for not following inspirations she had had about certain good works. The Mère Antée had told her she was ultimately to be a nun, as Saint Francis of Sales had also hinted to her at Paris years before, and in due time it was arranged that she should join the Convent of the Visitation, at Annecy. She was accompanied on her journey by a multitude of the holy souls, whose presence was so sensible to her that she never perceived the passage of the Mount Cenis, so absorbed was she in her intercourse with them. At the prayers of the Mère Antée, Marie Denise had received a powerful and mysterious grace, while praying before the holy winding sheet at Turin, by which she had immense power over the souls in Purgatory; and all her first years in Annecy were filled with practices on their behalf.

They disclosed many things to her; as, for example, when she was infirmarian, they told her there was no place where there were so many devils or where they were so active, as in an infirmary, because it was there that the soul fights its last battle for eternity.

She was continually accompanied by them, and their presence was sensible to her. She told the Superioress that so far from being afraid, she was as much at her ease amid a troop of these souls as when with her sisters in the Community; and that she found more profit for her soul in conversation with them than with the living. She obtained as many indulgenced medals as she could, and at recreation she was always eloquently preaching this her favorite devotion. Her Superioress once expressed a wish to be visited by a soul from Purgatory, if the visit would make her more humble and more acceptable to God. Marie Denise replied, "Truly, my dear Mother, if such is your courage and your desire, let us pray our Lord to grant it to you." The Superioress having consented, she was astonished that same evening at receiving a mysterious sign from a suffering soul, who from that moment became her frequent visitor. Several of the Community slept in the Superioress' room, and were eye and ear-witnesses of these visits: and this continued for seven entire months. At the end of this time, Marie Denise told the Superioress that the continuance of the pains of Purgatory, of such a soul as the one who had visited her, could teach her how much longer souls are detained in that suffering than she had supposed before; and this for four reasons: first, because of the inconceivable purity which the soul must have before it can present itself before Him who is essential sanctity and purity, and who receives no one into His glorious city who is not as pure as the city itself. Secondly, because of the innumerable multitude of venial faults which we commit in this life, and the little penance which we do for the mortal sins we have confessed. Thirdly, because of the inability of these souls to help themselves; and, fourthly, because of the lukewarmness and negligence of the greater part of Christians in praying and doing good works for these souls, as the dead fade from the memory of the living almost as soon as they have vanished from their eyes, while true charity will follow those it loves, through the flames of Purgatory, till the joys of Paradise.

The feast of our Lady of Angels was a day on which Marie Denise generally obtained the liberation of many souls from Purgatory. Once, after Communion on that day, she felt a strong interior movement, as if our Lord was taking her soul out of her body, and leading her to the shore of Purgatory. There He pointed out to her the soul of a powerful prince who had been killed in a duel, but to whom God had given the grace to make an act of contrition before he breathed his last; and she was ordered to pray for him especially. She did this for nine years and three months, and even gave her life in sacrifice for his soul, and yet he was not freed. She was so overcome by this vision of his soul, that the Superioress perceived

that something extraordinary had happened to her. She related the vision, and added, "Yes, my dear Mother! I have seen that soul in Purgatory; but, alas! who shall deliver it? Perhaps it will not come out till the day of judgment. Oh, my Mother!" she continued, weeping, "how good is God in His justice! How has this prince followed the spirit of the world and the lights of the flesh! How little anxiety has he had for his soul, and how little devotion in the use of the sacraments!" The effect of this vision, and of her penances for this soul, had such an effect on her bodily health, that the Superioress remonstrated with her on the subject; but she replied, that she must now suffer incessantly, as she had offered herself to God in order to procure some alleviation of pain for that poor soul. "And yet, my dear Mother, I am not so much moved at the lamentable state of suffering in which I have seen his soul, as I am struck with wonder at the blessed moment of grace which accomplished his salvation. That happy instant seems to me an outflow of the infinity of God's goodness, sweetness, and love. The action in which he died deserved hell. It was no attention to God on his own part which won from Heaven that precious moment of grace. It was an effect of the communion of saints, by the participation which he had in the prayers that were made for him. The Divine Omnipotence lovingly allowed itself to be turned by some good soul, and in that grace acted beyond its wont. Ah! my dear Mother! henceforth we must teach all the world to beg of God, our Blessed Lady, and the saints, that final instant of grace and mercy for the hour of death, and also to pave the way for it by good works; because, though our Lord may sometimes derogate from His ordinary providence, we must never presume on that privilege in our own case. There were many fights in Israel, but the sun never stood still except for Josue, nor went back except for Ezekias. A million souls have been lost in the very action in which the prince was saved. He had but one instant of life in the free possession of his mind, in order to co-operate with the precious moment of grace; that moment inspired him with a real contrition, which enabled him to make an act of true final repentance." The Superioress objecting to this view, the good sister answered, "My dear Mother! as the prince had not lost the faith, he was like a match ready to take fire; so that when the spark of merciful grace touched the Christian centre of his soul, the fire of charity was kindled, and brought forth a saving act. God made use of the instinct which we naturally have to invoke our first cause, when we are in urgent peril of losing the life which we hold from Him; and thus He touched the prince, and drew him to have recourse to efficacious grace. Divine grace is more active than we can conceive. We cannot wink our eyes as quickly as God can do His work in the soul where He seeks co-operation; and the moment in which the soul makes its act of co-operation with grace is almost as brief as the one in which it receives it; and in this the soul experiences how admirably it has been created in the image and likeness of

God." The Superioress, seeing into what mysterious depths Marie Denise was about to plunge, interrupted her by remarking, that God had busied Himself forty years with the children of Israel, and even then they were not converted from their evil ways. "True, my dear Mother," replied the sister, "but when He swore in His wrath that His hardened people should not enter into His rest, victorious grace only required a moment to strike down Saint Paul, and to triumph over his heart. The judgments and conduct of God are abysses, which it does not belong to us to fathom; but of one thing I can assure you, that if it had not been for that one blessed moment of grace, the soul of the prince would have descended into the lowest hell; and since the devil has been a devil, he has, perhaps, never been more disappointed in his expectation than in losing that prey. For he had known nothing of the interior occupation of his victim in those few seconds which the Divine Goodness accorded him after his mortal wound."

Language almost fails to describe the sufferings both of mind and body which Marie Denise went through for the alleviation of this soul. Mère de Chaugy devotes a whole chapter to them, and they are quite equal to those which are read of any of the saints. After a long martyrdom of this kind, it pleased God that she should see in a vision the suffering soul of the prince, slightly raised above the bottom of the burning abyss, and in a capacity of being delivered somewhat before the day of judgment, and also that an abbreviation of *some few hours* of his Purgatory had been granted. She begged Mother de Châtel to pray for him; and that good mother, consenting to do so, could not refrain from expressing her surprise that Marie Denise had only spoken of an abridgment of a few hours; but the sister replied, "Ah! my Mother, it is a great thing that the Divine mercy has begun to allow itself to be influenced; time has not the same measure in the other life which it has in this; years of sadness, weariness, poverty, and severe illness in this world are not to be compared with the one single hour of the sufferings of the poor souls in Purgatory!" It would take me too long to relate all the communications our Lord vouchsafed to make to her about the state of that soul. It came at last to this, that she offered her life for his simple alleviation, not deliverance, and it was accepted. Not long before her death, when the Superioress was expressing herself to the effect that surely by this time the soul was free, Marie Denise said, with great warmth, "O Mother! many years and many suffrages are needed yet;" and at last she died, and yet there was no word that the prince was delivered even by that heroic sacrifice crowning upward of nine years of suffering, prayers, Masses, Communions, and indulgences, not on her part only, but through her on the part of many others also. What a long commentary might be written upon all this! But hearts that love God will comment on it for themselves. Blessed be His most glorious Majesty for its insatiable purity.

It is vanity to wish for a long life, and take little care of leading a good life.

Litany for a Child of Mary.

TRANSPosed FROM SAINT LIGUORI'S LITANY FOR A GOOD DEATH.

[fall:]
Lord, have mercy on us! now, and when heart and flesh shall
Christ, have mercy on us! when our soul's bark breasts the
 gale;
Lord, have mercy on us! when the powers of hell assail;
Christ, have mercy on us! when the waves of death prevail;
 O good Jesus, hear us!
 O Father, God, that we in Him, Thy Son beloved, might live,
 For our poor sake that Blessed Son who gave, forgive! for-
 give! [shrive!]
 O Saviour-Son, who did Thy Blood as ransom pour, soul-
 O Spirit sweet, from whom the dying comfort best derive,
 O Holy Ghost, hear us!
 By my approaching Judge, when summoned to His shrouded
 bar;
 When I shall hear the rumbling of his chariot-wheels afar,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When darken with the blighting mists of death these strug-
 gling eyes,
 And their last look its imaged Lord and crucifix describes,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When paled brow and lip, and touch of sudden icy thrill, [fill,
 Those gathered mournful round, with terror and compassion
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When my poor ears, about to close on every human word,
 Shall dread await the never-changing sentence of their Lord,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When my weak feet, unable more to move, shall late remind,
 'Thy course draws on its close, thy path within a grave we find,'
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When lo, that dear imagination I have loved to feed so well,
 May only sudden darken with the phantom hosts of hell,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When my soul, agonized with judgment-fear, surveys its sin,
 The angel fell of darkness met, his grasp most struggle in,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When my heart, full of dying pains, hangs in its anguish o'er
 the brink
 Where Satan, violent, assails with his last effort dire to sink,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When friends around engroped, that saddest vigil tender
 In vain compassionate, in vain my dissolution weep, [keep,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When all my death-seized senses fall—when comes that last
 adieu—
 And this world and its friends forever vanish from my view,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 Nor longer distanced seen, when sign and symptom dread
 appear: [tribute-tear,
 When trickles down upon my cheek, to freeze, life's last sad
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When, tortured by the pangs of slowly satiated death,
 Oppressed with lengthened agony, I draw my gasping breath,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When the last heavy sighs of my poor, pressed and smothered
 heart,
 Shall force my groaning soul to with its loathsome burden part,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 About beholding her Almighty Judge, and Great First Cause—
 When my soul hutters to her lips and stands in awful pause,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When my soul shall at length depart this bitter vale of tears,
 And hideous, cold and stark, this body I have loved appears,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When I alone before my All-Majestic Judge shall stand,
 Hold thou my fainting soul that one great moment in thy hand:
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When at one glance, behold, around, as mountains tower
 above,
 The sins of all my life! My God, His claims beside for love,
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 When He, my Judge, shall pause to weigh—before that sen-
 tence spoke,
 No human art can ever shun, no human power revoke—
 Then, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!
 Ask by thy painful agony in His most precious death,
 Ask by our constant love for thee until our latest breath—
 Ask, merciful Mother, ask mercy for me!

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Hence-
 forth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from
 their labors; for their works follow them.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 9.---Our Lady of Arabida.

The sky was cloudless; the golden orb of day quietly descended the western declivity of the heavens, its dazzling disc reflecting upon the surface of the sea, as pure and as blue as the firmament.

The "Brahmin," a heavy Portuguese merchantman, heavily laden with precious merchandise, glided slowly over the waters, leaving behind it waves of snowy foam. The winds slept in the sails, that hung listless from the masts; even the cordage hung lifeless, without the slightest motion. The sailors, stretched listlessly upon the deck or leaning against the railing, sang or dreamed of the joys of home, for their voyage had been long. It was eighteen months since they had left the port of Lisbon, and now they looked forward to the joy of re-entering it on the morrow.

Two men, standing upon the quarter-deck, conversed in low tones. One was small and dark-complexioned, as were the greater part of the crew. His hair, formerly of deepest black, was prematurely blanched, and contrasted with his bronzed yet young-looking face; and his keen, piercing eye, his dry, smooth forehead had just assumed a sudden expression of anxiety which had not been remarked by his companion. His voice was quick, imperious and abrupt. This was Lupaz, the captain of the merchantman. The tall stature of the other, his fair complexion and auburn hair, cold and composed manner, grave, slow and methodic speech, distinguished him from the rest of the passengers. His foreign accent, while conversing with the Portuguese, and his views and opinions, so original in their expression yet withal so just, all betrayed a true son of Albion in her Catholic days. He was an English merchant, named Jonathas, engaged in the India trade.

"Have I not made a good speculation?" he said, in a tone of phlegmatic satisfaction. "Thanks to your good Brahmin, I shall soon exchange my ivory for its weight in gold in your goodly city of Lisbon."

"It is certain," replied the captain, looking, as he spoke, toward the south, that my old sea-bark has borne herself valiantly along the route we have traveled. At present, God be praised, we have passed the greatest dangers; but we must not sleep at the helm. For my part, I am in the habit of never indulging in hope until I see the old Brahmin safe in port with two anchors keeping her steady at her moorings."

"I sail without fear; and, if necessary, would retrace our passage to the Indies and back, and wager a safe and happy landing."

"Down from aloft there, and make ready to take in sail," interrupted the captain, addressing some sailors in the rigging.

"To-morrow," continued the Englishman, "to-morrow, without doubt, we will be in Lisbon."

"Well, I wish it with all my heart. I promised Juarita that this would be the last time I ever cast anchor on the coast of the Indies. Juarita

is my daughter, and when she marries she must employ me to keep her children amused with my tales of the sea. For forty years I have been before the mast and in command. I have seen death as near me as any other, but I must confess it would seem hard to be made food for the fishes."

"No, no; I guarantee we shall not be food for aught that swims in the sea."

"You have on board your fortune, and thirty years of existence at least. I have loaded the Brahmin with the happiness and future of two lives which are a hundred fold dearer to me than my own."

"Well, look at the heavens; if you had the winds, the sun, and the calm in the hold, you could not compose finer weather."

"I do not deny it. Yet, to speak, in good Portuguese, I do not like this quiet and hypocritical appearance at sea. I would like to see a strong wind which would make the Brahmin cleave the waters. We ought to jump the bar of Olisippo before night, for the night often brings up a squall of wind."

"Bah! a squall would not prevent us from passing; and even if we should have a little tempest, we would debark with the greater joy."

"It is true, my wife and daughter pray daily in the church for me, and they burn as many candles before the altar of the Madonna as there are Sundays since I left the port of Lisbon. Surely their prayers must be heard in Paradise, whose saints they so much resemble."

"You would lay your hard earnings before them, I say, and lay aside the marriage dowry, even if you had no one to pray for you. The Brahmin carries ballast that will prevent her going down."

"I am an old sailor, but I do not believe in talismans. I know no long prayers, but often raise my eyes to God; and it seems to me that He heard me, since the waves have so long balanced my hammock and I am still on my beams."

"Yes, captain, but you must confess that the Brahmin is not as solid as you are, and that it is not in a good state to resist a bad sea; but I told you at Surrata that we would have a happy passage, and I still believe it. Would you know why? Let us go below, and you will see in my cabin an image of our Blessed Lady, nailed near my hammock. Do you believe that she has served us as pilot and steersman, and that she has brought us this far, as though she stood at the wheel, only to leave us the last day?"

"She would certainly do us no harm if we did not insult her, but I confess I have more confidence in my crew. I have chosen it myself from among the oldest sailors. I know that the Virgin commands the waves, as I command my cabin-boys, and I would be careful not to despise her; but if we had nothing else to guide the ships except her—"

At this moment the captain's brow darkened, and interrupting himself, he cried, "Where is the promontory?"

"Southwest-by-west," replied the sailor from the rigging.

"Do you see that line below the sun?" continued Lupaz, raising his finger to indicate the sign to the Englishman. "Before an hour the wind will sing us a song that we will scarcely like to hear."

Jonathas' reply was prevented by the captain's hurried orders to the crew.

The sun grew pale; nevertheless there was not the slightest cloud to be seen in the heavens. The sails felt not the slightest breath of wind; from the western horizon came a dull rattling, and again as it were the sound of trumpets. The surface of the sea, before calm and unruffled, was covered with flakes of foam. One might imagine that all the sea-monsters had left their deep caves to swim under the waters round the vessel. Then, fine and transparent vapors rose from the waves, and, rapidly ascending, obscured the horizon, which it surrounded as a cincture. Soon the azure of the heavens was veiled, and clouds formed around the sun, like a heavy wall with crimson coping.

Jonathas evinced not the slightest anxiety. Calm and tranquil, he contemplated with silent admiration the varied and singular forms which the clouds assumed: some resembled enormous rocks, which invisible Titans piled together in order to scale the heavens; others imitated immense tents of soldiers, covered with richest and most gorgeous hangings, or palaces whose vaulted roofs rested on gigantic foundations and columns of white marble.

The remembrance of the wild traditions of Ossian peopled, to the eyes of the Englishman, all this country of vapor. Sometimes he saw warriors advancing with rapid strides, with buckler, shield and lance; sometimes it was entire armies meeting in fierce combat; above them, in monstrous chariots drawn by owls and bats, were elf, fairies and all the creatures of northern mythology. Captivated by these imaginations, Jonathas remained motionless, and had not observed the agitation which had suddenly succeeded the calm.

The clouds covered the entire heavens, and the sun could only be seen through two clouds whose rapid approach threatened to entirely obscure its rays. The distant sounds of the sea were overwhelmed by the heavy dashing of the surrounding waves, the storm whistled through the cordage, and the sails were stretched to their utmost tension. The wind, with its keen whistle, swept in fury over the ocean, dashing the little white waves wildly on every side; the pilot lost all control over the vessel, and the needle of the compass, seized with vertigo, pointed to all parts of the compass. The lead was cast but no sounding could be affected. The sailor on the look-out could see no trace of land.

"What are you waiting for, Jonathas?" exclaimed the captain. "Now or never is the time to invoke your Virgin; if she brings us safe through, we will at least owe her a fine wax candle."

"Oh," replied the Englishman, phlegmatically, "the tempest will be splendid!"

"But the Brahmin will never be able to weather it."

Lupaz was seen in every part of the vessel, animating his crew by word and action, issuing his

orders briefly and clearly, foreseeing all things in advance; he was one of those determined characters who would defend his life to the last extremity.

"The luckiest thing that could happen to us," he muttered, "would be to be cast on shore."

But he was unable to calculate at what distance he was from the land, nor in what direction the vessel should turn to reach it.

Heavy clouds covered the sky, and were reflected in waves as black as themselves. The sun had entirely disappeared, and the night joined its shades to the darkness of the tempest. Huge waves dashed over the vessel, which groaned and cracked as if the next wave would in all probability dash its broken fragments over the angry waters. The peals of thunder reverberated through the heavens, and the flashes of lightning more clearly showed all the horrors of night. A heavy rain mingled its tepid waters with the boiling foam of the sea.

A wave carried away the rudder. The sailors fashioned another with the thick boards kept in reserve, but it was broken in a few minutes. The deck was a flood of water, as wave after wave poured over it: the sailors ran to the pumps, but discouragement relaxed their efforts, and the voice of the captain, almost lost in the din of the tempest, was no longer obeyed.

"Oh Jonathas," said he, in a tone of reproach, to the Englishman, "why do you not aid us with your labor?"

"Yes," said the merchant, "it is time that I should act." He ran down to his cabin but almost immediately returned, pale and trembling. "We are lost," he said, "I see no hope left."

"What has happened?" exclaimed the captain, struck with the alteration in his voice.

"The image of *Notre Dame* has been torn by some impious hand from my cabin; and we may all perish in this storm for our impiety."

"Can't you forget that picture and lend a hand at the pumps?"

"Land ho! Land ho!" shouted a sailor from the masthead, who at that moment caught a glimpse of the coast by the flashes of lightning which lit up the heavens.

Scarcely had he uttered the cry when a violent blast snapped the main-mast close to the deck, and cordage and sails in a confused mass hung over the side of the vessel, at the imminent risk of ingulphing it in the boiling waters. Quick as thought the captain cut the cordage, and repeated, in a loud voice, "Land ho! Land ho!" But on what coast were they on the point of landing? Was it a sandy shore and of easy access? or a coast bristling with rocks? The captain made these rapid reflections; but what could he do at present, upon a dismantled vessel?

The sudden grating of the keel revealed the presence of rocks beneath; the winds and the waves seemed to make a plaything of the vessel, and the captain thought with terror that every instant it might run upon a shoal; and in spite of his courage and energy, his blood curdled.

A fierce driving rain dissipated the heavy fog

which obscured the air, and the shore was disclosed to the gaze of the terrified sailors. It was formed of gigantic masses of rocks of terrible height. This granite wall was defended by a chain of reefs, against which the waves of the sea broke with a frightful roaring. Shipwreck, then, seemed inevitable. Lupaz knew the whole Portuguese coast, and he had learned to dread this terrific shore; he was on the point of yielding to despair. One chance of safety alone remained: the waves might perchance cast the vessel across the reefs without breaking it to pieces; it might rest in safety against the rocks until the storm abated. With regard to sacrificing his cargo, the captain would not consent at any price.

His hope seemed realized, for the violence of the waves suddenly raised the vessel and carried it to the top of a rock, and there it hung, suspended as it were, trembling until every beam cracked as though it would every moment fall to pieces.

The crew understood their great peril; all were not devout, but danger inspired all with the same sentiment; with a common impulse they knelt with clasped hands raised to Heaven, and Jonathas, in the name of all, implored the assistance of the Virgin Mary. The winds moaned around the deck, and the waves beat against her prow, without being able to move her from her critical position. The brow of the captain brightened: if the tempest subsided, the vessel was saved. Unfortunately, an immense wave flooded the rock, raising the vessel upon its waters, and, aided by a strong blast of wind, carried it upon the opposite side, where it glided into a channel between the reef and the rocky shore—where, as it balanced and quivered from the descent, the hold was filled with water in less than a quarter of an hour! No one now had courage to work the pumps, and the sailors thought of nothing but gaining their safety on hastily constructed rafts.

But Lupaz could not be resigned to abandon the vessel which contained his daughter's dowry. He looked at the water, undecided whether he should throw himself into it or wait until it reached the deck. Jonathas, kneeling, with clasped hands and bare head, prayed devoutly, and only thought of preparing his soul to appear before its God. The night still continued black and the tempest redoubled its fury, the waves dashed over the reefs, and poured their waters down upon the deck of the vessel, which still continued motionless in the channel.

"Your Virgin must have no power, or else she is greatly enraged," said the captain. "Oh, woe is me, to perish thus miserably upon the Portuguese coast, and almost within sight of port, where my wife and child await me."

Instantly the horizon was radiant with a wonderful brilliancy; a watch-fire, larger and more dazzling than the sun at noonday, sprang up on the summit of the rocks, and in the gloomy darkness of the night appeared a day so bright that the eyes of the sailors were dazzled. The hands of all were raised to Heaven; every heart gave utterance to prayers of joy and gratitude. They believed they saw the finger of God

in this phenomenon, and they no longer doubted their safety, for by this wondrous light they perceived that the channel in which they lay led into a deep and well sheltered little bay, whence the waters flowed by a little stream into the ocean. The fiercely surging waves had carried them across the bar, which they could not otherwise have crossed. Courage filled every heart; all ran to the pumps, which were so efficiently worked that the hold was soon emptied of all water, and by the agitation of the sea itself in the channel, the Brahmin floated down into the bay. And then that wonderful light disappeared.

Day broke, and the sailors, anxious to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, after much difficulty succeeded in climbing up the steep rocks. Jonathas fell with his face to the earth; he recognized upon the spot they sought, the same picture of our Lady, in whom he had placed all his confidence.

He sold his merchandise and built a chapel upon the spot, and a little hermitage close by, in which he ended his days. Juarita sent, as a wedding gift, a silver lamp to the chapel.

Such is the authentic origin of the pilgrimage of Our Lady of Arabida, one of the most celebrated in Portugal.

SERAPHINE.

The tale that a spirit bids me tell,
Is of the times so long ago,
That since the day when the deeds befell,
The Castle has blent with the dust below.
Thunder and hail, and frost and rain,
And the feathery sweep of the falling snow,
Have beat down the marble, grain by grain,
Till pillar and porch, and the airy dome
That soared like an eagle in its pride,
Are mingled all in the sandy loam,
Level and low as the lazy tide
Of a river that crawls by that slimy shore
Where life and beauty shall bloom no more!
Not such was the vision that valley knew
In the pomp that pranked the times of old,
When the proudest flag o'er the castle flew
That ever was sprinkled with stars of gold;
With stars of gold, on a ground of blue—
The heraldic sign of a Baron bold,
The peerless Baron of Emperlieu!
Ah me! that vision comes back on my brain,
Like a throb of superhuman pain!

The hour was past the noon of night,
But the music still was loud in the hall;
And the windows gleamed with such lustre bright
That it ran like a glory down the wall,
And up to the tops of the turrets quite,
With a glitter that garnished every stone,
As if the marble itself made light
For the castle's greatest festival;
But yet, I ween, there was need of none
For the revelers out in the luminous night,
Since the air was full of a splendid moon
That blessed the beautiful month of June.
And well might the Baron dance and drink,
And scatter his wealth with a wanton hand;

It was such a pleasure for him to think
That to-morrow the monarch of all the land
And much of the sea, by love beguiled,
Would share the throne with his only child—
The saintly maid with the eyes of blue,
Fair Seraphine of Emperlieu.

A thousand feet were threading the maze
Of the stately measure they trod in those days,
Whose movement was not in the hall alone,
But meandered out where the moonbeams shone
Through the twinkling leafage of tuneful trees,
That sung as they shed their balm on the breeze—
Out through the garden and on through the grove,
And over the mead that the fairies love,
Then down to the river, and back to the gate,
And into the porch where the wine-beakers wait:
The wine of the grape called Elfin-hue,
Which never this side of Paradise grew,
Save in the valley of Emperlieu!

In sooth, 'twas a joyous sight to see
Such a grand and graceful company,
And not one unit of low degree:
Famous generals fresh from the wars,
And eminent judges with eyes severe,
And mighty, mitred priests austere,
And nobles blazoned, like night, with stars,
As if they were lords of the crystalline sphere;
And ladies so lovely in form and face,
No pencil might limn their living grace—
So stately their step, so courtly their mien,
That none looked less than a jeweled queen.

But why is she absent from the scene,
Who, unless the Fates shall intervene,
To-morrow will be a real queen?
They miss her saintly eyes of blue—
The matchless maid of Emperlieu.
She left the hall an hour ago—
To the purple chamber she hath gone,
Where her mother died and she was born.
What aileth her? They may not know;
But her lips betray a curl of scorn,
And her eyes seem weary, her cheek is wan,
On which, like liquid pearls of the morn
Shining upon a lily's snow,
Two tears are clinging that cannot flow!

She left the hall, and went alone
With a gliding gait along the floor,
Through many a winding corridor
That echoed faintly to her moan;
Until she reached a room so far
That she might not hear the music's jar,
Or a footfall of the dancing din,
And then she locked herself within.
"Ah, woe is mine—if mother sees!"
She said, and sank upon her knees,
And clasped her hands in silent prayer,
Still as a statue, stooping there.
She maketh neither sigh nor moan;
Her lips are speechless as if death
Had taken away the boon of breath;
Like a chiseled penitent in stone,
She prayeth with her eyes alone!
At length a smile flits o'er her face,
A sinless smile, and yet so faint
One scarce might note its gleam of grace,

Only it makes her seem a saint!
Then, with a look of sweet surprise,
Anon she slowly doth arise,
And checks the rain from her blue eyes;
Murmuring, "I deem, O mother dear,
The Queen of the angels now will hear!"

Then she unclasped the jeweled zone,
The cincture of her silken vest;
And full the streaming lamplight shone

Upon her naked breast—
Which, with a low, unearthly moan,
And the air-drawn sign of a cross, she blessed!
Alas! what a sight of fear was that—
A fiend might gloat to gaze thereat!
Alas! poor child of shame and sorrow,
Wilt thou dare to don the robes of a bride?
Better that thou wert dead, to-morrow,
Than mock the mighty monarch's pride
By showing him that withered side,
And the blight of thy bosom's horrible scars,
A vision that all thy beauty mars!

Next, from a closet forth she drew
A thing detestable to view!
A frightful scourge with iron claws!
Angels! what is she going to do?
Without a shudder, without a pause,
Her utmost strength the maiden tries,
And that fell means of torture plies
Upon her bosom bare, until
There trickles down a purple rill
Which all her nether garments dyes;
And ever the while,
With a saintly smile

That beams from the dreams of her bright blue eyes,
She murmurs, "See! O mother dear—
Mother see! for the angels hear;
And the Queen of the angels knoweth now,
How well I have kept my holy vow!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Weekly Chronicle.

Charity of the Holy Father—Naples and Bologna
—How Victor Emmanuel intends to stop the Cholera—Missionaries for China—*Le Catholique*.

ROME.—Of the Holy Father we know nothing this week but his usual good health and equally usual beneficence. He has sent additional alms to his poor subjects of Ancona (now under such step-parental care,) to contribute to the fund already formed by the Cardinal Bishop and his Chapter and Clergy, for the education of the orphans whom the cholera has deprived of their natural guardians. By the way, Cardinal Antonucci has unintentionally answered the lies of the *Siecle* in the most practical manner; not by words but by alms. He has already spent \$13,000 (£2,750) of his patrimony on his poor flock. The *Siecle* may boast of the success of its accusations in that respect. However, if the Cardinal wished to be exempt henceforth from such attacks, he should not have given that money to the poor, but sent it to certain virtuous scribblers. The Holy Father has also sent a letter to Monsignor Della Scala, Bishop of San Severo, to express to him his heartfelt joy at his having returned at

once to his flock, in spite not so much of the cholera as of the decree of exile which kept him away from his See. The praise of Pius IX, in this instance, is the more to be prized from the fact that there is no doubt possible about his doing the same for his flock. Only think now of the effect of the new wine of power on some people's heads, when you actually read in the Florentine Ministerial *Perseveranza*, that the Bishops of San Severo and Lucera deserve certainly to be considerably treated for having only listened to the voice of their duty as soldiers of charity (*sic*) in going to their dioceses in spite of the Government decrees; but that the Ministry must, of course, reserve to itself the power of making its decrees respected, as soon as the present excuse has ceased to exist. Really, you must be Minister of "The Kingdom of Italy," if only for half an hour, to reach such a sublime degree of snobbishness. Meanwhile these sublimities are obliged to have recourse to nuns and friars to make up for their selfish blunders in sanitary policy. Sisters of Charity have been sent by a relief committee in Naples to San Severo. Eleven of those Catholic heroines were carried off by cholera in Ancona after their return thither. As for San Severo, the infidel *Pungolo* itself declares that if it had not been for the Friars of Saint Francis, no one would have been found to attend the sick.

At Bologna, on the very same day that the Capuchins received from the military authorities, under the butcher Cialdini, the order to leave the house which they occupied, although it belonged to a private person, the Bologna Committee of Precaution, under the presidency of the Signor Marchese Napoleon *Pepoli*, sent them an application for chaplains for the Lazaretto, where the few cholera patients already existing in Bologna had been removed, and which was being made ready to receive whatever number might be attacked. The Capuchins answered, as might be expected of them, that they were ready not only to send chaplains, but to come in a body to attend the sick; but that their ordinary residence as a Community must be left to them. It is not known yet how the aristocratic *Pepoli* has settled that with his butcher accomplice.

The only precautions that Victor Emmanuel's agents seem to take for the cholera consist in reality in forbidding all public celebration of religious festivals, even in places where the chance of the cholera ever coming seems to be the most remote, and in driving Religious of both sexes out of their convents and churches under the pretext of their being wanted for cholera hospitals, or as additional barracks for the troops, who must now be lodged in the most spacious way, even in the very churches themselves. Such precautions resemble vastly the Orange policy of removing men to make room for beasts. A day comes when men are found wanting to attend those beasts.

PARIS, September 17, 1865.—*Mr. Editor*: On Friday, the 15th of September, a ceremony well known, it is true, but always full of interest and new charms, took place in the chapel of the Seminary of Foreign Missions. Nine young Priests prepared to start for the distant shores of China.

Although the ceremony was not intended to be public, yet a great number of strangers nevertheless succeeded in gaining admission, in order to assist at the touching scenes which precede the departure of new missionaries. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Community repaired to the spacious oratory erected in the middle of the garden, surrounded by flowers and foliage. The young missionaries knelt at the altar of Mary, and in firm, solemn voices intoned the *Ave Maris Stella*. To this beautiful chant succeeded the farewell hymn:

"Happy gales the pennons streaming,
Friends beloved, speed ye well!
Mary's star above you beaming,
Fears from every heart expel!
Ocean, calm thy angry raging;
Bid thy foaming waves be still!
War on men no longer waging—
They go forth to do God's will!

I wish I were able to reproduce here the whole of this sublime hymn—above all, to say with what holy enthusiasm the entire assembly sang in unison the chorus:

"Farewell, friends, on earth we never,
Never more, perchance, shall meet;
Till we meet to dwell forever,
Happy at our Saviour's feet."

Before leaving this oratory, which it had so often been their delight to adorn, the young missionaries again invoked their heavenly Queen, to whom they had daily offered their prayers:

"Cause of our Joy, Queen of Apostles, Queen of Martyrs, Queen of Confessors, Star of the Sea,—Pray for us."

After having so fervently and lovingly invoked Mary, the crowd repaired to the chapel. The altar was ornamented as on great festivals, and the future missionaries stood upon the altar-step, a celestial glow irradiating their faces. Bishop Sohier, Vicar Apostolic of Cochin China, and confessor of the faith, after addressing them a few words, gave them his blessing and the fraternal accolade. Then followed the directors, confreres and even the strangers, who, kneeling by the future apostles, kissed with respect the happy feet which were to traverse the sea and brave all fatigues to save souls. The choir meanwhile chanted the psalms, *In convertendo Dominus captivitatem Sion* and the *Benedictus*.

After this ceremony, the young missionaries, in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, took the oath of fidelity to the Congregation, swearing to live in obedience and consecrate themselves wholly and entirely to the conversion of the infidel.

This touching ceremony, which left a lasting impression in the hearts of all present, closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament by Bishop Sohier.

Such days fill the heart with emotions too deep for utterance. Happy priests! The world laments for them, because it does not understand the sweetness and recompense of their sacrifice. To the missionary, suffering is happiness and exile is home.—*Rosier de Marie*.

A NEW clerical journal, the *Catholique*, is about to be founded in Brussels, Belgium, under the direction of M. Veuillot. The *Opinion Nationale* states that of the capital required Monsignor de Merode contributes 300,000f., Monsignor Dupanloup, 30,000f., and M. Keller, 100,000f.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Heart of Jesus is our Life by Grace.

By the Incarnation the Heart of Jesus brought to the bosom of our nature, cursed by God, the divine life of which it received the plenitude; by the Redemption it has acquired for us, in destroying our death, the power to receive this life. What, then, remains to do? One single thing: to communicate this life to each of us, as He communicated it in His proper Person to our nature; to apply to each man the merits of the Precious Blood shed on Calvary for all mankind; to cause all the members of this great body to participate, each according to his measure, in the plenitude of light, strength and happiness granted to their Divine Head. When this end is attained, the work of the Word Immaculate will be consummated. If to the miracles of love already operated by the Heart of Jesus, this last miracle is not joined, His wisdom and goodness would be equally incomplete, and the streams of Blood which He shed for us would be condemned to an irremediable sterility. But do not think that this Heart, infinitely generous, could thus leave its work undone. On the contrary you may expect to see displayed all the magnificence of His love in this crowning of His labors and effusion of His grace.

GRACE. Such is, in effect, the name given in the Christian vocabulary to this participation of the divine life of Jesus Christ, this extension of the precious fruits of the Incarnation to each member of the human family.

It is particularly by grace that the Heart of Jesus is our life; and if we wish to clearly understand the close bonds which unite us to this Divine Heart, it is absolutely necessary for us to understand in what grace consists. On the other side, if we wish clearly to comprehend the nature of grace, its wonderful effects, its incomparable power, we cannot consider it in a better view than as the vital bond which unites our hearts to the Heart of Jesus. The subject upon which we now enter is, then, of the highest importance to all Christians, and most particularly for those who make a special profession of honoring the Heart of Jesus. The latter should understand this devotion in its most intimate sense. At the same time all Christians should have a just idea of this grace, which makes them children of God, heirs of Heaven, which is the principal of their supereminent dignity and the foundation of their eternal hopes. Therefore, we will not hesitate to comply with the pressing invitations we have received, to develop this subject a little more than we have heretofore been able to do. Although we have frequently touched upon it, and it has also been recently treated in several remarkable publications, yet we find many interesting points to elucidate, and in a matter of such importance even repetitions are useful.

We shall inclose, in three principal propositions, all that we have to say on the subject. First proposition: The life of grace which makes us Christians is a life truly divine. Second prop-

osition: The divine life of grace has for its immediate principle the spirit of God, really present in the heart of the Christian. Third proposition: The heart of Jesus is the unique source whence comes the spirit of God, and consequently the divine life, of which it is the immediate principle, flows from it into the heart of the Christian.

If we well understand these three truths, there is not one who will deny that the Heart of Jesus is our life, not in a figurative sense, but in the most vigorous, real and elevated meaning of the word.

First, we have affirmed that the life of grace, which makes us Christians, is a life truly divine. Nothing is more certain, nothing flows more evidently from the principles of our holy faith, nothing is more clearly taught in the Gospel, or more solidly proved by Catholic theology. Why, then, are we obliged to add that there is nothing more rarely understood among Christians?

This divine life, of which we speak, nevertheless belongs to us,—as really and truly as our other lives. For we have many lives, although we have but one soul and one nature: we have received from our parents according to the flesh, the vegetable life, which we have in common with plants; the animal life, which we have in common with brutes; the life of reason, which we have in common with other men; but on the day of our baptism we received from the Church a fourth life, which is common to us with the angels and with God Himself, since it is a participation in His own life.

If we wish to know in what this life consists, we must first ask the general question—What is life?

Life, says an ancient adage, is in movement—*vita in motu*. There is no life where there is no actual movement or power to move, but all actual movement is not life. The waters of the river move, yet they do not live; a stone may move, but does not live, because all inanimate beings receive their movements from exterior causes. A living being, on the contrary, moves itself and possesses in itself the principle of its movements. See that grain of mustard-seed, blown here and there by the wind and finally falling to the ground. Until the present it manifested no more life than a grain of sand; it had no movement of its own, but yielded to every exterior power. But scarcely has it rested in the earth than its vital powers, heretofore dormant, awaken; the imperceptible germ which it contained is developed; it throws out roots which draw nourishment from the earth; a vigorous stalk springs through the soil, covered with foliage by which it inhales moisture from the air, and from this moment an uninterrupted exchange of services is established among all the parts of the plant; every organ contributes to the preservation, and growth of the entire body; the stalk ascends, shoots out into various branches and communicates to them the life of the trunk. Very soon this life exhibits itself in all its magnificence and fruitfulness; the branches which crown the trunk are themselves crowned with flowers; fruit succeeds the flowers, and every

fruit will contain many seeds, each one of which will produce a plant similar to the one from which it sprang. This is life in its lowest degree, the vegetable life, which places in the scale of beings the smallest plant above the most beautiful diamond; the diamond shines with a lustre far surpassing the sprig of the plant, but it has not within itself, as the other, the power of motion, growth and reproduction.

Life is, then, the state of a being which possesses the power of moving itself. Consequently, it is perfect in proportion to the amount it possesses of this power. This is why the animal life is nearer perfection than the vegetable. In place of being attached to the earth, as the plant, and depending, as it does, for nourishment, on the air and earth which surround it, the animal roams at will to gain the food to sustain life; he flies from danger, defends himself from his enemies; he hears, sees, smells, feels; he often accomplishes wonderful works, and with an organization almost as perfect as man's, he possesses instincts that the science of man cannot but admire without understanding them.

Nevertheless, the life of the human soul is incomparably more perfect, because the movements it produces are of an order incomparably more elevated. While the animal, in the accomplishment of his marvelous works, is guided by a blind instinct, man renders to himself an account of his acts; he learns, understands, invents and reasons; he pursues and carries out distant plan; he sees an invisible truth, and elevates himself even to the infinite. His will is no less powerful than his intelligence; by it he can master the desire for sensible good, love sacrifice, devote himself to the good of his brother, and labor for eternity. What a life is this! What can there be above it? Nothing, perhaps, in the created world; for if the pure spirits possess, in a degree superior to ours, the life of reason, they are nevertheless in the same order as we are, and we have no reason to suppose that God creates a superior order to that.

Nevertheless, as Christians, we are established in an order infinitely superior. The little infant just baptized is as much elevated above the life of reason as the latter is elevated above the animal life. The natural perfection of pure spirits cannot compare with the supernatural perfection with which it has just been enriched: and God, who at every instant of an interminable eternity might create beings more excellent than others, can find nothing in the immense treasures of His power which would not be infinitely below the dignity of that little babe; because it has just received a *gift superior to all created or creative nature*; according to the expression of theology, it has received in itself the life of divine grace. [To be continued.]

Intentions for the Month of November.

First—The Conversion of America. [Ed. AVE MARIA.] *Second—The Church in Spain.*

There is not, perhaps, a nation in Europe which has given more striking proofs of its attachment

to the faith than the people of Spain. Victim of an infamous treason, and subjugated by the Mussulman, during a captivity of many centuries, it grew strong in its indomitable energy and unswerving fidelity to Jesus Christ. It was only at the price of long and bloody struggles it finally reconquered liberty of conscience and political independence. And among this noble people the love of Catholic faith mingled with the love of home and native land; it has been bequeathed from fathers to sons, with ancestral remembrances and all national glories.

Nevertheless there are not wanting Spaniards who, forgetting these glories and remembrances, seek to deprive their country of the first of all social blessings—of religious unity. Persuading themselves that she will be happier when she will have lost her faith, when minds divided by a thousand contradictory errors will have no strong rein to restrain their ardent passions, influenced and urged on by the anti-Christian sects that desolate the rest of Europe, they profit by every political agitation to destroy the authority of the Church in Spain. From all the information we receive from this unhappy country, we are led to believe that these efforts of impiety were never more active than at this moment; and for this reason, without entering into the question of the struggles for temporal interests, we recommend to our Associates that these struggles may not in any way affect interests of a spiritual order. Let us invoke in favor of their country the many illustrious saints to whom this Catholic kingdom has given birth—the Vincents, the Isidores, the Dominics, the Terasas, the Ignatiuses, and the Xaviers, and many others whose merits before God are no less powerful. May they come to the help of that Church which in the olden time was so flourishing and to-day is so desolate, from whose bosom they drew their heroic sanctity. May they destroy the hopes of the wicked, and calm the cruel anguish of the good. Since Providence has willed, as it were, that the introduction of the Apostleship of Prayer in Spain coincided with this advent of religious struggles, let us use all our efforts in order that the designs of mercy indicated by this coincidence may be fully realized, and let us turn to the Heart of Jesus and say daily during the month, with all the fervor of which we are capable: Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer thee, in union with the Immaculate Heart of Mary, all the prayers, labors and sufferings of this day to the intentions with which Thou dost constantly immolate Thyself upon the altar. I offer them in particular for the Church of Spain, and that nation so Catholic which has given Thee so many proofs of its devotedness and fidelity. O Heart infinitely merciful! have regard to the merits of those saints whom this nation has produced in such great numbers. Preserve faith and piety in Spain, and grant that she may preserve, until the end of ages, the title of *Catholic*, which she bought at the price of so much blood.

None but God, eternal and incomprehensible, who fills all things, can afford true comfort to the soul, and true joy to the heart.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Little Children, forget not the Souls in Purgatory.

Next Thursday, dear children, if you go to Mass, you will see the altar all dressed in black, and the priest's vestments are also black. No bright flowers perfume the air around the tabernacle, and the tones of the organ are slow and solemn, and the little altar-boys, instead of the usual response, say "Grant them eternal rest," for the priest is now saying Mass for all the poor suffering souls in Purgatory. Now, my children, have you ever prayed for the dead? If you have not, learn to do so this week, and never forget this holy practice as long as you live.

A great saint—Saint Catherine of Bologna, whose life I hope you will read some day—was permitted by God to see the souls in Purgatory. First she saw a raging, piercing tormenting fire which burnt the inmost soul: it seemed as if the flames of hell could not burn more fiercely. And she saw a countless number of people, as thick as the leaves in the forest, all burning in these terrible flames. She there saw some who had even led holy lives on earth, and little children who had never committed any great sin, only venial ones—such as being a little cross with their brothers and sisters, or not liking to obey their good parents. Oh, my children, there are very few who go to Heaven without first going to Purgatory.

All the souls Saint Catherine saw looked very patient in their suffering, and resigned to the will of God, for they knew that God loved them and they knew their sufferings would purify them and make them worthy to enter Heaven. Now the time of punishment for these souls was very much shortened by the prayers offered for them on earth. They rejoice especially when the Holy Mass is said for them, and the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ is offered for them on the altar. Now Saint Catherine saw that a great number of souls were delivered from Purgatory because some one on earth had gone round the Stations or Way of the Cross for them, and had prayed that the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, spilt on that sorrowful way, might alleviate the sufferings of the poor souls in Purgatory. And she saw that the prayers for which the Church has given Indulgences for these souls did wonderful things. For example the prayer—"Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul," for which there are one hundred days Indulgence for the souls in Purgatory. Little children can offer many good works for those who suffer in that place of fire. One child may say, "My Jesus, for the love of Thee I am going to learn my lessons to-day, and offer them for the souls in Purgatory." Another may say, "My Jesus, for the love of Thee I am going to sew, or take a walk, and I offer this for the souls in Purgatory." If children only knew in how many ways they could take away the pains and sufferings of the poor souls in Purgatory, they would be always, I am sure, offering their good works for them. Sometimes a prayer which had been said, or a good work which had been done

for some one particular soul, was not given to it, because that soul had already gone out of Purgatory. But still the prayer was not lost, for it was given to some other soul, according as it pleased God. Nothing can equal the thankfulness of these souls themselves when they feel that somebody is praying for them on earth; for the spirits in the other world know things that are done on earth. Long and frequently do the souls in Purgatory pray for those who pray for them on earth.

Sometimes in Purgatory there was heard a lamentation, a sorrowful cry. It was not like the cry of impatience, but of gentle complaint. Why did these souls complain? Was it on account of the fierce burning of that terrible fire? No, that was not the reason; for still these souls looked patient and even glad that the fire burned fiercely and purified them from their sins. What then could it be? Saint Catherine listened, and she heard them complaining that their friends in the world had forgotten to pray for them. Some had given orders for Masses to be said, and the Masses had never been said. There were parents in Purgatory for whom their children living on earth had forgotten to pray. There were children forgotten by their parents; brothers and sisters who had forgotten to pray for each other. Many also had been kind and good to people on earth, when alive, and they had hoped that these people would pray for them after death; but they had been forgotten. Then these suffering souls would say sorrowfully, "Have pity on me! have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me!"

Oh, the joy of these dear souls when they are at length delivered from their sufferings by the prayers of some pious person on earth; when the chains which held them bound drop off; when their guardian angel conducts them to Heaven! Their companions in suffering look at them with delight, and salute them as they pass on their way rejoicing. Farewell! they say, farewell happy soul! When you are before the throne of God, do not forget us. Speak dear words from us to our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God, to Saint Joseph, to our Patron Saints and all the Angels and Saints. Ask them to pray for us. Farewell, happy souls! we shall see you in Heaven.

And now the soul is out of Purgatory, our Blessed Mother, surrounded with choirs of angels, meets it. But it cannot enter the presence of God until it is clothed with the light of glory, and then the Angels adorn it with the white robes of the Saints.

Oh beautiful soul! Its brightness now eclipses the sun; all Heaven rejoices to see it, and there is one word in the mouth of all the blessed in Heaven: "Who," they say, "took that soul out of Purgatory by his prayers, and sent it to Heaven? May all the blessings of God come upon him who by his prayers has sent this sister spirit to give us joy?" Now the soul rests near our sweet Mother, before the throne of the Blessed Trinity. It offers up its first prayer in Heaven to God. For whom does it pray? Listen!—"My God," it says, "have mercy on him who by his prayers freed

my soul from the torments of Purgatory. O God! preserve his soul from all sin, and never let it fall into the flames of hell." And God does not turn a deaf ear to that first prayer of the blessed spirit when it has first entered into the Kingdom of Heaven.

That soul, which by your prayers or good works you have sent from the flames of Purgatory to Heaven, will never forget you, day or night. When you are in trouble, distress or temptation, or in the agony of death, it will pray for you.

The Little Match-Seller.

In one of the poorest parts of London there was a cellar, with scarce any furniture in it. There was nothing but a broken table, a little stool, a bed with a few handfuls of straw, and a few rags upon it. A poor woman, whose husband died in Ireland, lived in this cellar, with her little daughter, Mary. The woman had become very poor, and her health was so bad that she could work no more. She had nothing to live on but what little Mary got by selling a few matches. But when she became poor, she did not neglect her duties to God. She was at Mass every Sunday, and went to confession, and received Holy Communion every month.

Above all, she took care of her daughter, Mary, that she should not go into bad company; that she should say her prayers, and go to Mass and catechism, and be good. One day in the winter the poor woman had been very ill, worse than usual. She had scarce had any thing to eat all the day, there was no fire in the grate, the last furthing candle was burning away. Mary sat by her mother's bed-side crying, for it grieved her much that her poor mother should be so ill and have nothing to eat. All at once Mary left her mother, and went over to the other side of the cellar and began to seek for something. She had just remembered that there were a few match-boxes still remaining, and she thought if she could sell them she might buy something for her poor mother. After searching here and there, she found three or four boxes. She went back again to the bed-side of her mother with the match-boxes in her hand, and told her mother what she was going to do, and asked her blessing. "God bless you, my child," said her mother, in a weak voice; "I hope I shall see you again." But the mother never saw her child again.

Mary had a practice of saying the Hail Mary whenever she went out of the house; and in each street she said either "My Jesus, I do all for Thee," or the Hail Mary, or some little prayer. She prayed fervently that night, for she knew that if she were to lose her mother, there was nobody on earth to take care of her. When she got into the street, she began to cry out: "Matches—very good matches for a penny." But the snow was falling fast, and the wind blew sharply, and the darkness was coming on quickly. There were few people about to buy her matches; and of those she met, few heard the weak voice of the child, and fewer still paid attention to it. Mary cried out her matches, till weak, and hungry, and sorrowful, she could cry

out no longer. So she sat down on a stone, and began to cry. Then Mary thought of her Mother in Heaven, and again she said the Hail Mary.

She had scarcely finished it when a woman who was passing by, stopped and asked her why she sat there so late on that cold stone, and crying. "My poor mother," answered Mary—"my poor mother is very ill, and has nothing to eat." "Poor child," said the stranger, "take this sixpence, and get something for your mother." Mary was going to thank the stranger, but she was gone. Mary bought some bread in a shop, and then went home as quick as she could. She went carefully down the steps into the cellar, and there saw her mother lying dead, and a priest kneeling beside her! The priest had given her the last sacraments before she died. But how did the priest come there? The poor woman was dying in cold, and in want, and in darkness. She was alone—there was nobody with her to go and ask the priest to bring to her the greatest of all blessings which can come to a soul which is going out of this world before the judgment-seat of Jesus Christ. But God is good, and He is very good to the poor when they have been good to Him. God remembered this poor woman; he remembered how she had always done her best to go to the sacraments, and how she had taken care to bring up her little child in the fear of God. God knew that she was dying, and God said that she should not die without the blessing of the sacraments. But how was this done, for there was no one to fetch the priest? Whatever God wishes to be done, is sure to be done. At the same hour when the poor woman was dying, it happened that the priest was called to see some one else who was very ill. The priest set off. On his way he passed the cellar where the poor woman was dying. The door which opened on the steps leading down to the cellar happened to be open. The night was dark, and it happened that the priest, not seeing the opening, fell down the steps. He found himself in the cellar, and heard a groan in one corner, and going over there, he found the poor woman nearly at the point of death. He had with him every thing that was necessary. He heard her confession, gave her the holy viaticum, anointed her, and gave her the last blessing, and a few moments after she died! So God is good to those who are faithful to Him. This poor woman had not forgotten God during her life, and God did not forget her at her death. She was dying. She wanted a priest to hear her confession. A priest came to hear her confession. But why did he come? Was it because some one fetched him? No. Was it because he came of himself? No, for he knew nothing about the poor woman. Did he come by accident? No. Then why did he come? He came because God brought him there. God said; the priest has set off to a sick person; but he shall not go to that person. He shall go to the poor woman who has served me faithfully.

A good method of glorifying God and honoring our Blessed Lady, by little and common things, is the *practice* of ejaculatory prayer, much used by the Fathers of the Desert, and by which they raised themselves to such heights of sanctity.

AVE MARIA.

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INSTRUCTION ON MIXED MARRIAGES.

NATCHEZ, September 9, 1865.

VERY REV. E. SORIN :

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: I take the liberty of inclosing to you a copy of a sermon of mine, preached last year, on the Feast of the Holy Motherhood. I do not wish you to feel under any constraint to publish it, through regard for me—I am not touchy in such matters. But if it appears to you suitable to your design, as regards the AVE MARIA, I think it will be useful.

It was one of a series of practical instructions on the Sacraments. I did not write them out; but after delivering this one, it occurred to me, that while there is much said against Mixed Marriages, I had not seen in print a definite statement of the evils to be feared from them. I therefore wrote this out, and sent it to the *Baltimore Catholic Mirror*. Shortly before that, my name had been somewhat before the public in connection with the military authorities here, and I thought that to attach my name to the sermon would appear like seeking for it a factitious interest.

I have thought now, that in the AVE MARIA it would have a new circulation, and on account of the form of your publication it will be more commonly preserved, than in the broad pages of a newspaper; and as there is no especial merit in the composition, I do not think there is much vanity in my suggesting that you may, if you please, give the name, simply in the heading, without any complimentary remarks. I know that I myself read such things with more interest when I knew who is the author.

Yours, in Christ,

WILLIAM HENRY, *Bishop of Natchez.*

"In me all is hope of life and of virtue. . . . They that work by me shall not sin."—Ecclesiasticus xxiv, 25, 30.

The subject of our Instruction to-day is Mixed Marriages. In the festival which occurs on this Sunday, the Church would seem to design, not only that we should glorify God, and congratulate the Blessed Virgin on her unspeakable dignity of Mother of the Divine Word made Flesh, but also that we should be impressed with the great dignity of all Christian parents, since they have for their type and model the holiest of God's creatures, and since their children are given them to be brought up as true brethren of the Divine Son of Mary, His imitators on earth, His coheirs in Heaven.

And the words which I have quoted from the Lesson read at Mass on this festival, show, then,

that their hopes of a happy and virtuous life are not to be grounded on human calculations or worldly gratifications—but on their conformity to the model set before them—on their obedience to the laws of God and His holy Church, and their fidelity to the obligations of Christian parents; their imitation, in a word, of our ever Blessed Mother: "In me is all hope of life and virtue. They that work by me shall not sin."

It might, therefore, be enough to tell you in so many words, that the Church disapproves of mixed marriages; and as she is the living Spouse on earth of our Blessed Lord, the Mother of His children—these words apply especially to her—you have no grace to practice virtue, no hope of eternal life but through her—and the only way to avoid all sin is to direct your works and words and thoughts according to her rules.

But she is a tender and indulgent mother, and she is glad that her children should study and understand the wisdom of her laws.

By mixed marriages we mean marriages of Catholics with persons who are not Catholics. The Church disapproves of them, because her children cannot expect that such marriages will help them to serve God and save their souls;—but on the contrary they will often be a great hindrance;—and still more, they expose to great danger of eternal ruin, the children whom God may intrust to their care.

The whole end which God has in view in giving you life, is that you may serve Him here, and be happy with Him hereafter. This, then, ought to be the one rule of every action, of every undertaking of your life. Saint Paul says: "Whether you eat, or whether you drink, or whatsoever else you do, do all for the glory of God." How necessary, then, it is to keep this same rule in view when taking a step which can never be retraced, but which is to affect so deeply the whole of your life, every day and every hour of it, and to have so strong an influence on all your acts and words, and your most interior thoughts and affections.

Surely, those who enter upon marriage without considering whether it will assist them in loving and serving God, show that they do not honestly believe the sacred truth of their little Catechism; that they do not care much about loving and serving God in this world, and that they have very little prospect of being happy with Him in the next.

Now, our holy mother the Church desires that her children should find in their marriage, as in all other things, an assistance for working out the end of their creation. She does not seek to exclude

other considerations; she does not wish even to suppress the passion of human love, so long as it is lawful in its object and reasonable in its mode.

But she knows that human love by itself cannot make you happy in this world or the next. It is a sentiment which God has given you, in order to make it light and agreeable to discharge the serious duties of the married life; and all those duties, as well as your marriage itself, she desires, as God desires, should be so many steps towards your only end, the perfection of your soul in life, and your eternal happiness after death.

Now, how much will it help you in the service of God, to be married to a person who has false notions about His service? The more honest and earnest he is in his own belief, the less can he unite with you or assist you in yours. How will such a husband or wife enliven your faith, which he denies? How will he strengthen and counsel you by the teachings of your Church, which he does not believe? How will he encourage you to labor and to suffer for God's sake, when he denies the many offices of good works, and the value of penitential sufferings? Will he ever remind you to comfort yourself by the study of your crucifix, which he regards as an object of superstition, or encourage you to refresh your soul by approaching the Sacraments, which he condemns as an invention of priestcraft; or to invoke the intercession of your Guardian Angel and all the Saints, and to keep yourself under the protection of the Help of Christians, our Blessed Mother Mary?

See then how, to say the least, from such a marriage, you cannot expect any positive help in the serving of God. Even in this most favorable case, where your non-Catholic husband or wife is not wicked or indifferent to religion, but sincerely devoted to his own way of thinking, and yet this marriage will not help to make you more fervent in the cause of God and of your soul. You cannot say you had God's interests in view when you contracted it.

Even if you did not offend Him by it, still you did not aim especially at pleasing Him. While you hope by other service to gain the next world, yet your marriage was calculated only for the interests or the satisfactions of this one. You must not wonder then, my dearly beloved, that our holy mother the Church, even when she consents to such a union, yet does not encourage it; and while she pours out for her children all her other prayers and ministrations almost whenever they ask for them, yet refuses to give any blessing, or any sacred rite which may seem to be a blessing, to such a marriage.

But very often the case is far worse, and a mixed marriage becomes a positive hindrance to the observance of a good Christian life. There are heathenish husbands who tyrannize over the consciences of their wives, and forbid them to attend Church or to approach the Sacraments: and who enforce their prohibition either by physical violence or by such words and manners as intimidate a sensitive wife as much as violence. And these cases are not so very rare. There are other men who, without claiming authority to forbid, find

means to throw obstacles and annoyances in the way of the wife's attending to the duties of religion and the needs of her soul; making unpleasant remarks, or finding causes of complaint, in order to throw the blame, either expressly or by insinuation, on her religious devotions; and in various ways making the practice of her religion disagreeable. And the devil sometimes takes the guise of an angel of light, and persuades her that it is better for her soul she should live in peace with her husband, even though she purchase it by sacrificing her duty to God and her peace of conscience. If she were wise she would consult some one appointed by God's holy Church and enlightened by His Holy Spirit to conduct consciences in the way of truth and peace; her confessor or an experienced director of souls. Probably he would point out to her some things which she might lay aside without injury to her soul, or instruct her how to remove all just grounds of complaint. But if she followed her own inclinations, without consulting God, in getting married, she will probably do the same in regulating her life. She will make her prayers as brief as possible, or leave them out when she is a little hurried; and lose Mass on Sundays, if she has an excuse; and of course her monthly Communion becomes quarterly, or yearly. And even this at last she will defer from week to week, always hoping she will find time to prepare better, until the Easter season is almost gone. She seizes an hour at last—more inconvenient even now than many she had let pass by; hurries to church, with her mind all anxious as to what her husband will say of it; makes an unsatisfactory preparation, a half sorrowful confession, and a cold Communion, and the most sensible comfort she feels is that of having got through with an obligation which she will not have to be troubled about again for some time to come. Probably, too, the devil will contrive that very day to worry her more than usual—perhaps to surprise her into a display of temper, or some other fault that discourages her, and she will be confirmed in her persuasion that confession and Communion are of no benefit to her soul.

And a better man, who has no objection to his wife's attending to her religion when she has the opportunity, yet cannot be expected to sacrifice his business to give her the opportunity of doing what he considers at best as an unnecessary practice, a womanly weakness. What then if he moves to a place where there is no church; where a priest comes only at long intervals; or where she must travel a considerable distance to reach the church, with little or no facilities for traveling? Thus she will seldom be able to hear Mass, and even then will reach the church at an inconvenient hour for Confession and Holy Communion.

I have supposed a Catholic wife with a husband not Catholic. The case may be reversed, and a Catholic husband may choose a wife outside of the Church. The very making of such a choice, by the party who in the usages of society has most freedom in choosing, commonly argues in him a weakness of religious spirit, which will

certainly not be remedied by her influence. It is unhappily rare enough for men, even those who have the assistance of Catholic wives, to attend as they ought to do to their religious duties. With all the wear and tear to the soul of distracting business, and of intercourse all day with men who have no religion but money or pleasure, or at the highest, the natural morality of the pagan, a man will naturally grow cold, unless he meets something at home to warm his piety. But if his wife has no faith, or a mistaken faith; no Catholic practices, or prayers; no crucifix, or pious images; if she gives him no gentle reminder of his prayers, of the fasts and abstinences, of his confession and Communion;—if, in the quiet of his home, he meets nothing to raise his soul above the world, to higher and holier aspirations,—alas! how is that poor man left lonely and discouraged, to struggle against the power of the world, which even in the most favorable circumstances too often overwhelms the soul!

And then for either party, husband or wife, whichever may be Catholic, what is the natural effect of that frequent and close association with relations and friends of the party not Catholic? If they are bigoted, it is so easy for them to invent annoyances and vexations to make the practice of your religion disagreeable. If they are not bigoted, they are indifferent, and that is even worse; they are liberal, because they do not care enough about any religion to make a quarrel over it; and thus you are in the society practically of unbelievers, where all talk and exercise of religion in company is proscribed by common consent. You have nothing all day to remind you that you have a soul, or that there is a God, except your short prayers, night and morning; and perhaps these are hurried over or omitted sometimes, to avoid the appearance of singularity.

Think over all these dangers, then, and see whether they are not more than sufficient for the Church to guard her children against risking their immortal souls in such engagements.

But it is not their own salvation alone that they endanger. Still greater is the risk to which they expose the children whom God may bestow on them—intended to be their comfort on earth and their crown in Heaven—but liable to become their torment here and their curse hereafter, unless they bring them up in the practice and love of their religion.

What effect must be produced on the children, by the very fact that father and mother follow two contradictory religions? I speak not of the wilful interference of the non-Catholic party; of those cases in which, by some oversight or trickery, the marriage was contracted without stipulating that the children should all be brought up Catholics,—or of other cases in which the stipulation indeed was made, but one party is dishonest enough to break it, and the other is unchristian enough to submit to its being broken; cases, alas! too common, and too fatal to parents and children both! But I take again the most favorable cases; where the promise has been made seriously, and where it is adhered to honorably—

and nothing is done intentionally to draw the children from their religion.

How will they be perplexed by the very fact that father and mother follow different religions? Good children are trained not only to honor their parents, but to reverence their example and their judgment; to look on their father and mother as the standard of goodness, by whose words and example, more than by any abstract rules, they form their ideas of what is right and what is wrong. What ideas must they form, then, of right and wrong in matters of religion, when they begin to observe that father and mother differ essentially; that one regards it as a duty to say prayers which the other holds to be false and superstitious; that one keeps abstinences and fasts which the other regards as a self-righteous penance, impious to God; when they see, above all, the one adoring the ever Blessed Sacrament, as truly and really our Lord Jesus Christ, while the other cannot believe that His Adorable Body and Blood are on earth at all? When children see these contradictions between their father and mother, if they continue to reverence both equally, how can they form any definite or consistent judgment of what is right and wrong in religion? Will they conclude that all religions are good, the false as well as the true? or that no particular religion is necessary for salvation? How can such children look on religion as the highest and first obligation of their souls, and the true faith and worship of God as the most momentous of all practical questions?

And observe that the good qualities and virtues of the non-Catholic parent will not lessen but increase the danger. If so good a father or mother rejects the faith and practices of the Catholic Church, the children may fairly reason that it cannot be wrong to do so, and they can safely reject them too. Father is a good man without practicing the Catholic religion, and I will be good the same way that he is.

Besides these reflections of the children, there are other injuries to their souls. If the mother is not Catholic, what will ever supply for them those early impressions of Catholic piety which it is the mother's place to give? How can the father, engaged all day in his out-door business, teach his children their prayers, give them their first lessons in Catholic faith, and train them from infancy in Catholic practices, to invoke the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, to make the sign of the cross, to love and fear their Guardian Angels, to cherish their medal, to recite the first lessons of the Catechism, to love and imitate the Infant Jesus at Bethlehem and Nazareth? And without these things, the innocent years of childhood are a blank in the Christian life, which after-piety may atone for, but it never can supply, but which more probably will make it impossible for any structure of piety to be built where the foundations have been so neglected. Will the non-Catholic mother undertake to teach these things? Then, how can the child respect her honesty, when she teaches what she does not pretend to practice? Or if it is the father who is not a Catholic, how read-

ily will the boy, as he advances in age, suffer himself to be persuaded that his mother's teachings were good for his childhood, but his father's practice is more suitable to his coming manhood!

And whether it be the first or the last influences that are anti-Catholic; whether it be the father's or the mother's example that inclines the children to set less value on their religion, the anti-Catholic influence has always the advantage that it is on the side of their natural inclinations. The teachings and practices of the Catholic religion are such as correct and restrain the human passions, and are consequently disagreeable to nature—lessons of obedience, humility and self-denial; whereas on the other side are self-will, self-reliance, pride, and love of ease. How many children will heartily and honestly submit themselves to disagreeable restraints, and obligations, when the father or mother whom they respect and imitate pay no attention to them?

And then, if the Catholic parent dies, what will become of the poor children? It is well for the dying parents to make the last moving request, or even extort a promise that the children shall be brought up in the faith. We know too well how soon dying requests are forgotten, and if the promise even has been given, 'tis hard to keep. The dead may be remembered for a year; but the education of the children is a matter of five or fifteen years; and how many widows or widowers will keep for fifteen years faithful to their engagements with the dead? And even with all the good will in the world, there are serious difficulties in accomplishing it. The children are brought up among the non-Catholic relations, and their persuasion, or their very silence, with their example, will certainly not favor a Catholic spirit. There is difficulty or expense or other inconvenience in keeping them in Catholic schools. Is it any wonder if at last the father lets himself be persuaded that he is not bound by such a promise to go to so much trouble; or even that it would be wrong for him to have them educated in a religion which he believes to be a superstition? Is it any wonder that few of such children are ever brought up practical, hearty Catholics? Sometimes indeed it happens, thanks to the affection and the honest fidelity and the good sense of the surviving parent; thanks to the virtues and the prayers of the deceased; thanks above all to the providence of an all-merciful God: but how seldom does it occur! and the wonder is that it occurs at all.

Mixed marriages are so powerful for injuring religion, that some thirty years ago the Prussian Government endeavoured to make use of them systematically, to undermine the Church in the Catholic provinces along the Rhine. They garrisoned Catholic towns with young unmarried soldiers from the non-Catholic districts, on purpose to bring about such marriages, and at the same time they enacted a law that all children should be brought up in the religion of the father; and that the parents should not be able to make a different agreement even by common consent.

But there was the irrevocable law of God that

no Catholic parent can approve, much less engage by compact, that any one of their children should be brought up in a denial of the true faith: and there was the law of the Church requiring that both parents shall promise that the children shall be brought up Catholics: otherwise no dispensation can be granted, and no priest can give his sanction to the marriage. If the non-Catholic party could not make the promise conscientiously let him look for a wife whose conscience would agree with his: but any Catholic who should marry him without this promise, would put herself in rebellion against the Church, and deprive herself of the Sacraments, and of all God's blessings.

The government tried various methods to have this law set aside. It actually prevailed on two or three Bishops to make a secret compact that they would not enforce the law of the Church in their dioceses. One of these Bishops on his death-bed was stricken with remorse, and he made known to the Sovereign Pontiff the weakness of which he had been guilty, begging pardon of God and absolution of the Holy Father. The government in its anger seized the Archbishop of Cologne, and the Archbishop of Gnesen and Posen: banished one and imprisoned the other. The Bishops of the United States, assembled in council at Baltimore, in 1840, addressed to them a letter, both of condolence and congratulation; and the government was wise enough to withdraw from this attempt on the religion of the people.

You see, then, my dearly beloved, how many dangers there are in mixed marriages: and I am sure you no longer wonder that the Church dislikes them; that she forbids her children by a general law to contract them; and that when she relaxes that law she does it with great reluctance.

Still, she is not unreasonable nor impracticable; and where there are sufficient reasons for such marriages, she does consent to them, and grant a dispensation from the general prohibition; under such conditions, however, as will guard, the best that may be, against the dangers.

The reasons which she regards as sufficient may be various. In a mixed country like this there is one very common one: the smallness of the Catholic population, and the consequent difficulty of making a marriage, suitable in other respects, if Catholics were strictly confined to Catholics. It has been expressed in a form not very complimentary, but it has the advantage of being brief and easily remembered: "Catholics may marry out of the Church, when they see that no one in it will have them."

I cannot say that I altogether adopt this expression of the rule. Because, unhappily, there are sometimes Catholics who could be had, but whose vices would make them nearly or quite as dangerous in marriage as non-Catholics would be. But there can be no doubt that a Catholic who could easily make a suitable and agreeable marriage with a Catholic, and who, without some other very especial and strong reason, should make an engagement with one not a Catholic, and seek a dispensation from the law, would be guilty of sin,

and could have no reason to expect God's favor on such a union, nor on the offspring of it.

When the Church does consent to these marriages, she requires beforehand, as I have already mentioned, an express and honest engagement that all the children with which God may bless it shall be reared up in the Catholic faith; and even then, so strong is her sense of the dangers connected with it, that she forbids her priest to utter any blessing, or perform any sacred rite, even to make the sign of the cross or to wear any vestment of the sanctuary, even a surplice, at such a marriage.

You, my dearly beloved, if any there are, who are already in the bonds of such a marriage, whether your reasons for contracting it were sufficient or insufficient in the eyes of God—you have now to exercise a holy diligence in proportion to the difficulties of your condition. By prayer and watchfulness, by prudent admonitions and corrections, by fervent encouragement in all good, labor to preserve your children from the dangers to which they are exposed: and at the same time, by your own good Christian life, by your exercise of every virtue of a good wife or husband, of a good father or mother, by your frequenting the Sacraments, and by your holy Catholic spirit, labor to sanctify your own soul, and with the grace of God to win your husband or your wife to God's holy Church and eternal salvation.

And you, who are not yet engaged in holy matrimony, I exhort you, in this as in every thing else, to conform both to the laws and the spirit of God's holy Church, and to follow the examples and the desires of the ever Blessed Mother of God, whose feast we are celebrating. Do this, and she will take a Mother's interest in your marriage, and in every concern of all your life; she will obtain from her Son the graces that you need; she will guard you against all sin, and lead you by the hand to the blessed home of her Divine Son in Heaven.

"In me is all hope of life and virtue. They that work by me shall not sin."—Amen.

The Cry from Purgatory.

O'er that sea of deepest anguish, o'er that lake of burning pain
Come the mournful lamentations, and the clear and plaintive strain

From the dear ones gone before us, from the friends we loved
so well.

In the bygone days of pleasure, ere they left our side to dwell
In those regions of God's justice, in that dark and drear abode
Of the soul's clear expiation, ere she flies to meet her God.

Give ear unto their mourning, hearken to their earnest prayer,
Wafted on the noonday lightness floating on the midnight air,
Ever near us are they sighing, ever pleading in our ear,
Ever kneeling by our bedside, ever begging us to hear
Their earnest supplications, and the burthen of their lay
Never changes its sad cadence, "Pray for us, dear friends,
pray."

Long and dreary is our exile, keenest fire burns the heart,
Penetrating each pulsation, purifying every part,
And our souls 'mid their keen torments, ever sing those plaintive strains,
Begging prayers and daily Masses, to relieve them from their pains.

For we know the Blood of Jesus, raised by priest on altar
rod,

Will quench the fire of burning flames and bear our souls to
God.

SAINT-WORSHIP.

THE WORSHIP OF GOD IN HIS WORKS.

No one can be at all familiar with the Holy Scriptures without being struck with the frequency and loving manner in which our God calls upon us to worship Him in His works, both in the material universe and in His Saints. The Psalms of David especially are full of these touching invitations.

There is a profound philosophy, as well as true and evident piety in such worship. God is in His creatures as well as they in Him. It is He who creates all things from nothing by the power of His own word, and all creatures exist by Him, and in Him have their being. The Pantheist has a truth, a great truth, but unhappily he misinterprets and misapplies it. His truth is, that God is immanent as first cause in all His works; his error is identifying His works with Himself, in denying their real substantial existence.

God does not create existences as man makes a watch, which when wound up may be left to go of itself. He remains always efficaciously present in them, and it is His creative act that calls and continues them in existence, and gives them their life and activity. Hence the Apostle tells us, "In Him we live, and move, and are," or have our being, which is literally true. No creature has its being in itself, for any existence that has its being in itself, is self-existent, and therefore God. The creature exists from God, and therefore has its being in God, or God in its being. Nothing exists without being, and as God is the universal, eternal, immutable, and only Being, every creature does and must in its degree partake of God, and be in a participated sense divine.

This is the truth which the Pantheist misapprehends and misapplies. The creature is not God, any more than the act is the actor, but in like manner as the act is only by the actor, and the actor enters into the act, so does God enter into His creature and it exists only by participating of His being. I shall, when I come to speak of the worship of the Saints in reference to their own personal merits or worth, show that creatures have a substantial existence distinguishable, though inseparable, from God, and are, as philosophers say, second cause, capable through the efficacy of the first cause, of acting from their own central life or activity. Here, however, I wish to fix attention on their intimate relation to God, and their participation of His essence. The Pantheist is right in asserting the immanence of the creative act, and so far the identity of the creature with the Creator, but wrong in supposing Him directly immanent as being, instead of being immanent only through the medium of His creative act, or in the respect that the actor enters into his act, or the act necessarily partakes of the essence of the actor. He is therefore wrong in supposing that the creature has in himself, in the secondary and relative sense, no real action or productive force.

By virtue of the creative act of God every creature participates of the Divine Being or Essence, and as God in His Essence is Triune, all His crea-

tures in some sense reproduce or imitate, each in its order and degree, the Holy and Ineffable Trinity. Hence it is that all religions and all philosophies recognize in some form the Sacred Triad. It enters into all things, into the human mind, into the human heart, and is the real type and basis in reasoning of what logicians call syllogism. Many a syllogism has been constructed to demonstrate the impossibility of the Trinity, but if there were no Trinity, the syllogism itself would be false; in like manner as if there was no God, there could be no atheist. The creature partakes of and in some manner conceals the Divine Essence. The creature, or the participant, is not God, but that which is participated by the creature is God, is literally and truly the Divine Essence. As God in His very essence is the being as distinguished from the substantive existence of every creation, He can be worshiped without idolatry in every thing He has made: God is everywhere and in every thing, and nothing is without Him, and everywhere and in every thing He is God, and to be worshiped as such.

Moreover, we know and can, till glorified, know, and therefore worship God only through the medium of His works, His works of creation and revelation. We do not and cannot know God in this life as He is in Himself, we can know Him only as He enters into His works and manifests Himself through them, His works of nature and of grace, and our Lord rebukes those who worship they know not what. All such worship is superstition, as Saint Paul implies, when he accuses the Athenians of superstition in erecting an altar to the *unknown God*. God seeks to be worshiped by those who worship Him in spirit and in truth.

The God manifest in creation and of whom all creatures participate is the one living and true God, and infinitely more than creatures manifest, but we know Him only as He manifested Himself, and only so much of Him as He manifests through them. We know they do not exhaust Him, that He is beyond and above them, beyond and above all that the Gospel even reveals of Him, but in the respect that He transcends them He is to us superintelligible, and we can worship Him only as He manifests Himself in and through them. Through them,—nature and grace,—we know He is and is infinitely more than they reveal, but it is only in them that we as it were touch Him, and lay our heads on His bosom, or prostrate ourselves before Him and kiss His feet.

All things partake of Him, and hence in all things is something sacred and divine, and this teaches us that nothing is to be contemned or despised. Something, if I may speak, of God enters into every creature, into the animal, the plant, the mineral, or as men say, brute matter. All is instinct with life and activity, and in all life and activity is present the power and goodness, the very being of God, the Creator and Preserver. Hence the sympathy of all great Saints with the lower creation, and the sort of brotherhood with man which Saint Francis of Assisium recognized in animals, beasts, birds, fishes, and the humble worm,—a brotherhood authorized by the profound-

est philosophy as well as by the most ardent and diffusive charity. In a word, God is in the worm, the sparrow, the lamb, the lily, the rose, the ruby, the diamond, as in man and angels, and the true lover of God delights to trace Him in all things, and in all to render Him homage.

Out of this profound truth that God is everywhere and in every thing have sprung all the beautiful and graceful mythologies of the ancient Gentile world. The error of those mythologies was, that they mistook the participant for the participated, or confounded the creature with the Creator. Instead of seeing the one creative Divinity in every fountain and grove, they people the fountain and the grove with nymphs and naiads, dryads, and hamodryads, and make every existence a divinity, and worship the rivers and the ocean, the winds and the storms, the forests and the mountains, "four footed beasts and creeping things," and give to the creature, the glory due only to the Creator. The Gentiles were inexcusable, they blinded themselves, for the true God was known, since the invisible things of Him, even His eternal power and Godhead, are from the beginning of the world clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, yet in all those mythologies the worship of nature, its various objects, and its generative and destructive forces, which gave birth to the most obscene and abominable rites, were at bottom only the persuasion of the truth that God is in His works and is to be worshiped in them, and the confusion of the creature with the Creator. The worship of God in His works, especially in His Saints, was older than any mythology, as truth is always older than its abuse or perversion. At the bottom of all mythologies and of all idolatries you will find Pantheism, if you look deep enough.

Piety, the true religious spirit, seeks God everywhere and in every thing, and prostrates itself in worship, wherever it finds Him. For it, nature, as a whole and in all its parts, is a temple of the Most High, filled with His *shetirnah*, or glory. And in which of His works does He more clearly reveal Himself than in His Saints? The Saint is a far higher creation than external nature, and a single Saint is more than the whole external universe, for in the Saint is completed the work of which nature is only the initial part. The Saint participates of God as Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier, and Glorifier. He manifests God in both His works of nature and of grace, in His initial and completed works, and is the highest and most perfect manifestation of His divinity. How then, without knowing Him in His Saints, are we to attain to our highest and fullest knowledge of Him? or how without worshipping Him in His Saints, can we give Him the worship that is His due, or that fills and satisfies the heart of the worshiper?

The Saint is a man sanctified, and he is sanctified and made a Saint by the Incarnate God, and the humanity, hypostatically united to the Word in the incarnation is itself, in union with the Word, from whom it is inseparable, an object of worship, and we are to worship the Son incarnated as we

worship the Father. The Saint participates of the Son in His humanity as it participates of Him in His divinity, and therefore to give a full and complete worship to the Son, and to God, we must worship Him in the Saint, and more especially in her from whose chaste womb the Sacred Humanity was taken, the Queen or most perfect of all Saints.

We do not invoke the intercession of Saints because they are nearer to us than God, but for a reason which will hereafter be given. The Saints are not nearer to us than God, nor so near. They are not more compassionate or more readily touched by our infirmities, or more disposed to aid us than is God Himself. They do not and cannot interpose between us and God, and however ready they may be to succor us, their readiness as their power comes from God, and from Him alone. Nothing can be nearer to us than God, for in Him we live and move and have our being, *vicinus, inveniuntur, et sumus*. No creature can be more compassionate or ready to succor us than God Himself, who so loved us that while we were yet sinners he gave His only begotten Son to die on the cross, that we might have eternal life and not perish everlastingly. He loves us with an infinite love, compassionates us with an infinite compassion; no mother can care so tenderly for her sucking child as He cares for us, and not even Mary can so evidently desire our salvation as He does. We must never confound the justness of a practice with the reasons sometimes alleged in its defence.

The principle of all Saint-worship is primarily in the fact that God is really and truly in His works, in all His works, but more especially in His Saints; and He is to be worshipped wherever He is, not alone on Mount Moriah, or on Mount Garizim. The only point to be observed is, that it is God in the work, not the work abstracted from Him, that must be the real object of worship, when worship is taken in its highest religious sense. The worship of God in His works in the sense explained is really the worship of God, and in no sense idolatry, and so long as is clearly and distinctly preserved the idea of creation it can never degenerate into idolatry. The heathens became idolaters because they lost the conception of creation, and fell into some form of Pantheism, and confounded the creation with the Creator.

I shall, in a future article, speak of the relative worship of the Saints, which, though it grows out of the worship of God in His works, is distinguishable from it. I will only direct attention now to the new aspect it gives to all creation, when we learn to connect them intimately with the Creator, and to recognize the great fact that He is really and truly in them, and that in them all we may see Him, love Him, and worship Him. If I am right in my view, the coolest philosophy comes to defend and justify the most ardent and diffusive piety, and to prove that a Saint Francis of Assisium, in his most extravagant sympathy with all created things, only proved that his mind and soul lived in the medium of the highest and divinest truth. All Thy works, O God, partake

of Thee, and in Thee are sacred, holy, divine, glorious, and truly with Thy loveliness and glory.

Notre Dame de Toutes Graces.

'Tis sweet to sit at evening hour,
When day's long task is o'er,
In the quiet of God's holy house,
'Mid shadows old and hoar.
To watch the light on MARY's face
Grow dim and fade away,
Her gracious smile reflecting back
The last farewell of day.

And ever as the shadows flit
Around that form of grace,
The lone heart loves to ponder on
Her goodness to our race.
Her mercies to enumerate,
Her love, her tender care,
Her pitying kindness unto those
Who else might well despair.

How thrills the world-worn, weary heart
When whisp'ring soft and low,
Those titles to Our Lady given!
In the ages long ago.
Those words of love, and hope and pride,
And gratitude, and trust,
That reach'd her throne in Heaven above
From hearts that now are dust.

They called her *Help of Christians*,
Our Lady of Good Aid,
Mother of Mercy, *Powerful Virgin*,
Refuge of sinners made;
Mirror of Justice, *Gate of Heaven*,
Star of life's stormy sea,
Ark of the Covenant, *Cause of our Joy*,
Crown of all things that be.

Seat of wisdom, *Mystical Rose*,
Resplendent House of Gold,
Health of the weak, *Most Faithful Virgin*,
Treasure of love untold.
Our Lady of the Rosary,
Our Sweetness and Our Hope,
Star of the Morning, brightest orb,
Of Heaven's crystal cope.

What MARY was to them of old,
She is to us to-day,
The beacon-star that cheers our path
With Heaven's own silver ray.
Our advocate, our anchor sure,
The ladder by Jacob seen,
On Bethel's plain, when earth was young,
Ere empires yet had been.

Most venerable, yet ever young,
Most mighty, yet most meek,—
Higher than heavenly thrones and pow'rs,
Yet lisping infants speak
To thee their little hopes and wants,
And thou dost bend to hear;—
Oh! Mary, Queen of Heaven and earth,
Our Mother ever dear!

Queen of fair love, of pity too,—
Fair lily without stain,

*Most pure, most chaste, most amiable,
None sue to thee in vain.
When clouds are darkest round our path
We turn to thy sweet face,
And there find light ineffable,
Oh! Lady of all Grace!*

ROCKAWAY, L. I., October, 1865.

THE DEAD—Suffering and Forsaken.

[The following touching and eloquent pages are from the celebrated preacher of Notre Dame, in Paris, Father Felix, the worthy successor of Lacordaire and Ravignan. As an orator he is even considered their superior.]

The great interest which excites your charity for the souls in Purgatory is undoubtedly the interest you feel in their sufferings. In the depth of the human heart God has placed kindness; every suffering being is, to it, an object of interest; for the characteristic of kindness is, to feel for all suffering.

But if, at the creation, God placed in our hearts an impression of His kindness, He, in like manner, when the sin of man disordered His work, dropped into them the mystery of sorrow. There is not a heart on earth, be appearances what they may, that does not silently carry this mystery of life, expressed by the word *suffering*. If this word has become the most eloquent of all words, and the being who suffers the most interesting of all beings, it is because nothing that ever existed has been so well understood. Therefore it seems to me that your hearts, being already disposed to interest themselves in suffering whenever they may meet it, have this moment asked me, with religious emotion, "Father, what do the brothers we have lost suffer in Purgatory? Tell us; for our heart, which is interested because it loves, longs not only to weep but also to commiserate, to solace and to aid." What do the souls in Purgatory suffer? To this question I reply with one word, which alone is sufficient to move your souls and affect your hearts: *fire*, the pain of of fire! I need not invoke the voices of authority which proclaim the pain of fire in Purgatory: it is the unanimous affirmation of all the great Doctors of the Church; and Saints Ambrose, Augustin, Gregory, Thomas, and all the others, the enumeration of whose names would be too long, have but one voice on this point. I speak to a pious audience, who never dream of contesting it, and you will readily believe me when I say that on this subject I have interrogated Christian tradition and the Doctors who are the witnesses of it; I have interrogated the faith and instinct of Catholic nations, the ever faithful and living echoes of the voice of God; and from every side came the same reply, full of salutary fear and profound interest for you—the pain of fire! At this moment I am seized with a religious emotion, as I lean over the edge of the abyss, and hear the groanings from the soul and the heart of those I love. I seem to hear those plaintive voices crying to me from the depths of Purgatory, as Dives from the depths of hell: "I am tormented

in this flame: *Crucior in hac flamma*." And before this torment, which we can scarcely imagine, of which all the sufferings of the earth, according to the holy Fathers, cannot give us even a faint idea, I feel impelled to ask you, who believe with me in the existence of this fire, and who fear not to mass upon yourselves these expiating flames by your daily sins—who among you could dwell in these devouring flames? Terrible fire! whose ardor, it is true, is not eternal, but whose intensity punishes, according to Saint Thomas, like the fire of hell. *Quis poterit habitare de robis cum igne devorante*. Not by the door of your senses, but, above all, by the door of your hearts, I wish to penetrate with you to the very depths of Purgatory; for your heart is also an abyss of suffering, which corresponds to the abyss we wish to enter.

On earth, what causes greatest pain to the human heart? One word will tell: forced separation from what it loves. Interrogate your own heart on the intimate mystery of its sufferings; ask it, as David asked his moaning heart: Why art thou sad and why dost thou trouble me? *Quare tristis es, et quare conturbas me?* Listen to its answer; its every throb replies: I am sad because I suffer, and I suffer because I am separated; between me and my love I feel a barrier which repels me; I suffer with all the force of a love condemned to devour itself; I carry in this love, that gnaws in silence, a torment which it alone can comprehend; and in this flame, far keener than material fire, I also cry *Crucior in hac flamma*.

Survey the long chain of suffering which ordinarily composes the series of our days, examine the desolate region where sighs answer sighs, then penetrate to the depths of humanity in order to find the deepest root of the desolations which you encounter on the surface—beneath all sufferings and all lamentations, as we find the substance below the phenomena, you will find the cause of all lamentation, the explanation of all suffering, in a love tormented by separation. What we call the groaning of the soul or the sigh of the heart is but the weeping voice of this love, calling a union that does not yet exist, regretting a past union or despairing of ever again finding a union which cannot be restored. This may assist you to understand what the souls of our brothers suffer in Purgatory. They carried to the other world a love of which all the love of earth is scarcely a figure, the love of Jesus Christ; this love became their whole life, and at the same time their punishment, because they suffer a separation that all the separations of earth could never make us comprehend. Even here below, where the love of Jesus Christ hides from us the best part of the happiness He has prepared for us, I have encountered hearts all bleeding from the wound of this love, when Jesus beloved, in the hour of trial, seemed to hide Himself from their desires. Souls of our brothers, you who know, in that other life all the mystery of suffering from which nothing can now withdraw your thoughts—ah tell us by sighs which we can hear what it is to love as you love, and to be separated as you are separated!

But if the souls in Purgatory cannot tell us by

words what they suffer, you at least, who know the purgatory of this valley of tears, you, who understand better by the realities of life, than by the definitions of philosophers, what it is to suffer, ah give unto truth the testimony of the heart! If I ask you what, upon earth, is the best type and personification of suffering, it seems to me that your heart itself would reply—exile, the orphan, the prisoner and the widow; these are, in every situation and under every form, love violently separated, and this irreparable separation causes a wound that cannot be healed. Ah, you are right; these are in reality the true sufferers of earth, and these types of terrestrial suffering may aid us to paint in our hearts the sufferings of Purgatory.

The prisoner is suffering realized. Prisoners understand this well. Imprisonment, when complete, solitary, harsh and long, is a terrible torture! Alone with your thoughts, your love and your sorrow; alone, far from the light, whose rays no longer visit you; far from men, who no longer know you; far from hearts that no longer pity you; there, between four walls, with no companion save solitude, darkness, silence and weariness,—suffering, still to suffer, always to suffer,—measuring the time by sighs, as the pendulum by its oscillations,—O tell me, can you comprehend this torture?

Listen to an historical trait, more eloquent than a long discourse. A man had sighed away many years in a well known prison. One day, weary of suffering, he conceived a hope of release. There was a woman in those days, whose influence was great enough and her hand strong enough to break the prisoner's chains and set him free. Behold, says the historian, in what eloquent terms the unhappy man made his appeal: "Madame, the 25th of this month, 1760, I have suffered one hundred thousand hours, and there still remain two hundred thousand hours for me to suffer."

I know not whether the heart of this woman was sufficiently hard to resist this eloquence, but it seems to me impossible for him to express more in so few words: *I have suffered one hundred thousand hours! and two hundred thousand still remain to suffer!* He had counted them all! Yes, as you might count, one by one, the ticking of the clock during the long weary night when suffering drives sleep away.

If such can be the sufferings of prisoners on earth, what shall we say of prisoners in the invisible world? Who will tell us of the duration of time they suffer? for we do not measure the duration of time as it passes, but as we feel it pass; and the slowness of its passage increases in proportion to the pains we suffer. This is why, for the souls in Purgatory, minutes are long days, days are long years, and years are ages that seem unending. A Religious, after his death, appeared to one of his Brothers, and revealed to him that three days passed in Purgatory seemed to him longer than three thousand years. Another, having in an extraordinary state experienced the torture of Purgatory, merely from matins until dawn, felt persuaded that he suffered

during one hundred and fifty years. Thus these prisoners in Purgatory, far more than earthly prisoners, count the long hours that so slowly pass, and in their sufferings they seem endless.

There is another type of suffering, still more touching. It is the widow; I mean the true widow; she who loved much, loved but one, and loved forever! A broken life, a severed life, of which death has taken the half, leaving in the torn portion on earth a profound wound which Jesus Christ alone will be able to heal in Heaven. Ah! this widow, so afflicted and lonely; this widow, whom sorrow clothes in mourning and darkens the light of her days, is one of the most impressive images of suffering that nature can give; and the artist who wishes to touch the heart can produce nothing more affecting than the widow mourning with an inconsolable sorrow a spouse who can never be restored. Now if widowhood so rends the heart, inflicting wounds so sharp and deep, what, I beseech you to tell me, will be the anguish of the widow of Jesus Christ, the widow of God? You cannot ignore that; the just soul contracts, even in time, with Jesus Christ, Man-God, the most real and intimate of all nuptials, so that the life of the soul which has espoused Jesus Christ, and the life of Jesus Christ who has espoused this soul, are no longer two lives, but one single life; and every Christian who understands the mystery of this divine union may exclaim, in the ecstasy of his happiness: "I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me: *Vicis autem jam non ego, vivit vero in me Christus.*"

In suffering, there is something sadder than suffering itself: abandonment. To suffer and find some one to sympathize, to be interested, to compassionate,—this is not the saddest suffering; but to suffer, and realize that no one shares our suffering by a sentiment, a thought, or a tear—to suffer and find no consolation—this is torture multiplied by torture. This it was that drew from Job, seated in his misery, and from Jeremias, weeping over the ruins of Jerusalem, their most mournful lamentations. After the sighs from the heart of Jesus, never was there any to compare with theirs. Now the most profound lamentation of Job and Jeremias was—I have sought a consoler, and I have not found one: *Quasivi consolantem me, et non inveni.* Job and Jeremias represent humanity; she also has no complaint more bitter than the cry of her abandonment. And this it is that gives the sorrows of Purgatory a sovereign interest and the most legitimate compassion; their sorrows are the most forsaken of all sorrows; they can truly say, in the terrible reality of their abandonment: They have heard the voice of my groaning, and among them there is no one to console me—*Audierunt quia ingemisco ego, et non est qui consoletur me.*

The Pagan poets say that when the dead leave this life, they drink, in the waters of Lethè, forgetfulness of the living. This is but fiction: behold the reality. It cannot be expressed nor heard without sadness; nevertheless it must be said, because there are always some for whom the proclamation of this truth is salutary—it is not

the dead who forget the living, but the living who forget the dead! This is the sorrowful and remarkable fact, which we must first present to your charity and submit to your meditations before characterizing and stigmatizing it as it deserves.

Have you ever reflected on this phenomenon,—so desolating for our dear deceased brethren, so humiliating for us,—*forgetfulness of the dead*? For myself, I confess it often inspires me with the gravest and most sorrowful thoughts. When I reflect on the place which the dead hold in the memory of the living, I can but say: Is it possible we will so soon be forgotten! Alas, we vainly seek to deceive ourselves on this point; forgetfulness is the sad inheritance which our life bequeaths to our death. When the face of man disappears from our sight, his memory passes swiftly from our soul; so swiftly that we forget even those we loved the most. This forgetfulness we cannot believe when the last farewell is said, and our soul, overwhelmed with sorrow, promises itself a consolation in this immortal remembrance. When we hold in our hand the hand of him who is leaving us, when his last words to us fall on our ear, "At least you, my brother, will never forget me?" "I forget you! oh never! never! rather die myself than ever forget you!" But alas for this poor heart of ours! all things pass from it; all, even to the sentiments which form its individual life. While the stroke of death still rings in our ear, and our heart bleeds from the recent wounds it inflicted, we remember. But time marches on—a few steps; the remembrance and the sorrow begin to grow faint; the train of life brings other relations and new affections. Time still marches on, and we dream of a new existence, where the dead will be no more needed; a step farther, and already we are quite accustomed to do without them. Now, when one is no longer necessary for the happiness of others here below, in vain may he hope to live in the memory; and, under this head, there are many living who are already dead.

Sometimes the grass has not grown over our grave, and already new friendships take root in the hearts that so bitterly wept over us, effacing, little by little, all memories, until they finally disappear forever. Around your last sigh, perhaps, there will be the sound of weeping, regrets, and praises; but as the strokes of the bell which toll your *requiem* grow fainter and fainter in the distance until lost in silence, so the supreme noise of your life, echoing in your death, will soon be heard no more. So it is: while our bodies, crumbling to dust, are confounded with a thousand other things already pulverized, our memory, little by little, is confounded with the forgotten generations; then silence complete! and of all the sounds that come borne on all the winds of Heaven there will not be one to tell that we ever existed. Silence everywhere! even in the little corner of the world where we passed our lives the same silence reigns. Alas, this is true; there even your name will no longer fall upon the ear; never more will it excite the interest of your successors nor enter into their conversations.

Do you think I exaggerate? Ah! if we could recall to life some of those souls who many years ago left us, carrying with them the supreme consolation of our promises of everlasting remembrance; or, rather, if God permitted them to return, in order to hear the noise caused by the sound of their names in the very place on earth where all their love and happiness was centred—what, I ask you, would they hear? Yes; if they came, invisible witnesses, to listen to the voices around your winter fire-sides, tell me how many times would they hear their names introduced amid the various themes of your long conversations? Alas! after listening evening after evening to these discourses, where no mention is ever made of them, they would return to the abyss with one additional anguish, and inconsolable would be their cry: "Ah, it is past—forever past! They have all forgotten me; not even a remembrance left to bind me to earth! Forgotten everywhere! All my life forgotten—not a word to recall it! Forgotten in my name, which no one mentions; forgotten in my grave, which no one visits; forgotten in my death, over which no more tears are shed; forgotten even at the fire-side, where no one remembers me; forgotten in the hearts of my friends, not one of whom weeps for me; forgotten in the east, forgotten in the west, forgotten throughout the world, forgotten everywhere!"

In spite of our farewells so full of lamentations, in spite of our protestations so full of tenderness, in spite of our declarations of everlasting remembrance, behold they all end in universal forgetfulness of the dead!

Ah, I know to the universality of this forgetfulness there are some exceptions; we meet hearts carrying an ever-bleeding wound and remembrance, a regret that cannot die, who make the sorrow itself a protection for the cherished memory; but truth forces us to say that these are the exceptions.

When time has worn out the chain of sorrow which unites us to our brothers by our most tender fibres, neither our faith nor charity are strong enough to assure them of a perpetual remembrance in our hearts or to guarantee our devotedness; and we may as a general thing say, of such a man, who not long ago received so much glory and perhaps so much love, he has passed, and even his memory has not been able to survive him. For him no one now exists on earth; no one aids him, no one prays for him, no one even remembers him! No one? Ah, I am mistaken; there is a heart on earth which never forgets, which ever remembers, and prays without ceasing; a heart ready every hour to come to the help of the abandoned dead: it is the heart of the Catholic Church. Ah, she is the mother of the children who combat on earth, mother also of her children who suffer in Purgatory, and the lamentations of the one and the other, in her feeling and compassionate heart ever find an echo.

If you doubt it, you have but to look at her, to listen to her, in these days of universal requiems, when she gives her children of the two worlds rendezvous in her own heart—in this incompara-

ble festival, so well named by the Church the Commemoration of All Souls. On this day what mourning in her vestments, what sighs in her voice, and what tears in her heart! Now she speaks to her desolate sons in Purgatory: Be consoled, my children; be consoled. If your friends no longer pray for you, if you are forgotten by all, I shall always pray for you, I shall not forget you. I am, the Mother, and for you I shall speak to those who forget the lamentations of my love. I shall call your brothers and sisters into my house, to obtain by their tears, prayers and merits solace for your sufferings and to hasten the day of your deliverance; and when they arrive, I shall send my priest as an angel of memory and consolation; in his heart I will place my sorrow and yours; to his voice I will give my accents, and I will say to him—Go, my son, move by thy voice the hearts of thy living brothers for the sufferings of thy dead brothers. Speak loud in proportion as the silence is profound around their tombs; thou wilt plead the cause of the greatest sufferings. Speak loud; fear not to say to the living, who so cruelly forget their torments, what it is to abandon the dead; tell them that this voluntary forgetfulness is inhuman, unfraternal.

Then, since my mother commands the words, severe though they be, I must speak them to my brethren. Yes, it is inhuman to abandon the dead. For this forgetfulness I know you seek excuses in the preoccupations, solitudes and distractions of life. Admit them all, yet I maintain that in this forgetfulness and abandonment by those who believe with us in the possibility of aiding them there is something inhuman. Why, my brothers, you ask me, why? (for you are not insensible to this reproach of inhumanity.) I have but one reason to give; because these souls in Purgatory, so suffering and so abandoned, are radically powerless to aid themselves. On the earth, even under our greatest trials, we have not an idea of a similar situation. The miserable being abandoned by all the world can still find some resource in himself; if his right hand is useless he can use his left; if they both fail, his heart yet remains as a refuge where God is ever waiting for him. There he can turn every sigh into an act of love, every pain into an act of sacrifice, and all his tears of time into treasures for eternity.

But to suffer, ever to suffer, and to know these sufferings are impotent; to shed tears of fire, and to feel that under the burning rain of these tears nothing can germinate, that suffering succeeds suffering until the hour of justice; after having counted the moments and weighed the tortures, still forced to say (as a captive who cannot advance the hour nor open his prison,) I can do nothing, absolutely nothing for my deliverance!!

There is a place more deserted than all the deserts of the world, a rock more arid than the most arid rocks, a rock inflamed with the fires of justice, on which our dead brethren have been thrown by the shipwreck of life: there, standing on that desolate shore, far away from this world which

they so lately left in the midst of our tears, with arms extended, from the darkness around them ascends to us their cry: Oh you who pass on the sea of life, where not long ago we sailed with you, stop and see if there is a sorrow like unto our sorrow, a sorrow so completely forgotten, a sorrow more solitary, more abandoned: *O vos qui transitis, attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus.* And who are those beings so cruelly abandoned? Were they but men, would not this title be sufficient to touch our heart at the sight of their suffering? But they are our brothers; and if to abandon the dead is inhuman, because they are men, to abandon the dead who are our brothers is unfraternal; for they are our brothers in the faith and by blood.

Among all those voices who groan so plaintively and sorrowfully, do you not distinguish some which speak more eloquently to your heart? Ah, pardon me if by these words I open wounds which time has not yet healed. God is my witness that in opening your hearts my only wish is to draw from them treasures of affection, benefits and aid for those you love. Tell me, do you not recognize the sighing of that voice? Ah it is the same whose days you would have prolonged at the sacrifice of your own; he whose every moan in the death-struggle was a sword to your heart; he whom you clasped in your arms to save, as it were, from death; whose dying hand you clasped. Yes, that cold hand you then pressed in yours is now extended to you, all burning with the fires of justice, and, raising it above the flaming lake which devours him, he cries to you—A hand, a helping hand, my brother, and I am saved. Where, then, are you whom I have so often called by the sweet name of brother, sister, friend? You sought to keep me on earth with you, and yet in prolonging my life would you not merely have prolonged my exile? But to-day, in coming to my aid, see, you snatch me from these burning flames; you give me Heaven, God, eternity. Come, then, O brother, O sister, O son, O mother—come with your prayers, come with your good works, come with your devotedness. Soul, beloved of my soul, how long have I waited for you; I had but you, and now you come not! You wish that, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, my love should bear alone the weight of justice, and you condemn me to pay by ages of torture what you could acquit by a day of sacrifice. And yet you loved me; you wept at my funeral and shed tears over my grave, and to-day you never dream of pouring over these flames the cooling streams of prayer or the more salutary streams of the Precious Blood daily shed to open Heaven. What has become of your heart? Where is your tenderness? Does the blood which united us in one life, the love which bound us in the same happiness, no longer exist?

Ah Christians, if we knew that at this moment, while I am speaking to you, our father or our mother, our brother or our friend, was burning in flames, and that their deliverance rested with us alone, would we not rush to their assistance; would we hesitate to burn our hands, or fear

the scorching of the fire? No, a thousand times no; and if selfishness could check us for a moment, by what names should we be called? I swear to you on my heart, the most barbarous man in existence could not hesitate an instant.

Some years ago, in a neighboring country, a frightful crime was committed which shocked all hearts and revolted nature. A young man, hardened by crimes, had the barbarity to plot with an infamous assassin against the life of his own mother, and when the two monsters endeavored to strangle her by throwing her into a pond of muddy water, the unfortunate woman struggled in the water and extended her arms toward her assassins. The stranger pushed her from the bank to which she clung; but the son, wretch though he was, when he saw his mother extend toward him those arms that had so often carried him, felt his ferocity vanquished by nature; he stretched forth his hand to save her, but his infamous accomplice plunged her again into the water, where she perished!

Pardon this barbarous recital, but it paints better than an entire sermon what it is to voluntarily leave in the abyss of anguish and the torments of fire our friends, our neighbors, our relations, whom we could draw forth—and whom alas, perhaps, we have contributed to plunge in these flames! My God! my God! perhaps we have ourselves poured these avenging fires over the heads of those we so dearly loved! Yes, perhaps I have plunged my brother, my friend, my father, my mother, into that abyss; and while I so foolishly indulge in pleasures, or repose upon my soft bed, perhaps they are struggling in that frightful lake of fire which consumes them, and in that still more frightful torment of love which devours them. They weep, they groan, they call me, and I have not delivered them! O my friend, my brother, my father, tell me what I shall do to save you? Must I suffer? must I die? Behold me! yes, willingly shall I suffer, or die if necessary, to snatch you from the torments of Purgatory, and by my suffering and death hasten your happiness in Heaven.

[This sermon, entire, appears to us so beautiful that we have deemed it would be a treat for all our readers, and consequently have printed it in a pamphlet form, and hold it ready for orders at ten cents per single copy, and five cents by wholesale—not under twenty copies.]

The Duchess of Strafford.

It is related of the Duchess of Strafford that before her conversion to the Catholic religion she frequently met Bishop De La Mothe, of Amiens. His conversation and sermons made a lively impression upon her soul. On one occasion, after hearing him preach in the Ursuline Convent, at Amiens, she felt an earnest desire to believe as did the preacher who so deeply edified her. But she had many doubts with regard to the sacrifice of the Mass and Purgatory, which she laid before the holy Bishop. In place of entering into any argument or attacking any of her prejudices, he replied with gravity and simplicity: "Madam, you know the Bishop of London, and you have

great confidence in him. May I then beg you to transmit the following message to him—'The Bishop of Amiens has just told me something that greatly astonishes me—namely, if you can prove that Saint Augustin did not say Mass, nor did not pray for the dead, particularly for his mother, he will himself become a Protestant.'

She followed his advice, but the Bishop of London never replied, merely saying to the person who handed him the letter, that the Countess of Strafford had breathed a contagious air and become infected by it, and whatever he might write would, in all probability, not remedy the evil.

This silence of one in whom she had hitherto placed entire confidence finished the work of grace in her heart, and a short time afterwards she made her abjuration in the presence of the Bishop of Amiens. The Bishop of London was wise in declining to answer. In his Church, one party wish to retrench nothing from the eternal duration of hell; the other party consider this truth too harsh, too horrible, and they speculate upon a hell which will finish sooner or later. They protested against the faith, because they wanted no purgatory; now they protest against each other, because they want nothing *but a purgatory*.

The Queen of Purgatory.

Oh turn to Jesus, Mother! turn
And call Him by His tenderest names;
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
This hour amid the cleansing flames.
Ah! they have fought a gallant fight!
In death's cold arms they persevered;
And, after life's uncheery night,
The harbor of their rest is neared.
In pains beyond all earthly pains,
Favorites of Jesus! there they lie,
Letting the fire wear out their stains,
And worshiping God's purity.
Spouses of Christ they are, for He
Was wedded to them by His Blood;
And angels o'er their destiny
In wondering adoration brood.
They are the children of thy tears;
Then hasten, Mother! to their aid;
In pity think each hour appears
An age while glory is delayed.
See, how they bound amid their fires,
While pain and love their spirits fill;
Then with self-crucified desires
Utter sweet murmurs, and lie still.
Ah me! the love of Jesus years
O'er that abyss of sacred pain,
And, as He looks, His bosom burns
With Calvary's dear thirst again.
O Mary! let thy Son no more
His lingering Spouses thus expect;
God's children to their God restore,
And to the Spirit His elect.
Pray then, as thou hast ever prayed;
Angels and Souls, all look to thee;
God waits thy prayers, for He hath made
Those prayers His law of charity.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Plea for the Faithful Departed.

Shall we forget them, they who, hand in hand,
Walked the same path on Time's tempestuous strand?
Oh, true and tender was the love we bore them,
And kind our thoughts, like wings that hovered o'er them;
There was no sacrifice could ever prove
Too stern, or too exacting for our love:
No toll was too severe, too fraught with pain,
Our sympathetic fondness to restrain,
And now, since death hath torn them from our sight,
O say! shall Love forget her crown of light?
Shall no endeavor seek their wants to know,
No sunshine penetrate their land of woe?
For none dare say that though we loved them true,
No pangs or tortures pierced their bosoms through;
Since few so pure, as mount the sapphire road,
To fly, all unimpeded, up to God.
Let then no mawkish fear to face the truth
Rob us of means whereby to prove our ruth;
No shrinking from the thought of gnawing fire,
Benumb our hearts to their so strong desire,
Deafen our ears to their most piteous plea,
And blind our sight to helpless agony.
Oh no; while in our souls one sigh, one tear,
For those we mourn, mark out the changing year,
Warm will we pray, and weep, and beg of Heaven,
Their chains of fire by Mary's love be riven.
Let me not think my brother's soul is bound
With active tortures, and keen flames around,
And yet refuse the precious boon I hold
And turn regardless, with a heart stone-cold:
I, who may be the cause wherefore he now,
In night and darkness, bends his mournful brow—
I, whose light word, or slightest indolence,
Was the swift source whence flowed his sad offence;
Whose faint, poor prayer, and faithless want of zeal
Laid bare the wounds, that *had been mine to heal*;
Whose fervent wish may reach the ear of Heaven,
And move God's mercy that he be forgiven;
I, whose meek patience, and unnummuring grief,
May prove a balm, a fountain of relief,—
Shall I forget to urge my tearful claim
That his dear soul be freed from living flame?
With more than heartless levity ignore
Those silent pangs, whose eloquence implore?
Nay. While one throb of truth still warms my breast,
The Suffering Souls command its constant test!
With sweet commiseration, night and day,
The heart that loves, for them shall weep and pray;
And Saints and Martyrs in beatitude,
Their merits yield, to work our brother's good,—
We know sweet Mary, sorrowing Mother, hears,
To quench those flames in virtue of her tears,—
And with this knowledge let us never cease
To pray the Suffering Souls may rest in peace.

The Heart of Jesus is our Life by Grace.

[CONCLUDED.]

Second. But in what does this divine life consist? It consists in the power of producing divine movements and acts. In the same manner as this babe received from its human parents, with rational life, the power of knowing rational truths, so, in becoming Christian, it received from the Church, mother of its soul, the power of knowing divine truths. These truths no creature could divine by natural means, because they belong to the intimate life of God. Saint Paul says, "for what man knoweth the things of a man but the spirit of man that is in him? So the things also of God, no man knoweth but the Spirit of God."

However perfect a creature may be, it is always limited, and consequently at an infinite distance from the Divine Essence, which is infinite. In creating it, God placed it outside of Him, excluded it from the ineffable commerce there is between the Three Divine Persons, whose communications constitute His intimate life. No one can naturally understand these mysteries any

more than he can understand the Divine Persons themselves. It is *the interior of God*, where no one can penetrate unless God opens the door. "No one knoweth the Son but the Father, neither doth any one know the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal Him." (Matthew xi, 27.) These are the words of Jesus Christ Himself; so when Peter showed by his generous confession that he possessed this supernatural knowledge of the Son of God, the Divine Master says: Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in Heaven. (Matthew, xvi, 17.)

Now, these reserved secrets, these secrets of God, which an angel cannot divine, the Christian babe in its baptism has received the power of knowing. To its natural reason has just been added a supernatural intelligence; the light of God has been given to it, and by this light it will see the interior even of God; it will be able to know it in the Trinity of His Persons, here below, as through a glass, in an obscure manner, but later in all the splendors of a clear vision. And in the same manner as it knows God by His own light, it will love Him with His own love, for the will must always march conjointly with the intelligence. At this moment the divine faculties of this child do not act any more than its human faculties: but wait awhile, and you will see born in its heart sentiments which nature could never conceive. He will love God as a good Father; he will fear Him, not with a servile fear, but with a fear truly filial, which fears the offence much more than the chastisement; he will confide in His paternal goodness in the midst even of the most cruel trials, and to please Him will joyfully accomplish the most painful sacrifices.

In the heart of the Christian these divine faculties are accompanied by ambitions equally divine. "I am thy reward exceeding great." (Genesis, xv, 1.) At the same time He enkindles in his heart desires which no created happiness can satisfy. Divine Wisdom destines every being for a happiness equal to his capacity; and it is because no being possesses naturally a divine capacity that God owes to no being his individual happiness. But what He owes no one, God, by pure liberality, destines and promises to the Christian; and He gives him at the same time the capacity to receive this happiness and the power to merit it.

What more is needed for the Christian, to possess a truly divine life? Is it not sufficient that he has within him the power of acquiring divine knowledge, of conceiving divine love and hopes, and of meriting and possessing the happiness of God Himself?

If these gifts have really been imparted to us, we cannot doubt it. There is nothing figurative in Saint Peter's language, *by these you may be made partakers of the divine nature*. (2 Peter, i, 4.) These words are rigorously exact. The humanity of the Divine Saviour was made the participant of the word of God. It subsisted in it, and made with it but one person. But we have each of us an individual personality; this is why we are

not Gods as Jesus Christ is God. That which is divine in us is not our substance; we are participants not of the divine personality but of the divine nature. The angel of the schools, Saint Thomas, explains this admirably: "The gift of grace surpasses all the faculties of created nature, because it is a participation of the divine nature which surpasses all other nature. It is consequently wholly impossible for a creature to produce grace. Iron cannot receive the properties of fire until it is placed in the fire; in the same manner, God alone can deify the creature, and admit him to a participation of His Divine nature." (t. xi, p. 112, a. 1.)

Long before the angelic Doctor, Saint Cyril of Alexandria said, God alone has power to deify the souls of the just, to whom He grants, by His spirit, a participation of the dignity peculiar to Himself. (Dial. vii, adv. Herm.)

Let us not then fear to boldly proclaim this doctrine, and to nourish our souls with the consoling dogma. It was never more necessary than now to sustain the courage of the Christian and repel the attacks of our enemy. Satan renews with more audacity than ever the attempt he made so well in the garden of the terrestrial Paradise; he says to men, *You shall be as Gods* if you shake off the yoke of God. This suggestion is the most monstrous of all lies. Why? Because it is the perversion of the most useful of all truths. The falsehood of Satan does not consist in the idea that men may hope to be like unto God, since God Himself has given him this destiny in creating him to His own image, and commanding him to be perfect as He Himself is perfect; the crime consists in seeking to resemble God in the revolt against God; leaning on self to elevate man to God. This, in our days as in the first days of the world, is the whole secret of Satan's tactics. How shall we unmask him? We have no better means than to make known to man his true greatness, and to give his immense ambition the sole object which can satisfy it. This false semblance of divinity, with which Pantheism dazzles his eyes, is nothing more than the destruction of his personality, his faculties and his being. Let us oppose to this the real *divinization* which Jesus Christ offers him, in leaving to human nature its complete integrity, and crowning it with the magnificent gift of the Divine Nature. Then this monstrous error will no longer enchain souls. The vacuum it pretends to satisfy will be divinely filled, the aspirations it seeks to deceive will be fully satisfied. Let us render ourselves inaccessible to its seductions by penetrating ourselves more intimately with the truth; let us appreciate, as they merit, *the gifts that are given us from God*, and we shall not be tempted to run after chimeras. *May the eyes of our hearts be enlightened, that we may know what is the hope of our calling and what are the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the Saints*, (Eph. i, 18,) and we shall find it easy to despise all the promises and menaces of the world. As soon as we clearly understand how we are Gods, we shall have no other fear except to return to the nature of man.

The Apostleship of Sacrifice in a Child of Thirteen Years.

We have before spoken of the Apostleship of Suffering being most powerful with the Heart of Jesus: meritorious for those who offer it, and efficacious for those for whom it is offered. The following touching incident testifies the truth of this assertion:

Albinia L——, aged thirteen, together with her sister, Mary, was placed at a boarding-school kept by the Religious of the Holy Family, in the south of France. This child had the most tender affection for her parents, but she loved God more; consequently her grief was very deep when she thought of the criminal indifference of her father with regard to the practices of his holy religion, and she constantly prayed for his conversion.

"Let us make a novena that papa may go to confession," she said to her sister. And when the novena was finished without obtaining the desired request, far from being discouraged, Albinia urged her sister Mary, with the greatest confidence, to commence another.

At length, to force, as it were, from the Heart of our Saviour the salvation of her beloved father, the pious child conceived a heroic design. She offered her life in sacrifice, and wrote with her hand the following prayer which was found among her papers after death: "My God, I love Thee with all my heart and strength. O my God, grant me the grace of being very good! O my God, I am heartily sorry for ever having offended Thee. My God, grant me the grace of dying for my parents and for their conversion, and let my death take place on a Saturday."

About this time, that is to say, from the 17th to the 21st of June, a retreat was given by Father L—— to the pupils of the institution. The pious child made this retreat a preparation for her death, edifying all who saw her by her spirit of piety and recollection. In order that her conscience might be entirely purified, she approached the holy tribunal of confession three or four times; and now, delivered from the slightest stain, the victim was ready for the sacrifice: it only remained to consume the holocaust which she had already offered in her heart, and then to go and receive the recompense in Heaven. On the 29th of July she was seized with a dangerous illness, which lasted only a few hours. As soon as she understood that God called her, she asked for a confessor, and when the latter exhorted her to offer her sufferings to the Blessed Virgin, she replied—"I have already offered all, through her, to the little Infant Jesus."

She had indeed offered all, and Jesus had accepted all, even the choice of the day which the heroic child had designated for her death: for the 29th of July, feast of Saint Martha, fell upon Saturday this year. And, in accepting all, Jesus had granted all. Mr. L——, urged by an interior movement which he could not explain, had gone to confession and Holy Communion a short time before the death of his daughter, although the latter had not the consolation of learning here below the realization of her desire.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Intercourse Between the Two Worlds.

[For the entire authenticity of this narrative we rely upon the established character of the work from which we have translated it, the *Analecta Juris Pontificii*, an authorized ecclesiastical journal, published under the highest sanction, in Rome. As it sets forth the benefits of prayers and sacrifices for the dead, more strongly than any words of argument or persuasion from those on earth, we offer it to the readers of the AVE MARIA, at the beginning of this month devoted to the souls in Purgatory:]

In this narrative you will encounter at every step things most singular in their novelty, and admirable in their grandeur and simplicity. If you examine them with the proper dispositions, they will greatly assist you in your spiritual life. And you can have no motive to doubt the truth of this recital; the apparition says nothing that contradicts the teachings of faith; the young girl to whom she appears is simple and artless, equally a stranger to deception and falsehood. The narrator has written these events with the greatest care, his conscience as a priest being interested therein. In order that his memory might not deceive him, he took the precaution to note every event at the time it transpired.]

In the year 1640, three ladies, distinguished for their piety, conducted a school for young girls in the city of Luxemburg. Among the thirteen pupils who boarded with them, was one named Mary, about sixteen years old. She was remarkable for her innocence, modesty and simplicity. Her step-father, a person of respectability, resided in the little town of Berncastell, on the Moselle, below Treves.

Three years before the epoch of this narrative, a sister of his first wife, named Anna, was attacked by a fatal malady, and a few days before her end she told the young girl that after her death her spirit would return to her, if such a thing were permitted. This Anna was considered a most virtuous person, one who spent the greater part of her time in long and fervent prayers.

Mary affirmed that a short time after her death a spirit did appear to her, and that she immediately had Masses offered for its intention. But toward the close of the year we have mentioned, an intercourse in the highest degree extraordinary was established between Mary and the spirit.

On the eve of All Saints, after retiring to rest, the young girl perceived an apparition at the foot of her bed. Not the slightest noise announced its approach. The following night it reappeared, seated on a chair. The emotions of Mary on both these occasions were more of astonishment than terror. The three following days she saw nothing. But five o'clock had just struck, on the morning of the fifth of November, when she again saw the apparition seated on a chair near her bed. Screaming with terror, she hid her face under the pillow, and the supernatural visitor, raising it, lightly touched her head and disappeared.

Greatly terrified, Mary informed her teachers of what had passed, and in order to dispel her fears they had her bed moved from the pupils' sleeping apartment into the chamber of one of her teachers. Nothing disturbed her that night. The next morning, about eight o'clock, while she was in a room with the other pupils, the apparition appeared, but visible to her alone. The following night, about half-past one o'clock she was awakened by the apparition shaking the covering of her bed; in great alarm she called loudly to her teacher, who told her not to fear, for the spirit could do her no harm, and while the two recited the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints, with the *De Profundis*, the apparition knelt, facing an adjoining oratory, in which was a large and beautifully ornamented statue of the Blessed Virgin.

The next morning, Mary and her teacher went to confession and Holy Communion. When the former left the confessional, she saw the apparition kneel by her side and accompany her to the Communion-table, nor did it depart until she prepared to leave the church. But scarcely had she re-entered the house, when lo it was again by her side, and there it remained the entire day, even when she was in the midst of the other pupils or at her classes. During the catechetical instructions, given by a Jesuit Father, it seemed to listen with the greatest attention, without however manifesting its presence to any one but Mary.

At the close of the instruction, the Father being informed of the circumstance, sent for Mary and told her to speak without fear to the spirit, asking in the name of God what it wanted. It replied, "The hour has not arrived for me to answer."

"Why, then," continued Mary, "are you here to-day, since your hour has not come?"

"Such is God's will."

At the approach of night, Mary became very much frightened when she found that the apparition persisted in remaining. Her confessor was sent for, and the Rector, hearing of the circumstance, accompanied him to the Institution. They found Mary, greatly alarmed, in a room with her teachers. On asking her if she saw the apparition, she replied in the affirmative, indicating the spot where it was standing; but the Fathers could see nothing but an empty space, lit up, as the rest of the apartment, by the light of a lamp.

They all knelt down and recited the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and other prayers. The Rector arose and asked the spirit, in the name of God, what it wanted. After an instant's delay he received the same reply:

"The hour has not come for me to give my name."

To avoid imposition, the Rector spoke in Latin, and Mary gave him its answers in German. This knowledge of Latin, in the soul of one who on earth knew nothing about it, might inspire some doubts; but at a later period it affirmed that its angel guardian dictated all she ever said.

"If," said the Rector, "you need any assistance, ask and it shall be granted."

"I ask three Masses at Cherb-Clausen," (a much frequented pilgrimage of the Blessed Virgin, celebrated by a great number of miracles, about nine miles from Berncastell). It added, that during life it had made a vow to have three Masses said, but had never spoken of it, not even to the priest who prepared her for death.

The Rector asked if these Masses could be said in a neighboring chapel, but received no reply; he then commanded the spirit to cease tormenting the young girl. It replied to Mary "*Ich will die kein leid thun*"—I shall do you no harm.

This reply was far from satisfying the parties present, and most serious fears were entertained that the school would be entirely deserted if it were known that the house was haunted by a spirit. Again the Rector ordered it to retire forever, promising positively that the Masses should be said.

"I must return while they are saying the Masses; such is the will of God."

This announcement greatly embarrassed the Fathers. After praying a short time, the Rector took a crucifix in his hand and ordered the spirit to venerate the sacred image. Mary informed him that it bent its knee and inclined its head. They could no longer doubt the reality nor the nature of the apparition. It was evidently a good spirit on its way to its eternal repose. Again the Rector commanded it to no longer torment the young girl and to cease its visits. It received the order in silence, and, heaving a deep sigh, disappeared.

Now, for the first time during the day, Mary breathed freely. She described the apparition as wearing a white veil; in its hands, which were clasped, except when it occasionally struck its breast with the right hand, it held a black rosary, and its person was enveloped in a white robe resembling a winding-sheet. In the presence of the Fathers it kept its eyes modestly cast down; its whole appearance was extremely beautiful.

On the octave of All Saints a trusty messenger was sent to Cherb-Clausen to have the promised Masses said without delay, and the Jesuit Father of whom we have spoken said Mass in a little chapel in the suburbs of the city. Mary's teacher and companions assisted at it, and offered their Communions for the suffering soul. Again the apparition knelt at Mary's side, saying, "Fear nothing." When she went forward to receive Holy Communion, it went with her, and only left her at the church door.

About noon, Mary was seated in a room on the first floor, when it entered the door, and approaching, said—"Why are you afraid? I shall not hurt you? I am aunt Anna; but do not repeat this to any one." (She was not in reality her aunt; but while living Mary was accustomed to give her this title.) It further added—"When those three Masses are said, I shall be delivered from the flames, but I cannot even then enter Heaven; I must still remain for some time deprived of the sight of God."

That same night, Mary felt a weight pressing upon her shoulders and heard deep sighing. An

hour later she saw the apparition kneeling by her bed; it merely said—"Fear not."

On Friday, while Mary was assisting at Mass, the apparition again appeared. Agreeably to the instructions of the Rector, she asked why it returned, after the absolute prohibition it received. It replied—"We must not speak in church, but I shall return and answer your question."

Accordingly, about three o'clock in the afternoon, while Mary was seated with her companions, the apparition appeared and said—"I come so often because such is the will of God, and also to prevent you from forgetting me. If you did not see me you would not pray so fervently." Somewhat reassured, Mary asked if it had received any relief from the prayers and Masses that had been offered.

"Yes, a great relief; they delivered me from many cruel torments."

"And," continued Mary, "has God been touched by the prayers and Communions of the pupils?"

"A thousand times more," was the reply, "than if the same good works had been performed for my intention by twice the number of learned adults. They have acquitted a debt I had contracted by making a vow to perform a pilgrimage, which I never fulfilled. And I now beseech you to beg your step-father to give some alms to the poor in my name. Should he refuse this good work, my sojourn in Purgatory will be prolonged."

"Why," said Mary, "do you apply to me, in place of one of your immediate relations?"

"Such is the will of God."

"When you are in Heaven, will you pray for me?"

"Not only for you, but for all who aid me with their prayers."

On Saturday morning, Mary again saw the apparition at Mass. It reappeared in the afternoon, while they were arranging the chapel. They took the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary from its niche, and placed it on the altar in order to change its ornaments. When the pious maidens engaged in this office kissed its feet, Mary's teacher told her to follow their example, and to offer this little act of piety for her client's intention. As she complied, the apparition came forward and saluted her with a profound inclination. On Sunday, at Mass, it took its customary place by Mary's side. Wearied by these extraordinary and frequent visits, notwithstanding all it had said, Mary felt her former doubts and suspicions revive. How, she asked herself, is it possible this spirit can come so frequently, and why does it usually select the church for its visits? Annoyed by these thoughts, she went out and walked round the chapel; the apparition followed her and said, "Of what were you thinking a moment ago? and why are you surprised at my selecting a holy place for my visits? I do so to renew your fervor, and I should even come more frequently were I not near the person selected to say the Masses I asked. Strange things are said of my visits, but it must be remembered there is a vast difference between the things of earth and those of the region in which I dwell." (To be continued.)

AVE MARIA.

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Woman Rehabilitated by Devotion to Mary.

The Virgin Mary Living in the Church. New Philosophical Studies on Christianity: By Auguste Nicolas; 4 Vol.; Paris, Rue du bac, 50.

In two of our previous numbers, (Ten and Eleven,) we gave remarkable extracts from the celebrated Padre Ventura on the rehabilitation of woman, "as due the Blessed Virgin," and in this month, when the Church, in her sacred offices, recalls to the devotion of the faithful, two models of feminine grace and beauty, and masculine wisdom and science, all embodied and portrayed in the true womanly characters of Saints Cecilia of Rome and Catherine of Alexandria, we redeem with pleasure our promise of returning to the same beautiful subject.

We nowhere intimated, in presenting to our readers the eloquent pages of the profound Italian thinker, that we treated them to any thing new, for we took it for granted that the fact was already familiar to every one of them; but we gave it as an abstract of eloquence, which we knew would delight them, whilst increasing their veneration and love of our Holy Mother. We now return to the same subject with a new name, the famous Auguste Nicolas, who is universally acknowledged as an apologist of Catholicity unsurpassed by any living writer. Of all the books written in our present age, on the Blessed Mother of God, it is admitted that the last work of this eloquent author is the deepest and most complete. We feel so much pleased with his brilliant pages and irresistible arguments, that we should deem it a blessing if any one would give the public a fair translation of these admirable volumes. Our readers may judge, from a few extracts, of the correctness of our remarks.

M. Nicolas takes the same view of woman's rehabilitation as Padre Ventura, namely: that Christianity has created the woman, the virgin, the spouse, the mother, and the lady. Woman's servitude and degradation is a fact pervading all antiquity; it was even a principle; her freedom and every iota of respect she now possesses she owes to Christianity. Between these two conditions there is all the difference which exists between day and night. They are, as it were, the two poles, negative and positive—the one repelling, the other attracting.

As an irrecusable evidence of the fact, it is well known, to any one at all acquainted with history, that, wherever Christianity is not yet established, woman still remains in her degraded state.

Christianity alone has changed it by inoculat-

ing in the world a new principle, alike creating and vital, not taken from this world, but from above: when the Son of the Most High God was made flesh in the womb of Mary, woman was rehabilitated in the sight of Heaven and earth; and should not the sex that gave the Redeemer feel most sensibly the first benefit of our Redemption? Doubtless Jesus Christ came to redeem both sexes, but, inasmuch, as He chose to be the fruit of woman's womb, woman must find in Mary a special principle of rehabilitation. This was only meet; for, in the common fall of the human race, a peculiar stigma was attached to the woman, as to the original cause and agent of the fatal calamity. She had to be raised again to the level of man, ere the latter should be raised to that of Christ, otherwise she would have remained proportionably inferior, in the restoration of the human kind. It was therefore but just that woman should have a special part in the reparation, corresponding to the one she previously had in the commission of the fault. This is precisely what took place in Mary, who for this is called the new Eve; and as all women bore the pain of Eve's transgression, in like manner they all partook of the blessing granted Mary.

Who knows what would have been the condition of woman had devotion to Mary not existed, nor what it would become if this devotion should cease to exist? With it would disappear the Catholic woman, who undoubtedly gives a tone to the world at large, and saves it from the extreme of so-called Woman's Rights, as well as from the justly entitled woman's wrongs. What would be the result, on morals, the family, society and civilization, is most admirably elucidated by Nicolas in the first volume of his Philosophical Studies on Christianity, wherein he portrays, with the pen of a master, what was woman throughout the world before Christianity, what she now is, and whence came the change.

All who have studied this important subject unanimously admit that the indelible seal of legal, moral and social degradation is impressed on woman wherever Christianity does not exist. "All ancient legislation," says De Maistre, "despised and degraded females, more or less ill-treating them." "If there is an incontestable point," says the author of the Influence of Christianity on the Civil Rights of the Romans, "it is the inferiority in which woman was placed by the religion and political constitutions of all the nations of antiquity. In the East, among the Assyrians, in Persia and India, and among the barbarians of Scythia, Lybia and Thrace, woman was degraded by divorce, re-

puddation, polygamy, and religious and legal prostitution—the slave or servant of man, the plaything of his caprice, the victim of his tyranny, and the instrument of his pleasures.

In Egypt, the cradle of civilization, she could still less pretend to the dignity of spouse, daughter or mother,—of these charges she had but the burden and none of the honors. What shall we say of the Greeks? “Doubtless such characters as Iphigenia, Penelope and Andromache, fictitious though they be, infer certain dignity; but these types, embellished by all the gifts of poetry, only display, in deeper colors, all that was pitiless, dishonoring and degrading for woman. Thus, all the grace of Iphigenia, all the tenderness of a father, king of kings, all the jealous love of a mother, could not save the innocent virgin from the knife. And what availed the chastity and fidelity of Penelope amid the brutality that surrounded her? Even Telemachus himself, her son and master, recommended silence, as he rudely sent her back to the women’s apartments. The beauties of the Christian muse, with which Racine invested the Pagan woman, should not deceive us; on the contrary, it ought rather exhibit the reality in its true colors, for what other tableaux are presented to us—not in the real but in the ideal of classic Greece? Women brutally ravished from their families by the Hercules and the Theseus, worthy sons of their fathers the gods, *those cavaliers of the ancient Middle Ages*—so different from those of the Catholic middle age, whose glory was to honor and protect woman. But from the poetic let us turn to the real life of the Athenian female, which was passed in the solitude of the women’s apartments, under a perpetual servitude. Her husband could dispose of her as a portion of his estate. Under the blow of repudiation she could not claim divorce; public opinion opposed it. Her destiny but too well justified the plaint of Media in the tragedy of Euripides, when she says: ‘of all living creatures endowed with intelligence, we females are the most unhappy. At an enormous price we purchase a husband, the *absolute master of our person*, with the risk of finding a bad one; and if he is such, what can we do? Divorce is disgraceful for a woman; she cannot renounce her husband. What then remains for us but to die?’ But they did not die, and when they could not abandon their husbands they abandoned their dignity and morality for all the depraved tastes which such a servitude would develop, in those servile vices ridiculed by Aristophanes with an exaggeration that was but the coarse mirror of the truth.

“Yet Athens knew a character which seemed to contradict this servile inferiority, by the part it took in the public, social and intellectual life of the most eminent philosophers and illustrious citizens, the type of which has been preserved, even to our day, under the traits of the celebrated Aspasia. But, unfortunately, such females were neither spouses, mothers nor daughters—scarcely were they women; they were *courtisanes*. Their celebrity was their shame. As M. Dabas justly observes, with the privileges of their condition they gathered scorn, while other women

gathered disdain. In Sparta woman enjoyed more liberty; she was a sharer in the exterior and political life of the citizens: at times she even rivaled man in her patriotism. She was a *free woman*—but at what a price? At the price of her character and individual virtues; at the price of modesty, chastity, sensibility; at the price of her womanhood. The Spartan woman abdicated her sex. The virgin, almost naked, disputed with the Spartan youth the prizes of racing and wrestling; the wife armed the husband for the combat, bidding him return dead or victor; the mother buried with joy the son she had lost in the service of his country, or gave the death-blow herself to the coward. These are heroes, if you will, and barbarian heroes—but they are not women. Regarded in the light of their sex, they were but public slaves, destined to give children to the state.”

Hence, in all the diversity of laws and customs with regard to woman in Grecian civilization, we merely find diversity of degradation; “and such was the fatality of her destiny that her social and political elevation seemed gained by the price of greater moral and natural degradation.”

But does not Roman civilization present us a better view of this half of the human race? In the erudite pages of the admirable work on *L'influence du Christianisme sur le droit civil des Romains*, the brilliant and learned author, M. Troplong, consecrates an entire chapter to this subject, wherein he portrays all the legal servitude of the Roman woman and all the moral decadence which resulted from it. In Rome, haughty mistress of the world, “woman was placed under a perpetual interdiction. She was *in manu*—under the hand of man; not the husband alone, but all male relatives had this authority over woman.” the civil element enchained all her powers, her actions and her civil and social destiny, disposing of her as it pleased, arbitrarily making and unmaking her unions. “Never did she interfere in the government of her family, still less in commercial or industrious enterprises or public affairs; and the family, in whose administration she had no part, formed a tribunal to which she was called to render an account of her conduct, and whence sentence of death was often pronounced against her. This interdiction and servitude, prohibiting all noble aims, forced the activity of woman to throw itself away on the vain and pernicious satisfactions of luxury and sensuality, where she finally lost all title to a better destiny.”

Without doubt there are some grand female characters that seem to contradict this judgment. “I know,” continues M. Troplong, “all that there is to admire in Portia and the mother of the Gracchi, but we must not take these beautiful and noble figures as the type of Roman women. The Bacchanalian conjurations, the dark plots against chastity and the public peace, the shameless divorces, all the overflowing of immorality as painted by philosophers, historians and satirists, that obliged Augustus to seek in political laws a remedy which family laws could no longer give, are the most striking proofs of the general state of society in Rome.”

In the Jewish nation alone we find the exception to this entire degradation, and this fact is the crowning proof of the assertion that Christianity alone has rehabilitated woman from her universal degradation or servitude. Among these people of God, and Christians in hope, woman was consecrated to a religious and national mission; and if so many illustrious females have played so important a part in this nation, it was because this people looked to its daughters for the birth of the salvation of the human race. Jewish history is filled with the grand parts which the Jewess played in public events and the general interests of the nation: Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, Mary, Deborah, Jael, Ruth, Anne, Judith, Esther, the heroic mother of the Maccabees, and many others, show us woman elevated to the honor of influencing the religious and political destinies of the nation: they even saved them on several occasions, and merited that chant of triumph: "You are the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, and the honor of our race."

All women, and the Jewish woman in particular, were honored in consideration of the one unique woman of whom they were the figure: she alone who would realize all their hopes, the one woman who would be blessed among all and in whom all women would be blessed; the one called to be, for the human race, what those were for the people of God—the cause of our salvation, the glory, the joy, the honor of our race.

Such is, in its phenomenon and its cause, the relative consideration which the Jewish female enjoyed in the midst of the universal degradation of her sex. I say relative, for I am not ignorant that the medal has its reverse. This honor which the Jewish woman enjoyed would have been sterile to all other women; and it was far from being, for the Jewess, what it has become, through Christianity, for the entire sex; and we may say that, compared to the Christian woman, the Jewess has resumed the yoke of universal degradation; for do we not even now find among the Jews polygamy, repudiation and divorce? We may boldly affirm that anterior to Christianity, woman was generally degraded, disgraced and unknown in her dignity, modesty and proper characteristics of womanhood, as she still is in regions where Christianity does not exist: *sacrificed in India upon her husband's tomb, a slave under the Koran and a beast of burden with the savage*. Such has been the universal fact; and more than a fact—it was a *principle*; and herein was the climax of her degradation. Had it been an abuse, woman might have had at least the hope of an amelioration; but no, her position was the development of a primitive anathema, of an established opinion that she merited it; of a traditional contempt, a philosophical sentence, a physiological axiom; all these combined to rivet the yoke of her degradation, and even she herself finally took the side of justice against herself outside the pale of Christianity. We do not believe that one word had ever been said in favor of woman. Every thing had been contested, save the moral incapacity and inherent malice of woman.

"Some remembrance of the fatal initiative she had in the drama of original sin seems to have been preserved in the traditions of all nations. In Grecian mythology, Hesiod tells us that Vulcan, in forming Pandora, instead of a blessing fabricated a beautiful evil, and in representing her opening the box whence flowed all evils; leaving *hope* alone remaining at the bottom, he adds: 'From her came that race of females of pernicious fruitfulness, the grand scourge of mortals' etc. 'Woman, the accomplice of all evil, was given to man by the master of the thunder-bolts as the most fatal gift.' 'O woman,' exclaimed the grave Æschylus, 'insupportable creature! sex hated by the sages, first scourge of the family and the state!' Simonides agrees with Hesiod, and declares that *in creating her, God made her soul of materials borrowed from different animals*."

Plato wished that the laws should not lose sight of woman for an instant, and, added he, "If this is not enforced they are no longer the half of the human race, they are more: as much more than half in proportion as they have less virtue than we."

As for the opinion of Rome it was not more favorable. "Do you give the rein to these ungovernable creatures," exclaimed even the moderate Cato, "and then flatter yourselves that they will place bounds to their license?" And again he exclaims: "They want entire liberty, or, rather, to call things by their right name, they want license. If they triumph to-day, what will they not dare to-morrow. Remember all the laws our forefathers made to enchain their caprices; with all these fetters you can scarcely control them. What will it be if you permit them to attack your laws one after the other, if you suffer them to draw concession from them? Will they not become equal to man? Do you think you will then be able to support them? Ah, they will not rest satisfied as your equals—they will be your masters." As we now say the beautiful sex, the pious sex, so in those days they said the giddy, the ambitious sex—incapable and inefficient for labors: *Imbecilis, impar laboribus, levis, ambitiosus*, in contradiction to the majesty of men—*Majestas virorum*. Truly, women need not turn the pages of Pagan classics or ancient history with any feelings of pride in their own sex, or admiration for their tyrannical masters. But alas we find that even Divine Wisdom itself cast the stone at woman by that sentence, too true, which made the foundation of that universal malediction of which she was the object—"From the woman came the beginning of sin; and by her we all died."

"Under what a load of contempt and imprecations was not woman bowed! It is a truth too plain to be contested that the laws of all nations refused her respect and dignity, and held her in servitude under the weighty hand of man. It was the execution of the sentence pronounced by God Himself in the beginning—Because thou hast done this deed 'thou shalt be under thy husband's power and he shall have dominion over thee.'"

"Woman was truly that unfortunate Ion whom Æschylus represents in his mythical drama of Prometheus—incessantly pursued and lashed with the whip wielded by a divine hand, making all

the countries through which she ran re-echo with her lamentations. Alas, alas! woe is me! great gods! great gods! through what countries am I driven! Why, O son of Saturn! and for what crime crushed under the yoke of such sufferings? Enough, enough! Oh could I but know when will be the end of all these woes!"

And the Angel Gabriel was sent by God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a virgin named Mary; "And the angel being come in, said to her: *Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women. . . Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found grace with God. . . The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee; and the power of the most High shall overshadow thee. . . Thou shalt bring forth a Son; He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High, and of His Kingdom there shall be no end.* Mary said, *Behold the hand-maid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word.*" And in those days Mary went to visit her cousin Saint Elizabeth. At the sound of her voice, Elizabeth, filled with the Holy Ghost, cried out, "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." And Mary replied: "My soul doth magnify the Lord: And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." And with this song of exultation, woman arose from the ban under which she had so long groaned; and here was her rehabilitation effected. In Mary the Angel salutes the entire sex: "Hail, full of grace,—blessed art thou,—thou hast found grace with God." To womanhood, the praise "Blessed because you have believed," and the lamentations of Ion were replaced by the chant of victory—"My soul doth magnify the Lord," etc.

Under the empire of the Christian faith, and particularly of devotion to Mary, what a revolution have these great principles of belief operated in the social condition of woman! She has become the tie, and the heart of the family in her triple office of spouse, mother, and daughter. And she unites and inspires all its members by the most irresistible of all influences, to which they imperceptibly submit. "In the family, the man is as the hand which marks the hours, but the woman is the secret spring, which moves all the wheels. The value of the woman marks the value of the family, and, consequently, the value of society. She most directly influences society, by forming the man in the child and brother, and in frequently reforming the spouse and the father. The manners, the character and the opinions of man are often the result of his intercourse with woman. We see the fable of Egeria realized. Each of us has his Egeria in the privacy of life, or, it may be, beyond the tomb. How many women, how many wives and mothers, in domestic retreat or in their graves, invisible or present, inspire the thoughts, sentiments, and parts of the actors in the drama of life? Christianity has made three phases in woman's life which were entirely unknown to Pagan nations: the mistress of the house, the Egeria of man and the lady of the parlor."

An illustrious writer—the type of elevation of mind, integrity of character and nobility of soul—

M. de Tocqueville, writing to Madame Switche, a lady distinguished alike for social and intellectual gifts and genuine piety, makes the following assertion: "Nothing has struck me more forcibly, during my long experience in public affairs, than the influence therein wielded at all times by woman; influence more powerful in proportion as it is indirect. I am convinced that they give to each nation a certain moral temperament, which is afterwards manifested in political events. I could cite by name, and in great numbers, examples to prove my assertion. I have a hundred times, in the course of my life, seen weak men show veritable public virtues, because they had by their side a woman who sustained them in this path—not by counseling any particular acts, but in exercising a fortifying influence on their entire character. Still more frequently, I must admit, I have seen the man endowed by nature with generosity, disinterestedness and grandeur of soul, transformed, under interior and domestic influences, little by little into an ambitious, base, or vulgar egotist, who in the affairs of his country thought only of improving his own individual position. And this has been the consequence of the daily contact of a respectable female, a faithful spouse, and good mother, but in whom the just appreciation of duty in political affairs had always been, I should not say, opposed, but ignored!"

We shall not become the champion of woman against the severity of this judgment, which seems to us subject to a revision; but from its very severity we draw the general deduction which we wished to elucidate by this extract, namely, *such is the influence of woman in modern society, that it may be said, she gives to every nation a certain moral temperament, which is manifested even in the public and political world*, so much so as to render her responsible for the enervation of this temperament, because she has not realized the importance of her influence.

Truly, such a responsibility implies a vast power. This very phenomenon manifested itself in the first ages of Christianity. "Between Constantine and Justinian," says the erudite author, Troplong, "we find events which show that woman knew how to elevate herself to the heights of her new destinies; we find woman sustaining empires, and converting nations. We find her in the ranks of philosophy and science, in the most sublime religious heroism entering into all the acts which formed the grand charm in the middle ages. Woman marched at the head of her age, guiding great events; appearing in the first plan of the history of her country, which she directed, agitated or pacified." And this moral emanation was the effect of her religious emanation.

By grace, the plenitude of which in Mary raised her sex from the depths where Eve's fault had precipitated her, woman was rehabilitated, from sin in the religious order, contempt in the social order, and from servitude in the legal order. Among other virtues which have made a new life for her by the side of man, and

often above him, we shall examine four—virginity, martyrdom, charity and the apostolate; virtues entirely new for the ancient world, virtues of which Mary is the brilliant and perfect type; virginity—not that negative, ostentatious, mercenary and temporary virginity of the vestals, of whom scarcely *seven* could be found in Rome when her population numbered five millions, but that active, humble, disinterested and perpetual virginity, embraced for itself by the union of the soul to God—where Jesus is preferred to all other spouses. Every Christian woman—virgin, spouse and mother—has been regenerated in Jesus Christ, as a new flower of modesty and chastity, among whom Mary is the most exquisite production, spreading her perfume over the entire sex; whence woman has become an object of respect, almost of devotion, for man. She has become at the same time an object of the most attractive interest, invested with the charm of the purest and most victorious grace, which the Scriptures call the grace of graces—*Gratia super gratiam mulier sancta et pudrata*. Dwelling in the society of this new Eve, man from a tyrant became the servant and cavalier; and in the chain which corruption had made a beautiful evil, on which he wreaked his revenge by contempt, he finds an aid to virtue which he exalts by his homage. And in public affairs the Christian woman yields an eminent influence over the manners of the society whose homage she receives; in the midst of a world of divergent opinions and conflicts, she establishes a centre of civilization and respect; she elevates the moral level, and perfumes with the purity of her influence the atmosphere of public opinion.

THE PATRONAGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.—2d Sunday of November.

In the office of the Church we find perpetual mention of our Blessed Mother during the weeks of Advent; and what more natural, that during the season of preparation for the Birth of our Lord, we should be reminded of the privileges of His Mother? At the beginning we have the Feast and Octave of the Immaculate Conception, and the Feast of the Expectation the week before Christmas. These are preceded by her Presentation in the Temple and the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin, which last festival is celebrated on Sunday the 12th of November. And it seems to us that in our poverty this should be especially *our own Festival*. In the succeeding one, we go with the Blessed Maiden across the hills of Judea—“where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;”—we pass with her and the saintly Joachim and Anne through the streets of Jerusalem, and enter the ancient Holy of Holies. Her mission there is not so much to teach as to learn.

In the next Festival we can scarcely glance across the wide unmeasured plain that divides our sinfulness from her sinlessness, and from our hearts cry out—

Immaculate Conception, far above all graces blest!
Thou shinest like a royal star, on God's Eternal Breast;
We think of thee and what thou art, thy glory and thy state,
And ever from our hearts we cry Immaculate! Immaculate!

But in the *Patronage* she opens wide her portals of mercy; it is the one day set apart for our own special wants, when, from the treasury of our Patroness, we may draw rich robes and rare jewels wherewith to adorn ourselves for the coming Festivals. Do we yet even begin to realize what is the Patronage of Mary? Surely we do not, or else we would not be so poor in all spiritual things. Saint Augustin tells us that Saint Michael, although the Prince of all the Heavenly Court, always waits in expectation that he may have the honor to go at her bidding to render service to any of her clients. Is she not the Patroness of our own country, and in an especial manner the Patroness of each and every one of the readers of the AVE MARIA? and therefore on the day of her Patronage, we must not forget God has communicated to her His unspeakable gifts, and she distributes according to her good will all His gifts and graces. Blessed De Montfort says that when we read in the writings of the saints that in Heaven and on earth everything is subject to the Blessed Virgin, they mean to say that the authority which God has given her is so great that it seems as if she had the same power as God, and that her prayers and petitions are so powerful that His Majesty never resists the prayer of His dear Mother. In the eloquent words of Bossuet, “the gifts of God are without repentance; may we not believe that she who gave us the Author of grace will continue to give grace to the end?”

Let us, on the Feast of the Patronage, crowd as eager clients around her to whom God has given the keys of the “cellars of Divine love and the power to enter into the most sublime and secret ways of perfection,” and to lead others by the same paths, and beg her to enrich our poor heart, to “despise not our necessities,” to show her mercy and goodness to all those we love, to bring back and lovingly receive the poor strayed sinners, who shall be converted; and let us beg her patronage for the valiant soldiers and faithful servants of Jesus Christ who are battling for His interests. In the words of a saintly writer, “God wishes His Holy Mother should be at present more known, more loved, more honored than she has ever been;” for this reason we can do nothing more pleasing to Him than to fly to her patronage, and praise her aloud for the treasure she will bestow upon us. Her clients should well know the grandeur of their Patroness, and consecrate themselves entirely to her; they should know the mercies with which she abounds, and the need they have of her aid. Let us fly to her patronage, and say boldly, with Saint Bernard, that “we have need of a mediator with the Mediator Himself, and that it is the divine Mary who is the most capable of filling that charitable office. It is by her that Jesus Christ came, and it is by her that we must go to Him.” Her petitions are never refused.

As humble clients, let us beg her for a portion of her faith, which was the greatest of all faith that ever existed on earth; greater than the faith of all the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles and Saints put together: a lively faith to do all, from love of God, a firm faith in the midst of storms, and a

courageous faith which will enable us to do great things for God and the salvation of souls. Let us ask her, on this day of her Patronage, for great faith, that we also may merit the commendation, "Blessed art thou that hast believed." "Ah when will the happy time come," said a holy man of our own day, who was all absorbed in Mary, "Ah when will the happy day come when the divine Mary will be established mistress and Queen of hearts, in order that she may subject them fully to the empire of her great and Holy Jesus? When will souls breathe Mary, as the body breathes the air? When that time comes, wonderful things will happen in those lowly places—where the Holy Ghost, finding His dear spouse as it were reproduced in souls, shall come with abundance and fill them to overflowing with His gifts, and particularly with the gift of wisdom, to work miracles of grace. When will that happy time come, when souls, losing themselves in the abyss of her interior, shall become living copies of Mary to love and glorify Jesus." Ah if we clearly understood the deep significance and import of the Festival of the Patronage of Mary, the time desired by this saintly soul would not be long delayed; it really seems established for no other end. No mystery of the Incarnation or Redemption is connected with it; it simply stands in the calendar of feasts as "The Patronage of the Blessed Virgin;" it is, as it were, the reception day at the Court of the Queen of Heaven, on which she invites all her clients into the "holy of holies, where saints are formed and moulded." What might we not become if we but fully understood the Patronage of the Mother of God, and used it as her Divine Son wishes us to do! As if to illustrate this truth, the Church brings to our veneration, in this the week of her Patronage, the memory of three Saints, in whose lives her power is exhibited in the most brilliant colors. In the third century it is Saint Gregory, who became, under the patronage of the Seat of Wisdom and teacher of Doctors, *Thaumaturgus* or Worker of Wonders; in the thirteenth century, the intellectually gifted, the high-born lady and great Saint Gertrude, who by the patronage of the Mother of Divine love, obtained the envied position of Mary Magdalen, "sitting at the feet of Jesus and hearing His words—living," as her biographer remarks, "at home with her Spouse;" in the solitude of her cloister penning those breathings of Divine love that even after the lapse of six hundred years warm into earnest love and life the icy worldliness of our nineteenth century. And the young noble Polish Prince, Stanislaus, the pearl of the sixteenth century, whose ambition soared even higher than that of the wonder-worker of the third century and the sanctified spouse of the thirteenth, who in the loving freedom of his heart and in the first flush of his youth, asked the favor of going direct to her celestial court to be enrolled forever a prince in the Heavenly Kingdom. And the prayer was granted. The intimate relationship of these three saints with the Blessed Virgin is so beautiful, and her patronage so strikingly displayed in their re-

gard, that we cannot refrain from bringing it more particularly to the attention of our readers, although it is but the common chapter in the lives of the saints, the same Mystical Rose blooming in all their inclosed gardens. But we never weary of the perfume of the rose, and until our own gardens are better cultivated let us borrow bouquets from the saints.

Saint Gregory is one of the greatest and most extraordinary characters that has ever appeared in the Church. A Pagan, of noble birth, he studied the sciences in the school of Origen, where he became a convert to the faith. On account of his great virtues and talents, he was afterward made Bishop of Neo Cæsarea, and during the retreat he made to prepare himself as a teacher of the faith in his Pagan diocese he was greatly embarrassed on the subject of the mystery of the Trinity, having received from Origen, for whom he had the greatest veneration, certain doctrines not entirely conformable to the common faith of Catholics. One night, while meditating on this subject, he was suddenly surprised by a brilliant light, in the midst of which he perceived a most venerable old man, of a sacred and almost divine beauty, his flowing locks surrounded by a halo of grace and saintliness. Frightened at this sight, Gregory arose in his bed and asked him who he was and what was the object of his visit. The sweet, gentle voice of his visitor calmed his fears, as he answered, I am sent by God to enlighten your doubts touching the true doctrine. As Gregory gazed on this mysterious and venerable person, with joy mingled with astonishment, the latter extended his arm as though to call his attention to something on the opposite side of the room. Gregory turned, and saw a vision resembling a female, but far surpassing any thing human in the beauty and majesty of her appearance. Seized with new terror at this sight, he turned away his gaze, not knowing what to think of this apparition, whose brilliancy blinded his eyes; in the midst of the darkness of the night from her came the light that illuminated the room, emanating from her as from a blazing flambeau. Then he heard those two persons conferring on the doctrine that had been the subject of his perplexities. The one under the appearance of a woman invited John the Evangelist to discover and explain to this young man the mystery of true faith, and John replied that he was ready to obey the will of the Mother of his Lord. Then the exposition of the doctrine was made by the two persons, in the clearest, most precise and categorical manner. Such is the recital of Saint Gregory of Nyssa, who farther testifies that in his time the original copy of this doctrine, transmitted from Heaven, was preserved in the archives of the Church of Neo Cæsarea. Would our readers learn more of what he accomplished under the patronage of his Heavenly Queen, let them read his life, celebrated on the 17th of November. They will find it filled with wonders surpassing the wildest imaginations of poets and romancers. In his vast Pagan Diocese he found but seventeen Christians, and at his death he left within its limits but seventeen Pagans.

And now let us return to Saint Gertrude, whose life Father Faber so earnestly invites all Christians to study. Her festival falls on the 15th of November. Here we are almost lost amid the many striking proofs revealed of the power of Mary's patronage. One day, when Gertrude was invoking her with those words of the Church, *Salve, Regina*, she saw our dear Mother incline toward her. At the words "those eyes of mercy," our Lady gently touched her Son and turned Him toward the earth, saying to Gertrude: "These (meaning the eyes of Jesus) are those merciful eyes of mine, which I can incline to the salvation of all who seek my patronage, from which they receive the richest fruit of eternal salvation."

Again she was divinely instructed, that as often as she devoutly invoked the patronage of Mary, by devoutly reciting the *Ave Maria*, three efficacious streamlets proceeded from the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, most sweetly penetrating the Blessed Virgin's heart; then from her heart, with efficacious impetuosity, "they seek their fountains and break at the foot of God's throne, as a sunny wave breaks against a rock, leaving her most powerful after the Father, most wise after the Son and most benignant after the Holy Spirit. So, with marvelous dilection they seek their fountain first, and then, redounding back, bright drops of joy and bliss and eternal salvation are sprinkled over all who invoke her protection." On another occasion, when Saint Gertrude, in prayer, besought our Lord to indicate what she should do in order to be more agreeable to Him, He replied: Present yourself to My Mother, who is on My right, and praise her with all your faculties. Gertrude immediately saluted the Heavenly Queen with the verse *Paradisus voluptatis*, congratulating her on her high dignity of Mother of God, beseeching her to ornament her heart with all the different virtues necessary to make it an agreeable sanctuary for the Divine Majesty. The Blessed Virgin, in accepting this prayer, seemed to incline as though to plant in the heart of her daughter the flowers of the different virtues—the rose of charity, the lily of purity, the violet of humility and obedience, with a host of others, showing how prompt she is to hear the prayers addressed to her and how powerful to assist all who place themselves under her patronage. Saint Gertrude continued her salutation in praising her celestial Patroness for having always so regulated her thoughts, affections and whole being as never to have saddened her Divine Son, and she besought this tender Mother to obtain the same grace for her. Her Patroness received this new prayer, and gave her to understand that henceforth the movements of her heart and mind should be regulated according to her petition. The following day, as Gertrude was praying, the Blessed Virgin appeared to her under the form of a lily of dazzling whiteness, with three leaves—one erect, the other two bent. This flower was planted near the throne of the Three Divine Persons, signifying that the Blessed Virgin merited the first title of privileged Lily of the Holy Trinity, because she alone among all creatures worthily represented in her immaculate life

the virtues of the adorable Trinity, the straight leaf prefiguring the almighty power of God the Father, the others the wisdom and goodness of the Son and Holy Spirit, which Mary so strongly resembled. And the Mother of God said to Gertrude, that to all who saluted her as "white lily of the Trinity and vermilion rose of heavenly sweetness" she would show by the graces and favors she would obtain for them how mighty was her patronage, how much she could do by the power of the Father, how many inventions she knew for the salvation of the human race through the wisdom of the Son, and how full of mercy and goodness was her heart through the benignity of the Holy Spirit. And this loving and mighty Patroness moreover added, that "whoever salutes me in this manner may rest assured that I shall appear to him at the hour of death in all the brilliancy of my beauty, and I shall fill his heart with unspeakable consolations by a foretaste of the delights of Heaven." The Saint followed this counsel, and we know how, at her death, her soul was ravished by the song of angels: "Come, oh come, Gertrude, for the delights of Paradise are prepared for thee, and they await thy coming."

And now we turn to that last beautiful day in the life of the young Polish Count, Stanislaus, who under his Heavenly Queen's all-powerful patronage obtained the title to a celestial principality, which, as a particular favor, he asked should be given him on the day of her Assumption. In the happy precincts of the Jesuit Novitiate, for which he had generously abandoned all earthly grandeur, his heart overflowed with love for his Blessed Mother; and when the month of her Assumption commenced, he said to his companions, while speaking of the approaching festival, "Oh what a happy day for all the Saints was that on which the Blessed Virgin was received into Heaven! I doubt not but they all celebrate the anniversary of it with extraordinary joy, as we do on earth, and I hope myself to celebrate the next feast with them." His youth and perfect health made them smile at these remarks, yet they saw that he made all immediate preparation; so sanguine was he in the patronage of his Mother for all who invoked her. Three days before the Assumption, he found himself slightly indisposed, and could not contain his joy, for he knew that his prayer was heard; and at three o'clock on the morning of the feast the saintly youth was blessed by the vision of his powerful Patroness, accompanied with many angels. She came to her living client as he lay upon his poor blanket upon the floor, and just as the earthly day was dawning she bore his blessed spirit into the full blaze of the noontide glory of the Assumption in Heaven.

Oh wonderful patronage of Mary! Giving to one all science, to another all love, to another the entrance into Heaven on the day he himself selected, and again uniting them all as it were in another. Truly she is the Patroness of all ages and all nations.

Let us, then, place ourselves more intimately than ever under her patronage, and daily invoke

her in the touching and beautiful anthem of the Church, *Sub tuum*—"We fly to thy patronage O holy Mother of God! despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers, O ever glorious and Blessed Virgin!"

Our Lady of Babel.

"A statue of the Blessed Virgin has been erected on the authentic ruins of the Tower of Babel."—*AVE MARIA*, No. 17.

Yes, place it there—that statue fair
Of earth's most gracious Queen;
That, from afar, her guiding star
By all who come be seen!

Remove the mould, that rubbish old
Of nations dead and gone;
They dreamed in vain, to rear a fane
Enduring as the sun.

Bring mortar now, and rock, I trow,
Old granite hard as steel:
Our work shall last till time has passed,
And earth's foundations reel.

No foolish pride our hands doth guide,
As stone on stone is raised;
We work for love, our faith to prove
In Mary, Mother praised.

'Tis well, so far;—but not to mar
The beauty of this shrine,
Bring marble bright, of purest white,
The arching walls to line.
It's done. Ah, well your work shall tell
Of love to Mary mild,
When pilgrims meek come here to seek
The Mother and the Child.

Speak softly now, and breathe a vow,
While on this jeweled throne
We raise at last this charming cast
Of Mary and her Son.

'Twas here our race once met disgrace,
Because of foolish pride;
But since our Queen, although unseen,
Has chosen to abide

Upon this spot, we doubt it not
That blessings rich and rare
Will now be found to e'er abound
Within this shrine so fair.

And now, O Maid, before whom fade
The stars, and lilies blush:
Be pleased to hear, O Mother dear,
The vows that forth we gush.

Forever thine we'll be; incline
Unto our aid, O Mother;
And when we die, stand thou near by,
And show us Christ, our Brother.

Our Lady's Statue crowning the Ruins of Babel.

From *L'Echo de Notre Dame des Victoires* we translate from the Rev. Father Mary Joseph, Carmelite missionary, the following interesting letter concerning the statue of our Lady which his zeal prompted him to carry across the sandy deserts, from Bagdad to the site of the ruins of the Tower of Babel:

"AMARA, ON THE FRONTIERS OF PERSIA,
April 15, 1865.

"*Dear Associates:* My sojourn among you has left a remembrance that will never be effaced from my heart. I am far from you in body, but my spirit rests near you; and I have found strength and courage in your friendship and fervent prayers. I had promised to keep you *au courant* of the Madonna you gave me for the Tower of Babel. Your wish has been realized—she is there in the midst of the desert; on the summit of the Tower she reigns as Queen. By her noble and majestic attitude she seems to say to all who pass by—'I am the Lady of Victories. I am the strong woman who crushed the serpent's head; I am she from whom grace and benedictions flow to all nations.'

"If you remember, I told you last year that in returning to France I had crossed the desert in a right line from Bagdad to Damascus. I was obliged to pass through the wild Bedouins; and as they live entirely by rapine, my route was environed by constant danger. But, on my way back, prudence compelled me to follow the circuitous road of the caravans, as I did not wish to expose my companion to the dangers I had encountered. We descended the Tigris from Diarbekir to Moussoul and thence to Bagdad. This stream, so celebrated in the Holy Scriptures, has its source about seventy-five miles above Diarbekir, in the mountains of Armenia Minor. On its banks was built the ancient Nineveh. Mossoul has succeeded Nineveh, but the latter was of much greater dimensions than the modern city; her gigantic ruins cover an immense extent along the banks of the river.

"The mode of navigation on the Tigris is peculiar. Imagine rafts composed of goat-skin bottles, inflated with air and closely lashed together; on these bottles rough boards are thrown, and the raft is ready for the passengers. Some travelers, who like a little more comfort and care, erect a tent upon the boards, equally as simple and primitive in its design as the vessel itself. The art of navigating these rafts or *kalec* is not by any means complicated. They are abandoned, as it were, to the current of the stream. One oarsman directs the movement, in order to avoid the shoals and sand-bars. Such were the vessels which transported us to Bagdad. The voyage lasted sixteen days.

"The Christians of Bagdad had been informed of our anticipated return; and they were impatiently waiting for us. Many of them had come several miles up the river to escort us to the city, and as soon as they saw us they made known their joy by greetings and waving of handkerchiefs. We were forced to land, and walk with them to Bagdad. Soon the whole city was aware of our approach, and we were surrounded by a crowd of Christians of every rite. Laurence, our zealous sacristan, could not restrain his tears. After exchanging a few words with me, in the enthusiasm of his joy he ran to the convent to ring the bells. During this time, Mr. Peretie, of the French consularship, sent two of his janizaries to escort us

through the city to the door of our church. Our march through the streets and bazaars of Bagdad, accompanied by such crowds of Christians and the janizaries of the consul, resembled a veritable triumph, where joy shone upon every brow.

"After a few days repose I resumed my evening instructions on the Blessed Virgin. The account of my journey to France gave me the occasion to make them appreciate, by striking examples, how generous Mary exhibits herself to those who place their confidence in her. When I showed our Christians the statue given by the dear Associates of the Archconfraternity, they were delighted; and their astonishment was at its height when I informed them that it was to be placed upon the summit of the Tower of Babel. A novena was commenced for the happy success of my journey across the sands, and I started full of confidence. I had not many traveling companions; the greater part of my Christians wished to accompany me, but the difficulties of the route caused them to reflect twice before undertaking it. My only companions were Mr. Asfar, a rich merchant of Bagdad and one of our most devoted Christians, his son Gabriel, a youth of fifteen, and another of our Christians, named Vincent Mansour, who was resolved to accompany me in the capacity of a domestic. We had three guides, and several Turkish soldiers to protect our party.

"After two days of most fatiguing traveling we reached the little village of Hellah, situated on the shores of the Euphrates, on the site of the Babylon of old; it is built of the ruins of the ancient Queen of the East. We rested a day at Hellah, and purchased the articles we supposed would be necessary for the ascent of the Tower. Our purchase consisted of about one hundred and twenty-five yards of rope and several balls of twine. The next morning, mounting our mules, we left Hellah, and, after riding three hours, we were rejoiced at the view of the famous Tower. Its ruins form a little hill, from the centre of which rises a front of the wall which has resisted the destruction of time. It was on this remnant of the Tower that I placed the medal of my beads last year, and here I intended to place the statue of our Lady of Victories.

"We left our baggage at the bottom of the hill, for we could not reach the foot of the wall except by walking over these ruins, which was no very pleasant ascension. As soon as we reached it, my first care was to crawl along a crevice which time had made in the wall, in order to recover my medal. At first I could not find it, but after a little search I discovered it under a stone. I assure you I was happy to see it again; I could not restrain a cry of joy, and kissing it with love I offered to Mary a thousand thanks, for the visible marks of protection she had bestowed upon me while crossing the desert and during my sojourn in France.

"According to the programme I gave you in Paris, I offered the holy sacrifice of the Mass for you, my dear Associates, at the foot of the Tower, before placing on its summit the statue of Our Lady of Victories. I commenced to arrange

my little portable chapel upon the ruins, when I perceived that in my eagerness to recover my medal I had forgotten to bring the statue, which was still at the foot of the hill with the rest of our baggage. I begged Mansour to go for it, while I arranged the altar.

"Here let me relate an episode, which might have terminated in a very tragic manner for us, but which only served to convince us that our journey was visibly protected by the Blessed Virgin. The altar had been a long time finished, and still Mansour did not return. We were growing impatient, when we finally saw him, carrying the statue in his hands; but he was very pale, and trembling at every step. We saw at once that some accident must have happened to him. As soon as we took the statue, he fell to the ground almost insensible, and it was some minutes before he could give us any account of himself; then he said:

"I went down by the same path we came up. Just as I was passing the precipice, which the rains and time have formed in the hill, an enormous panther rushed upon me, and I know not how I am still living. Doubtless the Blessed Virgin, whose statue I was seeking, saved me by her protection. I was so frightened that I lost all consciousness, and when I came to my senses I found myself at the bottom of the chasm. Thank God, I was only slightly hurt; rousing myself I hastened to the place we had left the soldiers, to get the statue. When I told them what had happened, one of the guides seized his arms and returned with me; but thinking he saw the frightful animal, he ran back. I knew not whether to follow him or not; but I determined to come on, confiding in the protection of Mary, whose holy statue I carried."

"Mansour's tale frightened my two companions, who wished immediately to leave so dangerous a place. I succeeded in reanimating their courage by assuring them of the confidence we should have in the protection of the Blessed Virgin. Mass was then celebrated for all your intentions, dear Associates of the Archconfraternity. After the Holy Sacrifice we commenced preparations for the ascension.

"Last year I did not climb to the very summit of the wall. By the aid of the crevice which I mentioned above, I only ascended one third of the height. But now I was determined to reach the highest elevation, in order that the statue of Mary might preside over the entire desert. This was not a very easy affair.

"By the aid of a stone thrown by the vigorous arm of one of our soldiers, we succeeded in passing over the wall a cord, to which we attached the rope we had bought at Hellah; then we drew the rope so that an end on each side fell to the ground. This first operation was not without fatigue, and it was only after two hours labor we accomplished it. The next step was to mount the wall by means of the rope, which I had tied in loops for that purpose. My companions hoisted me up by drawing vigorously at the end on the opposite side. At the moment of attempting it, Mr. Asfar sought to dissuade me; the height of the

wall to be scaled frightened him; besides, while we were securing the rope, several large stones, capable of killing a man, had fallen from the top, and we observed that the rope had already become worn from being strained across the sharp sides of the stones. This last objection, I must confess, somewhat intimidated me, and the end showed our fears were not groundless; but after a long and friendly debate, I carried the point for the ascent. First I ornamented my head with an immense turban, to protect myself from the falling stones. Then, taking my little statue, I seized the rope and commenced climbing the wall, full of confidence in Mary. In two minutes I was standing erect on the summit, to the great joy of my companions. There, as I have already told you, I blessed, with the statue, the four points of the desert; then I sought the most suitable position for its pedestal. I placed it in such a manner that it can only be seen at a certain distance, and as it is very little in comparison with the great elevation of the Tower, you must know it is there, in order to distinguish it from the ruins. The Christian traveler, who knows this event, will be able to salute her from afar—Mary, upon the Tower of Babel—offering her his homage and imploring her powerful protection; while the dear little Virgin, hidden from view, will escape the injuries of the infidel, who knows nothing of the wonderful history.

"I must not pass in silence, a singular circumstance which occurred on the summit of the Tower. At the very time I was installing the Blessed Virgin on her new throne, I was assailed by an infinite number of little flies or insects, coming from I know not where. They soon formed such a complete cloud around me that I could scarcely see my companions at the foot of the wall, and they assured me that it was impossible to distinguish my features. I wished to remain kneeling some time on the Tower, at the feet of Our Lady of Babel, but these little monsters actually devoured my face and hands. I could see them coming from every quarter; they flew in serried ranks, like armies ranged for battle, and forced me to descend with all possible speed, so that I forgot to take the exact measure of the Tower, which to the present time has never been done. But, by means of the rope which aided my ascent, we were enabled to take an approximate measure.

"Let me give you another incident worthy of remark. When I commenced the ascension I felt the rope give, and I knew that it was frail support for the weight of my body; but my confidence in Mary and my great desire to realize my project induced me to brave the danger. I feel sure this good Mother sustained me with her powerful arm; for, after my descent, in drawing the rope over the wall it became entangled among the stones, and when we made a little effort to disengage it, it broke, and I exclaimed, in the gratitude of my heart: Glory to Mary, Queen of the desert! Glory to Our Lady of Victories!

"I must not forget to tell you that, before permanently placing the statue on the Tower, I raised it in the air, beseeching the august Virgin to re-

member that Our Lady of the Desert is the daughter of Our Lady of Victories, and besought her to realize it here, as in Paris, by numerous prodigies of mercy. At this moment, as I before observed, I was surrounded with little flies. 'O Lady of the Desert,' I exclaimed, 'give me for thy Son as many souls as there are insects around me.' After this prayer, I placed the little Virgin upon the pedestal I had prepared for her, with her face turned toward the Subahs, those disciples of Saint John Baptist of whom I spoke to you when in Paris last year. It is from the midst of these dear people I now write to you. I left Bagdad, my habitual residence, a few weeks ago, for this mission. In a day or two I shall go to Naouazet, a distance of two days journey from Amara, where the grand chief of the Subahs resides.

"Pious associates of the Archconfraternity, let me recommend to your fervent prayers the conversion of the Subahs. I am full of confidence in Mary and in your prayers, and I hope one day to have glorious triumphs to relate to you, of which may all glory be rendered in advance to Our Lady of Victories and Our Lady of the Tower of Babel. FATHER MARY MISSIONARY OF JESUS,

"Barefooted Carmelite, Ap. Missionary of Bagdad."

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 10.—The Severed Hand.

It was the hour before dawn. Three men walked in silence across the public square of Damascus. Two of the number carried a square post; the other followed them with a pickaxe and shovel, thrown carelessly over his shoulders. A heavy hammer stuck in his girdle, and from his left arm dangled a leathern bag containing a handful of nails.

They stopped on reaching the middle of the square, and, throwing the post upon the ground, commenced digging a hole in the earth. After a quarter of an hour of what seemed hard work from their heavy breathing and the drops of perspiration on their brows, they stopped, and, leaning on their tools, one spoke to the other, who seemed to be the leader:

"It is no use to dig the hole so deep; there is no wind, and the post will stand straight without any difficulty until sunset."

As no objection was made, they slid the post into the hole prepared for it, and while one sustained it the others threw in the earth, pressed it closely down, and then piled stones around it to make it firm. The chief struck it with his pick and then with both hands in order to test its solidity.

"An ox might be nailed to it; so there is not much danger that it will not hold a single hand."

"Well, we must admit we gained our sequin without much hard work."

"That is true, good master; and I think you have the most profitable trade in the whole city."

"Well, yes, formerly it was; but now I have too much to do. Besides, the justice of the Caliph makes use of no other weapon these days past than the cimeter; and although I can boast of

being the most skillful executioner in the whole empire, yet I cannot keep the blood from flowing when I cut off a head, and it is wonderful how it spoils one's clothes. I can't sell them for even half their value. If I only knew how to write, I would address a petition to the Caliph, begging him to re-establish the use of the cross, or even the rope."

While speaking, he drew from the leathern satchel attached to his girdle a bloody hand, which he firmly nailed to the post.

Day was just dawning when they separated. The inhabitants of the city, passing to their morning avocations, perceived the new gibbet; but not seeing a body hanging from it, as was usually the case, they approached it, and looking at each other with horror, asked in low tones—

"Whose hand can that be?"

The spots of blood that stained it in several places only the more clearly displayed its extraordinary whiteness. The nail had been driven through the centre of the palm, but this posthumous torture had not crisped nor contracted the cold flesh that death had already stiffened. The severed veins had carried off all the blood it had once contained; the bones stood out, clearly defined, from the dry and withered flesh, the nerves were unstrung, and the nails had assumed a pale greenish hue. A rare fine down was barely perceptible upon the long and beautifully formed fingers. Manual labor had never deformed its symmetry nor hardened its softness; it bore no trace of toil nor scar of war; around the third finger the trace of a ring was apparent, the jewel itself having probably been torn from it by the cupidity of the executioner. This hand assuredly belonged to no mechanic or plebeian. It could have only belonged to a dignitary of high degree; one who had lived in repose and luxury. Such were the remarks made aloud by all, and again they asked each other—

"Whose hand can it possibly be?"

Some said, "It must be the hand of the chief eunuch, who, perchance, has rashly opened the door of the seraglio for some one who had no right to enter."

Others thought that it must belong to some Vizier, who had betrayed the secrets of the divan.

"Ah," replied another, "did you not hear that a messenger from the Emperor of Constantinople arrived last night? Perhaps the language he used was too insolent, and the glorious Caliph had him chastised on the spot."

Many others affirmed that they had seen the herald.

"Poor man," exclaimed several, in tones of compassion; "he only repeated the words of his master."

"This hand," exclaimed a new-comer, "is the hand of the Christian Vizier, John. I have just heard so from his own domestics."

"The Christian John! Woe unto us, if what thou sayest be true! John, the father and the nurse of the poor, and the defender of the true faith!"

"Ah, yes; and he sought for the ruin of Islam, and entered into a conspiracy to deliver up our city to the Greeks."

The poor man who had undertaken John's defence checked a sigh, and merely replied:

"What! he deliver the city into the hands of the Isaurian,—against whom he has battled in all his learned writings? Alas for the Christians who respect and revere holy images: the dominion of the prince of believers has been more lenient to them than that of the Iconoclast Emperor. Wherefore, then, could come the idle tale that the saintly Vizier could concert treason with this great enemy of his faith?" * * *

Leo the Isaurian then occupied the throne of Constantinople. An ardent fanatic in the Iconoclastic heresy, he used every means to obtain its success. An avowed enemy of Christian art, he placed his glory, not in the winning of battles nor in the raising of monuments, but in the destruction of images and statues. Instead of checking the advancing Saracen, he overthrew the marble shrines of the saints; and instead of the titles of "victor" and "conqueror," which are the ambition of most princes, he has merited from posterity no other surname than that of "image-breaker." One voice alone embittered the pride of his sacrilegious laurels; it was the voice of Saint John Damascene, crying out, from the midst of infidels, in defence of the ancestral faith and the constant traditions of the primitive Church.

John was not a Bishop; but in those ages, when the care of salvation predominated over all other cares, laymen themselves studied the sacred sciences; and John, who had been brought up by a learned Italian monk, named Cosmas, wrote several letters to preserve the faithful in the true doctrine, and composed works which have been handed down to us, in favor of the worship and honor and respect which the Church on earth owes and gives to the Church in Heaven. These books, full of correct reasoning and profound knowledge, gave a formidable blow to heresy, and above all, irritated the Emperor Leo, who had made himself its protector and champion.

Leo, overcome with shame and spite, could not refute the reasoning of the pious writer, and thought only of revenge. But John was beyond his reach. Born of a Christian family, whose riches, antiquity, and fame gave it the first rank in the city of Damascus, he found that his friendship was sought by the Caliph. After a long resistance he had yielded to the entreaties of the Saracen, that he might the better protect the small number of Christians whom the disciples of Mahomet had spared. Summoned to the council of the Prince, his virtues, his riches, his talents, in a short time gained for him pre-eminence. His fame but increased under the shadow of the Caliph's favor, and he seemed above the violence of the storms of fortune when an infernal plot suddenly plunged him into the depths of disgrace.

The Isaurian, continually meditating revenge upon the faithful who had taken up the pen against his heresy, was not ashamed to have recourse to a most infamous scheme, worthy of the vilest of reprobates. He had among his courtiers a scrivener, remarkably skillful in counterfeiting every kind of handwriting. Leo sent for him,

and showing him a long letter from John of Damascus, said to him: "Hast thou really the skill of which thou boastest, and canst thou imitate this handwriting?"

"Nothing is easier," answered the counterfeiter, after having examined the papyrus. The hand is firm, neat and free, and almost all the characters of the alphabet are here. Is it a codicil or a will that is to be made? I will answer for it that the writer of this page will mistrust his own self."

"I want neither a codicil nor a will, but a letter that I will dictate to you."

This letter was composed as if John, turning against the Caliph the authority he held from him, proposed to the Emperor Leo to deliver up to him the city of Damascus, on condition that he sent an army to drive out the Saracens. Whilst the counterfeiter transcribed this master-piece of lying, the Emperor impatiently bent over him, and followed the progress of the work. When the scribe had finished, Leo took the papyrus. The imitation was so perfect that he could not restrain an exclamation of satisfaction, and he doubted not of the success of his knavery. Then he composed and wrote with his own hand a wicked letter to the Caliph. He pretended to be indignant at John's black ingratitude to one from whom he had received such favors, and he denounced a treason of which honor and justice forbade him to take advantage. He inveighed in strong terms against the treachery of the minister, and with well feigned horror scorned to take advantage of it. (To be continued.)

SERAPHINE.

[Continued.]

But her penance hardly half was o'er,
When she heard behind her, near the door,
A sound so low it scarce was a sigh,
And a fainter footfall on the floor!
She glanced around—what doth she espy,
To change her mien from meek to wild?

There shines the shape of a little child,
With a strange light gleaming in his eye—
He seems not more than five summers old;
And never a fairer visage smiled,
Enringed with locks of a richer gold.
His raiment, a single robe of white,
Falls down no lower than his knees,
With jewels bedight that beam so bright,
The lamp looks dim compared to these!
Though beautiful his face and hair,
They have a quaintly foreign air;
And his garments smell of perfumed trees,
That bloom beyond the Indian seas!
Strange is his aspect, strange his dress;
And stranger still his wealth of dress,
Like a woman's in its loveliness!
While every wavy, wandering curl
Is decked with a wreath inclosing a pearl,
Glittering and glowing amid his hair,
As if hidden moonbeams nestled there!
The sign of the cross the maiden makes,
As a startled backward step she takes.
"Queen of the angels! befriend me now!"
She falters; "and whence, and who art thou?"

"I come from a clime across the main,"
He said in a voice so sad and sweet,
That it seemed like a song of the summer rain,
Or the chime of a music-murmuring brain,
When the seraphs of sleep in their concert meet!
"Warned by a wond'rous dream I come,
Stealing away from a royal home,
Far in the East where the sun first shines,
Tipping the tops of Asian pines
With a splendor that turns the dew on their stems
To a radiant rain of dripping gems;
I come to travel with thee to the shrines
Of the holy ones near a Hebrew sea,
For thus the angel of dreams bade me!" [look,
"Wilt thou swear it?" she asked with a wildered
And her heart with a sudden tremor shook;
"Wilt thou swear it upon this blessed book?"
"I may not swear," was the quick reply,
"But I tell thee a token thou canst not deny—
The cruel penance thou doest here,
Eight summers ago did first begin,
On the dreary night of a dreadful year;
I will not mention the deed of fear!
But thou mournest for a mother's sin,
And prayest the angels to let her in!
And it is thy purpose anon to flee,
And journey by land and journey by sea,
To the holy shrines of Palestine;
Let me thy fellow-traveler be,
Since such is the will of the Heavenly Queen!"
"So let it be," said Seraphine;
"It is well—and I will go with thee!"

Then the costly jewels and gauds she tore
From her person, and strewed them along the floor,
Crying, "Off—off! I shall need you no more;
Ye tinsel trinkets of folly and pride,
Befitting the grace of an earthly bride,
Yet unmeet for one who must wed with Him
That reigns o'er the star-eyed Seraphim!"
But the iron scourge to her lips she pressed,
And hid it with care beneath her vest!

They passed from the castle, the maid and the boy,
From the garden too by a private gate;
Her heart was full of a nameless joy
To think she had flown from the fearful fate,
Which the morrow to her would have surely brought
In that bridal abhorred by her every thought!

They wandered on through the woods afar,
And a heavy dew on their garments lay;
Until they knew by a rising star,
That it lacked but an hour more of day.
Then a sudden terror seized the child,
And he shrieked, "There's a demon in the way!"
His lips grew pallid, his looks were wild,
But not another word would he say
Than this—"There's a demon in the way!"
I hear the bell that tolls in hell,
And we shall be the demon's prey!"

Aloud the maiden prayed,
"Queen of the Angels! be our aid!"
And she took the pale boy by the hand;
But it seared her flesh like a flaming brand!
Alas—alas, for the maiden good!
For the fire passed into her blood!

And flushed her face with a purple flood,
And flashed like lightning through her brain;
And there alone with the boy in the wood,
She saw such a horrible, howling brood
Of phantoms, as never cursed one so good
Before; nor will again!

"Ha! ha! thou art mine!" exclaimed the boy,
And his eyes shot lurid sparks of joy!

"Ha! ha! thou art mine
In shadow and shine,
For joy or woe,
Above and below,
While planets shine,
Or waters flow
To the bitter brine!
I hear the bell
That tolls in hell,

And it says thou art forever mine!
Thou art mine by the brand of the burning hand!
Come away—away, to our palace grand!"

Swifter than soaring eagles skim
The sky, they both began to move
O'er cliff and chasm, o'er glade and grove—
She could not choose but follow him!
Above the pines of the Apennines,
Over the scalps of the hoary Alps,

Across the ocean,
With furious motion,

And afar to the sand of a desert land,
They flew—she drawn by the burning hand!
Until they paused on a lonely shore
Which foot had seldom pressed before,
Where they heard a sullen billow roar;
And he knocked at the door of a palace grand!

The door no echo gave to the rap,
But anon with the sound of a thunder-clap,
It opened to let the wanderers in,
And closed behind them with a din
Of harsh explosion, cruel, accurst,
As if a thousand cannon had burst!

Ha! what a vision is this in the hall!
It seems like a royal festival;
Where the actors that move in the gorgeousscenes,
Are groups of Eastern kings and queens!

They all are arrayed in robes of silk
As white as the cream of morning milk,
But flowing loosely and unconfined,
With a length of train that sweeps behind,
But rustleth not to the stately shake
Of steps which never an echo wake!

They march in parties of three by three,
Around the hall, though so silently,
That the sound of a pin-fall might be heard,
From the place of impinging, some rods away;
For they speak not—whisper not even—a word,
But converse with their eyes—large, luminous eyes,
That burn with a quick intermittent ray,
Pulsing with light which flashes and flies—
The light of a dream that within them lies!

Beautiful!—beautiful to behold,
Is the wealth of tress down their shoulders rolled,
Like the curling clouds of a sunset's gold!
But their faces are pallid—as pallid quite
As the cheek of a corpse, before the blight
Of decay hath blasted all grace to the sight

Of friends who still cling to the image fair
Of their love—loth to credit the truth of despair,
That the light of their life shall be nevermore there!

As the boy and the maiden emerged thro' the door,
All the parties delayed their march round the floor,
And hailed them with bows of polite courtesy
Meet for king and his queen of the highest degree;
And then resumed their unceasing tread
Of that movement as noiseless as sleep of the dead!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Weekly Chronicle.

*Consecration of the Right Rev. Bishop of Albany—
Feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lady in
Rome—Commemoration of Castelfidardo Martyrs
—Funeral Service for the Repose of the Soul of
Gen. Lamoriciere.*

On Sunday, October 15, the city of Albany, for the first time in its history, was the scene of the consecration of a Prelate of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, in the person of the Right Rev. John J. Conroy, late Administrator of the Diocese. It will be remembered that the Most Rev. Archbishop was translated from the Diocese of Albany to the Metropolitan See of New York, made vacant by the death of Archbishop Hughes, leaving Albany without a Bishop. This want has now been filled by the consecration of the late Bishop's late Vicar General. The Bulls for Bishop Conroy's consecration arrived some time ago, and, on Sunday, October 15, he was raised to the dignity of a Prelate of the Church, with all the splendor and solemnity of the Roman Ritual.

Long before the hour appointed for the impressive ceremonies to commence, the magnificent Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception was crowded to its utmost capacity. Not only did Albany and Troy contribute their quotas to fill this immense building, but New York city and the towns of Western New York furnished their share, to witness, for the first time, a Bishop consecrated within its walls.

There were two Archbishops, thirteen Bishops, and nearly two hundred Priests assisting at the ceremonies.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

We trust that the eloquent sermon preached on the occasion, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, will be widely circulated and read by Catholics for edification, and by Protestants for instruction.

Our limits confine us to the exordium and peroration of this admirable discourse:

"The splendor and significance of this day's ceremonial permit not the thought of the Christian mind to be limited by the horizon of earth, or time. They lift the soul from the hierarchy of the Church to the hierarchy of Heaven, where the angelic hosts, from lowest to highest circles, surround the Eternal throne; and to the firmament, the pavement, so to speak, of the Celestial Court, where God hath placed the greater and the lesser lights, and star differing from star in brightness, but all illustrating the Divine magnificence, and obedient each, in its place and sphere, to the order which the all-wise Creator originally established. So is it in the Church, which is made

after the pattern of Heavenly things, for the Author of both is the same.

"The Pope, or Bishop of Rome, is Supreme Ruler of God's Kingdom on earth. Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, Priests, of various grades, Deacons, Sub-deacons, Acolyths, Exorcists, Lectors, Ostiarii, Clerics, encompass the Apostolic Chair and Altar, and unite in their appropriate functions in rendering to the Sovereign Majesty of Jehovah the sublime worship by which alone He can be worthily glorified. * * * This is the faith, Right Rev. Father, which you have all your life professed, and this day solemnly sworn to teach. * * * Of the virtues required of thee, thou hast illustrious examples in the order to which thou art now exalted. * * * Nor need we look to foreign lands and former ages for models of episcopal sanctity. Thank God we have had them in the young American Church. Thirty-five of our deceased Prelates are, I trust, at this moment looking down approvingly, from their bright thrones above, on this august assemblage. We can say, in the language of Ecclesiasticus, that through them the Lord hath wrought great glory from the beginning. Men of great power and wisdom, who ruled over the present people and instructed them in most holy words. Men of mercy, whose godly deeds have not failed. Their children for their sakes remain. Their seed and their glory shall not be forsaken forever. Their bodies are buried in peace, and their name liveth unto generation and generation. As Paul was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, you were, Right Rev. Father, like your venerated and beloved Metropolitan, imbued with the spirit of Christian and sacerdotal piety in a school founded by some of these saintly teachers. You are an alumnus, and after seven years of study, a graduate of Mount St. Mary's, which they created in a wilderness. There they struck, with a rod, like that of Moses, the rock whence streams of grace have flowed to many, even distant, portions of the immense territory of the United States. From them you learned to fear no contradiction, to be arrested by no obstacles, to spare no anxieties in building one of the noblest temples to religion in this free land, where the voluntary principle, guided by her most worthy ministers, has achieved such wonders. And still more beautiful are the temples which you have dedicated in the souls of men, sanctified by your faithful, zealous, prudent ministry of three and twenty years. It was while you were thus engaged, that the voice of the Apostle was heard by the prelates of this ecclesiastical province: "Let the priest who presides well, be reputed worthy of double honor. (Tim., v, 57.) They unanimously presented you to the Holy Father for Bishop of this fair See of Albany. Therefore has the Vicar of Christ commanded that the mitre should be placed on your anointed head, the crozier in your hand, the ring on your finger; and your name henceforth and forever enrolled among those who, in the episcopal order, have served God faithfully from the beginning, and won for themselves a deathless name on earth, and an unfading crown of glory in Heaven.

FEAST OF THE NATIVITY OF OUR BLESSED LADY.—On the 8th of September, the Festival of the Nativity of the Glorious Mother of God, a Papal Chapel was held in Saint Mary's del Popolo, Rome. His Eminence, Cardinal Sacconi, Titular of that church, officiated pontifically at the Mass in presence of the Sacred College and of the several Colleges of the Prelature. In the evening, as on the eve, a great number of houses were illuminated in honor of the Queen of Heaven, as also most of the images of the Blessed Virgin exposed in the streets, according to the ancient custom of the Roman people. The churches dedicated to God under the title of the Mother of God, were crowded by the faithful during the exercises of the Novena preceding the day of the feast.

This week Rome has been chiefly employed in honoring and commemorating, with due Catholic charity, her brave defenders, who continue so well the tradition of those Roman soldiers of old from whose ranks came the greatest number of the martyrs and saints of the Church. On September 18, at 10 a. m., the anniversary service for the victims of Piedmontese treachery at Castelfidardo, took place in the great church of San Carlo, at the Corso. A detachment of each corps of the Papal army, and a large number of officers, were present at this devout and compassionate memento of their faithful comrades.

The approaches of the ancient church of the Ara Celi, on the Capitol, was crowded by ecclesiastical and military dignitaries of all ranks, and an immense number of citizens, who came to be present at the funeral service celebrated there for the repose of the soul of the great Lamoriciere. An admirable order of the day from Mgr. de Merode, as Minister of Arms, had announced to the Papal troops the death of their Commander-in-Chief, "illustrations among the generals of the age by his valor, his virtue, and his spotless reputation," who was "struck, but not surprised by death." It was a wonderful sight to behold the one hundred and twenty-four marble steps which lead from the piazza to the entrance of that wonderful old basilica of the Ara Celi, lined on both sides by the former soldiers of the great Catholic champion, who had been especially selected to represent each corps on that sad but consoling occasion. As the veiled standard of each battalion was carried up this long ascent, preceded by its band, and escorted by some of its soldiers, I could not but think of those words of the psalm, "*Latus sum*"—"Ille enim ascenderunt tribus Domini, testimonium Israel ad confitendum nomini Domini." Well might the inscription on the church front assert that Lamoriciere's glorious defeat in the defence of the rights of the Holy See had won for him a nobler name than his previous triumphs. The General's telling motto, "*Spes mea Deus*," was repeated throughout the black and gold hangings inside the church around his bier, which was laid down on the pavement itself of the church, as is the custom of Rome for her Princes.—*Mon. Tablet.*

It is vanity to seek after riches which must perish, and to trust in them.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Intercourse Between the Two Worlds.

(Continued.)

It exhorted her never to tell a falsehood; for, it continued, even the slightest are punished in Purgatory.

On Monday morning, the twelfth day since its first appearance, it came to the chapel again at the hour for Mass. Mary said to it—"My confessor bids me ask if you are delivered from the flames of Purgatory, and also if you will consent to an interview with the Jesuit Fathers?"

She replied—"I am not entirely delivered, but my suffering is now comparatively trifling; and if God so ordains, I shall willingly appear before the Jesuit Fathers." With these words it arose, advanced toward the sanctuary, and, kneeling, adored the Sacred Host, which the priest at that moment elevated; then she returned to the young girl, and said—"I must go to Cherb-Clausen. They are saying Mass for me there at this moment." As it disappeared, Mary's confessor arrived for the purpose of saying his Mass. He had intended to question the spirit, and interpreted unfavorably its departure at the moment of his entrance. He was almost certain that the promised Masses had been said the preceding Saturday, and this increased his unfavorable opinion. But it was ascertained that the spirit had spoken the truth, for the messenger returned that evening from Cherb-Clausen, saying that only two Masses had been offered on Saturday, on account of the greater part of the Religious being absent at the vintage, and the third Mass had in reality been postponed until Monday.

On Tuesday morning, as Mary entered the chapel, she was met at the door by the apparition, who came forward, with extended arms, as if it would embrace her. Its face shone with such extraordinary brilliancy that the eyes of the young girl were dazzled, and, in speaking of the change, she compared it to the difference of the firmament when covered with clouds, and the same sky when pure and serene. The apparition followed Mary into the chapel, and, after renewing its thanks, continued—"Now I am free from all torments; the Mass yesterday morning accomplished my deliverance. I now wait in the vestibule of Heaven, for I am not yet worthy to penetrate into the abode of bliss—and the reason is, that during life I did not desire with sufficient ardor to see the Face of God. He has determined the time of my sojourn. You will see me again a short time before I leave it, and also on the day of my entrance into Heaven.

It recommended the young girl not to make vows imprudently, nor without the determination to accomplish them, adding that the three Masses it had promised and afterwards neglected had been the cause of its long sojourn in Purgatory. It exhorted her to have great devotion to the Blessed Virgin; three times the *Ave Maria* recited daily would obtain for her the aid of Mary at the hour of death. In conclusion, it informed her

that its angel guardian had inspired all it ever said during their supernatural intercourse, and had daily interceded for it before God. At the elevation of the Sacred Host it approached the altar, and remained until the end of Mass, in a posture of profound adoration. Then, approaching Mary, it begged her to hasten by her prayers the time of its present probation. Saluting her, it arose in the air and vanished through a side window.

Some days afterward, Mary, being somewhat indisposed, the almost natural consequence of the exciting days through which she had passed, was rather negligent in offering her prayers for her client. She distinctly heard its voice saying, "I am forced to return, because you have become negligent at your prayers. You begin to neglect me: of this I am informed by my angel guardian. Oh I beseech you to redouble your fervor, in order that I may soon enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Mary affirmed she had never heard a prayer to equal in fervor the one that accompanied these words.

In the afternoon of the twenty-eighth of November, while Mary was saying her beads, she suddenly felt a heavy weight on her right shoulder. "Jesus, Mary!" she exclaimed, and the voice replied, "Have I not already warned you not to pronounce lightly the Holy Name of our Saviour?" She continued, "God has permitted me to return, and I shall not cease to importune you until my probation is finished. Every good work, of whatever nature it be, that is offered for my intention will be to me a great relief." And when Mary commenced saying five times the *Pater* and *Ave*, with her arms extended, she felt that some one behind supported her arms, as though to spare her all fatigue.

It would be too tedious to detail all its visits, we shall therefore content ourselves with noticing the principal ones.

On the first of December it returned several times during the day, so that the old doubts and apprehensions were renewed in the Institution. Mary commanded it in the name of God to retire, and reproached its importunity.

"God sends me," replied the apparition; "notwithstanding, I shall obey you by retiring, yet I shall soon return."

On another occasion she again reproached it for its frequent visits, saying: "They cease not, day or night; neither in church nor out of church. Many persons are displeased at these proceedings; it seems to them that under all this there must be some workings of the spirit of darkness."

"I know all they say," was the reply. "I know, far better than you do, the many foolish things that are said of me. Nevertheless, in all I do I act by the order of God; neither I nor any one in the world can curb His will. I admit I seem importunate, but a day will come when you will receive great consolation in exchange for all I now cost you, if not in this world certainly in the next; and in the hour of your agony, you may count upon my assistance." It also exhorted her to medi-

tate frequently on the sorrowful and glorious mysteries of the life of the Blessed Virgin and on the five wounds of our Saviour, and concluded by saying that the time of its remaining in the vestibule of Heaven had at first been fixed for eight months and a week, but the prayers and Masses of the preceding days had greatly shortened the term.

At one of its visits it told Mary that during life it had vowed to make barefooted a pilgrimage to Saint Matthias', near Treves, to remain there three days, and have Mass celebrated on those days. This vow had been made thoughtlessly and without any motive, and had never been accomplished, and from the punishment due the non-fulfillment it had been released by the Communion of the pupils. It continued: "If they had not prayed for me, you, Mary, would have been charged to acquit it. Would you have consented to make the pilgrimage?"

On her reply in the affirmative, the apparition pressed her arm affectionately, saying—"You are indeed a true friend; do not fear that I will ever forget you. When in God's presence, I shall testify my gratitude to you and all others who at this time give me proofs of their charity. Pay great attention to all I tell you, neither adding nor retrenching; for one day you and many others will draw great profit from it."

According to the advice of her confessor, Mary asked the apparition if God would not permit it to be seen by others in order to convince the incredulous?

"God will never permit it," was the reply.

Henceforth the visits of the apparition were renewed every day. On one occasion it told Mary to have great zeal in aiding the souls in Purgatory, and to regard the work as one of the best she could perform; on another it rebuked her sharply for lightly pronouncing the name of God. Again it told her to cherish a lively and most tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to frequently invoke her aid for the poor suffering souls. Mary's confessor carefully collected, day by day, all the facts as they occurred. He asked Mary to ascertain from the apparition if any error had slipped into the narrative; it replied, "I was near him when he noted them, and if there had been any errors I should have warned you of them."

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, it exhibited the signs of most lively joy in all its movements. It was seen going and coming, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; its every movement betraying the ardent desire which pressed it to fly to the abode of bliss. At one time it was seen descending rapidly through the air, and the rays of light which environed it were so brilliant that Mary in a measure was blinded by them, so that she could not distinguish the persons in the room. When the other children were informed of this beautiful sight, they artlessly exhibited their joy and desire to see it. "Where is she? where is she?" they cried. Mary pointed to the spot, and they ran with outstretched arms, as if to touch and clasp the spirit, which vanished only to return slowly and majestically.

Mary's confessor judged from these visits that the moment of its final departure approached; he therefore suggested to Mary to speak as follows on its next appearance: First, to thank it, and its angel guardian, for all the joyful visits and salutary advice it had given her, and to beseech it to adore God in Heaven in her name, and in the names of all who had aided it, by their prayers and good works, and to salute the Blessed Virgin Mary for them. Second, to ask (if it be permitted man to know) what is the vestibule of Heaven, where it is situated, and if it contains a great many souls? Third, to beseech it to appear to some other person, in order to give more weight to this mysterious history, and to procure by this means the conversion of a greater number of souls. Fourth, to ask it in punishment for what crimes God permitted His Church to be afflicted by such heavy trials. (The confessor thought it might obtain information on this point from its angel guardian.) Finally, to beseech it to discover to her whatever else it might be useful for her to know for the salvation of others.

These points were carefully written down, and on its next visit Mary made them known to it. To the first it replied: "It is rather my place to return you a thousand thanks; I owe you a great debt of gratitude, for your prayers have delivered me from two very cruel torments." Here it made a profound inclination, and continued: "By the help of your prayers, I was released from Purgatory, and now I am on the point of leaving the vestibule of Heaven. I had still a long time to pass in this place, if God by a special favor had not permitted me to return to this world and obtain your assistance. When before the throne of God, I shall not forget all I owe you. I shall also remember your father and mother, as well as all others who have even devoutly recited a *Patet* and *Ave* for me."

To the second, it replied: "It is not permitted for me to say, nor for you to know, what is the vestibule of Heaven, nor where it is situated. All I can say is, that the only pain there suffered is privation of the sight of God. This privation is a sharp torment. Many souls are in this place, and they cease not to implore the Divine mercy to admit them into His presence."

To the third, it answered: "For a long time I have felt a great desire to show myself to some other persons, or at least to give them some sign of my presence; I have often asked this grace from my guardian angel, who submitted the request to God, but as yet it has not been granted. I know all that has been said and thought of me; I am aware that a great many regard me as a spirit of darkness: the intelligence of man is feeble and inclined to suspect evil. While I now speak, my guardian angel is at my side, and I say nothing but what he suggests; of myself I have not the power to say a word."

We must here note that the request addressed to God, through the guardian angel, was partly granted; for the two following days the voice of the spirit was heard by several of the pupils.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AVE MARIA.

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WORSHIP OF SAINTS.

The worship of God in His works, therefore in His Saints, is the worship of God Himself, and is distinguishable from the *Cultus Sanctorum*, or worship, not of God in His Saints, but of the Saints themselves, practiced by Catholics and authorized by the Church,—the worship which Protestants object to as idolatry, pretending that it gives to the creature the homage that is due to the Creator. The objection would be valid, if we offered to the Saint the supreme religious worship which we offer to God in the Saint, or if we worshiped them as God. This, however, is not the fact, as has already been asserted, and as will more fully appear in its place. It suffices here to show that the creature, especially the Saint, has worth deserving of honor or worship.

The basis of the worship of Saints is the fact that they have real worth, and worth, wherever it is found, deserves to be recognized and honored, and to recognize and to honor worth is to worship. The question as to the propriety of Saint-worship resolves itself therefore into the question as to personal worth or merit of the Saint. Has the Saint so far a hand in his sanctity or worth that it may be called his? The question so stated tells us at once why these sectarians who deny free will, or assert irresistible grace, make man purely passive not personally active in the work of sanctification, must, to be consistent with themselves, reject all Saint-worship as idolatry, or as giving to the creature what is due to God alone.

To resolve the question fully we must revert again to the creative act of God. The vital importance of the primal fact that God is creator of Heaven and earth, and all things therein, visible and invisible, is not sufficiently felt even by many who call themselves Christians, and perhaps nothing is better fitted to keep it fresh in the memory, and to impress it deeply on the heart, than this very practice of Saint-worship, so often objected to as tending to obscure it, for in losing sight of the ability of the creature to act and merit, we lose sight of the creation itself, and fall, consciously or unconsciously, into Pantheism.

It is not unworthy of remark here, that the principal thing that distinguished the Israelitish people from the surrounding nations, was precisely the assertion of God as the creator of every thing that exists as in any sense distinguishable from Himself. The Gentiles never wholly lost sight of the Unity of God, and underlying and hovering over all ancient mythologies is the great truth of the

Divine Unity; but all nations except the Israelites had lost the tradition of creation. Even in Plato and Aristotle, the noblest representatives of Gentile wisdom, you find no trace of it. The great Gentile apostasy was not primarily in denying the Unity of God, as so many suppose, but in denying His creative act. Hence Moses begins the *Genesis*, by asserting God as creator, and he tells his people, the literal truth, that there is no nation so great, whose gods are so nigh them as their God is to their petitions. The gods the Heathen worshiped were not creators, nor held to be such.

The modern apostasy is, at bottom, the same with the ancient Gentile apostasy. Its essential denial is the denial of creation, which is the essence of Pantheism, as that of Atheism is the denial of God not only as creator, but as being. There can be no doubt, to the philosophic mind, that the germs of the Pantheistic denial were contained from the first in what are called the Doctrines of the Reformation, especially in the doctrine of the Reformers regarding grace, free will, and human merit. For my part, I am more struck with Luther's bad philosophy than I am with his bad theology, and it is some relief to find that so wretched a philosopher held the Scholastics as well as the Councils of the Church in contempt. Protestantism is to-day little else than a tradition or a prejudice, but in its original and essential character, it involved the denial of all second causes, at least in the order of Grace, and hence we find the really thinking men among Protestants either tending to return to the Church, or pushing on towards the Pantheism to which all heresy in every age or nation inevitably tends.

It is therefore of the greatest importance to the cause of truth, sound theology and philosophy, that we revive and keep fresh in our minds and hearts the first verse of *Genesis*, and the first article of the CREED.

I have defended the worship of God in His works by showing that He remains as first cause in them, and that they exist only as they participate through His creative act, of His being. All worship, all religion is founded in the relation which subsists by virtue of this creative act between God and His creatures. Religion is the bond between man and God, that which binds man to God, and there is no bond but the creative act of which the worship of God is the recognition. Deny that bond and religion would have no real basis, and worship would have no reason in the nature of things, but would be artificial, arbitrary and false.

But the *immanence* of God in His works as their first cause is not the only fact taught us by the creative act; nor is the fact that God in His works is the one living, eternal, and immutable God the only thing it imports us to consider. We learn, indeed, thus far, that God is nigh unto every one of us, and that it is in Him that we live, and move, and have our being; but, if we consider it well, we learn also that we do live and move, do really and truly exist in Him. God creates us, but He creates us real, substantial existences, inseparable but distinct from Himself, not indeed independent existences, when once created of sufficiency for ourselves, as Epicureans, Deists, and not a few modern *savans*, who exclude God from the world, and disconnect Providence from the creative act, absurdly maintain, but still real substantial existences, which, as upheld by Him, are capable of acting from our own centre as second causes, or in the order of second causes capable of copying or imitating His creative act, and producing effects of our own.

All created things, from the highest to the lowest, are active, and really exist only so far as active. There is no absolute passivity in nature. Whatever is purely passive is null. God, say the theologians, is most pure act, *Actus purissimus*; He is act in His very essence, and nothing exists save in so far as through the creative act it participates of His essence. All that exists, even what we call brute matter, is essentially active, instinct with life, and, in the order and degree of its life, resembles or represents the living and eternal God. All that exists, then, is worthy of honor as resembling or representing God, the object of supreme worship—of honor, not as God, but as bearing in some sense and degree the likeness of God—as we treat with respect the image or picture of a dear and honored friend. All creatures, in that they in their several manners represent or resemble God, have a certain worth and are entitled to some degree of worship. Even the lower creation is not wholly ignoble or worthless, and, if made to be subservient to man, he is to use it with thankfulness, and not abuse it.

The forms and degrees of life and activity are different in the different orders of creation. Some creatures are simply activities, and manifest their activity only by way of resistance to the activity of others. Some act blindly, as minerals and plants that grow, the water that flows, the winds that blow, the lightning that rends the oak, the storms that sweep over the land, rouse up the ocean, and lash its waves to fury. These act to an end which they see not, and will not, and move by what are called physical laws; others from instinct as men say to hide their ignorance, but as we may say, from simple intelligence, to an end, *ad finem*, as, at least, the higher classes of animals; and others still, including man and all existences above him, if such there are, act not only from intelligence, but also from reason, for the sake of the end, *propter finem*, not merely *ad finem*.

The characteristic of man, or that which distinguishes him from the mere animal, I take it, is

reason, not simply intelligence, for I am unable to deny every degree and form of intelligence to such animals, for instance, as the dog, the horse, or the elephant, to say nothing of the beaver, the rat, the bee, and the ant. The scholastics and the theologians generally define man to be a "rational animal," animal *plus* reason. Reason is the moral faculty and includes both intellect and will, sees and wills the end, and acts freely for it. The characteristic of man is not, I should say, activity, life, sensation, intelligence, which he has in common with animals, but reason, the moral faculty, by virtue of which he is a moral existence, capable of moral action.

Moral existences, or existences endowed with reason, are created in the image and likeness of God, in a much higher sense than others are. God is intelligent, intelligence itself, and acts not only intelligently, but rationally, for the sake of an end, and an end supremely good. Both as first cause and as final cause He acts not only rationally, but freely. He freely wills the end, and freely creates for it. He is not forced to create by any external or internal necessity, because He is independent, eternally complete in Himself, and sufficient for Himself. He is not forced to create as an internal necessity of His own nature, as Cousin maintains, nor to fill up, complete, or actualize His being, as Hezel, confounding the procession of the three persons in the Godhead with creation *ad extra*, contends. He cannot, indeed, annihilate or contradict His own being, and if He acts externally at all must act as He is, as the Apostle assures us, when he asserts that "it is impossible for God to lie." But He is free to act or not to act, and to act as He will, restrained by no internal necessity, and hedged in by no real or imaginary laws of nature.

This freedom of God, which Gentile philosophy never understood, and which so-called modern science so rashly impugns, is the archetype and ground of all human freedom, and of this freedom all moral existences participate through the creative act. The denial of the Divine freedom in creating is the denial of creation itself, and the denial of all moral existence. The assertion of that freedom asserts that God may, if He chooses, create moral existences, or creatures capable of acting freely under a moral law, and therefore of having a moral merit or demerit of their own. That He has created man such an existence, we know from the general assent of mankind, from divine revelation, and from our own consciousness, especially our own consciences accusing or else excusing us, and which we can no more doubt than we can our own existence. Man, then, has a moral nature, and is personally responsible for actions.

This moral likeness to God, in which man is created, and which renders him not only active as all creatures are, not only intelligently active as many other creatures are, but morally active, and capable of imitating the Divine Model in the moral order, is itself, on the principle already established, deserving of honor and respect, for the sole reason that it is a likeness, however faint, of the Creator Himself, of some sort or degree of worship.

But this is not all, nor the special ground of Saint-worship. God is as creator actively present in all His works, but present as creating them, enabling them in the order of second causes to act, creating and sustaining them as the subject of their own acts, but not present as their direct subject, as Calvin assumes, when he makes God the author of sin. God works in us, giving us the power to will and to do; but the actual willing and doing is our own, both in the order of nature and of grace. Our Lord says, indeed, "without me ye can do nothing," and Saint Paul says, it is no longer I that do it, but the grace of God that dwelleth in me; yet though we can do nothing without Christ, it does not follow that what we do by Him and for Him is not *our* doing; and though it is grace that does it, it is grace that dwelleth in *me*, and does it by elevating me above my natural self, and giving me more than my natural power to do, but not therefore does it follow that grace does it without the participation of my own activity, or the concurrence of my will. The grace in relation to the supernatural end of man creates and sustains the subject as actor in the order of second causes, enables a man to do what, without it, would infinitely exceed his powers; but, as in the natural or initial order, the doing is his own, and his the merit and the reward, or the demerit and the penalty.

The contrary doctrine taught by the Reformers involves precisely the same error in the Christian order or the regeneration that the denial of creation does in the natural or initial order. It denies that the soul is an actor in the work of her own sanctification, or in sanctification the existence of second causes. It is simply Pantheism, and denies the creative act by denying that any thing is created. In the natural order I am nothing but what God makes me, yet I am something, because He makes me something,—an actor in the order of second causes, because He makes me such. In the order of grace, the regeneration, or the new creation, as Saint Paul calls it, I am nothing but what grace, or Christ, my Redeemer and Saviour, makes me; yet am I, as in the natural order, something, an actor, because He so makes me. The new creation is not merited, nor was the first; each is the free act, the gratuitous gift of God; and in neither is my freedom as secondary cause impaired, but really sustained and confirmed by the very fact that on the part of God the act is free and the gift gratuitous. I am what I am by the grace of God, but I am none the less for that; I am able to merit only by virtue of His gratuitous gifts, but that does not deprive me of the ability to merit, because those gifts are precisely what gives me that ability.

Now it is on this ability to act and to merit that the propriety of the worship of the Saints rests. That worship implies that God has created men substantial existences, has created creatures as second causes, and men as moral actors, and therefore prevents us from losing sight of the fact of creation, and falling into Pantheism, as also from confounding the creation with the Creator. It is one of our best practical safeguards against

the ancient Gentile as the modern Protestant apostasy, for the reason and ground of the worship force the worshiper to keep in mind the distinction between the Saint as creature and God as creator; and whenever we find any one offended at the worship of the Saints, especially of Mary, the Queen of all Saints, we have reason to fear that his conception of God as creator is growing obscure, and that there is danger that he may join in the falling away, and make shipwreck alike of his faith and of his soul.

But I must reserve the further consideration of the subject for a future article.

Our Lady's Presentation.---November 21.

Day breaks on temple-roofs and towers:
The city sleeps, the palms are still;
The fairest far of earth's fair flowers
Mounts Sion's sacred hill.

O wondrous babe! O child of grace!
The Holy Trinity's delight!
Sweetly renewing man's lost race,
How fair thou art, how bright!

Not all the vast angelic choirs,
That worship round the eternal throne,
With all their love can match the fires
Of thy one heart alone.

Since God created land and sea,
No love had been so like divine;
For none was ever like to thee,
Nor worship like to thine.

Angels in Heaven, and souls on earth,
Thousands of years their songs may raise,
Nor equal thee, for thine was worth
All their united praise.

Not only was thy heart above
All Heaven and earth could e'er attain,—
Thou gavest it with so much love,
'Twas worth as much again.

O Maiden most immaculate!
Make me to choose thy better part,
And give, my Lord, with love as great,
An undivided heart.

Would that my heart, dear Lord! were true,
Royal, and undefiled, and whole,
Like hers from whom Thy sweet love took
The Blood to save my soul.

If here our hearts grudge ought to Thee,—
In that bright land beyond the grave,
We'll worship Thee with souls set free,
And give as Mary gave.

As flowers to the sun their faces bend,
So, Mother, to thee my prayers I send;
My pray'r I send, O Mother! to thee,—
Queen of Mercy have pity on me.
Have mercy, sweet Virgin! for in my need
I am tortured with anguish and pain and dread;
In pity look down on my lonely grief,
To Jesus, thy Son, pray for my relief.
If He send me comfort, or send me woe,
Still with equal praise shall this heart o'erflow:
To Him shall I turn throughout all my ways—
As Jericho's rose to the sun's bright rays.

SAINT CECILIA.—November 22.

When, in our last number, we expressed our admiration of the "New Philosophical Studies" of Mr. Auguste Nicolas on the Blessed Virgin Mary, and our unbounded joy, at the flood of light which he has poured on a subject so dear to our soul, we had not yet seen the magnificent testimonies of commendation with which the gifted apologist had already been honored in Europe. "Blessed is the Christian," says Mgr. de Segur, "who has received from God the talent to write such pages. The author who has published this admirable book on the Virgin Mary has written one of the most remarkable and most complete work ever composed on this beautiful and difficult subject. It is a *résumé* of whatsoever is most elevated, most touching and most instructive on the Blessed Mother of God. The title itself is exquisitely appropriate; this great work is not a book of piety, but one of deep Christian philosophy, full of light and life, and yet in another sense it is a groundwork of piety,—I mean of strong and comprehensive piety. Truth indeed begets holiness, as the ray of the sun sends forth, with light, the heat of life. After reading the New Philosophical Studies on the Blessed Virgin Mary, one feels better, more Christian, more Catholic, more strictly bound to Jesus Christ, to His Holy Mother and to His Church." We have no room for the other brilliant encomiums bestowed on the same learned and invaluable work.

After such well-merited praise, our readers will be prepared to see the name of Nicolas frequently invoked in our pages. On the subject alone of woman's rehabilitation by Mary, than which we scarcely imagine any thing of greater actual interest, we find in the New Philosophical Studies such brilliant conceptions of the truth, such clear and irresistible arguments, such conclusive proofs, placing the thesis itself in such bold relief and above further doubt, that we would feel quite at a loss where to find any thing which a woman—we shall not say pious and fervent, but simply jealous of the honor of her sex—should read with greater gratification. We must not be understood as insinuating here any indifference on our part, but, as Chateaubriand says somewhere, if it were permitted to assert that Christianity has benefited one sex more than the other, there should be no hesitation in ascribing the greater share to woman.

But in the pictures of woman's servitude outside the pale of Christianity—as given in these New Philosophical Studies—it seems to us the talented author sketched too lightly the deepest, darkest and saddest of them all—the only one that would appear to offer a real obstacle to the progress of Christianity. For, in the paintings we have already displayed from this true artist, we saw how woman groaned under her bondage and servitude,—then what would be more natural than that she would hail the deliverer who came to break her chains?

But in the tableau we now wish to present our readers—Christianity according to nature, appears to forge new chains for those who had learned to love a servitude, and to believe, in their

delusion, that it was liberty the Roman lady had found, in that life of sensuous enjoyment where she squandered with lavish hand the wealth that Roman cohorts brought from conquered provinces. She had skillfully masked all the naturally odious features of her degradation: the chains of her servitude she had converted into bracelets of rarest gems; her days were passed in the soft effeminacy of gorgeous palaces, or in those voluptuous baths to which she was borne in her fragrant rose couch, canopied with richest damask of Tyrian dye. No desire of sense was left ungratified, and how successfully she had learned to rule her haughty master the pages of history well attest. Cato's prophecy—"They will no sooner be your equals than they will become your masters"—was fully realized in her successful revolt against servitude. A Cato in the forum or an Augustus on the throne would in the end have re-riveted the chains of domestic servitude, but before that day arrived she herself had voluntarily renounced her false liberty, and rendered the forging of new fetters impossible, by ranging herself under the banners of Christianity.

It was in the very full tide of all the folly and corruption of the Roman woman, at the very moment when her revolt against her tyrant was most victorious, when her passions alone were her masters, that the low sweet hymn of joy and exultation went up from the hills of Judea; its echo came—clear, distinct, and with celestial harmony—across the Roman provinces; over the gates of the Eternal City it passed, awakening soft, heavenly music in the very halls of the Cæsars: "My soul doth magnify the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

Strange power of those magic words! They fell upon the ear of the vain and luxurious Roman lady, and awoke great and noble powers, enkindling unearthly, unheard-of fire in her soul. Her jeweled diadem was cast aside for the aureola of virginity and martyrdom, her wealth built churches and fed the poor, her precious perfumes were replaced by the odor of good works; and as she also magnified the Lord in her life, so have succeeding generations called her blessed. Oh what admirable imitators of our Blessed Mother arose from the vast and surging sea of Pagan pollution! By her good work the Christian woman purified the Eternal City from its deep moral degradation.

It was a wonderful spectacle! From the midst of effeminacy, luxury, voluptuousness, frivolity and corruption came those grand martyrs of the faith. From among those women so weak by nature, so enervated by luxury, so passionately devoted to all the frivolities and corruptions of life, came the Theclas, the Flavias, the Susannas and the Theodoras—all endowed with rare gifts of mind and body, versed in philosophy and belles-lettres and enjoying vast estates.

Conspicuous in this brilliant galaxy stands the glorious Saint Cecilia. Her family ranked among the most distinguished patricians of Rome; her home was the abode of every luxury which even that voluptuous age could produce.

Although her parents were Pagans, yet Cecilia

from her childhood was a Christian. How this happened, we know not; the acts of her martyrdom give no details on this point, simply stating that from her youth she was carefully instructed in the faith by Pope Saint Urban I. How well she profited by his instructions is wonderfully displayed in her after life.

God, having destined our Saint to play an important part in His Church, had endowed her with every personal advantage and intellectual gift. She was universally admired for her extraordinary talents, nobility of soul, energy of character and rare personal beauty. At an early age she applied herself, with signal success, to the study of philosophy and belles-lettres.

But we all know Saint Cecilia, as artists best love to paint her, seated at the organ,—her dark upraised eyes beaming with inspiration, wearing that look which speaks of Heaven and the will to die for it—the look that announces the miracle of a Divine Power which endows delicate females with the “victory of martyrdom and virginal sacrifice.” Such is the rapt, celestial expression with which painters have made us familiar, in those dear blessed martyrs of yore; particularly is it portrayed in Saint Cecilia, and we almost listen involuntarily to hear the notes of celestial harmony burst from the half-opened lips. Late researches have made it doubtful that she really touched the organ.

Her heart, even in early youth, burned with the desire of martyrdom, and she regarded with a sort of envy those of her sex who had preceded her in this royal road, during the first persecutions of the Christians. She had learned to estimate time and eternity at their true value; she loved her Lord with an undivided heart; she knew that it was only in Heaven she could see Him in His beauty and rest near Him forever, and that the brightest days on earth were but to her a long and weary exile. In all this, Saint Cecilia merely *felt* what all Christians *profess* to believe.

But martyrdom seemed afar off. The Church was apparently secure—Alexander Severus, who at that epoch wore the imperial purple, being favorably disposed toward the Christians in his empire. Then, as the prospect of a speedy martyrdom seemed faint, Cecilia in the fervor of her love vowed ever to live a chaste virgin. In consequence of the favor with which the Emperor regarded Christians, the parents of Cecilia permitted her to practice her faith. But her relatives were all Pagans, and in their midst she was more lonely than she would have been under the bright stars of Heaven in a desert land, for there her heart would have been free at every moment of the day to pour itself out in hymns and prayers of fervent love and devotion. Her parents were proud of their beautiful and gifted child, and while allowing her to be a Christian, nevertheless they wished her to appear in the world she so brilliantly adorned.

While yielding, in a certain sense, to their wishes, she redoubled her fervor. During the time left at her disposal, she passed long, happy hours in fervent prayer and works of mercy, visiting and consoling the poor and suffering, and in

studying the holy Gospels, which she always carried in the folds of her dress.

About this time, a partial persecution broke out. Alexander Severus was a strange compound of Christian virtues and Pagan belief. In his private oratory, where he loved to say long prayers, he had the image of our Lord, placed with those of the heathen gods. Although most favorably disposed toward Christians, yet he had a weak mind; and his governors, who hated Christianity, took advantage of this trait to inflict martyrdom upon those who fell under their power.

During a temporary absence of the Emperor, Almachius, the Governor of Rome, a bitter enemy of Christianity, began a persecution in which about five thousand perished. Pope Urban was obliged to fly from his See, not through fear of martyrdom, which he subsequently gained in this same persecution, but he consented to prolong his life by secretly leaving the city, in order to be near the timid and wavering, to encourage and strengthen them in their faith.

The high position of Saint Cecilia's family seemed to shield her from a persecution that all supposed would end with the return of the Emperor. Although she had led, as far as in her power, a secluded life, yet she was celebrated throughout the city; her alliance was sought by the proudest patrician families, and when the young nobleman, Valerian, rich in wealth and every courtly grace, offered her his hand, Cecilia's parents commanded her to accept it. She told them of her solemn vow to God; but they only laughed at it, regarding it as a silly youthful fancy, that would pass with age, and they ended by insisting upon her obedience to their wishes. In her great distress she humbly and fervently besought God to preserve her pure and spotless, as His own spouse, and she earnestly invoked the Mother of God, Queen of Virgins, to come to the assistance of her weak and suffering child. She fasted, and mortified her flesh with hair-shirt and disciplines. She remained in her private oratory, praying incessantly day and night; and the nearer the dreaded day approached the more she increased her devotions.

One night her sorrowful heart was rejoiced by a vision, in which her Blessed Lord revealed to her that He had accepted her vow, and taken her to be His own chaste spouse; in proof of which His wonderful goodness placed an angel at her side, ever to guard and protect her; but He told her that she must not hope to wear her crown without a combat, and if she would be His bride she must cast aside all fear of man, and be prepared, if necessary, even to shed her blood. To one who so ardently desired martyrdom this was truly a joyful announcement. Then, strong in the love of her invisible Spouse, and guarded by the angel, who always remained at her side, visible to her alone, Cecilia saw, undisturbed, the wedding-day arrive. Quietly she permitted her tire-woman to array her in rich and costly robes, her lips the while moving in prayer, and her heart in constant communion with her Heavenly Bridegroom. Under her robes of silk and gold she wore her hair

shirt, covered with sharp iron points, the precious insignia of her crucified Lord. Amid the loud Pagan bridal chorus her heart was joined to the choirs of angels in chanting the psalm of David: "Preserve me pure and undefiled in body and soul, O Lord, for in Thee have I hoped; let me not be confounded." It is in memory of this concert with the heavenly spirits that Cecilia is honored as the patroness of sacred music.

After the close of the ceremony, when Cecilia was left alone with Valerian, she stood for a moment absorbed in prayer; then, with the bright fire of inspiration beaming from her eyes, she turned and in gentle tones addressed her spouse: "Excellent and beloved young man: I have a secret to confide to thee, provided thou promise to strictly guard it." Valerian having promised, she continued: "I have for my friend an angel of God, who watches over me with the greatest solicitude. If he sees that thou actest in the slightest manner through motives of sensual love, his wrath will be enkindled against thee and destroy thee in the flower of thy brilliant youth. If, on the contrary, he perceives that thou lovest me with a sincere and pure affection, faithfully guarding my virginity intact, thou wilt share with me his love, and he will multiply his favors in thy behalf."

"If thou wishest me to believe thy words," replied Valerian, "I must be permitted to see this angel; and when I am fully satisfied that he is truly a messenger from God, I shall do as thou wishest. But, if I find that thou lovest another man, with my sword I shall take the lives of both."

The virgin answered: "If thou followest my counsels, and consentest to be baptized in the waters of the fountain that gushes to eternal life—if thou wilt believe in the one true and living God, who reigns in Heaven, then wilt thou behold the angel who guards me." Cecilia then told him to seek Pope Urban, in the Catacombs, and receive baptism from his hands.

Valerian implicitly followed her instructions. Through the darkness of the night, out along the deserted Appian Way he sought the retreat of the saintly Pope, and explained the object of his visit. The venerable Pontiff, transported with joy, fell upon his knees, and raising his eyes to Heaven exclaimed: "Lord Jesus Christ, the source of all chaste desires! receive the fruit of the holy seed which Thou Thyself hast sown in the heart of Cecilia. Good Shepherd of the sheep, Thy servant Cecilia has fulfilled the mission which Thou gavest her, and the husband who came to her with the fierce spirit of a roaring lion, she has led back to Thee, O Lord, gentle as the gentlest lamb. If Valerian did not already believe, he would not have come hither. Open his heart, O Lord! that he may believe more perfectly in Thee, and may renounce the devil and all his works."

While Urban was praying, suddenly there stood before them a venerable old man, clothed in dazzling white robes, holding in his hand a book written in letters of gold. It was Paul, the Apostle of nations. At this sight, Valerian fell on the ground as if he were dead; but Paul gently raised him and said—

"Read the words of this book, and believe; then wilt thou merit to behold the angel whom the most faithful virgin, Cecilia, has promised to show thee."

Valerian raised his eyes and read aloud—"One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, through all and in us all."

When he had ended, Paul continued: "Dost thou believe that it is so?"

Valerian answered: "I believe that there is nothing more true under the heavens; nothing which should be more firmly believed."

Hereupon the Apostle disappeared, and Valerian received baptism. He returned home, clothed in the white baptismal robe. He found Cecilia in prayer, and by her side he saw a beautiful angel of God, clothed in brightness, his face shining with extraordinary splendor, and brilliant wings of the richest colors. The blessed spirit held two garlands of choicest lilies and roses: one he placed upon the head of Cecilia, the other upon that of Valerian, saying—

"I have brought these crowns from the garden of Heaven; preserve them fresh by the purity of your hearts and the sanctity of your bodies. They will never wither, nor lose their sweet perfume; but no one can see them except those who love chastity as you love it. And, Valerian, because you have granted the chaste request of your wife, God has sent me to tell you that He will grant whatever you will ask of Him."

Valerian, filled with joy and surprise, begged for the conversion of his brother, Tiberius.

At hearing this the angel's face beamed with the pure joy that blessed spirits ever feel on the conversion of a sinner: he replied—"Thou hast begged that which Jesus Christ is more willing to grant than thou art to ask; and as thy heart has been drawn to Him by His servant Cecilia, so wilt thou win the heart of thy brother, and before long you will both suffer martyrdom." The angel then disappeared, leaving Cecilia and Valerian alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOUSE OF NAZARETH.

Some months ago, a popular preacher, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of a certain district not very many miles from here, delivered a very eloquent discourse on the life led by Jesus, Mary and Joseph in their humble dwelling at Nazareth. He expatiated on the *sublimity* of virtue they displayed, on the beauty of the domestic life thus carried out, in poverty, industry and *hidden worth*. The sermon was "a success," and the congregation discussed its merits with unusual admiration of the preacher's talents. Suddenly a lady interposed with this expression, which put an abrupt termination to the discussion: "Yes," she said, "but *true* as all this may be, nay, doubtless is, if this Holy Family were now living here in D—, in precisely the same style, *they* would not be among the persons the Bishop visits: they would be *too low* for him to take notice of." The bolt struck home; the fashionable exclusives changed the subject; their conscience told them the accusation was true; their circle did *not* worship hu-

millity and modest industry: had they visited Jesus and Mary at all, it would have been a *condescension on their part*, for which they would have expected *applause*.

Alas! poor world!! But we, are we doing any thing better? Let us consider: and first, what was the house of Nazareth?

MARY BEFORE THE ANNUNCIATION.

The house of Nazareth! the abode of Mary, the sinless one, who from the beginning was the chosen one of God. Mary, second Eve, whose soul was a new creation, uniting every possible perfection; whose will, perfectly united to the will of God from the time of her conception, was keenly alive to all spiritual influences, to all sympathetic harmonies; her body made fit to be the living temple of the Holy Ghost from the first instant of its existence, expanding beneath the influence of the indwelling God, exhaling truth, beauty and love at every pore, surrounding itself with an atmosphere of Heaven which repelled all influences tainted with the sin of Eve; general intelligence, loving intellect, aspirative affection, uniting all the first bright, Heaven-inbreathed perfections of the first humanity, with the solidity of a *virtue* far transcending innocence: a virtue the first fruit of knowledge, the knowledge of good and evil; sinless one, who nevertheless mourned for sin as no other creature ever mourned before; loving one, and beloved one of God, union with whose great purposes was thy life; to *know* whom was thy sole study, to love whom thy sole object, as to serve Him was thy joy, thy gladness, and thy Heaven on earth. O Mary, how shall we speak of thee? When fresh and bright and glorious the new Lord of the Creation stood in the earthly Paradise, the Son of God! all perfections blending harmoniously in His princely person: intelligence, harmony, sublimity and beauty intermixed, weaving a golden tissue to waft perpetual fragrance unto Heaven;—even then one joy was wanting, love for thee! Eve came, thy forerunner ere she fell! For beauteous in her form was tender Eve. The *help* most meet for man: to raise his soul above the *lordship* of the earth, which gratified his sense of power; to point to beauty, harmony divine, that dwelt above the spheres, of which this world, even in Eden, was but a mystic veil. Her innate tenderness, her mystic love, pointed to higher beings than she saw. The *soul* of melody dwelt in her voice; her gait was full of loveliness, of grace, and ever sought she for a higher life. To trace the source of all things; God to know, as He exists in matter and in mind, as He pervades all space and rules all time, and as He shows Himself to spirits high in essence, bright and pure and beautiful; and then to learn the meaning of that mystic word, the “evil” apple of the specious tree: these ponderings bewildered her high brain. The tempter saw his opportunity; he watched the unguarded moment but too well! The mother of the living brought us death! Too keen, too eager a desire for good—desire unhallowed while by God’s high will not to be manifested yet on earth—hath brought us Death! O God! *Thy Will be done!* Man cannot, must not, dare not hope for

good where God forbids, where God walks not before and beckons onward. Matter indifferent in self is as an instrument in God’s high hand to test and prove the obedience of His sons; obedience built on love—the highest gift that man can offer to his Father, God.

O Mary; second Eve! Higher than Eve, even in earthly beauty! and reparatorix of that fault sublime, which gave us virtue instead of innocence, and waked the unconscious soul to know of God, His *mercy*, His long-suffering, and his love, transcending even a mother’s heartfelt tenderness for her own helpless offspring. Mary, thou chosen spouse of the Most High, whom glory overshadowed; within whose soul each instinct grew divine from constant commune with the Holy Ghost; beneath whose gaze the rolls of prophecy unfolded clear as in a mirror’s face their mystic meanings and their wondrous lore. Whose understanding, opened by the Lord of all intelligence, drank the full sense of Scripture, and in- quaffed the holy inspiration of the page that spoko of man’s redemption from his sin.

O Mary, ever pondering in thy heart truths too sublime for common sense to reach; who studied man, as he appears to God; Mary, who mourned for sin through love to Him who hateth sin, who once (O mystery!) said: I have repented I created man! Ah why? save that corrupted hath all flesh its way, and God’s pure image in man’s gifted soul hath lost its semblance: “Ye are God’s” no more! And Mary mourns o’er sins she shareth not.

Oh, love! the highest attribute of Deity! Oh, love, the brightest, noblest gift of God to man; expansive in its essence, flowing out with burning zeal to purify the earth from dross and slime, and to transmute base metal into gold. Love, restless love, that ever seekest love, that canst not joy *alone*, nor separate bliss canst know, that ever welling out in sympathy, findest bliss alone in thus conferring bliss! Love coming down from Heaven in wavy light, and purity and joy for ever new, the triune gift that seekest to fill the heart with God’s own warmth of ecstasy and bliss, who ever felt that sweet enkindling glow as Mary felt thy thrill throughout her frame. And yet a sorrow, a deep, deep sorrow, often pervaded her being.

Angels’ melodies were near her,

Oft entrancing all her frame,

Yet was there a *sorrow* dearer—

For from *love* that sorrow came.

She, the destined bride of Heaven,

Through the “Spirit” viewed the world;

Saw the souls from virtue riven,

Saw the flag of sin unfurled.

And a mighty sorrow bowed her,

Mastering all her mighty soul;

Sorrow with which love endowed her—

Love of God beyond control.

Sorrow for His outraged glory—

Sorrow for her brother’s sin—

Sorrow for man’s guilty story,

Since that story did begin.

Angel’s harpings were unheeded

When that sorrow filled her sense:

Tears and prayers for pardon pleaded

With the dread Omnipotence!
 Prayers with hope! *The promise given,*
 Brightly shone with glorious ray!
 "O come Messiah, come from Heaven;
 Chase these clouds of sin away."

Can there be love without sorrow—deep, deep sorrow if the object we love be insulted, injured or ignored: and who in this sad sin-ridden world is more insulted, more injured, more ignored than its great Creator? Men know it not, men feel it not; God is *foreign* to them, a being apart, of whom they know little and would know less if they *dared*: He is one whom they fear to lose sight of altogether, yet venture not to seek; they have an indefinite, undefined feeling that to live closer to God would involve renunciation of many pleasures they incline to. "When the Holy Ghost is come He will convince the world of sin." Foolish world! it does not want to be convinced; it does not want to know its true happiness; it does not want to be cleansed of its filth. The process would not be pleasant, or at least, the world deems so, and so it goes on, preferring glitter to gold, shadow to substance, sound to sense. Who but God can open the eyes of the blind; who save God can cleanse the leprous soul, or heal the foul cancer of the heart?

Oh, well might Mary pray, as tradition says she did, for the Shiloh to appear: for her heart was oft o'erladen with a sin in which she had no part. She *knew* the faculties with which he was endowed; she could estimate the loss he had sustained: for her soul was developed in the most perfect harmony, and yet she knew that she was only human, and that no one faculty did she possess that did not properly belong to her *humanity*: the appreciation of beauty, of sublimity, of harmony, and of general excellence; the power to comprehend the *universal law* that binds the varying spheres in one bright unity, simple in majesty, glorious in loveliness; the ability to make this law subserve man's personal purposes—and above all, the spiritual tie which elevates his being above *material* influences and links man to his God as a child to his Father; as the destined heir to all this wondrous galaxy of wealth and power and beauty: all this Mary realized; and, alas! she saw that few men even gave such themes a thought! Was it a wonder, then, that Mary mourned with a Godlike sorrow; that she prayed as if with a divine power. Other women sought for the *honor* of being the Mother of the promised King of the Jews; Mary sought only the vindication of God's glory, and the redemption of mankind from sin. Was it a wonder that she was selected as the "Bride of Heaven," the spouse of the Holy Ghost?—she whose correspondence with grace had been so perfect, that the whole mystery of the Redemption, as set forth in the prophecies, was, as it were, patent to her understanding, made clear to her mental vision.

Young men and maidens: say—are you living, with *Mary*, in anxious desire for the sun of righteousness to shine on your benighted souls? Are you visitors of the "House of Nazareth?" and, if not, what keeps you away?

THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST; Or, The New Month of Mary.

CHAPTER VII.

The Vocation of Mary and the Vocation of the Priest.

What is vocation? We are accustomed to define it somewhat in these terms: A disposition of divine Providence by which God assigns, according to His good pleasure, to every individual, as well both in ecclesiastical as in civil society, a place to occupy, in furnishing him the graces and qualities necessary for the acceptable accomplishment of His will. This disposition of Providence, relative to all created beings, precedes the creation of these beings, because the will of God is eternal, and created beings come forth in the course of time.

Whence two vocations, the one eternal, the other temporal; or, if it is preferred, one single vocation, but existing in two manners, eternally in the thought of God, and accidentally in time.

How can God thus call beings before that they exist? and especially call them, and assign them their mission in Himself, when they are not in Himself? It is certain that creatures have a mode of existence essentially distinct from that of God: it is a finite, mutable, passive mode, which is repugnant to the notion as well as the infinite and immutable existence of God; consequently they can not be *substantially* in God. Nevertheless, it is true to say that all creatures, existing or possible, are in God, from all eternity, *typically*, that is to say that from all eternity God carries in Himself the *idea*, the *type* of all beings possible to His power. "These ideas of things realizable are not distinct from substance divine. They are the substance divine itself, in so far as it is the form or the type eternal of all things." (Combalot, Confé.)

All beings existing in God in this manner, we understand the definition which we gave above of vocation; we understand that divine Providence establishes an order, a species of hierarchy in the immense ocean of His thoughts, and that He applies His sovereign will to realize in time the eternal designs which He has formed concerning every thing. What is this hierarchy? What is the thought that He has placed at its summit? Among the ideas of things realizable which the divine intellect carries in itself from all eternity, what is that which bears sway over the others and which is the object of the delights of the Creator? Is there some transcendent *chef-d'œuvre* which eclipses all the rest? Saint Paul answers affirmatively, and he names this first idea, this type-royal, the holy *humanity* of Jesus Christ. "Jesus Christ," says he, "is the first-born of every creature." (To the Coloss., i, 15.) (*Primogenitus omnis creature*). There is the centre at which all the realizable ideas of the divine Worker meet.

But, in order to enter into the speciality of our subject, we name immediately after, as Saint Thomas Aquinas has mentioned her, the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The incarnation of the Word, in "the plans of Wisdom, was to be accomplished by a woman. There is, then, in the thought of God, between

this woman and Jesus Christ, an immediate and necessary correlation; we cannot separate these two terms because they are mutually dependent on each other. In the hierarchy of types eternal, Mary, then, occupies, with Jesus, the first rank, the post of honor. That which concerns the one, relates to the other; the history of each of the two commences and finishes at the same time.

Accordingly the Church ascribes to Mary her eternal vocation in the same terms ascribed to Wisdom by Solomon: "*Dominus possedit me in initio viarum suarum, antequam quidquam faceret a principio. Ab aeterno ordinata sum, et ex antiqua antequam terra fieret. Nundum erant abyssi, et ego jam concepta eram; . . . Quando praeeparabat caelos. . . . Quando aethera firmabat sursum, et librabat fontes aquarum. . . . Quando circumdabat mari terminum suum, . . . quando appendebat fundamenta terrae, cum eo eram . . . ludens eorum eo omni tempore, etc.*" (The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways, before He made any thing from the beginning. I was set up from all eternity. . . . The depths were not as yet, and I was already conceived. . . . When He prepared the heavens . . . when He established the sky above, and poised the fountains of waters . . . when He compassed the sea with its bounds . . . when He balanced the foundations of the earth, I was with Him . . . playing before Him at all times, etc.)

Mary was first in the designs of God because the future Redeemer of men was also there. We can even say that she was, in some degree, before the Redeemer, in so far as she is His Mother, because logically maternity has the priority of time over filiation, *prius esse quam dare esse*, says the school. I say, in some degree, because viewed in the light of reality, the hypostatic union of the divine with human nature in Jesus Christ is something so divinely superior that nothing can possibly be compared to it. At least we can say with the Holy Fathers, in some degree, because we can say that Mary was with Jesus "the first-born of every creature," *primogenita ante omnem creaturam*, and was in the enjoyment of all the rights and all the prerogatives that this quality bestowed: as, for example, of being the head of the family, of receiving the totality of gifts and the paternal benediction. All these privileges Mary has had in an eminent manner, she has become, with her Divine Son, the head of the human family, the Mother of the Church, the Queen of angels and of saints; all the heritage of divine graces has been bequeathed to her from the beginning of things; she has been enriched by all the supernatural gifts of the Holy Ghost. In fine, she has had the Paternal benediction, and it is on account of this benediction that all generations in their turn bless her and call her blessed, *beatam me dicent omnes generationes*, "all generations shall call me blessed.)

Such is the eternal vocation of Mary, and, for the same reasons, or analogous ones, it is also that of the Priest. In fact, if Mary is found at the first rank in thought divine, on account of her inti-

mate relation with the mystery of the Redemption, at the side of her is necessarily found the Priest whose existence and destiny are essentially connected with the same divine deed, although in a secondary degree. Without Mary, the contemplated incarnation of the Word had not taken place; but, without the Priest, the incarnation realized had been sterile, or, at least, circumscribed to certain times and places; whereas, by the sacerdotal ministry, it is prolonged, extended, it reaches the most remote parts of the globe and the last limits of the ages to come. Mary could say: "Christ was yesterday, He is to-day;" but Saint Paul, the Priest, could add: "He will be even to the consummation of time," *Christus, heri, hodie, et usque in consummationem seculi*. As far as I penetrate with the eye of faith into the immeasurable sphere of divine ideas, I find there the God-man, the woman-Mother of this man-God, and the Priest the dispenser and continuator of the mysteries of the one and the other, and in this capacity, crowned with graces, blessed by the eternal Father, and heir of His inexhaustible riches.

Strange! as if God wished to definitely point out to us this marvelous relation between the eternal vocation of Mary and the eternal vocation of the Priest, we find in the first chapter of Jeremias a scene almost identical with that which we described above, and where Mary receives from eternity her august mission. It is the Lord who speaks to the prophet, and in his person to all the Priests of the Old and New Law. "*Priusquam te formarem in utero, novi te; et antequam exires de vulva, sanctificavi te et prophetam in gentibus dedi te.*" Before I formed thee . . . I knew thee, and before thou camest forth I sanctified thee, and made thee a prophet unto the nations).

With God, eternity is a point; there is no future, there is no past. Jeremias was, then, in the divine thought at the same time with all ideas of things realizable, he was a prophet of Christ at the same time that Mary was Mother of Christ, he was co-eval with the designs of God.

So it is with the Priest. Before that he can be conceived and born, God sees Him in Himself, and in His Word, and says to him: "And thou, child, thou shalt be a prophet of the Most High."

This parallelism between Mary and the Priest is more startling, more palpable, if I can so express myself, in their temporal vocation, or rather in the realization in time of the eternal will of God, because here we enter into the domain of historic facts, and it is sufficient to authenticate them.

By what means did God call and prepare her who was to be His Mother? By means of humility, of poverty, of sanctity. Mary was not known throughout the earth. Although descended from royal blood, she was born of poor parents; she lived unknown by men in a poor village, seeking for her work her daily bread, ambitious of only one thing, the beauty of her soul, the purity of her heart. But over this night of which her modesty is the envelope, hovered an angel to guard her, and to direct her in her ways, and

by his counsels, which never met resistance, he insensibly conducted her to this solemn hour when the mystery was to be accomplished. As those modest flowers which are unaware of their perfumes and their beauties, and which a skillful gardener, by circumspectly using for them the sun and the dew, causes to bloom and brighten even until they one day enrapture the admiration of persons passing by.

It is your picture that I am going to make, small pastors of mountains, small peasants, whom God has predestined to be prophets in Israel. In the midst of obscurity where it was your fate to be born, you carry on your brow a star which you do not perceive, but the shining splendor of which dazzles the attention of angels; without your knowledge of the fact you are the Lord's anointed. In coming time, continue to live as the Virgin of Nazareth, in the ignorance of yourselves, in the love of your poverty, in the practice of Christian virtues. The powerful hand which guides every thing to its end with gentleness and with power will take you, will carry you on. Lay apprehension aside and onward move.

Mary goes to the temple to sanctify her childhood, she dedicates herself to sacred study and the service of altars. The young levite secludes himself in the seminary; it is there, under the shadow of the sanctuary, that his early years will glide away between the study of holy things and the practice of holy duties: sublime novitiate of an angelic ministry! Mary increases in wisdom under the attention of venerable Priests whose lessons she attends to and whose examples she reproduces. The seminarian is also surrounded by the same examples and the same lessons; he grows in science and in wisdom; the eye of faith which contemplates him feels itself impressed with respect, as in the presence of something holy and grand. O Mary! O Priest! I behold you two kneeling in the presence of the Holy of Holies, your heart opens and pronounces a word, and at this word, Heaven exults with festive joy, and earth is struck dumb with amazement. I will meditate upon this word, for it is the last word of your vocation. I will meditate upon it in order to understand and love it.

[In this number of the AVE MARIA we resume the translation of "The Virgin and the Priest," and will continue the same until the whole of the article appears. This we do most cheerfully in compliance with the request of a most worthy Bishop. The translator, tired, weary and fatigued in his studies, though not of them, immediately after Commencement last June, sought rest in inactivity, *otium cum dignitate*, rest mental and physical, for mental culture and literary pursuits are indeed accompanied with some weariness of the flesh. Accordingly he left a little fallow spot in the summer field of '65, and also left chapter five (to be continued) on page 104, with which chapter doubtless most of our readers are acquainted; but chapter seven, like a lingering laggard loitering lazily on the way, "a stranger," though not alone, coming in at this late hour just here and now seems to need an introduction, and so we give it.]

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 10.—The Severed Hand.—Concluded.

The messenger arrived during the night at Damascus, and, in spite of the inflexible etiquette of an Oriental court, he forced an admission to the palace, where, pretending that the business with which he was charged would not admit of any delay, he had the letters at once presented to the Caliph.

While reading the lies contained in them, astonishment, indignation and fury, in succession possessed themselves of the Saracen. He could not believe his eyes, he could not believe his minister so culpable, and he examined every letter of the forged document, in the hope of discovering some proof of trickery. Finally, irritated at not finding any thing to exculpate John, he cast the papyrus from him, and trampled it under foot, swearing by Mahomet and by Allah that he would take signal vengeance on the traitor. His first thought was to kill him with his own hand, and he seized his cimeter. He stalked up and down his apartment, uttering imprecations and cries of fury at every step.

"Dog of a Christian!" said he, "is this the reward of my favors to thee? after loading thee with honors and dignities? after— By Allah, thou diest!"

And he was going to send his slaves to poniard him in his bed, but, as he was about to pronounce the order, he hesitated. He knew John well; and he was loth to condemn, without hearing, a man who had ever so faithfully served him.

"Perhaps he will justify himself! Perhaps— But why should I listen to him? He will deny it; he will appeal to his past services. And this letter—can he disown it? I will at least enjoy his confusion; I will— Bring him here immediately!"

The guards went out: they had John awakened and they brought him to the palace. Their faces were doleful, and the Vizier could read his disgrace in them. However, they treated him with some respect, because, in courts, a whim frequently decides the fortunes of the great, and if their fall is rapid and disastrous, a swift return of favor often reinstates the fallen, and raises them still higher than before.

Reflection had calmed the Caliph a little, and he was able to control his anger when John presented himself before him with the serene brow and placid demeanor which are the effect of innocence.

"My Prince," said he, after having performed the Oriental salutation, "your guards have awakened me from sleep."

"Ha! thou sleepest!" interrupted the Saracen; "nothing disturbs thy repose; nothing weighs upon thy heart; and the consciousness of guilt causes neither anxiety nor watchfulness!"

In spite of the Caliph's efforts to contain himself, the changing of his countenance and voice betrayed the fury that agitated his breast. John bore his angry glances with noble confidence, and answered:

"No, my Prince; my conscience reproaches me

with no crime against you, either present or past. In what have I been slandered to you?"

"Deception is useless. I know every thing."

"I deceive you in nothing; and I swear to you, before God, that I believe myself guilty of no crime against you."

"According to the Koran, he who conspireth against his sovereign,—above all, after having received nothing but benefits,—is called infamous and a traitor. How is such a one named in the Gospel?"

"The same; and I fear not that those epithets will ever apply to me."

"Thou fearest not that the secret of thy plottings will ever be betrayed! Thou fearest not that I shall ever discover thy underhand treachery, and the infamous proposals thou hast offered to the Emperor of Constantinople!"

"If any impostor has imputed such a crime to me, I am certain that I can put him to confusion."

"And if that impostor were thine own self?"

"I would tell thee, 'Prince, believe me not; I have lied.' But I have not lied, and none of my words have ever been a calumny, even against myself."

"By Mahomet, so much hypocrisy is revolting! Thou deservest that I should have thy head cut off on the spot. Dost recognize thy handwriting?"

And he unrolled the forged letter before him. John glanced over it rapidly, and answered without perturbation.

"I acknowledge that my handwriting has been skillfully counterfeited. I should have hesitated myself to disown it; had I not been certain of never having even dreamed of such a scheme."

"Then the Emperor is a notorious forger?"

"How do we know that the Emperor has engaged in so odious a machination?"

"Dost thou recognize the seal of the empire?" asked the Caliph, showing the letter of the Isaurian.

"I have nothing further to say, my Prince, unless that the Emperor has been deceived. Although I have combated his errors, he could not have stooped to such an unworthy scheme. I am not guilty—I am not, indeed."

"Allah! And thou thinkest that in spite of such irrefragable testimony I should believe thee at once, in thy simple assurance, without proofs, without reasons?"

"Without proofs! The favors you have poured out upon my head—ten years of unchangeable fidelity! What more powerful proofs do you desire?"

"Dost speak of the fidelity? Hast thou not read: 'My long-continued fidelity will prevent suspicion, and insure the success of our desires.' Oh! thou art a knowing conspirator! thou hast neglected nothing that could assist thy vile scheme. Thou hast even counted on the blind confidence I placed in thee, to assassinate me the more securely."

"If the honor of my family, my past life, my religion, are not sufficient guarantees of my sincerity, I can only hold my peace, Prince. However, revolutions, treasons and assassinations are not so rare at the court of Constantinople as in my family."

"Ha! thou fearest to die!"

"I fear only the remorse you will feel when you discover the falsehood of this accusation! But what! will nothing disabuse you, even if my conscience did not forbid this crime to me, my interest, the great mainspring of human actions—would not my interest have prevented me? You have, in spite of me, raised me to the summit of honor; you have made me the next to yourself. What could I hope from an Emperor who hates me and who will never pardon me for having vanquished him in argument?"

"And that is another proof against thee! Thou placest the interests of thy religion far above thine own, and thou wouldst sacrifice thy fortune, thy rank, and thy dignities for thy faith. Go! The executioners await thee! I have listened to thee only too long."

"Grant me some days of life. I will discover the author of this fraud, and will spare you the grief of a tardy and fruitless remorse."

"I have still compassion for thee. Go! I will content myself by cutting off thy criminal hand, and exposing it in the market-place to terrify thy accomplices."

"You have power over my whole body, O Prince, and I will make but one request. It is that no one may be used severely on my account; then I am ready to obey you, Prince,—where are the executioners?"

"Go! thou wilt find them only too soon."

John tranquilly made his salutation, and departed. As he was raising the tapestry which served for a door, he stopped, and approaching the Caliph again, he said: "My Prince, will you allow them to return my hand to me after it has been exposed for a day upon the gibbet?"

"It shall be returned to thee." * * *

At sunset, whilst all the inhabitants of Damascus were at rest within their homes, the executioner returned to the market-place. He pulled out, with long pincers, the nail which had been driven into John's hand, and whilst his assistants set about removing the gibbet, he returned the mournful present to the owner.

John received it kindly, without manifesting either anger or shame. Nevertheless, he could not help gazing with a Christian sorrow upon this dead member of a living body, this former portion of himself, upon which death had already set its seal of livid horror. The destructive action of an August sun had already consumed the juices, and marked the skin with hideous bluish spots, in the midst of which darker spots appeared, the forerunners of corruption. The muscles were hardened by the burning heat, and the nails seemed ready to drop off. In the midst of his solemn reflections on the nothingness of human existence, John had forgotten the executioner, who was still standing in his presence, and who at length recalled him from his meditations by demanding the reward of his pains. The sufferer showed no anger at this impudent demand. He sent for his treasurer, ordered a sequin to be paid him, and sent him away. He then retired into his oratory. There it was that he always resorted, as often as he was freed from the cares of

the business committed to him, to place at the foot of the crucifix the burden of his grandeur, and to seek the courage necessary for the bearing of it. It was there that he had composed his books against the image-breakers, and now he began to reflect that the hand with which he had written so many eloquent pages was reduced to an eternal quiet. His heart gave way, however, neither to bitterness nor despondency. He was convinced that he had spoken the language of faith, and his pen had not been purchased by falsehood. He took from his mutilated wrist the bandages that had been placed upon it, and prostrated himself at the foot of the statue of the Blessed Virgin. Then, placing his severed hand upon the carpet, he brought his wrist close to it, and prayed thus: "Mother of God, my Lady and protectress! thou knowest wherefore I have undergone this usage; I have been punished for the zeal with which I defended thy worship and the sacred images. Permit not that my enemies triumph in the injustice of my condemnation. O Queen of Confessors, manifest the purity of this hand, which was raised only to bear testimony to the truth; and if it can still work for the glory of thy Son, Christ Jesus, restore to me the use of it. I vow henceforth to consecrate it to His divine service." After this prayer, a sweet sleep, sent from Heaven, enveloped his soul, and he passed the entire night in profound slumber.

The Caliph, on the contrary, spent a night of wakefulness and agitation. He loved his Christian Vizier, and as soon as his paroxysm of anger had subsided, doubts and regrets possessed his soul and tormented it. He represented to himself the grief and resentment of John, and he feared his talents would be henceforth employed in contriving a terrible revenge.

"I have condemned him too lightly! Could not the letter have been the work of a counterfeiter? But the Emperor's message! Still, is not the Emperor his enemy and mine also? Ah! how miserable for me henceforth, if, on the testimony of my enemies, I am to mistrust my worthiest ministers! And what have I done? If he was guilty I ought to have slain him, instead of irritating him and leaving him the opportunity of injuring me. O John! why is it not in my power to restore thee the hand of which I have deprived thee! O that I could only regain thy friendship! But thou art a Christian; thy religion is not, like mine, a religion of blood; the Gospel is to thee a law of forgiveness."

Such were the thoughts that passed through his mind, and agitated it like the billows of the ocean. He waited with impatience for daybreak, and sent early to John's house, to summon him to the palace.

"What shall I say to him, and how shall I sustain his just reproaches? I will be beforehand with him; I will offer him new honors and new dignities."

When the arrival of the Vizier was announced, he trembled and shook. His breast was torn with anguish; and he, before whom all bowed with fear, was himself overcome with terror.

John presented himself with a smile. The tor-

ture he had suffered had left no trace on his countenance. For the rest, he held his arms in the customary manner, and neither of his hands were wanting; only around his right wrist there might be seen a faint red line, like a purple thread.

"Have they foreseen my change of mind?" said the Caliph, "and cut off only the hand of one of thy slaves?"

"The executioner cut off mine," replied John calmly, and see the place of the nail that held it, a whole day, fastened to the gibbet. But I invoked the Mother of Jesus and she cured me."

"Allah be praised! I need, then, no longer sigh over my error; and nothing remains but for me to console thee and redouble thy honors and dignities."

"And nothing remains for me, my Prince, but to thank you. I am no longer the Vizier, you see before you an humble monk, dead to the pomps and vanities of the world."

Neither the promises nor the representations of the Caliph could change his resolution. He distributed his goods to the poor, and retired into the Monastery of Saint Sabas.

This legend is taken from the Life of Saint John Damascen, Father of the Church.

Who BUILT IT?—This is about a church that a good old king of the good old times undertook to build in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Now, as he wished to keep all the honor and merit of it to himself, he had it published throughout his dominions that none of his subjects should contribute to the outlay. The interdiction was even given in the most severe terms.

So the church was entirely built at the king's expense; and, when it was finished, he had an inscription in letters of gold placed over the door, telling that the royal purse alone had provided the funds. But lo! the following night an invisible hand effaced the name of the king, and in its stead put that of an old woman whose poverty was notorious.

In the morning, when the king was apprized of this, he hastened to have his name replaced; but at night the name of the old woman was again substituted. And this happened three times running. The king then got in a great rage, and ordered the old woman to be brought before him. "I had forbidden all my subjects," said he, "to contribute even the smallest sum toward the erection of this church. I am convinced that you have disobeyed my orders."

"Sire," replied the good old creature, trembling, "although it was very hard not to be allowed to contribute my mite in honor of the Holy Virgin, I respected your orders. At least I did not think I was disobeying your majesty when I saved a trifle from my meals to buy a little hay, which I secretly gave to the horses that were drawing the stones for the building."

"Thy name is more worthy than mine," replied the king, "to be inscribed in letters of gold over the church door."

But the following night an invisible hand replaced the king's name on the tablet, where it remained ever after.

The Suffering Souls.

An angel with a mortal stood at the gate,
While far within the fires of mercy rolled,
Where sorrow pierced ALL SOULS, and pain untold;
"Lord, help Thy children, here must suffer and wait!"

Thus spoke the earthly one. The spirit adown
His cheeks celestial dropped compassion's tears;
"No sweet reprieve for them? shall endless years
Roll on, ere they shall wear the radiant crown?"

The two blest ones looked up in silent appeal,
Then born of earth and son of Heaven prayed:
"Oh God, Thy suffering Church, our brothers, aid!
Thy Church of war and triumph offer their zeal.

There helpless souls are wrapped in flames, and no more
Can prayer from them to Heaven's altars rise,
Nor penance wait them joyful to the skies:
Dear Lord, let mercy temper still as of yore!"

O'er all the burning sea God's charity drops,
To soothe the utmost woes of His beloved;
What heart can feel that love and be unmoved,
What soul but faints if His dear charity stops!

Oh, list the mournful cry, "Dear Saviour of love!
How long, how long? O Lord, how long, how long!"
Sweet hope! they ask "How long?" Hope of the strong!
Their hope is Jesus, just and mighty above.

O loving strength of God, still cheer them to bear
The saving fires: till purified they come
And stand, all white, as princes in Thy home,
Where joy flows wide, and beauty heavenly fair.

And yet Thy bounty would do more: for behold!
What hope gleams on this dreadful, fiery lake!
All souls look up, fair dawn begins to break,
Light comes! the sun! the abyss is flooded with gold!

A form of light! the mortal cries, " 'Tis the Lord!"
And falls to worship; while the angel sings,
"Hail Mary, Queen of Mercy! peace she brings,
From God, to calm the souls that trust in His word."

The mortal looks with love on Mary, his Queen,
Who walks, mild Eden breezes, o'er the flame,
And lulls the torturing woe in Jesus' name,
Bids hope of cooling groves and valleys of green.

She speaks: the dreful vault is hushed at her voice,
All pain is gone, the gathered spirit throng
List mute the sweetest tones of Heaven's song,—
'Tis Heaven with them, and the happy spirits rejoice!

"Hail triple Church of God!" At Mary's address
They bow, and sing, "Hail Queen of earth and Heaven,
And this dread realm, to whom full grace is given,
Crown of our joy, consoler in our distress!"

"Dear suffering Church, the Church triumphant adores,
The militant Church contends with the powers of ill;
And yet for you, loved souls, forever still,
Unfettered prayer to Heaven's majesty pours.

God lists that prayer, and I am come to convey
His blessing, down this lower depth, to you,
Patience and hope, His holy will to do
And wait till He shall call His beloved away.

Grow weak, ye fires! Recording angel above,
Shorten their days, by God's all dread command!
And now with me, ye fair, regenerate band,
Up, up! our home is God's, in the realms of love."

Then such a flood of glory filled the expanse,
The angel was in Heaven, the mortal rapt,
Before an earthly altar knelt, and clapt
His hands in ecstasy, and shouted, "Advance!

Advance! ye bright, unnumbered myriads! Rise
To Heaven with the Virgin Queen of light!
O Church of God in holy prayer! still bright
With souls redeemed make His dear Paradise!"

A TESTIMONY OF COLUMBUS.—A celebrated tourist relates that he has visited, at Sienna, the Church of Fonte Giusta, in which he has seen an *ex voto*, not a little remarkable—viz., a large bone from a whale, a small shield encased in iron, and a sword of Christopher Columbus presented by the illustrious navigator, on his return from the New World, as a testimony of the veneration which from infancy he always felt for the Madonna of Fonte Giusta, when he studied at the University of Sienna, and an acknowledgment of her miraculous assistance in a shipwreck.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Progress and Fruits of the Apostleship of Prayer.

Our correspondence of the past month furnishes us with an abundant harvest of consoling news. To give the whole in our journal would oblige us to enlarge its columns. We shall content ourselves with a summary of the graces due to the ineffable bounty of the Heart of Jesus.

We place in the first rank among these, the appearance of an excellent little book entitled "Perpetual Intercession," where the idea which has given birth to the Apostleship of Prayer is set forth in a form at once elegant and popular. The author of this book, the Abbé Vincent, does not appear, at the time he composed it, to have had a knowledge of our work. The perfect coincidence of his ideas with ours, proves once more that the Apostleship of Prayer is not the work of one man, but the result of the exigencies of the times, and the general tendency of modern habits of devotion. What follows shows also the success of our work in the north of Italy. The Apostleship of Prayer has just been organized here, and Modena has been fixed upon as the center for all this region. There is in this pious city a printing office, exclusively devoted to the propagation of good books and good works. It has been named the printing office of the Immaculate Conception. It is here that a zealous prelate, Mgr. Roncati, of the Oratory of Saint Philip Neri, has lately published the translation of all our little publications. Even rosary-tickets, in Italian, are printed here. The joint efforts of such auxiliaries, and the courageous fervor which animates the good priests and Catholics of this country, so violently disturbed by the revolution, give us reason to hope that the Apostleship will not be slow to spread throughout all Lombardy and Venice. Already quite a number of Communities have adopted it; several Bishops, and the Patriarch of Venice himself, have promised their powerful co-operation; the Religious of many Orders have applied themselves to the work with admirable ardor, and we may soon expect to see even the Mekkitarist monks, at Venice, (who are now printing, in twenty-five languages, religious books for all the East,) place their presses at the service of the Apostleship.

Moreover, our work has lately been introduced into the native country of Saint Francis Xavier and Saint Teresa. Our little manuals and our tickets of aggregation, translated into Spanish, circulate already in this land so famed for its Catholicity. It is as yet but a sparse scattering of seed, but in so fruitful a soil, the grain of mustard will not be slow to become a great tree.

We have been happy to learn that the same little books have been translated into Portuguese. May the Apostleship contribute to the awakening of religious fervor in this country, where Jansenism and Freemasonry have done so much mischief.

The Heart of our Lord has likewise raised up for us devoted coadjutors in Belgium, Bohemia, Malta, the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and the west of the United States. Canada continues to

send us long lists of Associates, and gives us still more glorious hopes for the future.

Among the edifying incidents lately occurring in different parts of France, we shall instance only one. It has been furnished us by the Superioress General of a Congregation that is manifesting a most eager and fervent zeal for our work:

"In a little city of our diocese, a poor servant-girl—poor as to worldly goods, but rich in faith—devotes herself with truly admirable zeal to the work of the Apostleship. She is ingenious in contriving means to make this pious Association known and loved. Fearing lest her memory may prove defective, or that her timidity may place obstacles in her way, she has thought of writing little notes, which she reads, with great simplicity, to the persons she desires to engage as Associates. They listen to her with pleasure—gratitude even—and it is very rare that they do not respond to her zealous wishes. It is at meal-times she generally takes occasion to exercise her little Apostleship, for her other duties leave her no free time. However, she knows how to profit by every opportunity that presents itself—in the wash-house, in the street, everywhere and at all times, she finds means of speaking of the work she cherishes, and which she is so anxious to forward. Allow me, Reverend Father, to recommend particularly to your prayers this poor girl, whose health is very precarious."

Many favors are still announced as having been obtained by the prayers of the Associates. Here, there is a person who for a long time neglected the Sacraments, but who has lately approached them, without any exterior cause, to effect this change of life. She is the mother of a family, moreover, and her almost continual sickness rendered the accomplishment of her duties very difficult. Having been recommended to the Associates of the Apostleship during the last month of April, she has since that time been gradually recovering, and is now entirely well.

Religious Communities continue to enroll themselves eagerly in our holy league. In Rome, the Superiors of several important Orders have given assurances on this subject, which will soon be officially transmitted to us.

Rev. Father Bartholomew, Abbot of Mount St. Bernard, near Leicester, England, not only grants us the same favor for which we are indebted to his venerable brethren, but he also writes as follows, in a letter which we regret that we cannot lay entire before our readers:

"On receiving the first numbers of your periodical I had them translated and read in the refectory, as well as the particular intentions. I have also had a monthly table made, at the head of which is placed, in large letters, the principal intention, and after this the other intentions. I have had this little table set up at the entry of the chapter, and I shall have it renewed every month. There, all the Religious of our Community can see it daily, and even several times a day if they wish, to fix it in their memory."

We will close these consoling extracts by the wish expressed lately by a venerable Superior of

a Community, suggested by the hearing of similar edifying incidents. He will depend for the complete realization of this wish on our Associates, very likely: "For a long time past I have been haunted by a thought. The reading of the letter of Very Rev. Father Timothy, inserted in one of the late numbers of the *Messenger*, has impressed it still more strongly upon me. It is this—Why, say I to myself, do not the Superiors of all Religious Communities enroll themselves and their subjects in a good work, so appropriately and beautifully named, *The Association of the Apostleship of Prayer*, so that they may save so many poor sinners who are every day falling into the eternal abyss, for want of charitable souls to pray for them? Should not a true Religious be an apostle, and is not the grace of His vocation an efficacious means of working for his neighbor's salvation? Oh! yes, assuredly. Why, then, cannot I make my feeble voice heard by all those persons who have the happiness of being consecrated to the service of the Lord in so great a number of Communities! And if the Superiors of all Congregations do as those of the Trappist monasteries, and convents have now done, what a magnificent concert of supplications will arise daily to the God of all mercy, who desires not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live!"

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART,

THE JOURNAL OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

We are sometimes asked for fuller information with regard to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and the Apostleship of Prayer; and in answer to these questions we refer to earlier numbers of the AVE MARIA for a full explanation of this holy league of Christian hearts, united to the Heart of Jesus, in order to obtain the triumph of the Church and the salvation of souls. This union of pious hearts was formed about twenty years ago, in a Religious Seminary, under the direction of Rev. Father Ramière, S. J. For some time it was but little known outside of Religious Communities, but within the last few years it has been rapidly and widely extended, owing to the many spiritual advantages granted it by Pope Pius IX and the wide circulation of its monthly periodical, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, edited by the zealous Director of the Association, Father Ramière, at Val pres le Puy, in France. At the special request of Father Ramière we republish the entire contents of this journal in this department of the AVE MARIA.

Rev. Father Sestini, S. J., Loyola College, Baltimore, has been appointed Chief Director of the Apostleship of Prayer in the United States. Under his zealous efforts, we trust the holy league will soon be established in every Congregation, adding, as America's special devotion, a Hail Mary for the conversion of our own country. We shall continue to labor for its propagation, by carefully translating and publishing its official organ, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

He to whom the Eternal Word speaketh, is set at liberty from a multitude of opinions.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple.

This week, if the grown up readers of the AVE MARIA wish to hear any thing about the Festival of our Blessed Lady, which the Church celebrates, they will be obliged to turn to your Department, my dear little children,—for it is in a special manner your own festival, and you should all be prepared to celebrate it in the most worthy manner.

Next Tuesday, then, will be the Feast of the Presentation of our Blessed Mother in the Temple. Do you know the meaning of these words? Listen, then, while I explain them to you:

When the Blessed Virgin was three years old, Anne, her mother, remembered the promise she had made to the Lord when her babe was born,—which was, to take the little Mary to the temple, and consecrate her to the service of that holy place as soon as she was capable of knowing good from evil. And so, at this early age, she felt that she must fulfill her promise; for as soon as this angelic child commenced to speak, her parents were astonished at the wisdom and holiness of her words.

Toward the end of November, when the early frosts of winter were beginning to fall upon the hills of Galilee, turning the bright green leaves brown, killing all the fragrant and pretty flowers that grew in the wild woods and gardens, making the trees and plants look just as you now see them around your own homes, Joachim and Anne, taking their little daughter, started for the city of Jerusalem. It took them several days to perform the journey. They first passed down the woody slope of Mount Carmel, and entered those charming plains between the mountains of Palestine and the Syrian coast, where it seems to be summer the whole year round. There was no frost or sign of winter in this beautiful region. The air was fragrant with the perfume of roses and orange blossoms; rich verdure covered the earth; and groves of palms, banana trees and pomegranates clothed the gentle undulations of this fair country. Our travelers passed through this delightful region, and ascended the craggy hills that environ the city of Jerusalem. When they came in sight of this city, so great in those days, the pride of the Jewish nation, our little party involuntarily paused in admiration of this magnificent city of marble and gold. Enormous towers and vast palaces rose above its massive stone walls, yet high above them all towered the temple, radiant with gold. And that was to be the home of the Blessed Virgin during her childhood. She was to pass her youth in that temple, which an eloquent writer describes as being strong without as a citadel, within more adorned than a palace. On entering, you beheld porticoes of numberless columns of porphyry, marble and alabaster; gates adorned with gold and silver, among which was the wonderful gate called the Beautiful. Further on, through the vast arch, was the sacred portal which admitted into the interior of the temple itself, all sheeted over with gold and overhung by a vine-tree of

gold, the branches of which were as large as a man. The roof of the temple on the outside was set over with golden spikes, to prevent the birds settling there. At a distance, the whole temple looked like a mountain of snow fretted with golden pinnacles.

After having enjoyed this exquisite view from a distance, the Blessed Virgin and her parents entered the city. Having refreshed themselves in the house of Anna, the prophetess, they repaired to the temple.

On reaching the grand flight of magnificent marble steps that led to the Beautiful Gate, the holy child, unaided by her parents, swiftly ascended them; then, obediently waiting their slower ascent, she was conducted by them into the temple. Those who saw this group enter, remarked a child of exceeding loveliness and grace consecrated to God by a pious father and mother, and that was all; but the angels who filled the temple bowed before her, honoring in that fair Lily of Israel the destined Mother of God.

This temple, dear children, was the home of our Blessed Mother during all the succeeding years of her childhood. Here she learned every female accomplishment; she was as studious, learned and wise as she was obedient, chaste and holy.

See, my children, what a beautiful model is offered for your imitation on this festival of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple! What a heavenly example she gives to all pupils! At the voice of God she bid adieu to her parents, in order to learn, in the quiet and seclusion of the temple, all piety and all science. There she teaches children that the shelter of the sanctuary is the surest safeguard for their innocence; there, under the eye of God, she lived, far away from the dissipations of the world. Under the shadow of the altars, she grew in wisdom and all divine virtues; docile to the lessons she received, she ran swiftly in the paths of science and sanctity.

In studying this admirable model in the temple, your hearts, my children, will be filled with love for the angelic virtue of holy purity; and you will fervently ask this most wise and chaste Virgin to be your light and strength; you will select for your friends none but those whose hearts are pure, and who resemble the fair white Lily of Israel. Together you will associate in a holy friendship of good works and prayers. Simple as doves, dear children, you will then become wise as serpents, carefully avoiding all dangerous subjects, and your very appearance will possess a charm to fascinate all hearts.

Go, then, on this festival, to the Blessed Virgin in the temple, and from her example form the rule of your daily life. There she was always active, always busy, yet always recollected. Joyfully she arose, at the hour marked: scarcely were her eyes opened before she offered to God the first thoughts of the day by an act of fervent love. Angels were charmed to see with what modesty she dressed herself. Her first hours were consecrated to prayer; then she assisted, with all fervor, at the public sacrifices in the temple, and the rest of the day was consecrated to studies and manual labor.

Now we see her bending over the illuminated parchments of sacred science; again she is seated, with the other virgins of the sacerdotal race, embroidering the veil of the temple or the rich robes of the priests and levites with purple, hyacinth and gold, or, with unrivaled skill, spinning the snowy flax of Pelusia—always and ever, as day succeed day, the most edifying, the most modest and the most regular. Never had the temple contained such a treasure.

And now, my children, can I offer you any thing more precious than such a model? And will you permit this festival,—so particularly suited for you that we may well say the Church only thought of the little children when she instituted it,—will you, I say, let it pass without making a firm resolution, with God's grace, to faithfully imitate your model—the holy child, Mary, in the temple.

Intercourse Between the Two Worlds.

[Concluded.]

To the fourth it briefly answered that it was ignorant of the cause of the Divine wrath; this it could only know when in the presence of God.

To the fifth it replied by repeating some of the advice previously given, adding: "I again recommend you to have great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. In conclusion, it recommended her ever to pray with great devotion for the release of the souls in Purgatory. Say piously the invocations: *Mater Admirabilis, Consolatrix Afflictorum, Regina Sanctorum Omnium*. Do not forget them, but often recite them, particularly when you pass any representation of the Blessed Virgin." Some of the pupils were present while the spirit pronounced these words; two of them heard them, but they struck their ears only with a dull, indistinct sound.

We have finally reached the last day of our narrative, Monday, December the tenth. All hearts were warmly interested, and waited with anxiety the end of this marvelous history, which they ardently hoped would terminate in a manner to procure the greater glory of God. With renewed ardor they recommended the whole affair to our Lord; a Jesuit Father was invited to say Mass for this intention, in the chapel, at eight o'clock. While the pupils were assembled in the hall, the apparition appeared, and clasping Mary's arms, said: "Be not troubled, my hour is near."

Two of the other pupils distinctly heard these words; but they all, in their excitement, commenced making so much noise that nothing more could be heard.

The priest at this moment entered, and the two pupils, in liveliest transports of joy, ran to tell him that they also had heard clearly and distinctly the words of the spirit. The Father, seeing the happiness and pious delight of their young hearts, invited them all to receive Holy Communion in thanksgiving for the release of the apparition. They had been to confession two days before, and such was the innocence of their lives that the good Father confessor knew that they could without scruple receive the Blessed Sacrament at the Mass he was going to celebrate. At this agreeable news, the entire school hastened

to the chapel, where the Mass was immediately commenced. At the Gospel the apparition was seen near the communion-railing. The light that surrounded her had never been so brilliant; it turned toward Mary, saying: "Now I am truly inundated with joy; I am enrolled among the children of the blessed country! You also in time will be there, but take care that this thought gives you no pride. Whenever it is in your power, hear Mass every day; on Sundays and festivals you must never omit this duty, which is of the highest importance. Never pronounce the name of the devil; he feels a great satisfaction in hearing himself named, and he frequently profits by this imprudence to excite dangerous temptations in the soul. Keep the remembrance of the Mother of God always in your heart; she never abandons any, save those who withdraw themselves from her protection."

Here Mary interrupted it by begging that it would invoke the aid of the Blessed Virgin, in Paradise, for herself and the others who had aided it by their prayers. It replied—

"I shall certainly do so the moment I enter Heaven. I have caused you great anxiety, but all that is now at an end, and you will soon be liberally rewarded.

When the pupils went forward to receive Holy Communion, it entered the sanctuary, and in a posture of intense adoration accompanied the priest while he administered the Sacred Host. Whenever he took a Host from the ciborium it made a profound inclination.

Mass being ended, it made a lowly genuflection before the altar; then, approaching Mary, saluted her and said—"Now I am going to Heaven." With these words it arose in the air, its eyes still fixed upon Mary, who, when it had reached the height of the window, saw the portion of a body and an arm of dazzling whiteness extended to receive the blessed soul; it was like a mother clasping her babe to her bosom.

Blessed and happy soul! Possess the Kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Remember us in that country. May we one day, aided by divine grace, follow your steps and share your glory.

With regard to the expression *vestibule of Heaven*, which is found in several passages of this narrative, the reader may consult Bellarmine on Purgatory, Book II, chap. vii. Bellarmine regards it as probable, that independent of the place in which the souls endure the pain of sense, there is another where they are subjected to the pain of privation of the sight of God. He teaches that this opinion was formerly sustained by Venerable Bede, Saint Gregory and Dennis the Carthusian, and that it has been confirmed by a great number of revelations. If it is established that a place of such a nature exists, may it not be designated by the expression *vestibule of Heaven*.

In the *Analecta Juris Pontificii* this interesting narrative is followed by the attestation of the alderman of Luxemburg, before whom Mary Philipe and the others who heard the voice affirmed on oath the truth of these statements.

AVE MARIA.

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THE SANCTUARIES OF MARY.

Our Lady of Chartres.

Is it not a beautiful reality, that wherever Christianity has been introduced, we find sanctuaries of Mary springing up, growing in beauty, and gladdening the hearts of the children of the Church? We trace these sanctuaries from the tomb at Nazareth to the last altar erected in the Mission around the North Pole. They form

One long procession of chapels—
Low shrines, or cathedrals grand,
Stretching through lapse of ages,
And brightening every land.

Of these principal sanctuaries, which adorn all countries, like the "moon's fair beams," wherever the Sun of Justice sheds His rays, we intend giving a series of sketches, or pen and ink panoramic views. Therefore, to be systematic and artistic in our work, we must begin at the beginning.

Now, kind readers of AVE MARIA, do not turn, in imagination, to the blue sea and green hills of Galilee, and expect us to show you the open sepulchre, full of flowers, which was converted into an oratory by the devotion of the Apostles, ere they again separated, after their reunion around our Blessed Mother's death-bed; neither is it the "House of Nazareth," we intend to paint, as our proto-sketch; nor our "Lady of the Pillar," erected by Saint James on the banks of the Ebro; nor the beautiful church of Lydda, dedicated by the beloved disciple to the Mother of his God; nor "Our Lady of Tortosa," built by St. Peter in Phœnicia, when on his way to Antioch. But we are going back—to the days of the Apostles— anterior even to the life of the Blessed Virgin, or the devotion of Anne and Joachim, to find, amid the "Sacred Groves" of the Druids in Gaul, the first sanctuary dedicated "to the Virgin who was to bring forth a son." The immense gothic cathedral of Chartres still perpetuates this shrine. Its lofty spires can be seen many miles before the traveler reaches Chartres; like a mighty citadel, it towers above that city of the olden time, and its archives and chronicles date back beyond the birth of Christianity; and, through all the intervening ages, devotion to the Virgin Mother has continued without interruption up to the present time.

Perchance the *soi-disant* learning, and antiquarian lore of our day, may smile incredulously, when we say that devotion to the Blessed Virgin, in the Chartrain country, preceded Christianity; that on the very spot where the cathedral of Chartres now stands, the Druids raised a prophetic

statue of the Virgin Mother, a hundred years before her birth; and that they offered their homage to the *Virginum paritura*. Nevertheless this is not a legendary tradition, to be rejected by the wise; it is an historical fact, as fully authenticated as any well established point in history.

The impious author of the "Origin of Worship" has proved, that the mystery of the Virgin who was to bring forth a son, was known among Pagans; his testimony surely cannot be suspected, as it is the testimony of an enemy. Nicolas, in his *chef d'œuvre*, "Philosophical Studies," demonstrates that belief in the Virgin Mother existed among the Gauls, Latins, Chaldeans, Persians, and Egyptians.

The pious and learned author of "Notre Dame de France" says they could have obtained a knowledge of this mystery in three ways. First, from primitive tradition; for the truths which God revealed to our first parents and the patriarchs were never totally effaced by idolatry; many were preserved by floating, if I may so speak, upon the deluge of errors which covered the earth. In the second place, this knowledge might have been an immediate revelation from God Himself. The holy Fathers teach, that God revealed to Pagans the coming of His Son, and they cite in confirmation of this, Balaam's prophecy, which was known among the Gentiles, as the testimony of the Magi proves. Thirdly, after the conquests of Alexander, the Jews, dispersed into the various quarters of the globe, carried with them their prophetic books and their expectation of the Messiah; consequently the Pagans might have gained this knowledge by reading their books, or from oral intercourse with them.

It was an ancient, constant and universal belief, that a powerful liberator was to come from the East. Tacitus says that this was the common persuasion. These prophecies were preserved in the ancient Jewish books, and grave authors consider the prediction, attributed by Virgil to the Sybil of Cuma, (Eclogue iv), an imitation of the prophecy of Isaiah relating to the prodigy of a Virgin Mother: *Eccce Virgo concipiet et pariet filium*, (Is. ix, 14.) All the fancies of the poet seem borrowed from the prophet, and were realized in Jesus Christ, to whom alone they can be applied.

Now, if the mystery of the Virgin Mother was known to the Pagans in general, it should have been familiar to the Druids above all others, for they were the *savans* of their epoch—the wise men of Gaul. Cæsar says, that as ministers of divine rites, they preserved the deposit of reli-

gious doctrines. If the Pagans, then, had an idea of this mystery, it is among their sages and priests that we ought to seek its fullest development. Faber, (*Origin of Pagan Idolatry*), Guibert, (*de Vita Sua*), and other authors, fully prove, that it was a general custom among the Druids to erect altars to the Virgin Mother—*Virgini paritura*.

The Chartrain country was their grand point of reunion in Gaul; there they held their general assembly; and there their supreme chief resided. Under the mysterious shade of the grand forest trees, far away from the tumult of the city, they offered their sacrifices to their deities. Upon the hill where the cathedral of Chartres now stands, was one of those sacred groves, containing a vast grotto into which the light of day could scarcely penetrate; it was in perfect keeping with the sombre character of the Druidic religion. There, according to authentic tradition, all the distinguished men of the nation were convoked, in the one hundredth year before the birth of Jesus Christ, and in their presence the Druid priests erected an altar to the "Virgin who was one day to bring forth a Son," and they engraved upon it that inscription which has since become so celebrated: *Virgini paritura*. Priscus, the reigning king of Chartres was deeply moved by the discourse pronounced on the occasion by their grand pontiff, and in presence of the entire assembly, solemnly consecrated his kingdom to the future Queen, who was to bring forth the Desired of Nations. All the assistants, touched by this act, immediately consecrated themselves to this privileged Virgin; and they and their descendants ever afterward, entertained for her the most tender veneration, invoking her under the title of "Our Lady of Chartres."

Time, which proves all things, has not shaken this belief of the first ages; on the contrary, it has rather strengthened and developed it. In the fifteenth century Charles VII granted letters patent in favor of the church of Chartres, declaring it, at the same time, to be the most ancient in his kingdom, founded, by prophecy, in honor of the glorious Virgin Mary, before the Incarnation, and in which she was honored while living. At a later period Mr. Olier, in his "Autograph Memoirs," salutes Chartres as the "holy and devoted city, first in the world as regards antiquity, since it had been erected by prophecy."

The first Apostles in the Chartrain country, found the inhabitants admirably disposed to receive the truths of the Gospel; and as Saint Paul, preaching in the Areopagus, appealed to the altar, erected to the "Unknown God," to draw the Athenians to a knowledge of the true God; so these apostolic men reminded the Chartrains of their devotion to the Virgin Mother, in order to announce to them the *Son*, whom this Virgin had already given to the world. Their words and doctrine were joyfully received, and the true faith was soon established among these Pagans.

Their mysterious grotto was dedicated to the Sovereign Master of Heaven and earth, and transformed into a Christian temple, under the invocation of the Virgin Mary. Such is the antiquity

of Notre Dame de Chartres. What the devotion of succeeding ages has made it, we find beautifully illustrated, in "Notre Dame de France," by the venerable Curé of St. Sulpice.

In the eleventh century the celebrated Bishop Fulbert conceived the idea of erecting to the Mother of God one of those monuments that seem to defy time, and astonish all ages by their grandeur and magnificence. To accomplish a design so worthy of his great heart, he made an appeal to all the sovereigns of Europe: Robert, King of France, Canute, the great King of England and Denmark, Richard of Normandy, William of Aquitaine, and a host of noble Princes and Lords, liberally responded by pious largesses. A holy emulation pervaded all ranks—females even taking part in the construction of the edifice; and from this epoch dates that idea of banded corporations of skillful workmen, who enriched Europe with those superb basilicas, which still continue the admiration of the world.

Before the work of Fulbert was finished, it became a prey to the flames, and all its combustible parts were destroyed. Then it was decided to build another edifice, that should stand unrivaled in the world. It was constructed of cut stone, from the foundation to the summit, and, said William of Brittany, referring to the former accident, "this shall have nothing to fear from the fury of the flames until the day of judgment."

The royal magnificence of Philip Augustus and his successors poured out its riches in the erection of this new Cathedral, while a holy zeal animated all classes. A cotemporary writer says: "Who had ever before seen princes and powerful lords, men-at-arms and delicate women, laboring with trowel and chisel, bending under the yoke, like beasts of burden, while drawing these heavy loads of stone? Yet here we meet thousands such." Skillful architects and renowned artists hastened from all parts to offer their services gratuitously; and, as if by enchantment, that grand cathedral was raised and completed.

"When one sees, for the first time, the cathedral of Chartres," says an eloquent writer of our day, "he is agitated by indefinable emotions, and strange sensations thrill through his inmost soul. There all that is grand and imposing meets the sight; a multitude of pious recollections which come crowding from the past; the mighty proportions of the vast cathedral; all united, ravish the heart, and dazzle the eye, presenting as they do, such celestial marvels. We find within this inclosure, so venerable, and yet so young, all grace and poesy, and a combination of beauty, which human words cannot express, and we can but say that the cathedral of Chartres is one of the most prodigious *chefs d'œuvre* of Catholic architecture. Yet, however splendid may be this cathedral, it has not been the attraction which for ages has drawn whole generations to Chartres. No, they do not go there to admire the skill of architects, nor the grandeur of the temple; these are but accessories; it is Notre Dame de Sous-terre, or the Druidic Statue; Notre Dame du Pilier, and the veil of the Blessed Virgin, that

draw all hearts to Chartres. The first, Notre Dame de Sous-terre, ever rests in the crypt. Its mysterious origin, its antiquity, and the many miracles obtained at its feet, make this crypt hallowed ground. Never has Notre Dame de Sous-terre been removed, for any length of time, and it is meet that she should rest there.

If it were asked, why a Madonna so devoutly venerated through so many ages should have been left in the bowels of the earth, hidden as it were in a vault, instead of being exposed to the veneration of the faithful, in the brilliant light of day, in the upper church, which is far more beautiful and spacious; we would answer in the words of Bishop Pie, as found in his address delivered at the inauguration of the new statue of Notre Dame de Sous-terre: "It is because we never displace the source of a stream. Mary herself selected that particular dwelling. There, in that subterranean church, as it is called, Our Lady of Chartres has loved to receive her faithful servants, and enrich them with her choicest favors. In changing the place of the statue, they might be exposed to stop the source of graces. For God is the master of His own gifts, and He grants them on His own conditions." This is why Fulbert, when making the crypt nine hundred feet long, was most careful not to displace the antique statue. He left it on the very spot where the Druids held their assemblies, and where they had raised the image dedicated to the Virgin who was to bring forth a Son. In reality this subterranean church is the principal part of this sanctuary of Mary, the upper temple being only the decoration—and it was constructed with so much magnificence in order to honor the primitive grotto of the Druids.

In the middle ages it shone resplendent with gold and precious stones; its walls were covered with the choicest paintings, and a vast number of lamps burned day and night before the venerated statue. In this manner was Notre Dame de Sous-terre honored, until the terrible days of the infamous French Revolution, when, inspired by a spirit of impiety, of which a savage nation would be ashamed, the enemies of the Church dared to penetrate even to the sanctuary of Notre Dame de Sous-terre, and drag the statue from its throne and burn it at the door of the magnificent temple which the piety of ages had erected in honor of the Virgin Mother. When better days had succeeded the fury of the Revolution, an exact copy of the original was replaced in the crypt.

Notre Dame du Pilier happily escaped the fury of those modern Vandals. This statue is preserved in the upper church. It derives its name from a column upon which it rests. The faithful have always held it in great veneration; and after bearing their first homage to Notre Dame de Sous-terre, they lay at the feet of Notre Dame du Pilier the tribute of their gratitude and prayers. "So great are the crowds, and so fervent their devotion," writes an author of the seventeenth century, "that the stone column upon which the above mentioned statue rests has been worn away in places by the kisses of the devout pilgrims."

The veil of the Blessed Virgin is the third object of the devotion of the faithful at Our Lady of Chartres. This precious relic was brought from Aix-la-Chapelle, by Charles the Bald, grandson of Charlemagne. For more than nine hundred years it was venerated by the faithful, as one of their most precious treasures. When the Revolutionary Commissioners of 1793, whose glory consisted in insulting all that was sacred and holy, invaded the sanctuary of Our Lady, they insolently demanded the case containing this relic. In those days, might, or rather, brute force, was right, and the sacristan was compelled to bring to them the rich cedar box, overlaid with thick plates of gold and incrustated with pearls, rubies, and diamonds. When they saw it, in spite of their seared consciences they were seized with feelings of involuntary respect, and decided that none but an ecclesiastic should open it. Two priests were called to obey their behest. On opening it, they found the veil, composed of silk and linen, four and a half yards long. They cut off a portion of it, and sent it to Bartheleny, member of the Institute, in Paris, begging him to give his opinion of it, but did not inform him of its origin. This celebrated Oriental antiquarian, after carefully examining it, replied that the material must have been woven some two thousand years previous, and that it had formed part of a veil similar to those worn by the Oriental women. On receiving this reply, even those impious minions of Robespierre respected the case and the veil it contained, although they carried off all the treasures of the Cathedral, melting down all the gold and silver into the money of their so-called Republic.

Many royal octavo volumes would be required merely to enumerate the miracles that have been performed at Notre Dame de Chartres. The number of extraordinary cures have been great; truly might it be said that there the lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind see, and the sick are restored to health.

The archives are a long succession of preservations from shipwreck, fire, pestilence, and all other calamities which afflict life here below. In these records, the strongest evidences are given to prove how frequently, during the wars of the feudal times, Chartres was preserved from destruction by her precious relics. In the fourteenth century, not only the city, but the entire French nation, was menaced with destruction. Her King, John, had been many years a prisoner in England; the English were masters of Guienne, the flower of French chivalry had fallen at Crecy and Poitiers, the nobles were ruined, the young Regent was without troops, and Edward of England, pursuing his victorious career, penetrated with his triumphant army to the very walls of Chartres, where he pitched his tents, and summoned the city to surrender immediately. Full of confidence in God and the intercession of Mary, the citizens simply replied that they would not. Edward's messengers thought the siege would be an easy task for the English men-at-arms, for they saw no signs of defense within its walls.

But, contrary to their expectation, the siege wore on, until the green fields of France were bristling with English bayonets instead of the golden grain. The Dauphin tried to save the favorite city of Mary, but Edward was determined that it should be destroyed. The citizens saw that every shadow of earthly hope was lost; still they redoubled their supplications to their Patroness, when, suddenly, the sky was overcast, and so terrible a storm fell upon the English army that it seemed as though the end of the world had come. Stones fell from the sky, so large as to kill both men and horses. The entire English camp was in ruins, the canvas of the tents hung in tatters, and over that immense plain more than six thousand horses, and a thousand soldiers, lay dead upon the ground. There is no historical fact better attested than this extraordinary event. Edward, terror-stricken, believed that Heaven had taken up arms against him, and, falling on his knees in the midst of the ruins and dead that surrounded him, he implored the assistance of Notre Dame de Chartres, vowing to grant peace to France. In the fulfillment of this vow, which in his fright he had made to the powerful Patroness of Chartres, he signed the treaty in the little town of Bretigny, close by. France was saved, and the English King, with his haughty nobles, went, as peaceful and humble pilgrims, to kneel before the shrine of Notre Dame de laus-terre.

SAINT CECILIA.

[Continued.]

While they were conversing on the things of Heaven, Tiberius entered. According to the custom among relations, he kissed Cecilia's forehead and said,—"Whence comes the fragrance of roses and lilies, at this season of the year?" (It was near the end of the winter.) "If I held these flowers themselves in my hand, I could not inhale their perfume more freely than I now do, and this wonderful odor seems to renew my entire being!"

"It is I, my brother," replied Valerian, "who have obtained for thee the privilege of inhaling this delightful perfume. If thou art willing to believe, thou wilt be found worthy to see the flowers from which it proceeds. Then thou wilt know Him whose blood is crimson as the rose, and whose flesh is white as the lily. Cecilia and I wear these crowns, which thine eyes are not yet able to see; the flowers that form our garlands are of deepest vermilion and purest white."

The brothers conversed at length upon the so-called gods of Rome. Cecilia, interrupting them, said to Tiberius—"I am astonished you have not long since understood that these statues of clay, wood, stone, brass, or any other metal, could not possibly be Gods. How can you esteem as Gods, or put your faith in these vain idols, on which the spiders weave their nets and the birds of the air build their nests? They are formed of matter dug from the bowels of the earth, by the hands of felons condemned to the mines. Tell me, Tiberius, canst thou find any difference between a corpse and one of these idols? The dead body has all its limbs, but it can neither breathe, speak nor feel; in like manner the idol has its limbs,

but they are incapable of action, inferior even to those of the corpse; for at least during the life of the man, his mouth, ears, feet and hands fulfilled their various functions; but the idol commenced in death, and it will ever remain dead—it never lived, nor will it ever have life."

Tiberius, with much emotion, exclaimed—"Yes, it is indeed true; and whoever understands this not, has fallen to the level of the brute."

Cecilia, in a transport of joy, kissed his breast, saying—"Now indeed do I recognize in thee my brother. The love of the Lord has made thy brother my spouse; the contempt thou dost profess for the idols makes me thy true sister. The moment has come for thee to profess thy faith. Go with thy brother, to receive the waters of regeneration. Then wilt thou see the angels, and obtain pardon for all thy faults."

"But," said Tiberius, turning to Valerian, "to whom wilt thou conduct me?"

"To a great person named Urban, a venerable old man, with white locks and angelic countenance. He is filled with wisdom, and speaks words of heavenly truth."

"Is he not that Urban whom the Christians call their Pope? I have heard that he has already been condemned twice, and that he is now hiding in some out-of-the-way subterranean place. If he be discovered, the sentence will be carried out, and he will surely perish by fire; and should we be found with him, we shall doubtless share his fate. So, in our wild search for a God who hides Himself in the Heavens, we shall expose ourselves to certain death upon earth."

"If there were no other life than this on earth," said Cecilia, "we might justly fear to lose it. But there is another, which shall never end. Why then should we fear to sacrifice this short and passing life, when by so doing we secure to ourselves the life of heavenly joys which lasts forever? In this life we are the victim of all pains of soul and body—and it ends with death; once ended, we may well say that it has never been—for what no longer exists is as nothing. But in the life which succeeds it, the just are surrounded with eternal joys and the wicked punished with unending torments."

"But," replied Tiberius, "who has ever gone into that life? Who has returned to teach us what passed there? On what testimony must I believe?"

Cecilia arose, and with the spirit of an Apostle, in a clear, firm voice, said: "The Creator of Heaven and earth and of all they contain, engendered a Son before all time, and by His divine virtue produced the Holy Spirit;—the Son, in order to create all things by Him, and the Holy Spirit to vivify them. The Son of God, engendered by the Father, has created all things that exist; and the Holy Spirit, which proceeds from the Father and the Son, has animated them."

"O Cecilia," interrupted Tiberius, "but a moment ago thou didst say we must believe in only one God, and now thou speakest of three Gods!"

"There is but one God in His majesty; if thou wouldst conceive how He exists in the Holy Trin-

ity, listen to a comparison: A man possesses wisdom—by wisdom we mean genius, memory and understanding—by genius we invent, by memory we retain what we have learnt, by understanding we form our judgment on all that we see or hear. Yet, do we, on this account say there are several wisdoms in the same man? If, then, a mortal possess three faculties united in one, should we hesitate to acknowledge a majestic Trinity in the unique Essence of the Almighty God."

"O Cælia!" exclaimed Tiberius, "the human mind knows not such luminous explanations; it is the angel of God who speaks by thy mouth." Then, turning to his brother, he said: "Valerian, I confess the mystery of one God. My only desire now is to continue this conversation, in order to dissipate my remaining doubts."

"Thou shouldst address thyself to me, Tiberius," interrupted Cecilia; "for thy brother, still clothed in his baptismal robe, is scarcely ready to answer thy questions; but I have been instructed from my cradle in the wisdom of Christ, and thou wilt find me prepared to satisfy all the questions it may please thee to propose."

Tiberius asked: "Who has made known to thee this other life, which you both announce to me?"

Then Cecilia explained, with supernatural fervor and eloquence, how the Son of God was made man; His instructions, miracles, death, resurrection, ascension; and the preaching and miracles of the Apostles. While she spoke, Tiberius was so affected that he wept and sobbed aloud. "Oh if ever," he exclaimed, throwing himself at the feet of Cecilia, "my heart or my thoughts are attached to the things of this life, I shall consent to be deprived of the enjoyment of the one which succeeds it! Let fools enjoy the pleasures of time, and live as I have done to this moment, without any distinct aim; but my future shall be different."

Accompanied by his brother, he sought Pope Urban's retreat, in the Catacombs on the Appian Way. He remained seven days with this holy man, and by the unction of the Holy Ghost was consecrated a soldier of Jesus. The palms and symbolic crowns which surrounded him on every side on the tombs of the martyrs filled his soul with a heroic and unknown ardor. Angels from Heaven continually visited him, and he held sweet converse with them. All that he asked of the Lord was immediately granted.

The persecution under Almachius still continued. Not content with killing the Christians by the most horrible torments, the tyrant even refused burial to their bodies. The surviving Christians often bought the mangled remains, by paying for them their weight in gold. They reunited the limbs, cut in pieces by the sword; they collected the blood in sponges, which they afterward pressed out into vials, in order to preserve every vestige of the sainted martyrs,—and in this pious work Valerian and Tiberius particularly distinguished themselves. They buried the mortal remains with all honor, and generously supported their abandoned families. For this they were denounced to Almachius, and brought before his tribunal. "How is it possible," he said, "that scions of so noble a fam-

ily as yours, can have degenerated, and become so base as to associate with the most superstitious of all sects? I understand that you squander your property upon the lowest rabble, and that you debase yourselves so far as to bury with all honor the vile criminals who have been punished for their crimes. May we not by this be tempted to believe that you are their accomplices?"

"Would to Heaven," exclaimed Tiberius, "that those you call our accomplices would even deign to admit us among the number of their servants. They have had the happiness to despise those things which appear as something, and yet are mere illusion, and in dying they have gained the only thing real. May we imitate their holy life, and one day follow in their footsteps."

"Tell me, Tiberius," interrupted the judge, "which of you two is the elder?"

"My brother is not older than I, neither am I younger than he; the one holy and eternal God has made us both equal by His grace."

"Well," said Almachius, "tell me what is that you say appears as something, and is mere illusion."

"All that is in this world," quickly replied Tiberius, "all that drags souls to that eternal death, of which the joys of time are the prelude."

Almachius continued—"And what is the only thing real?"

"The future joys of the just—and the eternal torments of the wicked. Both approach, and, by a sad self-deception, we turn aside the eyes of our heart, in order not to see the inevitable future. The eyes of our bodies are amused by the things of time; and, lying to our own consciences, we dare brand the One True Good with terms that should only be employed for evil, and decorate evil itself with qualifications which belong to the only good."

"I am sure," interrupted the judge, "that thou dost not speak according to thine own spirit."

"No, I do not speak according to the spirit that actuated me before baptism, but according to the spirit of Him who has filled my soul—the Lord Jesus Christ Himself."

"But dost thou know what thou sayest?"

"And dost thou know what thou dost ask?"

"Young man, thou art bold and presumptuous."

"I have learned; I know and I believe that all I have said to thee is true."

"But I do not understand it," continued the judge. "I could never adopt such ideas or belief."

"Because," replied the Christian hero, "the animal man cannot perceive the things of God; but the spiritual man judges all things."

Almachius smiled contemptuously, haughtily waved Tiberius aside, and ordered Valerian to approach.

"Valerian," said the Judge, "thy brother's head is, certainly, somewhat affected; thou at least, canst give me a sensible answer."

"It is thine ear which is false," replied the young Christian; "and thou canst not understand our language."

"Peace! It is yourselves, most deluded brothers, who are in error—foolishly leaving all things useful and necessary, to run after chimeras. You

despise pleasures, throw aside happiness, and disdain all the charms of life. Strange delusion! whereby you fly from all the joys of earth, for imaginary delights."

Valerian calmly replied: "During the winter, I have seen men riding through the country, intent on pleasure; indulging in all dissipations, sports and games. At the same time, the husbandmen were manuring the earth, planting the vine, grafting the fruit trees, and busily occupied in all agricultural pursuits. The votaries of pleasure ridiculed their hard toil, exclaiming: 'You miserable creatures! leave such slavery, and come enjoy life with us, come and share in our amusements! Why weary yourselves with such hard work? Why pass your days in such dull occupations?' They accompanied their words with loud laughter, buzzing, and insulting provocations. But the season of rains and frosts were succeeded by balmy and genial days, and the ground so carefully cultivated was covered with the deep green-sward, rich pasturages, and fields of ripening grain; the air was fragrant with the perfume of roses; purple grapes hung in luscious festoons from the luxuriant vine branches, and the trees bent under their load of delicious fruits. The husbandmen, who had seemed insensible to the jests and gibes of the pleasure seekers, now exulted in plenty, while those who reviled them, were suffering in penury, regretting, when too late, their indolence and sloth; loud, then, were their lamentations. They said one to another: 'Look at those whom we ridiculed and insulted; their hard toil seemed shameful to us; we reviled their humble existence, which seemed, in our eyes, the acme of misery; we thought they were stupid and vulgar, and their society without honor; but the sequel proves that they were wise, and that we ourselves were foolish. We did not work. Far from helping them, we reviled and jeered them—now behold them, surrounded with abundance, and crowned with wealth.'"

"I must confess, that thou dost speak very eloquently," interrupted Almachius; "yet, I do not see that thou dost reply to my question."

"Permit me to finish," continued Valerian "thou dost revile and insult us; treating us as fools; ridiculing us, because we see fit to distribute our wealth among the poor, give hospitality to strangers, aid the widow and orphan, and bury with honor the bodies of the martyrs. According to thee, our folly consists in refusing to share thy voluptuous and sensual pleasures, and in setting but little value on our high birth and patrician rank. But, a time will come when we shall gather the fruit of our labors. We shall then rejoice, while those who now abound in the delights of this world, will weep bitter tears of regret. This present time is given, to sow our seed; those who sow in joy, in this life, will reap bitter sorrow in the next, while those who sow in passing tears, will reap a harvest of eternal joy and happiness."

"Wouldst thou dare assert," exclaimed Almachius, "that we and our invincible emperors shall be doomed to eternal misery, whilst thou and those like thee will enjoy eternal delights?"

"And who art thou and thine emperors," replied the young hero, "but men, born on a certain day, in order to die at a stated time? The only difference is, that thou and thine invincible emperors will have a double account to render, for yourselves, and for the abuse of the mighty power God has placed in your hands." Almachius, dissembling his anger, replied: "Enough; enough of such silly prattle, which only makes us lose our time; this affair can be easily settled; all that is necessary is merely to offer libations to the gods, and then you may both retire without further difficulty."

With one voice, the brothers replied, "Every day we offer sacrifice to God, but *never* to the gods."

"Who is that God," said Almachius, "to whom you offer homage?"

The brothers answered: "Is there, then, any other God, save the One Eternal, that thou shouldst ask such a question?"

"Tell me, at least the name of this God," said the Judge.

"The name of this God thou couldst not discover, replied Valerian, "even shouldst thou take wings and fly to the highest regions."

"Then it is not Jupiter, of whom thou speakest?" continued Almachius.

"Jupiter a God! O, Almachius! how canst thou be so blind! Jupiter, the debauchee and the libertine! Thine own authors tell us that he was a homicide, steeped in every vice, and thou dost call him a God! I am amazed at such effrontery; for the name of God can only belong to a being who has nothing in common with sin, and who possesses all virtues."

"Dost thou mean to assert," said the judge, "that the whole world is in error, and that thou and thy brother are the only persons who know the true God?"

"Deceive thyself no longer, Almachius," replied Valerian; "for thou canst not hide the fact, that the Christians, who profess this doctrine, can no longer be counted in thine empire. Thy Pagans will soon form the minority; they even now resemble shipwrecked mariners clinging to the floating planks, but their destiny is fixed—salvation is not for them."

Almachius, in a rage, ordered Valerian to be scourged with rods. During this cruelty, the martyr said to the assembled multitude: "Citizens of Rome, do not permit the sight of these torments to prevent your confessing the truth; stand firm in your faith; believe in the Lord, who alone is holy; destroy these gods of wood and stone, before which Almachius burns his incense; burn them to ashes; for be assured that all who bow down to them will be punished in eternal flames!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Nature labors always for its own interest, to please and to establish itself; but grace labors only for God's sake, and watches incessantly over the motions of the heart, to preserve it from sin, and to enable it to seek only its establishment in Jesus Christ.

THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST; Or, The New Month of Mary.

CHAPTER VIII.

Vow of Virginity of Mary—Vow of Continence of the Priest.

What is this word by which Mary places the seal upon her vocation? It is the vow of virginity, it is the engagement that she makes in the sight of God and for God, from her most tender infancy (at the age of three, according to one tradition), of preserving the double integrity of body and of soul, in renouncing all voluptuous pleasures of the flesh, legitimate or culpable.

There is a profound theology in this solemn act which is about to inaugurate into the world a moral state unintelligible to mere human reason. Until then, in fact, barrenness, as a necessary consequence of virginity, was regarded, at least among the Jews, as a malediction; fecundity, on the contrary, as a grace. Accordingly we hear Rachel exclaiming, when she gave birth to Joseph: "Blessed be the Lord who hath taken away my reproach," (*dicens: Abstulit Deus opprobrium meum*). The daughter of Jephtha, condemned to death by an indiscreet vow of her father, sought a delay of some hours in order to bewail her virginity, *flebat virginitatem suam* (Judges xi, 38,) (she mourned her virginity). This national prejudice of the Jews was founded upon the general expectation of the Messiah promised to Israel. Every woman aspiring to the honor of giving birth to Him, regarded the being frustrated in this hope, through barrenness, as an infamous stigma. It is this which caused Saint Bernard to say, in speaking of the Jewish women: "Cruel alternative of the daughters of Eve, suffering if they give birth, and of being cursed if they do not!" *Grave jugum super filias Eve. Et si pariunt, cruciantur, et si non pariunt, maledicuntur.*

Mary, disregarding this malediction which impends over virgins, trampling beneath her feet the judgment of men, scorning their scorning, cherishes her sublime project, and against the sentiment of her nation, the desire of other women, without precept, without counsel, without example, she vows her virginity to God. But, I am mistaken, if she had not the counsel of men, she had from the depth of her soul the counsel of God; she yielded unknowingly to her eternal vocation "which instructed her as to every thing," says Saint Bernard; "the living and efficacious Word of God was her director before the existence of her Son; it illumined her soul before He assumed her flesh; *Unctio docebat te de omnibus, ac sermo Dei vivus et effluens, ante tibi magister factus est quam filius; prius instruxit mentem quam induerit carnem.*"

If, then, God Himself directed the thought of this holy child, if He governed her will, if He caused her to uplift the standard of a virtue unheard of among men, if He depressed her for an instant beneath the feet of an anathema, it was only in order to change this anathema into benediction, it was only in order to conduct her to the height of her destiny. He Himself constructed His temple, He sanctified the tabernacle where He

wished to repose. *Sanctificavit tabernaculum suum Altissimus* (Psalms xlv, 5,) (the most High hath sanctified His own tabernacle), He cultivated with His own hands this flower of Jesse, of which He was to be the marvelous fruit.

The reason, then, of Mary's vow of virginity, was none other than her future divine maternity; it is sufficient to recall it to mind in order to justify and applaud it.

The God of sanctity can take delight only in the midst of saints, and in quitting the angels of Heaven, He ought to find upon earth other angels who would constitute for Him a court, and render unto Him the same adorations and the same honor: *Ut qui ab angelis adorabatur in celo, haberet angelos in terris* (Saint Jerome i, s. 22). What could these angels be, if not pure hearts, virgin souls? Nothing approaches nearer to the nature of angelic perfection than virginity: *Virgines de familia angelica deputantur* (Tertul., lib. i, ad Uxor, 4). Whence we can use this expression: virgins are the angels of the earth, and angels are the virgins of Heaven. Virginity, in fact, makes an angel of man, *angelum de homine facit* (S. Bernard, epit. 43,) for says Saint Gregory of Nazianzen, "to be in the flesh and to live unconcerned for the flesh, is to live as an angel," *in carne, præter carnem vivere, angelicum est*. According to many Fathers, it is even more. "It is greater to acquire the glory of angels than to have it. . . . Or, that which the angel possesses from his nature, the Virgin possesses from her efforts." (Chrysostom, Serm. 145). And Saint Basil, more bold in his language than the others, adds that virginity elevates man to a light so immeasurable that it renders him similar to incorruptible God. *Magnum quiddam est virginitatis, incorruptibili Deo (ut summam dicam) hominem similem faciens* (Lib. de Vel Virg.)

After having glorified virginity so wonderfully, we understand that the Holy Scriptures, and after them, the Fathers of the Church, called it the most beautiful of virtues and used, in order to portray it, the most beautiful images. But we understand also that the Son of God, wishing to be born of a woman, required this celestial virtue from her who was to give birth to Him. He is the God of purity; He dwells in the midst of lilies and makes of them His nourishment, *pascitur inter lilia*. He is virgin Himself, and all that which is to surround Him and to have relations with Him will be virgin; virgin the angel who announces Him, virgin His foster-father, virgin His precursor, virgin the tomb in which He is to be placed, virgin he who, at the foot of the Cross, represents the Church; virgin for the most strong reason she who was to carry Him in her womb. In order to show how the virginity of His Mother was to eclipse all others, He had announced it a long time in advance both by holy images and gracious symbols, He had caused notice to be taken of her sublimity and purity. She is represented, in fact, in the Holy Scriptures, sometimes by the virgin rose which opens out its bosom in order to receive the dew of Heaven; sometimes by the fragrance-diffusing lily which raises itself in the midst of thorns; here by the white dove or

the innocent turtle-dove; there by the immortal palm, the incorruptible cedar, the olive, the pine and the triumphal laurel; more remotely by the terrestrial paradise, the tree of life, the garden closed, the fountain sealed, the mirror without spot. When, therefore, Mary consecrated her modesty in the temple by a solemn vow, she realized all these magnificent emblems, she proceeded, without being sensible of it, toward the glorious mission which she seemed to renounce by her very vow; her unsullied heart, her chaste soul, her immaculate womb were not unworthy of receiving the Lamb without spot and of giving Him to the nations.

But that of which Mary was ignorant in the temple of Jerusalem, the young levite is not ignorant of in the seminary. He knows for what he is destined, he knows that he is to cause the fruit divine, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to bloom in the heart of men; that he is to carry Him in his hands and on his lips by his preaching and the sacraments in order to communicate Him and diffuse a knowledge of Him. It is because he knows all this that he prostrates himself upon the steps of the altar to consecrate, by a vow, his body, his heart, his soul. And it is because heresy is unacquainted with it, and because impiety does not wish to practice it, that the chastity of the Priest is the object of the most foul conspiracies of the heretic and impious: *Pudissima conspiratio*.

But we have nothing to do here with antichristianity. Its hatred is a most beautiful panegyric on sacerdotal chastity, and the indecency of the attacks of the former hightens so much the more the splendor and purity of the latter.

It is equally immaterial to know whether it binds the celibate as an ecclesiastic law or as a vow. The Council of Trent did not wish to define it, since in its canon 9, sess. 24, it makes use of this double expression: *Lege ecclesiastica vel voto*, in order to indicate that the controversy is free. Nevertheless, the most common and most probable opinion is that the obligation arises from a vow having as an object the ecclesiastic precept, and if it is true that this vow is uttered to-day implicitly by the fact of the reception of the sacrament of Holy Orders, there was a time when it was uttered in an express manner, and Pope Boniface VIII has declared it solemn.

Or, says Saint Augustin, it is the fact of the vow and of the character impressed by this vow which renders virginity so honorable; *Neque quia virginitas est, sed quia Deo dicata est, honoratur*. (Lib. de S. Virg., c. 8.) We know, historically, that there had been virgins before the august Mary: *Habuit quoque virgines diabolus*, says Origen, for instance, the vestals, the pythians and others; for to the eternal enemy of the human race all means are good: "He is troubled little whether one is lost by continence or luxury."

But none before the Virgin Mary had consecrated their virginity. This is why she is the standard-bearer of virgins as Saint Stephen is the standard-bearer of martyrs. She is the type, the form, the model of virginity; all the Fathers of the Church emulously reproduce it.

For the same reason the chastity of the Priest receives its glory from the consecration that he makes of it to God, and from the character that this consecration gives to him. In this way, as much as he differs from other men who are chaste from will or from necessity, so much the nearer he approaches the pure Virgin. Each of the two triumphs over flesh and blood by an act of liberty, and this sublime determination transforms them into angels of light, they arise from terrestrial mire to establish "their conversation in the Heavens." Mary has spoken; O Gabriel! you may come, to carry her your message. The levite has spoken; O Pontiff! it is time that you make an anointed of the Lord.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How St. Francis de Sales Remembered the Dead.

On the death of any of his friends or acquaintances, he never wearied of speaking in their praise and recommending them to the prayers of the living.

He frequently said: "*We do not remember our dear dead as we ought*; and the proof is, that we so seldom speak of them; we seem to avoid this subject, as though there was something fatal in it; we leave the dead to bury their dead; their memories pass from our minds with the tolling of their requiems, and we seem to forget that the friendship which ends with death, could never have been true; yet the Holy Scriptures tell us that true love is stronger than death."

After death, praise can no longer be suspected of flattery. It is a sort of impiety to defame the dead; and those who do so, resemble, in a certain degree, those ferocious animals that drag the body from the grave in order to devour it. It is, on the contrary, a mark of piety to speak frequently of their good qualities, and by this means be led to imitate them.

This one work of mercy embraces the other thirteen; for is it not, in some sort, to visit the sick, when by our prayers we obtain relief for the poor suffering souls in Purgatory? Is it not giving drink to those who are parched by their thirst for the presence of God, and who dwell amid burning flames, when we share with them the refreshing dews of prayer and meditation? Is it not feeding the hungry, when we hasten their deliverance by the means that faith suggests? Is it not literally ransoming the captive? Is it not clothing the naked, when we procure for them vestments of light, and the aureola of glory? Is it not true hospitality to procure their admission into the Heavenly Jerusalem, making them dwellers with the saints and servants of God, in the Eternal Sion? Is it not a far greater work of mercy to place souls in Heaven, than to bury the body? And, for the spiritual—is it not a work whose merit we may compare to that of counseling the doubtful, admonishing the sinner, instructing the ignorant, forgiving injuries, and bearing wrongs patiently? And what consolation could we give the afflicted in this world, that would bear the slightest proportion to that which our prayers obtain for the poor souls, tortured by the keen sufferings of Purgatory?

MARY'S LITURGY.

DEDICATION OF SATURDAY TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Why should Saturday, rather than any other day of the week, be dedicated to Mary? Are there any solid reasons for this dedication? Saint Peter Damian teaches us that: "Saturday, which means rest, was the day on which our Lord rested, and which was, therefore, dedicated in an especial manner to the Most Blessed Virgin, because Eternal Wisdom chose this very same Virgin for His tabernacle, or place of rest, and the Eternal Word delighted in resting in her bosom, as in a mysterious bed, sacred to His Incarnation." Saint Bernardin, of Sienna, in one of his sermons, puts words into angels' mouths, and makes them repeat the prophet's saying, applying it to Jesus and Mary: *Surge, Domine, in requiem tuam*: Rise up, O Lord, and choose your resting place! He tells us that Mary is called God's Rest, because the Lord took greater delight in resting with her, than with any other creature; and for the same reason the Most Blessed Virgin says in Holy Writ: "My Creator rested in my bosom:" *Qui creavit me, requiecit in tabernaculo meo*. It was therefore very proper that Saturday, meaning rest, should be dedicated to Mary, who was God's rest.

The Lord rested after the work of creation, having made Adam and Eve; and, in like manner, after the work of redemption, when He had made a new Adam, Jesus, and a new Eve, Mary, the restorer, He rested, like a skillful workman, looking on His master-piece, which satisfies Him in every respect.

But Mary is not only God's rest—she is also the Church's resting place; because the hopes of believers for the attainment of their only end, salvation, rest on her support and protection. To her the canticle is addressed which says: *I put my trust in thy help, O Virgin*. On her, Christians rely for hope in that dreadful hour; the hour which will decide their lot for eternity.

Mary is the rest as well as the hope of the world: *Ave, spes mundi, Maria*. It was proper, then, that Saturday, the day of rest, should be sacred to her.

"In like manner," writes Durando de Mende, "Saturday is an introduction to Sunday, which represents and prefigures eternal rest; and thus Mary is the 'Gate of Heaven,' because we are saved, and enter into eternal rest through her; and for this reason we should devote Saturday to her, the day which symbolizes her in some degree."

Mary is the dawn, preceding and heralding Jesus, the Sun of Justice; and Saturday is the dawn, preceding and heralding Sunday; and if Sunday is sacred to the Son of God, is it not proper that Saturday should be sacred to His Mother?

But is this the real reason why Saturday is dedicated to Mary? We hardly believe that this liturgical prescription is based on simple etymology, and respectable as are the opinions of learned doctors, such as Saint Peter Damian, they furnish no sound reason for making Saturday sacred to the

Most Blessed Virgin. What, then, are the real grounds that induced the Church to devote this day to her?

1. Let us recall to memory one of the greatest days in the world's history—that on which the Son of God died for all mankind. Mary was present at that scene of blood, kneeling at the foot of the Cross, on which her Son was expiring. On Good Friday night she took His sacred body in her arms, and pressed it with a mother's tenderness to her breast; for, although the soul had departed, it was still united to His Divinity.

On Saturday, Mary, disconsolate like Rachel, had to support the intense suffering of a mother, deprived by death of her child, and that child a God, the most perfect and most beautiful of all the sons of men, whom she loved with unspeakable affection, and for whom she grieved in proportion to her all but infinite love. Now, if we celebrate the festivals of Holy Martyrs on the day on which they died for Jesus Christ, is it not equally just that we should devote to Mary the day on which she suffered such cruel martyrdom, by the loss of her Son, and the sad scene of Calvary, which pierced her heart over and over again. Friday having been made sacred to the Passion of Jesus, it is right that Saturday should be sacred to the sufferings of Mary.

2. We should also remark, that the Doctors of the Church accept a tradition, that the Apostles met together round Mary, to obtain her intercession with Jesus for the pardon of their crime in deserting Him. St. Bonaventure relates that a knock was heard, on the morning of that day, at the door of the house in which Mary was weeping; and when St. John heard it, he said to Mary: "It is Peter." And she answered: "Let him in." The other Apostles followed him, one after the other, all with tears in their eyes. And Peter said: "I feel too much ashamed, and ought not to say a word in your presence, after having deserted and denied my Lord, who loved me so well." The other Apostles deplored their crime in like manner. But Mary comforted them with the hope of forgiveness, reminding them of her Divine Son's goodness, and tender love for them all.

From this we infer, that Mary began to show herself to be the Refuge of Sinners on Holy Saturday, and the disconsolate Mother became the Comfortress of the Afflicted from that moment. Truly, then, ought Saturday to be sacred to her in all ages, that she may continue to comfort the afflicted and intercede for sinners on that day.

3. Saint Bernard, and St. Bonaventure after him, remarks, that the Most Blessed Virgin remained quite firm in faith on that dreadful Saturday, when the Apostles, doubting, said: "We hoped He would have saved Israel." She alone was unshaken in her faith, and the faith of the Church was saved in the person of Mary. And both these great Doctors add, that Saturday was made sacred to her for this reason. "This is the best of all reasons," says Saint Bernard, "for making every Saturday in the year sacred to the honor and renown of the Virgin."

In conclusion, we repeat that Saturday is sacred

to Mary, because it is the day of her sufferings, her agony, her martyrdom; the day on which she began to be the asylum of the Church, the salvation of sinners, the comfortress of the afflicted; and because on that day she saved the faith of the Church from shipwreck. And as on Holy Saturday the Apostles began to worship Mary, it is fitting that the Church should continue to give her special worship every Saturday. Sunday being sacred to Jesus, as the day of His triumph, Saturday should be sacred to Mary, as the day of her suffering, her mercy and her love.

The Sermon on Mixed Marriages.

The striking and all important sermon by the Right Rev. Bishop of Natchez, published in the AVE MARIA of Nov. 4th, is eminently calculated to awaken a fervent response in the breast of every sincere Catholic throughout the land. It is the earnest voice of Faith crying out in defense of her children—crying out to warn them.

As for myself, who personally and most painfully have experienced the evil effects of "mixed marriages," I should be doing my sense of gratitude a signal injustice did I neglect to acknowledge my deep obligation to the pious Prelate for this unequivocal explanation of Catholic theology upon a point so vital—a point involving consequences so momentous, so fearful. Why may we not have this excellent discourse printed in pamphlet form, that it may be scattered over the entire country, so that in future no Catholic may be able to plead ignorance of his duty—to excuse levity in this matter?

Natural reason, indeed, would make the marriage of the Catholic with the non-Catholic appear equivalent to an abjuration of his baptismal vows. In baptism we renounce the devil and all his pomps, and solemnly profess our belief in the Holy Catholic Church; but in such a marriage, on the other hand, we unite ourselves in the most intricate, enduring, and important relations of life—with one whom we must regard as in a fatal error. Such is the one we select as *our bosom friend; the companion of our lives; the parent of our children.*

Is it not plain, then, that in contracting the ties of marriage with an unbeliever, we confess ourselves most shamefully cold in our faith, and actuated by a mere natural affection? The beauty, the sacredness of matrimony is lowered; I might rather say, is lost. It is an union for earth, and not for Heaven. Can I reasonably deliver my heart, my domestic happiness, into the keeping of one who hates, or is indifferent to that which should be the dearest of all things upon earth to me? Most assuredly, no. And again: What must be the nature of that affection which permits me to behold the one who, by a voluntary act of my own, has become the object of my love above all others, exposed to eternal loss?

Here, coldly I stand, and look forward to the bliss of Heaven for *myself*, but my *wife*, my *husband*, must meet the doom of those who reject truth! A stoic might well shudder at such a frigid philosophy. An affection of this description

deserves not the holy name of conjugal love, and the Catholic Church advisedly, and most logically, withholds her blessing from a contract so unnatural, so repugnant to genuine Catholic feeling. By such a marriage I have detracted from my integrity as a Catholic; nay, more; from my dignity as a being destined for a supernatural end. With strong and sincere faith on my part, the fear of this cruel separation which must take place at death, the torture which every thought of eternity must now bring to me, would have been spared me, had my choice been more wisely directed.

Should my language seem too strong, I can only reply to those who object: "Feel as I have felt, the anguish of beholding one most beloved, lying dead before you, deprived of the rites of the Church by the unfeeling bigotry, the heartless pride of a non-Catholic consort; or let them stand beside the death-couch of one who is a mother—a Catholic in her faith—struggling through a life of opposition without the support of the Sacraments, Mass, or the recognition of any friend on earth, compelled to sacrifice the stipulated baptism of her children; let them hear her then at her last moments crying, in heart-rending agony, for the priest, to receive her dying confession, then let them listen, and hear that last dying request coldly, inhumanly refused." I think then they will no longer accuse me of using expressions too unqualified, too severe.

Count the Catholic children of these unions who grow up uninstructed, and lose their faith by the death of the Catholic party, or by the guardianship of those who ignore or despise the faith: think of the value of one immortal soul, and remember how many are lost in consequence of these mixed marriages, and there is not one who will *dare to say, that too great zeal* can be employed in preventing the recurrence of such misfortunes.

Contrast these painful death-scenes, with the exit from earth of the faithful Catholic parent, in the bosom of his Catholic family. The Blessed Virgin has been the protectress and model of all through life; she comes with her benign consolations at the last happy hour.

Soft lights gleam around, for our dear Lord is here. Low, sweet, tender voices pray. The priest raises the Sacred Host. The Viaticum is received devoutly. The very air is blest. No wonder Mary cannot resist the strong attraction to join this saintly group. Guardian angels accompany her, and with all piety and heavenly consolations, the Christian soul goes forth at the bidding of the priest of God, followed by the prayers of loving ones on earth.

Behold the peaceful fruits of a truly Catholic marriage, and secure the last bright scene for yourselves. All honor to the Right Rev. Bishop of Natchez, and may his true words reach every heart in this wide Republic.

Thou hast not any thing in which thou canst glory, but many things for which thou oughtest to humble thyself; for thou art much weaker than thou art able to comprehend.

Ave from Protestant Lips;
OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

It would be wrong to imagine that Catholics alone can perceive the exquisite beauties which all ages admired in the glorious Mother of God. More than once we culled from Protestant gardens, flowers as fresh and beautiful as could have been found any where else, and gladly presented them to the astonished gaze of her most loving children. Superior souls will infallibly be struck with the matchless charms of the Virgin Mother. We see, with unspeakable delight, the freedom, the boldness Protestant lips are acquiring, day after day, in expressing their veneration of her sublime character. Of this we shall soon give fresh evidence again. The one we subjoin will surprise and show that the movement did not commence yesterday. We translate it literally from the works of Martin Luther himself. He too, in spite of his prejudices, in presence of such a perfection, is unable to restrain the accent of his enthusiasm. In one of his sermons on the *Magnificat*, he says: "Do you not esteem this heart of Mary a marvelous heart? *Putas-ne hoc mirificum esse cor?* She knows herself to be *Mother of God!* exalted above all men, and super-exalted above all women, and yet she ever perseveres in that simplicity, in that artless candor, in that steadfast persuasion that cannot admit even the possibility of a servant more unworthy and beneath herself. Oh! how far from such a heart our poor miserable hearts, that swell or sadden at the beck of fortune, proud or mean as it turns . . . whilst the heart of Mary, unshaken, never loses its evenness, allowing God to work on it as He pleases, without any other feeling from the Divine pressure but a deep and strong consolation, of joy and trust in Him. . . . She is plunged into an abyss of calamity and bitterness; her lot is but one of woe and affliction; yet she goes in search of no consolation; she impregnates her whole being with that confidence only that God is good, even when He does not allow us to feel it. She remains unchanged, even when every thing changes around her, loving and praising alike the goodness of God, whether she feels it or not. She rests not on human blessings when they are granted, nor is she disturbed by their withdrawal, thus exhibiting herself the true Spouse of Christ, who does not attach her affections to His gifts, but to Himself, who loves Him none the more when things succeed with Him nor finds Him less lovely when they prove adverse. O simplicity! O purity of heart! O admirable Virgin! What great things are hidden under that wonderful humility. *O simplex ac purum cor! O admirabilem virginem! quam ingentia sub humili delitebant!*"

A little further on, alluding to the unparalleled virginity which he perceives in Mary, he exclaims: "To be *Mother of God* is a prerogative so elevated, so boundless that it surpasses all understanding. Neither honor, nor beatitude could in any sense be compared with an elevation such as to be in the universality of the human race, the only per-

son, superior to all, that shares with none the privilege of having with the Heavenly Father a common Son. In this *unique word* all honor is contained for Mary, and no one could publish to her praise any thing more magnificent were his tongue multiplied above the number of flowers or blades of grass the world over, or that of the stars in the firmament, or that of the grains of sand on the sea coasts."—(*Martini Lutheri super Magnificat*, tom. v., of his complete works.) This was written in 1521, the year following his rebellion.

We have received the first and second numbers of a new Catholic paper, entitled the *Spectator*, published in Washington, D. C., which promises to be an able and useful periodical. From the following pretty gem, on the Assumption, we are happy to see that it sails under our own colors. We wish it a happy and successful voyage on the sea of journalism.

Assumption Day.

Oh! most sweet Mother of our Lord! our great and powerful Queen!
How wonderful and lovely is thine all majestic mien!
Grace breathes in every feature, and well thy children know,
That 'twas no idle greeting the Angel did bestow,
When he hailed thee, *Gratia plena*, and bowed before thee then,
The Mother of his God and thine! Queen of angels and of men.
Behold, sublime and glorious Queen, here at thy feet we bow,
In this vale of tears rejoicing, that our Lord has crowned thy brow
With a diadem of stars by His saints and martyrs given,
Fashioned by the angel host, who surround thy throne in Heaven;
And we thank Him that thy glory shall e'er augmented be,
As thy children learn to imitate thy matchless purity.
On that bright throne where thou art placed, so near the source of grace,
Thou knowest all our miseries, then turn tow'rd us thy face,
Whose brow is ever lighted with compassion's sweet, soft rays.
And guide us by that same dear hand, which led His infant Who, tho' the King of Heaven and earth, yet chose to be thy child—
Thy God and ours—oh! Mary dear! oh! Virgin Mother mild.
Then Heavenly Queen—our advocate! on this triumphant morn,
When from the tomb, immaculate, by angels upward borne,
While seraph-songs exultant greet thine entrance on thy rest,
Oh! pray thy Son to grant us the richest, rarest, best
Gift of final perseverance, so that when our toils are o'er,
He may crown us at our Mother's feet, our home forevermore.

The Angelic Salutation.

Mary has frequently appeared to the great Saints, such as Saint Dominic, John of Capistran, and the Blessed Alain of Roche, to reveal to them the efficacy of the *Hail Mary*, for the conversion of souls. These zealous children of Mary have publicly proclaimed, that the salvation of mankind in general, having commenced with the *Ave Maria*, the salvation of each one in particular, is, in a manner, dependent upon this prayer, and, that this prayer, which has brought fertility to the dry and fruitless earth, if well said, will cause the word of God to germinate in our souls, and bring forth the fruit of life, Jesus Christ.

The Blessed Virgin made the following declaration to the Blessed Alain of Roche, as he testifies in his book, *De dignitate Rosarii*: "Know, my son, and make known to all, that a probable sign of eternal damnation is, to entertain aversion, or give way to lukewarmness or negligence in saying the Angelic Salutation which restored a fallen world."

The Catholic Garden of our own Land.

It is one of our greatest pleasures to pass through the gardens of every clime, gathering choice bouquets of those flowers that breathe the perfume of the celestial land, whose fragrance scents of eternity. *Similis simili gaudet.* Therefore, we are attracted, and delighted in observing, that our valuable Catholic Journals also love to ornament their grounds with beautiful monthly and weekly mystical roses and lilies. With their permission, we intend enriching our bouquets from their gardens, and we commence this week by culling a few sweet buds from the *Catholic Telegraph*, and the *New York Tablet*.

Mary Immaculate—Mater Admirabilis.

Fairest Virgin 'neath the sun!
Maid and Mother both in one,
Only being ne'er undone,

Mater Admirabilis.

"Fairest flower of the field,"
"Valley lily," "fountain sealed,"
Thou of purity the shield,

Mater Admirabilis.

God Himself looks down with joy
On the gold without alloy—
Watching all thy sweet employ,

Mater Admirabilis.

His pure eyes ne'er turn away
From thy presence night or day,
He, thy Love, thy Hope, thy Stay,

Mater Admirabilis.

There thou sittest, meek and mild,
Thou, the Temple's holy child,
God's white dove, His undefiled,

Mater Admirabilis.

Hiding 'neath His mighty wings,
Thy pure spirit ever sings
Praises to the King of Kings,

Mater Admirabilis.

Now thy busy hands at rest,
The fair lily's spotless breast
By thy purer eyes caressed,

Mater Admirabilis.

They are veiled, those loving eyes,
Thou wilt lift in sweet surprise
To Gabriel in mortal guise,

Mater Admirabilis.

Turn their light upon our heart,
In its rays the lilies start
Of our life henceforth a part,

Mater Admirabilis.

Watch and tend them till they grow
In God's garden here below,
Meté for Him who loved us so,

Mater Admirabilis.

What that Love thou knowest best,
Thou who drew It to thy breast,
From the Heaven's Eternal Rest,

Mater Admirabilis.

Win for us in our degree
Grace to love and live like thee,
Praising God unceasingly,

Mater Admirabilis.

"Mary, Star of the Sea."

Away from the noise of cities,
And the busy haunts of men,—
Where the wild Atlantic boometh,
Always its deep *Amen*
To the glorious hymn that Nature
Sings ever to God above,
Stands a little village temple
Which many hearts must love.

For there at early morning,
When Summer's sunbeams shine,
Year after year they gather,
Around Saint Mary's shrine.
From all the country, far and wide,
They come and bend the knee,
To her whose name is honor'd there—
The Star of the Sea!

Their memories are of prouder fanes,
Perchance, cathedrals grand,
Where wealth and fashion hold their sway
In the cities of the land,
Where choral music fills the aisles
And swells upon the air,
Yet their hearts are fill'd with holier love
In that lone house of prayer.

For still, as morning's rosy light
Steals thro' the leafy screen,
And tints with crimson and with gold
The walls and all between,
Then Nature's voices tune their hymn
In harmony sublime,
And waft the weary spirit far
Above the things of Time.

The wind without, in the branches,
As it rustles amongst the leaves,—
The twittering and the chirping
Of the swallows beneath the eaves,—
And the far-off sound of the waters,
As they come with a rush and a roar.
Or with low and plaintive murmur
Break on the sandy shore.

Peace floats on those gentle breezes,
It shines in that tender ray,
And covering all like an angel's wing,
It moves all hearts to pray.

It hangs, a radiant halo,
Round Mary's sculptured face,
As she stands in her altar's shadow,
In calm and queenly grace.

The world and its weary hours,
And its life-long load of care,
Are left without at the portal,
And may not enter there;
From the thrall of life's dull bondage
The heart and the soul are free
In this shrine of our gracious Lady,
Saint Mary's by the Sea;

As long as thou livest, thou art subject to
change, even against thy will, so as to be some
times joyful, at other times sad; now easy, now
troubled; at one time devout, at another dry;
sometimes fervent, at other times sluggish; one
day heavy, another lighter.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, a Journal of
THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

**Graces obtained through the Intercession of
 Blessed Margaret Mary.**

It would be very astonishing if, at a time when the whole Church is making every effort to set forth the praises of her who has done and suffered so much to glorify the Heart of Jesus, the same most generous Heart did not contribute to enhance the honor of His faithful servant. Thus, those graces of which He is the source, have flowed abundantly everywhere that the triumph of the recently beatified has been celebrated. Everywhere is the voice of Heaven joined to that of earth to proclaim the power of Margaret Mary. It is true that, in more than one place, this passionate lover of the Cross, who during all her life sought only for trials, has treated her sisters as she would wish to have been treated herself. The feasts of her beatification have been, for certain Communities, the occasion of trials more or less painful; and we do not doubt that, for these Communities, as for the Blessed Margaret Mary herself, temporal tribulations have been only the source of the most precious spiritual graces.

But in many other places, and especially in favor of the faithful of secular estate, the protection of the newly beatified has been manifested in the most remarkable manner, by surprising cures and conversions. Some of these graces, noticed in various circulars of the Visitation, have been collected by a Religious of that order, to gratify the readers of the *Messenger*. We beg her to accept our thanks, and we doubt not that she will be rewarded as she deserves, by the results which the reading of them cannot fail to produce in faithful hearts. She will, undoubtedly, increase their gratitude toward the Heart of Jesus and their confidence in the intercession of His beloved spouse.

Our readers, no doubt, will understand that in laying before them the recital of these graces, such as we have received it, we do not pretend in any way to forestall the judgment of competent authority, as to their more or less miraculous character.

**EXTRACT FROM A CIRCULAR OF THE MONASTERY OF
 GENOA.**

"The sweet devotion to the Heart of Jesus seems to spread proportionately to the knowledge of our blessed sister, Margaret Mary. Many vows have been performed here in thanksgiving for graces obtained. *Triduums* of prayer have often been asked of us; on every side we are overwhelmed with petitioners for the water into which the relics of our beatified sister have been dipped; and it is with pious eagerness that the surrounding population treasure up the medals, tracts, and sketches of her life, with which we were provided, and all of which were soon distributed. We will relate here the grace of a conversion, of which we learned the details a few days ago. On one of the days of the *triduum*, several young persons were standing at the foot of the hill upon which

our monastery stands. Seeing a multitude of persons coming toward them, they asked the reason of such an extraordinary throng, and having learned that they came to celebrate the festival of our beatified, they commenced to laugh and joke at the expense of those who were hurrying to the church. But one of them, who had taken part in their impious discourses, suddenly felt so strong an impulse to follow the pious throng, that he could not resist it; so he separated from his companions, approached and entered the little chapel, where divine grace touched him so effectually that he yielded and avowed himself vanquished. A few moments were all that the lover of the Heart of Jesus needed to subdue entirely *this* heart so lately irreligious. Having returned to his own house, the young man appeared quite a different person—his sentiments had changed—his conduct changed with them; and now he has no other desire than to give himself entirely to God. We learned these details from himself, for he came to us to ask the help of our prayers, saying that our beatified sister had already operated part of his conversion, which he hoped she would complete, and that as soon as the grace should be entirely granted, he would bring to our Blessed Margaret Mary a silver heart, in gratitude for this inappreciable favor."

FROM THE MONASTERY OF MILAN.

"Several persons have received, with the image and relic of our beatified, graces for which they are desirous to return thanks. Among others, a young lady after having resisted for nine years the strongest and most pressing invitations of those interested in her salvation, had no sooner put on the relic of the Blessed Margaret Mary than she resolved to go to confession. Since then, her much more edifying conduct, and her changed expression of countenance, furnish the most irrefragable proofs of the sincerity of her conversion. She does not suffer the means to which she is indebted for these benefits, to remain unknown to any one, and her regenerated soul bears witness publicly, and without ceasing, to the gratitude she owes her powerful benefactress.

"A young man, suffering from the gangrene, and tormented by such intense pain as to draw from him the most piercing cries, has been suddenly cured by the application of a relic of the beatified to the part affected, and, moreover, he was not told till afterward of the means employed to cure him, seeing that he was disposed to nothing so little as to trust in supernatural remedies. Accounts of conversions and cures, which possess something of the miraculous, have been transmitted to us from neighboring cities, whither the pious tokens, of which we have spoken above, have found their way, by means of friendly persons who came down to Milan for the festival. It would be too prolix to give the details here."

FROM THE MONASTERY OF THONON.

"Miss Elizabeth Plaisance, aged twelve years, and living in the little city of Thonon, suffered for nearly three years from a pain in the left shoulder. In November, 1861, the pain increased considerably, and the shoulder, being much swol-

len, was sometimes flushed with a color as red as blood; at other times whitish and like dried parchment. From January 10th, 1862, the head of the little sufferer was bent over as far as her breast, and subsequently down to her waist. The shoulder blade, entirely twisted back, was thrust out to such a degree as to make it surprising that it did not pierce through the flesh. The unfortunate young lady could not bear the slightest touch upon the part affected, so much did she suffer. A consultation of physicians was then held. Violent remedies were ordered toward the middle of January, producing so strange an effect that the poor patient was out of her mind; she bounded about in her bed, leaping from the head to the foot, and back from the foot to the head. Her stomach could not digest the least nourishment—a few grapes brought on a crisis. At last nothing remained but frightful torture and continual moaning. Her doctor, seeing her in this state, said, with anxiety: 'It is a hopeless case; she will have the lock-jaw;' and afterward, 'It is the lock-jaw.'

"Affairs were in this state when Madame Plaisance, a woman full of faith, came to ask prayers for her daughter. Our Mother Superior promised them willingly, and expressed the wish that the young patient should make at the same time a novena to our blessed sister, Margaret Mary. The pious mother gladly agreed to this, and also made a vow to visit, with her daughter, the tomb of the beatified as soon as the cure should be obtained. The novena was made daily by the family in common, composed of the father, the mother, a son, aged fourteen, and the little Elizabeth. During the novena, all remedies, properly so-called, were suspended; they tried, however, to give the little patient two baths, but she could not stay in them, so severe were her pains.

"In the course of the novena, Elizabeth had two visions which she related to her mother, and which filled them both with joy, causing them firmly to believe in the much desired cure. The first time, Elizabeth saw near her bed our blessed sister, who, taking her by the hand, said to her: 'You shall be cured at the end of the novena, but your shoulder must remain a little swollen.' The second time the child saw the Blessed Virgin first, and afterward our beatified. 'We must cure this little one,' said the Holy Virgin to the Blessed Margaret Mary. 'She will be the comfort of her parents.' Then approaching the bed of the sufferer, our beatified reiterated, but this time without restriction, the assurance of her speedy cure.

"On Sunday, February second, the last day of the novena, Elizabeth being worse, her confessor brought her the Holy Viaticum. Her pains continued all that day and the following night, during which she could take no repose. The next day, the third of February, at the very hour when, nine days before, there had been placed in her hands a picture and some articles which had touched the body of the beatified, Elizabeth arose suddenly and cried out, intoxicated with joy and happiness, 'I am cured.' Then falling on her knees upon her bed, she returned thanks to her

benefactress. At the same moment, her brother, who had heard her, came in. 'You are cured, sister,' said he; 'Is it really true?' and then, wild with joy, he gave her several hearty blows upon the back, even on that shoulder which a few moments before could not have been touched with the tip of the finger without making the sufferer shriek with pain; but now she felt no uneasiness. Her mother heard the noise, and hurried to help her dear daughter, whom she expected to find expiring—'I am cured, mamma, I am cured?'

"Elizabeth was in fact radically cured. She was able at that very moment to rise, dress without trouble, and take nourishment from that day forward, as in perfect health. Half an hour had scarcely passed away when the mother and daughter, transported with happiness, came to make us partakers of their joy and thanksgiving. 'Even if I should live a hundred years,' said good Madame Plaisance to us 'it would not be long enough to thank our Lord.' In answer to our question to Elizabeth, as to what passed in her at the moment of the cure, she answered with charming ingenuity: 'I heard a little gurgling noise, like that made when one bottle is emptied into another, and then I felt no more pain.'

"This happy event took place at twenty minutes past seven in the morning, and at nine o'clock Elizabeth, accompanied by her parents, assisted at our conventual Mass. She remained on her knees the whole time without feeling fatigued. Some months afterward she went with her pious mother to the tomb of our beatified sister. Robust health has replaced the infirm state of Elizabeth, who has regained the freshness and vivacity of youth."

FROM THE MONASTERY OF DOLE.

"Our young sister, Mary Amata, suffered for more than two years from an inward disease, which our physician declared beyond the power of medicine to remedy. This disease became so violent, and made such rapid progress, that before Christmas our dear sufferer was brought, one might say, to the jaws of death, being scarcely able to bear a few spoonfuls of drink. Nothing remained to us but the sad prospect of an inevitable and speedy death. A novena was commenced to the Blessed Margaret Mary, and on the last day our dear patient asked for food, which she was at last able to take. From that time her pains were less intense, the source of the evil seemed to have disappeared, and now the cure is completely effected; her strength is restored to her, and our beloved sister habitually assists at the choir and other regular exercises, filling the office of second porter. Full of gratitude to her holy benefactress, and, above all, to the Heart of Jesus, our good sister breathes nothing but the desire of devoting herself to His glory, as far as lies in her power."

The Apostleship imposes no other practice than to offer frequently, at least every morning, our prayers, our labors, and our sufferings for all the intentions of the Heart of Jesus, which are the conversion of infidels, heretics and sinners, the advancement of the just, and the triumph of the Holy Church.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Angel's Story.

Through the blue and frosty heavens
 Christmas stars were shining bright!
 Glistening lamps throughout the city
 Almost matched their gleaming light;
 While the winter snow was lying,
 And the winter winds were sighing,
 Long ago, one Christmas night.

While, from every tower and steeple,
 Pealing bells were sounding clear,
 (Never with such tones of gladness,
 Save when Christmas time is near,)
 Many a one that night was merry
 Who had toiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven,
 Friends, long parted, reconciled;
 Voices all unused to laughter,
 Mournful eyes that rarely smiled,
 Trembling hearts that feared the morrow,
 From their anxious thoughts beguiled.

Rich and poor felt love and blessing
 From the gracious season fall;
 Joy and plenty in the cottage,
 Peace and feasting in the hall;
 And the voices of the children
 Ringing clear above it all!

Yet one house was dim and darkened;
 Gloom, and sickness, and despair,
 Dwelling on the gilded chambers,
 Creeping up the marble stair,
 Even stilled the voice of mourning,—
 For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,
 Velvet carpets hushed the tread,
 Many costly toys were lying,—
 All unheeded, by his bed;
 And his tangled golden ringlets
 Were on downy pillows spread.

The skill of that mighty city
 To save one little life was vain,—
 One little thread from being broken,
 One fatal word from being spoken;
 Nay, his very mother's pain,
 And the mighty love within her,
 Could not give him health again.

So she knelt there still beside him,
 She alone with strength to smile,
 Promising that he should suffer
 No more in a little while,
 Murmuring tender song and story
 Weary hours to beguile.

Suddenly an unseen presence
 Checked those constant moaning cries,
 Stilled the heart's quick fluttering,
 Raised those blue and wondering eyes,
 Fixed on some mysterious vision,
 With a startled sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hovered,
 Smiling, o'er the little bed;
 White his raiment, from his shoulders
 Snowy dove-like pinions spread,

And a starlike light was shining
 In a glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel,
 Leaning o'er the little nest,
 In his arms the sick child folding,
 Laid him gently on his breast,
 Sobs and wailings told the mother
 That her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising,
 Spread his wings, and through the air
 Bore the child, and, while he held him
 To his heart with loving care,
 Placed a branch of crimson roses
 Tenderly beside him there.

While the child, thus clinging, floated
 Toward the mansions of the blest,
 Gazing from his shining guardian
 To the flowers upon his breast,
 Thus the angel spake, still smiling
 On the little heavenly guest:

"Know, dear little one, that Heaven
 Does no earthly thing disdain,
 Man's poor joys find there an echo
 Just as surely as his pain;
 Love, on earth so feebly striving,
 Lives divine in Heaven again!

"Once in that great town below us,
 In a poor and narrow street,
 Dwelt a little sickly orphan;
 Gentle aid, or pity sweet,
 Never in life's rugged pathway
 Guided his poor tottering feet.

"All the striving anxious forethought
 That should only come with age,
 Weighed upon his baby spirit,
 Showed him soon life's sternest page;
 Grim Want was his nurse, and Sorrow
 Was his only heritage.

"All too weak for childish pastimes,
 Drearly the hours sped;
 On his hands so small and trembling
 Leaning his poor aching head,
 Or, through dark and painful hours,
 Lying sleepless on his bed.

"Dreaming strange and longing fancies
 Of cool forests far away;
 And of rosy, happy children,
 Laughing merrily at play,
 Coming home through green lanes, bearing
 Trailing boughs of blooming May.

"Scarce a glimpse of azure heaven
 Gleamed above that narrow street,
 And the sultry air of summer
 (That you call so warm and sweet)
 Fevered the poor orphan, dwelling
 In the crowded alley's heat.

"One bright day, with feeble footsteps,
 Slowly forth he tried to crawl,
 Through the crowded city's pathways,
 Till he reached a garden-wall,
 Where 'mid princely halls and mansions
 Stood the lordliest of all.

"There were trees with giant branches,
 Velvet glades where shadows hide;

There were sparkling fountains glancing,
Flowers, which in luxuriant pride
Even wafted breaths of perfume
To the child who stood outside.

"He against the gate of iron -
Pressed his wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
At the glories of the place:
Never had his brightest day-dream
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

"You were playing in that garden,
Throwing blossoms in the air,
Laughing when the petals floated
Downward on your golden hair;
And the fond eyes watching o'er you,
And the splendor spread before you,
Told a house's hope was there.

"When your servants, tired of seeing
Such a face of want and woe,
Turning to the ragged orphan,
Gave him coin and bade him go,
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted
Bitter tears began to flow.

"But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender child-heart fell,
And you plucked the reddest roses
From the tree you loved so well,
Passed them through the stern cold grating,
Gently bidding him 'Farewell!'

"Dazzled by the fragrant treasure,
And the gentle voice he heard,
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit,
Joy, the sleeping Seraph, stirred;
In his hand he took the flowers,
In his heart the loving word.

"So he crept to his poor garret;
Poor no more, but rich and bright,
For the holy dreams of childhood—
Love, and Rest, and Hope, and Light—
Floated round the orphan's pillow
Through the starry summer night.

"Day dawned, yet the visions lasted;
All too weak to rise he lay;
Did he dream that none spake harshly,—
All were strangely kind that day?
Surely then his treasured roses
Must have charmed all ills away.

"And he smiled, though they were fading;
One by one their leaves were shed;
'Such bright things could never perish,
They would bloom again,' he said.
When the next day's sun had risen
Child and flowers both were dead.

"Know, dear little one! our Father
Will no gentle deed disdain:
Love on the cold earth beginning
Lives divine in Heaven again,
While the angel hearts that beat there
Still all tender thoughts retain."

So the angel ceased, and gently
O'er his little burthen leant;
While the child gazed from the shining,
Loving eyes that o'er him bent,

To the blooming roses by him,
Wondering what that mystery meant.

Thus the radiant angel answered,
And with tender meaning smiled:
"Ere your childlike, loving spirit,
Sin and the hard world defiled,
God has given me leave to seek you,—
I was once that little child!"

* * * * *

In the church-yard of that city
Rose a tomb of marble rare,
Decked, as soon as Spring awakened,
With her buds and blossoms fair,—
And a humble grave beside it,—
No one knew who rested there.

The Accusing Birds.

Murder is so great a crime that God almost always ordains it so, that the wretches who commit it are discovered and punished, even in this life. There are some curious stories told on that subject; here is a very extraordinary one. Saint Meinrad was a young lord of Suabia, in Germany; in the flower of his years he left his illustrious family, to commune with God in solitude. The night often surprised him attentively reading the Sacred Scriptures—an old manuscript copy, with golden clasps, which had come down to him from his fathers; often, too, he meditated on the virtues, the holiness, the goodness, and the miracles of the Blessed Virgin. He made his vows in the Abbey of Reichenau, situate in the Duchy of Baden, and he afterwards left it to take up his abode in a little hermitage, on the summit of Mount Etzel. There he spent seven years; but the odor of his virtues reached the depth of the valleys. At first shepherds and wood-cutters came to him, then lords, then noble ladies, then, at last, a multitude of people. This homage was a torment to the holy hermit, who loved only meditation, humility, and the solitude of the woods. Hence it was that he secretly quitted his hermitage, taking nothing with him but the statue of the Blessed Virgin—the only ornament of his little chapel—and took refuge in Switzerland, in a forest of the Canton Schwitz, which bore the characteristic name of the Black or Dark Forest. He there spent peaceful and happy days, and would have reached a good old age, if he had not been murdered at the end of thirty-two years by robbers, with whom he had had the charity to share the limpid water of his spring, and the wild fruits of his forest. But God did not permit this atrocious crime to remain unknown. The murderers had been seen by no one, but they were betrayed by two crows, who harassed them continually, even in Zurich. They followed them everywhere with incredible fury; they penetrated even into the city, made their way through the windows of the inn where the murderers had taken refuge, and never left them till they were arrested. The ruffians then confessed their crime, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

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THE DIVINE MATERNITY OF MARY.

The Divine Maternity! What shall we say to the readers of the AVE MARIA on a subject so beautiful, so rich, so dear to all, and yet so difficult properly to explain? The Saints and Doctors of the Church, who best understood it, would appear, one and all, to have *exaggerated*, and yet one is at a loss how to give even a faint idea of its sublimity, in words less comprehensive. "To be Mother of God is a dignity next to that of being God." "Mary could not be more united to God than she was, without being God." Such is, in substance, the language of the school. Hence this bold declaration of Bossuet, commenting on these words of the Gospel, *Maria de qua natus est Jesus*: ("Mary of whom Jesus was born:") "When men wish to praise," said the great orator, "they multiply words and say but little; but when the Holy Ghost wishes to make the eulogium of the Blessed Virgin, in one word He completes it; and such is the perfection of the tableau that nothing can ever be added to it: *Maria de qua natus est Jesus*." No wonder that where God Himself finds the limit of His power, man should find the limit of his language. God could create a greater world, a greater Heaven, but could not exalt a creature to greater excellence than by *making her His mother*.

During the next six weeks the hearts of the faithful prepare with holy, grateful thoughts, worthily to commemorate the Nativity of the Son of the Eternal Father, which they could not, even if they would, separate from the Divine Maternity of this Mother. Father Faber, whose words are theology clothed in strains of heavenly poetry, tells us that nearest to the throne of God, "sits a Virgin Mother."

The Word in the Father's bosom was to find a home on earth, and "the glorious, adorable and eternal Word, in the ample range of His unrestricted choice, predestined the bosom of Mary to be His created home, and fashioned, with well pleased love, the Immaculate Heart which was to tenant it with Himself. O Mary! O marvelous, mystical creature! O resplendent mote, lost almost to view in the upper light of the supernal fountains! who can sufficiently abase himself before thee, and weep for the want of love to love thee rightly, in thy wonderful prerogative of the Divine Maternity? There were no creatures to sing anthems in Heaven when that choice was made. No angelic thunders of song rolled round the throne in oceans of melodious sound, when

the Word decreed that primal object of His adorable predilection. No creations of almost divine intelligence were there to shroud their faces with their wings, and brood in self-abasing silence on the beauty of that created home of their Creator. There was only the silent song of God's own awful life, and the eternal, voiceless thunder of His good pleasure."

To be the Mother of the Son, with all the immense realities of such a Maternity, Mary was created. She was a mother, in the language of theology's poet, "fitted to minister to that marvellous Body out of her own heart's blood, and to be herself for months the tabernacle of that most Heavenly Soul. All God's works are in proportion. When He appoints to an office, His appointment is marked by extreme fitness. He elevates nature to His own purposes. He enables it to compass the most supernatural destinies by filling it with the most incredible graces. There was no accident about His choice of Mary. She was not merely the holiest of living women on earth at the time when He resolved to come; she was not a mere instrument for the passing necessity of the hour, to be used and flung aside, and lie indistinguishable in the crowd, when her use was gone. This is not God's way. He does not deal thus with the least of His elect. His whole revelation of Himself renders such a supposition as impossible as it would be profane. There is nothing accidental or of mere ornament in the works of the Most High. His operations have no excrescences, no extrinsic appendages. God does not use His creatures. They enter into His purposes, and are an integral part of them; and every part of a divine work is one of that work's perfections. This is a characteristic of divine working, that every thing about it is a special perfection. Mary thus lies high up in the very fountain head of creation. She was the choice of God Himself, and He chose her to be His MOTHER."

To the exquisite poetry of Faber we add the clear philosophical disquisitions of Nicolas on this glory of all humanity, the Divine Maternity. In the "New Philosophical Studies" he says: "Her Divine Maternity is not an event, a mere quality: it is her constitution, her very being. *She is* Mother of God as men are men, angels are angels, and as Cherubim are distinct from Seraphim. She makes a single hierarchy—an order apart, surpassing all the others."

Undoubtedly she belongs to our human nature; she is our sister. God forbid that we should disown or forget this. She belongs to our nature as

that nature belongs to the slime of the earth out of which God formed the first Adam; and in order that she herself should become the *holy virgin earth* of which God formed the sacred body of her Divine Son, she was as much elevated, by the power of God, above the flesh and blood of man, as man in his innocence was above the slime from which God drew him.

By the Incarnation she became Virgin Mother, and Mother of God. What union, what wonderful intimacy does not this Maternity establish between Mary and God, since it is the union of the mother with her offspring living in her womb, and of her womb, a part of herself! The same blood circulated in Mary for herself and for Jesus, the same heart caused its pulsations, the same breath warmed it; in fine, as Saint Augustin says, it was the flesh of Mary and of Jesus—*Caro Christi, caro Mariæ*.

What is true of all mothers, was in Mary carried, in this astonishing union, to a degree which leaves all others far behind it; because her virginal substance shared with no other this union with her offspring, and because the virtue and operation by which she conceived, were as divine as the Fruit itself. We do not infer that this union was as strict as that which united the flesh of Jesus with his Divinity; it was not an hypostatic or personal union, or else Mary would have been God, as her Son was, which is inadmissible. But with what divinity must not this flesh of Mary, which bedewed and perfumed the blood of a God, have been impregnated, if I dare so speak!

Let us not be astonished nor alarmed at so close a relation between Mary and God—we Catholics, to whom it is given to assimilate to ourselves, in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, this same divine flesh, and to be able to say, with the Apostle, *I live, now not I, but Jesus Christ liveth in me*.

In Mary this union was more wonderful, since it was natural as well as supernatural. And since Mary gave the life of nature to this flesh of the Word from whom she received the life of grace, to determine this marvelous connection, we may say with the Angel of the School, that Mary had a *consanguinity* with Christ as man, and an *affinity* with Christ as God, and that by the operation of this blessed Maternity she bordered on the Divinity:—*Elle confinait à la Divinité—Propria operatione attingit fines Divinitatis*.

Saint Bonaventure feared not to avow that the quality of Mother of God was the last effort of the Divine omnipotence, and consequently that it is infinite, since it exhausts, in some manner, the power of God. And Saint Thomas supports this opinion, by the words of the Angel to Mary, that the virtue of the Most High should overshadow her, and explains it in this manner: "Every power has its sphere, which is the term and the greatest extent of its operation, and the *Virtue* is the last effort of a power. Consequently the Angel, in saying that this mystery would be the work of the *Virtue of the Most High*, gives us to understand that God would here use all His force, as the Virgin says, 'with all the might of His arm.'" We are not sufficiently penetrated with this

truth, because in comparing Mary with ordinary mothers, we represent to ourselves this quality of Mother of God in her as exterior and something accidental, and not as inherent in her person; while in reality it has its seat in her moral being, whence it influences her physical nature. Mary conceived the Word in her womb; but this conception was the effect of a plenitude of graces and the operation of the Holy Ghost in her soul, which made of her a tabernacle and a sanctuary.

We may say that a woman is not more estimable in herself because she has given birth to a great personage; that this gives her no increase of virtue and true perfection; that it is a transitory honor which passes with her death and that of the son which she brought forth; but the dignity of Mother of God in Mary is her sanctification, it is the grace that elevates her far above all the angels, the grace in which she has been predestined, created and conceived to this great end: it is her *Person* itself.

Mary must be considered in her dignity of Mother of God, as all the just are regarded in the quality of Children of God, since it is this quality of child of God which has been elevated in her even to the heights of grace, even to the sublime dignity of Mother of God. In the case of the first, the quality of child of God is not merely the result of the *will* of God to give them His kingdom without placing anything in them; no, this dignity which the grace of adoption gives them is inherent in the soul. Consequently the dignity and grace of Mother of God is a personal and permanent thing in Mary, uniting her to God by the most intimate bond that can possibly be imagined, making, on this rare creature, a divine and eternal impression.

Whether, then, we consider Mary at the instant of her Maternity, or carrying the Word within her womb, she is with God in that astounding union in which we find the beating of one heart, and the breathing of but one breath. We must not believe that this union was relaxed at His birth, nor while this God lived His individual, human, evangelical and glorious life. No; this union has ever remained on the earth and in Heaven, equally close as it had been in the womb of Mary. It was even closer by Mary's increase of graces and merits, until the day of her Assumption, when it was consummated and crowned for eternity.

We may compare the state of Mary as Mother of God to that of the Saviour as Man-God. As Jesus, the source and plenitude of grace, incarnate grace itself, was so completely filled with it, according to His humanity, that he always acted in this order, without ever leaving it, in like manner, Mary so completely possessed the grace of Mother of God, that she always acted in this order, without ever departing from it; and as all the human actions and affections of Jesus were divine, being of a value equal to God, who performed them in Him, so all those of the Virgin were proportioned to the grace of Mother of God, whence they took their origin, and which filled her soul.

This analogy (preserving all due proportion) is rigorous. It has its principle in the chain of predestination which united Mary to Jesus in the accomplishment of God's design. This unique design, called by the Fathers *the great affair of all ages*, *Negotium seculorum omnium*, because it was the thought and desire of all nations that preceded it, and the happiness of those which succeeded it, is the Incarnation; it is Jesus Christ.

Now, without speaking of the Holy Spirit who operated this mystery, we may say there were but two persons who entered into the formation of the Man-God: nevertheless as the design of God was to make His Son, not only man, but son of man and child of the Virgin, He willed that the holy person of Mary should also enter into the decree of the Incarnation. And as He elevated created nature to the highest point of communication that this nature could have with the uncreated Being, by making a Man-God; it was also His will to establish in Mary the most sublime union to which a created being could reach, with its God; making of this created being—a *Mother of God*.

We should, then, see in Mary, Mother of God, a sacred object, which all ages contemplated and revered as the center of benediction of the Old and the New Law; as the center where rested the ancient Patriarchs by a fecundity founded on the counsel of God, the center to which all Christians ascend and belong by the privilege which they enjoy of being children of God.

And as we must acknowledge that the ancients in their way reached Jesus Christ only through His most holy Mother, who alone of their seed bore this most blessed fruit, so we also, in our way, cannot reach Him save by a particular dependence on her divine Maternity, since we are children of God only by incorporation in the humanity, which she gave His only Son.

Such is the fundamental truth which unites by an indissoluble bond our devotion toward Mary to the worship we give to Jesus, and must dedicate us wholly and entirely to the Son and the Mother.

In the annals of the primitive Christians, we read, that the Greeks, so ardent in their devotion to the Blessed Virgin, never placed crowns of gold, diamonds or precious stones upon her images, but they wrote on the forehead in letters of gold the one word—*Theotokos*—MOTHER OF GOD.

Mother of God! Her place shall be,
Above all creatures next the Diety.
His praises first the tuneful choirs employ,
"Thy throne O God! is filled with endless joy.
Thy government and glory near shall cease,
Almighty God the Son, true Prince of Peace!
Hail Virgin Mother of our Sovereign King!
The nine angelic choirs now softer sing,
While the triumphant Church re-echoes, then
Hail thou most tender Mother to all men!
If when on earth, thy supplication made
Thy Son to yield, what He had erst delayed;
Oh what will He not grant when thou dost stand,
The sinners advocate, at His right hand?

SAINT-WORSHIP.

I have shown that it is not only meet and proper to worship God in His Saints, but also to worship the Saints themselves for such personal merits or worth as they have acquired by their voluntary concurrence with the divine action in nature and grace. I intended to proceed directly in the present article to consider what is the actual worship which we render to the Saints, but I must prove to my readers that the principle of Saint-worship is held even by people who accept not the Church.

The principle of Saint-worship is, that Saints have merit, and merit is to be honored wherever it exists,—a broad, and, in some sense, a democratic principle, in that it overlooks all the factitious distinctions of birth, race, rank, wealth, or position, and to fix the regard on real moral worth. The Church has canonized kings, nobles, military officers of high rank, private soldiers, humble shepherds, poor peasants, and day-laborers. Mary is not worshiped as a Saint because she was of the royal line of David, but for her personal worth—her real worth, acquired by her uniform concurrence with divine grace; and if more honored than any other Saint, it is so because her merits are greater, as well as closer her connection with the salvation of man.

I hope some day to point out to the readers of the AVE MARIA, the peculiar merits of our Blessed Lady, and to show wherefore she is really, as the Church calls her, the Queen of all Saints. In no way can we better learn what are the virtues most precious in the eyes of the Church, than by meditating on those of Mary, and in no way can we better aid our own spiritual progress. In meditating on her distinctive virtues we may, perhaps, learn why the Church, from the earliest ages, has taken so much care to encourage her worship, and uniformly treats with special indulgence those who prove themselves her devoted clients. But this enters not into my present plan, which is confined to the nature, ground, and character of Saint-worship in general.

I have defended or justified the worship of the Saints by showing that God has created them second causes, and capable of concurring by their own free will with His divine action, and, therefore, by the assistance of His grace, of acquiring merit. The Saints are they who have well merited, and it would be unjust not to acknowledge it, and to render them the honor that is their due.

The principle of Saint-worship is admitted, and the worship, to some extent, is practically rendered, even by those who pretend that the Saint-worship practised by Catholics is idolatry and superstition. All ages and nations practise, in some form and in some degree, what Carlyle calls hero-worship, and in which, in his quaint way he tells us, there is a moral fitness and a profound philosophy. No small part of the religion of the ancient Gentiles consisted in hero-worship. No doubt the Gentiles often honored in their heroes and great men what were really no virtues, and with honors which should never be paid to a creature; but so far as they honored

human virtue, or intended to honor it, they recognized the fundamental principle on which our Saint-worship rests, and differed from us only in its development and application.

The modern Gentiles, or non-Catholic world, are further gone than were the ancients, and are less loyal, less sound in principle, and less ready to recognize real worth and render it the honor it merits. The ancients had right principles, right feelings, and were less dry and hard than the moderns, less self-sufficient, less egotistical, and more generous in their feelings. They, no doubt, obscured and even perverted, what was good in them by their Pantheistic error, but the general prevalence among them of hero-worship proves that there was still some freshness left in their nature. God lives and reigns, though men fail to recognize Him in the theories, and is active in human nature, though they deny, or attempt to explain away His existence. If God did not exist, and as Creator, there would and could be no one to deny or confound Him with nature.

Yet even our modern Gentiles are not wholly insensible to the principles of Saint-worship, and do, in their own way, develop and apply it in practice. Did not our Protestant countrymen write to honor the memory of the late President Lincoln, and almost fell into the old Gentile error of divinizing him, by calling him, as many of them did, a second Messiah, that is, God made flesh? Do they not honor, and justly, the military merits of Grant, Sherman, Rosecrans, Sheridan, and hundreds of others who proved themselves brave and successful commanders of armies, corps, divisions, brigades, or regiments? What is the principle of this honor? It is the principle of human worth, of human merit, and far gone is the nation that fails to recognize and honor worth in its servants. Every nation, not lost to all sense of virtue, honors, in some form, its great men. How many American parents have named their children George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Andrew Jackson; and how many counties, towns, cities, villages, and city streets in our country have the name of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Webster, Calhoun, Van Buren, Lincoln, &c., just as, in Catholic countries, they have the names of Saints?

All this shows that the principle of Saint-worship is active in the hearts of non-Catholic Americans, and, I need not say, is a principle that does honor to human nature.

But this is natural, and there is nothing religious in it, while the worship Catholics render their Saints is strictly a religious worship. But I am not so sure that there is nothing religious in the worship our countrymen pay to their heroes and great men. It is, indeed, civil worship or honor, but civil honor is at bottom no more distinct from religious honor, if we take the term *religious* in its broadest sense, than civil duty is distinct from religious duty. All duty is duty to God; and the basis, the fundamental principle of the civil order is precisely that of the religious order. All true

civil or political principles have their ground and origin in theological principles, and through the medium of the creative act are joined to God.

We live, and move, and have our being in God, and God by His creative act is in us, in all our thoughts, words, and deeds, for without Him we are nothing, and can do nothing. The fundamental principle of all human activity in all orders is one and the same. Hence the theologians tell us, grace supposes nature, and it is a Protestant error to hold that grace supersedes nature, or that in the just only grace acts, as I have heretofore shown. Grace takes away no natural faculty and adds none; it simply elevates to a new plane our natural faculties, and gives them a new power and direction, as we are taught by the Church, in her doctrine that our free will concurs in the work of conversion. In conversion, in justification, in spiritual progress, human nature acts and must act, and on this fact we have grounded the possibility of human merit. Nature is not sufficient for herself, is not complete in herself, for she has in herself neither her first beginning nor her last end, and therefore it is that all natural good is imperfect good. But all Catholic theologians teach that, as far as real, it is good, and hence the proposition that "all the works of infidels are sins," is a condemned proposition.

Now, as man exists and acts only by virtue of the creative act of God, all his actions, in some sense, pertain to the religious order, as being done by virtue of the principle which is the principle of religion itself. Whatever action is right in the natural order, or in the civil order, is included in religion, and to some extent partakes of its character. The civil virtues are not of themselves sufficient to merit the eternal rewards of Heaven, nor are the civil honors we pay to them, or to statesmen, military heroes, patriots, philosophers, scholars, poets, artists, etc., as high as those merited by the great Saint, who to the natural joins the supernatural; but they differ from them not in principle or kind, and are religious in the sense that they proceed from the relations of man to God through the divine creative act.

Moreover, it is not of Catholic faith that the worship we pay to the Saints is, strictly speaking, religious worship in any other sense. Strictly speaking, no worship is religious that is not offered directly to God. The principle that prompts to the worship of the Saint is precisely the same principle that prompts the civil honors paid by all nations to their heroes and great men. The difference is in the virtues honored, not in the honors or the principle on which they are rendered.

The error of Gentilism, in its hero-worship, was not as to the principle underlying it, which was the same with the principle of the Catholic Saint-worship, a principle natural to the human heart, and authorized, as we have seen, by its relation to the principle of the worship of God Himself, but in the virtues honored, and even in the honors paid. There is a vast difference between canonization and apotheosis. Canonization simply attests the virtues of the Saint, and authorizes the faithful to worship or honor him as a Saint; apothe-

osis placed the hero among the gods, and authorized his worship *as a god*. To the Saint we pay only such honors as are due to a man who concurring with divine grace is sanctified and glorified, or completed, made perfect in Christ our Lord: to the divinized hero the heathen paid divine honors, which are not and cannot be due a simple creature, however great or holy.

Then again, the virtues honored by the heathen in their hero-worship were often no virtues at all, or, if virtues, were not virtues of the highest order. Take, for example, Hercules, Theseus, Romulus, Indra, Wodin, or Thor, and the legend presents you no example worthy of imitation, no virtue but simple strength or force, which is, though a good thing, no moral virtue at all, nor any thing for which its possessor deserves to be honored, since it is not a merit acquired by the action of his own free will, with or without the assistance of grace. I say nothing here of the vices, the crimes, the gross demerits ascribed by the legend to the famed heroes worshiped by the Gentiles, because the legend is to a great extent mythical, and these things may perhaps be explained in a Pantheistic sense, as symbolizing the productive and destructive forces of nature. I speak here of hero-worship proper, or of men deified, not of the worship paid to the gods by nature, who, as the Scriptures inform us, were all demons, or as we may say, fallen angels, evil spirits, too often in the history of the world adored as divine, as they are in modern Spiritism.

The term Messiah applied in the public honors paid to our late President, so barbarously assassinated, and a few years ago to Cyrus W. Field, who it was supposed had succeeded in laying a working telegraph across the Atlantic, prove how prone men are not only to hero-worship, but, when left to themselves, to fall into the Pagan error of confounding men with God and God with men, and to convert even civil honors into idolatry or superstition. The heart, when touched by some deep feeling or acting under strong excitement, is prone to exaggerate, to run into every species of extravagance, and the Church, by taking charge herself of Saint-worship, forbidding all private or local canonization, and allowing public honors to be paid only to such as she proposes to the veneration of the faithful, and to be worshiped only with such offices as she herself prescribes, offers the only safeguard we can have against this natural extravagance, or against converting the worship into idolatry or superstition. I said in a previous article that Saint-worship is our best protection against Pantheism: I say now, that Saint-worship as authorized and directed by the Church is almost our only protection against the superstition and idolatry of Gentilism, and into which mankind are sure to fall just in proportion as withdrawn from the instructions and influences of the Church.

It is instructive to note how uniformly in the history of the world men, in proportion as they fall into a low and groveling superstition, fancy that they are becoming enlightened and wise, and with what proud and contemptuous airs they

look down on those who are really enlightened with the wisdom of God, and really elevated above the highest powers of human nature, by the effectual workings of Divine grace. The Gospel was to the Greeks foolishness, and Christianity to the proud Romans was a "hateful superstition." Little did it occur to them that the folly and superstition were in themselves, not in the humble followers of the Cross, the most magnanimous of men. How true is Saint Paul's description: "They became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish heart was darkened. For professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man, and of four-footed beasts and creeping things," though from the beginning of the world the invisible things of God, even His eternal power and divinity had been clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made!

The same thing is observable now in this age of revived Gentilism. With what self-complacency do they who call themselves men of the age boast of their enlightenment, their science, their intelligence which scarcely leaves to nature or to God a secret, and with what scorn and contempt do they not view that poor mother, who has just buried the last darling of her heart, kneeling before an image of Mary and through her sobs, exclaiming, "Mother of Sorrows, pray for me," or the poor man harrassed in body or mind, calling upon the Saints to pray for him, that is, join their prayers to his to God for relief, or resignation! They see in it only besotted ignorance and superstition, in which the priests,—the horrible monsters,—study to keep their flocks, the better to control them and to fleece them. And yet these same enlightened and scientific men, can see no God, but the blind forces of nature, and can believe, if in any thing but themselves only, in modern necromancy or spirit-rapping! There is nothing new under the sun. Modern Gentilism but repeats the ancient, and men believe that they are becoming enlightened and wise just in proportion as they plunge deeper into the darkness of ignorance and superstition, and we may well say of them, as Clemens Alexandrinus says of the Greeks, "they can believe any thing and every thing, but the truth." The ignorance and superstition they pity or despise in us are theirs not ours, only they are too ignorant to know it: the monster they see in the sun, and which frightens them, is the fly on the end of their telescope, and the greenness that they seem to see spread over the faces of Catholics is in the medium through which they look.

The principle of Saint-worship is as universal as human nature, and the worship we render to the Saints differs from the civil honors paid to heroes and great men, only as to the quality of the virtues we honor, and the fact that the honors paid are by authority, and under the direction of the Church instead of the civil government or unguided individual sentiment.

But this is a point which I must reserve for a future article.

SAINT CECILIA.

[Continued.]

[These of our readers who are familiar with the Acts of the Martyrs, in the original, or *La Vie de Sainte Cecile*, by the erudite and eloquent Dom Gueranger, well know that we do not give, in these pages, a romance, nor even a well accredited legend, but something still more—a most authentic sketch of the life of a great Saint. All the events we chronicle, and many more, are contained at length in the above mentioned works; the conversations we record are translated literally, word for word, from the Acts of the Martyrs.]

Almachius was greatly enraged at this open contempt, yet he hesitated to condemn them to death, until his cupidity was aroused by his assistants, who represented that, unless immediately executed, they would continue distributing their riches to the poor. "Therefore condemn them at once, good Almachius," continued Tarquinius, "or you will find yourself in the end minus their fine estates, which you may now enjoy if you are wise."

The brothers were consequently condemned to be beheaded at the temple of Jupiter, four miles from Rome.

The execution of the sentence was intrusted to Maximus. His heart was touched by what he regarded as the folly of the young noblemen, and he used all his eloquence to restore them to reason. In return, the brothers showed him so clearly the truths of the Christian faith, that his heart was touched; whereupon Valerian, moved by an inspiration of the Holy Spirit, exclaimed: "If thou wilt repent and be baptized, at the moment my brother and I shall quit our mortal bodies, thine eyes will be opened, and thou shalt see our souls ascend to eternal glory. Grant us a delay of one day, and all that we have promised of eternal rewards shall be thine."

Maximus did not hesitate a moment. He conducted the young noblemen to his own house, where they continued their instructions, and the entire family, and the soldiers charged to execute the brothers, were all converted.

Cecilia, accompanied by a priest, came at the dead of night, and the new converts were baptized. The next morning, in the midst of the silent assembly, she thus addressed her spouse and brother: "Go, soldiers of the cross! reject the works of darkness and clothe yourselves with the armor of light. Go and receive the crowns of life which the just Judge prepares for you and all who await His coming."

Valerian and Tiberius were beheaded. The faithful obtained their bodies, which Cecilia buried with all honor.

Maximus saw the accomplishment of their promise. He affirmed on oath: "The moment the sword struck the two martyrs, I saw the angels of God, brilliant as the sun, bearing in their arms to Heaven, the souls of Valerian and Tiberius, who seemed like young bridegrooms adorned for their nuptials." While relating this he shed tears of joy and love. Many Pagans who heard him were converted on the spot. When Almachius was informed of these wonderful conversions, he or-

dered Maximus to be beaten to death with whips loaded with plummets of lead.

By the Roman law, the property of all condemned criminals was confiscated to the imperial treasury. Almachius therefore demanded from Cecilia the wealth of her husband and brother-in-law; but the saintly virgin in her wisdom had already distributed their rich possessions among the poor.

Cecilia was so distinguished throughout Rome, and the death of her relatives produced so profound a sensation, that all attention was now diverted to her, and as she devoted herself more than ever to works of mercy, visiting those in prison, and burying the dead, Almachius was forced to notice her open contempt of Paganism; yet he did not summon her to his tribunal but sent some of his most distinguished officers to persuade her to offer sacrifice to the gods.

They were in admiration of her youth and beauty, but above all were they struck with the pure and heavenly air which breathed in her every look. They felt the same compassion for her that her martyred relatives had excited in their executioners. And they used all their eloquence to convince her of the folly of sacrificing youth, beauty, wealth and all the enjoyments of life, for what they called vain superstition. Cecilia replied with dignity:

"And now, citizens and brothers, listen to me. You are the officers of your magistrate, but in the depths of your hearts you are horrified at his infamous conduct. I am proud and happy to suffer every torment rather than deny my God, for I have never been in the least attached to this life. But oh, most truly do I pity you, who, in the flower of your youth, have the misfortune to obey so wicked and unjust a judge."

Her auditors could not conceal their emotion; they were affected even to tears, and again expressed their deep regret at seeing a lady so noble, wise, and beautiful, rushing with such eagerness into the very jaws of death. Most earnestly they besought her not to sacrifice so many charms, such distinguished nobility to the silence of the grave.

The virgin interrupted them: "To die for Christ is not to sacrifice my youth, but to renew it; it is giving a little dust in exchange for gold; or a poor hut for a magnificent palace; perishable wealth for immortal treasures! If to-day you were to receive a quantity of gold on condition that you returned as many pieces of base coin, would you hesitate a moment before taking advantage of so tempting an offer? Would you not persuade your friends and relations to hasten and make the same happy exchange? And should any one seek to prevent you from profiting by this source of wealth (even though they would shed tears and exhaust the powers of eloquence,) would you not consider them blind to your real interests? Nevertheless, in all this there is merely a question of exchanging one metal of the earth for another of less value but of equal weight. Ah, Jesus Christ, our God, does not merely give weight for weight, but in return for all

we offer Him, He gives a hundred fold, adding to it the priceless treasure of eternal life."

The officers were profoundly moved. Seizing the happy moment, and transported with apostolic zeal, Cecilia arose, and standing upon a marble pedestal, turned to the troop of officers and soldiers, and exclaimed: "Do you believe in that Lord Jesus Christ of whom I have been speaking to you?"

They all replied as if with one voice, "Yes, we firmly believe that Christ the Son of God, who possesses such a servant as thou art, is the true God."

"Return then to the miserable Almachius, and tell him that I am prepared to die and ask only for a short delay; after which come back to me, and you will find one who will make you heirs to eternal life."

The officers did as she bade them. They carried her answer to Almachius, and then returned to her house, where they found Pope Urban, whom Cecilia had informed of their conversion. Not only the officers and soldiers, but many others of high rank had been converted by Cecilia's words. Upwards of four hundred assembled in her house, where they were baptized by the holy Pontiff.

These wonderful conversions excited the attention of the entire city of Rome, and Almachius had no alternative but to summon Cecilia before his tribunal. It is impossible to describe the joy of her heart on this occasion. The long expected hour had come. She had preserved the purity of her virginal robe, and now she was going to adorn it for the coming of her Spouse, with the sparkling rubies of the martyr's blood!

With the light of Heaven's love and inspiration she stood before the tyrant's throne, who thus commenced his interrogations:

"Young lady, what is thy name?"

"Men call me Cecilia, but my most beautiful name is Christian."

"What is thy condition?"

"Citizen of Rome, of noble and illustrious birth."

"It is of thy religion we question thee, we know the nobility of thy family."

"Then thy question was not exact, since it required two answers."

"Whence comes such assurance in my presence?"

"From a pure conscience and a sincere faith."

"Art thou, then, ignorant of my power?"

"And art thou ignorant of the power of my betrothed?"

"Who is he?"

"The Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I know that thou wert the spouse of Valerian."

"Prefect," said Cecilia, "thou didst speak a moment ago of thy power: thou thyself hast not even an idea of it. But if thou wilt question me on the subject, I shall show thee the truth, confirmed by strong proofs."

"Very good; continue. I should like to hear thee speak."

"Thou wilt pay but little attention, save to those things which please thee; nevertheless, hear me. The power of man resembles an inflated blad-

der. If you merely prick it with a pin the air escapes, and all appearance of solidity vanishes."

"Thou didst commence in an injurious strain, and thou dost continue in the same style."

"It would be injurious, I admit, to allege aught that is false: convict me of a falsehood, and then I shall acknowledge that my language is injurious; and if thou dost fail to do so, I shall in turn accuse thee of calumny."

Almachius now sought to change the discourse. "Dost thou not know, Cecilia, that our masters, the invincible Emperors, have ordained that all who do not deny that they are Christians shall be punished, but those who consent to renounce the name are acquitted?"

"Your Emperors are wrong as well as your Excellency! The laws which thou dost attribute to them simply prove one thing: that you are cruel and we are innocent. Indeed, if the name of Christian were a crime, it should be our place to deny it, and yours to oblige us by torments to confess it."

After a long debate on this point, Almachius said: "Miserable woman! art thou ignorant of the fact that the power of life and death is in my hands? given to me by the authority of our mighty princes. How durst thou, then, speak to me with so much pride?"

"Pride is one thing, firmness another," replied the virgin, "but thou dost confound them. I have spoken with firmness, not pride, for we hold that vice in horror. If thou dost not fear to hear one more truth, I can show thee that what thou hast just said is false."

"Ha!" exclaimed the prefect, "what have I said that is false?"

"Thou didst pronounce a falsehood in saying that thy princes have given thee the power of life and death."

"I lied by that assertion!" exclaimed the astonished judge.

"Yes," said the virgin, "and if thou wilt permit me, I will prove that thou hast lied in the face of the evidence itself."

"Explain thyself," replied the confused prefect.

"Didst thou not say," continued Cecilia, "that thy princes have confided to thee the power of life and death? Nevertheless, thou well knowest that thy power is limited to death. Thou canst take life from those who are enjoying it, I admit, but thou canst not restore it to the dead. Say then if thou wilt, that thy Emperors have made thee the minister of death, but nothing more; if thou dost add any thing else, thou liest without any advantage."

"Enough of this audacity," said the prefect, "and sacrifice to the gods," pointing at the same time to the statues which filled the pretorium.

Cecilia replied: "It seems to me that thou hast lost the use of thine eyes! In the gods of whom thou speakest, I, and all who have sight, see nothing but stones, lead and brass."

"As a philosopher," exclaimed the enraged Almachius, "I despised thy insults when directed against myself; but I can never submit to hear the gods insulted!"

"Since thou hast commenced to speak," said the virgin, with severe irony, "thou hast not said one word, of which I have not exposed the injustice or nonsense; now in order that nothing may be wanting, behold thou art obliged to acknowledge that thou hast lost thy sight! Thou dost give the name of gods to objects that we all plainly see are stones, and useless stones at that. Touch them and thou wilt thyself feel what they are. Why then dost thou expose thyself to be laughed at in this manner by the people? Everybody knows that God is in Heaven. These stone statues might be of some use if they were thrown into a kiln and converted into lime! They are worn out in their idleness, and are incapable of defending themselves from the flames; how then could they aid thee? No, Jesus Christ alone can deliver us from death and save us from fire."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 11.—The Knight of Champfleury.

In the twelfth century there lived at Champfleury, in the province of Champagne, a knight, whose expenditure was more lavish than his fortune could well admit of. He was too much devoted to pleasure, and spent all his wealth in festivities, so that at last he fell into deep distress; and his friends, who were so devoted to him while they shared his banquets, ceased to know him when he became poor.

He had married a young lady whose sweetness, modesty, and simple grace rendered him the happiest of husbands. But the dowry of the gentle Marie had been wasted like all the rest; and there now only remained to this impoverished couple a half-ruined manor-house, in which they lived in total solitude. But the young wife, always resigned and submissive, never breathed a single word of complaint, question, or reproach.

One day, as if to complete the distress of the Lord of Champfleury, it was announced to him that the Count of Champagne, his suzerain, was coming to pass a few days on his estate, and would halt at his house for dinner. The knight, who loved vanity and magnificence, fell into the darkest melancholy; he left his house, and sought a lonely place, where he might weep in secret.

After wandering about for an hour, he stopped in the middle of a desert plain, and threw himself down on the dry grass, in a space where four ways met, inclosed by seven withered chestnut trees. As he was giving vent to his vehement grief, and seeking in vain in his mind for any device whereby he might be enabled to receive the proposed visit in a fitting manner, without perceiving that the day was drawing to a close (it was in the month of May), he suddenly heard the rapid steps of a horseman approaching him. He hastened to dry his tears, rose up, and found himself in the presence of a man of lofty and imposing stature, but gloomy aspect, mounted on an Arab horse as black as ebony. He looked at him attentively, and was sure that he had never seen him before. The unknown dismounted.

"You are in great trouble, Sire de Champfleury," said he, with an appearance of interest: "do not be offended if I beg to know the cause of it; perhaps, however, I know it already. If, then, you will consent to do me homage, I can relieve you, and replace you in a brilliant position, restoring to you greater riches than those you have lost."

The astonished knight, before he replied, examined the stranger anew. He was simply clad in black; and there was no coat of arms, either on his mantle or on the trappings of his horse, to indicate a mighty sovereign; neither had he squires nor attendants of any kind. At last the Sire of Champfleury spoke.

"My suzerain," he said, "is the Count of Champagne. Whatever I can do to serve you that will not falsify the oath of fidelity which I have sworn to him, I will gladly perform, when I am convinced that your promises are serious. But, first of all, I must know who you are."

"When we have made our agreement," answered the black knight, "you shall know me. The homage which I require does not, in any way, interfere with that which you owe to the Count of Champagne, your suzerain, who, in two days' time, intends, with a brilliant suite, to stop for dinner at your manor-house."

These last words cruelly recalled to the knight his desperate situation.

"Whoever you may be," he said at last, after a moment of silence, "and if it ruin me utterly, only saving my honor, I give myself up to you, for I was at the point of death; but," he added, in a tone of agony, "I must first know who you are."

"Well, then," answered the black knight slowly, "be not terrified; though my name may perhaps sound strange to your Christian ear, and your prejudices will rise up against me, I am he, who, once an imprudent rebel, am now a reprobate chief; do you not understand me now? You see in me the object of the terror of your brethren,—that fallen angel who dared to strive in Heaven."

"Satan!" exclaimed the Sire of Champfleury, recoiling with terror; and he raised his hand instinctively to make the sign of the Cross.

"Stop," said he, with an agitated voice; "what you were about to do is painful to me. I come to save you; but for me you are on the very threshold of disgrace; but I can restore to you riches and honors."

"I doubt it not," answered the knight, bitterly; "but I will have none of your gifts."

"As you please," said the other; "in two days, then, when the Count of Champagne arrives—"

The knight started; then, as if fascinated by a glance from the black stranger, he resumed, in a tone of apparent tranquillity, "But in what consists the homage to which you desire to subject me?"

"In very easy matters," replied the fiend, who paused for a moment, as if to recollect himself, and then continued:

"I shall only require three things. The first may seem strange to you; but, you see, I must have some guarantee; the rest will be more easy.

You must sell me the eternal salvation of your wife, and bring her to me on this day next year."

The knight, though he expected some revolting proposal, was indignant at this; and his heart beat fast with anger. But he was under an influence which made itself felt more and more powerfully every moment. By degrees his indignation calmed itself down; he thought that the rebel angel might have demanded something yet worse; that he had a year before him wherein to modify the abominable bargain; and so he only muttered, in a hesitating voice, that it was not in his power to execute the condition proposed.

"Only bring her here," said the black knight; "that is all I ask; on this day, next year, bring your wife here alone with you, without having warned her of our contract. The rest is my affair."

The knight of Champfleury accepted this first condition, and signed with his blood, on a triangle of blank parchment, the promise to fulfill it.

The eyes of the prince of hell then glared in triumph; and he proposed his second condition, which was, that the knight should deny his God. At this fearful word he recoiled in horror, and burst forth into a torrent of reproaches, to which the stranger answered nothing; and too soon the knight's resistance had exhausted itself, and he consented to this second crime, secretly whispering to himself that he had a year before him wherein to repent. Without daring, therefore, to raise his eyes toward Heaven, and shuddering all the time at his own baseness, he repeated the blasphemies which the evil spirit dictated to him, and formally renounced his portion in paradise.

Thus he was entirely in the grasp of Satan, and while cold dews of horror stood on his brow, he asked what was the third condition of his compact; and the fiend, protesting that after that he would ask nothing further, declared to him that he must renounce the Blessed Virgin.

The Sire de Champfleury started back at the word, and recovered some remains of energy; for, though he well knew that in denying his God he had committed a crime still blacker, yet this third act was to him as the last drop which made the cup of horror overflow.

"Renounce the Blessed Virgin!" he cried; "after two crimes which destroy my soul, shall I further renounce the Mother of God, the patroness and protectress of my own Marie?"

The fiend started at the name.

"If I renounce her," thought the knight, "what support, what resource shall I have left to make it possible for me ever to be reconciled to God? No," he continued, speaking aloud, "I will never submit to this last degradation; you have led me too far; you have ruined me; let us have done, and do thou leave me."

He was so determined, that the demon, seeing that he might lose all if he pressed him too closely on this point, contented himself with what he had already gained. Then he told the knight of a secret corner in his house where he would find immense sums of gold and heaps of jewels; after which he mounted his horse and disappeared.

The knight, greatly agitated, returned home.

He found the promised treasures in the precise spot where he had been directed to seek for them, and gathering them up, without confiding to any one the treaty by which he had made them his own, prepared for the expected visit.

He received the Count of Champagne with such magnificence, that those who believed him to have been impoverished knew not what to think; and they were still more amazed when, on one of the barons in the Count's suite reminding him that Saint Bernard was at that time preaching the second crusade, and inviting him to follow under the banner of his king, Louis the Young, he replied that particular engagements would keep him at home during the whole of that year; but that he begged to offer to the Count his suzerain 200 marks of gold, to furnish the equipment of his troop. The Count accepted this liberal sum with gratitude; and the whole court complimented the Sire de Champfleury, who, soon after this, enlarged his possessions, rebuilt his castle in the most sumptuous manner, and distinguished himself more than ever by his magnificence and the splendor of his entertainments.

With all this, it was remarked that he had lost all his former gayety; and that his brow was constantly clouded with care. The joy of his newly acquired wealth, the perpetual round of festivity in which he indulged, the occupations which he multiplied to himself in the hope of distraction,—all could not suffice to deaden the anguish which pierced his very soul, when he remembered the fearful promise which he had given, and signed with his own blood; his heart was slowly wasting away within him; his nights were sleepless; his happiness only a splendid pageant with no reality. He could no longer feel any of those impulses which lead to prayer; on the contrary, if ever he entered a church, he was seized with a trembling horror which drove him from it; so that he never dared assist at any of the sacred offices. He had reckoned on making use of this year to reconcile himself with God; but a bar of iron seemed to be fixed in his heart between remorse and repentance. His wife gave him a little son just four months before the anniversary of the fatal compact.

The knight, whose pride revolted at the idea of confessing from what source his riches came, had never revealed to any one his dreadful secret. It was only at the moment of fulfilling his engagement that he regretted he had not consulted some learned religious; but it was now too late. One single hope remained to him,—his young wife, so pure and pious,—could it be that Heaven would abandon her in her need?

When the fatal day was come, he called her to him, and said: "We have a journey to take to-day. Get ready, for we must mount on horseback immediately."

The young lady placed her little son in the arms of her servant, said her prayers, and followed her husband.

"Shall we soon return?" she asked.

"Oh! we are not going far," answered the knight vaguely, and hastened their departure.

After the pair had journeyed on for about a

quarter of an hour, they came to a little chapel consecrated to the Blessed Virgin; and the lady of Champfleury, whose tender devotion to her gentle patroness the knight well knew, begged his permission to stop for a few seconds in this oratory; for she never passed a place dedicated to the Blessed Virgin without pausing there to offer up a short prayer. Accordingly, he gave her his hand to dismount, and remained himself at the door holding the two horses, while she went in. The lady remained but a short time in prayer; and, as soon as she reappeared, the knight replaced her in her saddle and rode on by her side, shuddering inwardly more and more, the nearer they approached their journey's end.

Never had his young wife, of whom, now that he was, perhaps, about to lose her, he felt bitterly that he was no longer worthy, never had his sweet Marie been so dear to him. Her beauty, full of modesty, the serenity of her countenance, her smile sweeter than ever, claimed from him at once respect and tenderness. But he could only sigh; he felt himself a slave to the compact he had signed; and he stood in too great dread of him to whom he had bound himself, to dare dream for a moment of drawing back from the fulfillment of his pledge; although it seemed to him that to snatch away his young and virtuous partner would be to tear from him his heart. Hot tears from time to time rolled down his cheeks, and his breast heaved with sighs when he beheld the seven withered chestnut trees, under which his interview with the black knight had taken place. Involuntarily he drew nearer to Marie, and would have taken her hand, but dared not; he could only murmur, "My dear Marie!"

"You weep," she answered; "you tremble; have you any sorrow?"

"Oh! let us move on," he cried; "I may not delay." A feeling which he could not account for had arisen within him toward his companion—a deep sentiment of veneration, such as we pay to the saints in Heaven, absorbed every other. He dared no longer even look toward her, but spurred on his horse in despair.

As soon as they had reached the spot where the compact had been signed, the black horseman came galloping up, followed this time by numerous squires, all clad, like him, in black. But he had no sooner raised his eyes toward the lady whom the Lord of Champfleury had brought him, than he grew pale, shuddered, fixed his eyes on the ground, and seemed afraid to advance a single step.

"Disloyal man," said he at last, addressing the knight, "is this your oath?"

"What!" replied the Lord of Champfleury, "am I not here punctual to the hour fixed? I have brought you more than my life; but I am under your spells."

"The compact is signed with your blood, base and dishonorable man," interrupted the demon, "and you have enjoyed all the fruits of it. Were you not to have brought your wife to this place? instead of which you are come with my inveterate enemy."

The knight, in no way comprehending what these words meant, turned toward his companion. An aureola of light surrounded the lady's brow; and the black horseman, as this aureola gradually grew larger, dared no more to uplift his voice.

The truth was this: The lady of Champfleury had gone, as we have seen, into the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, and had placed herself lovingly on her knees before the revered image of the Queen of Mercy; but she had fallen into a miraculous slumber after her first *Ave*, and the Mother of God had taken her form, herself to accompany the miserable knight to the fearful place of meeting.

The Lord of Champfleury, stupefied with astonishment, felt his mind and spirit overwhelmed, and threw himself down from his horse, to fall at the feet of his beloved Marie, and ask her pardon; for he still believed that it was she whom he had brought, and the aureola which encircled her brow appeared to him only as the consoling sign of the protection of the Blessed Virgin. But at last the lady spoke; and with that voice, full of a celestial harmony, and calming all the tumults of earth, she said to the demon:

"Evil spirit, didst thou dare to claim as thy prey a woman who trusts in me? Will thy miserable pride never be quelled? I come not to chastise thee, nor to aggravate thy pains; but I come to lift up this weak sinner from his apostasy, and to withdraw from thy hands the guilty promise which thou didst constrain him to sign."

The spirit of darkness bowed his head, slowly yielded the parchment, and withdrew in mournful silence.

The knight, overwhelmed, threw himself on the ground and burst into tears. The Blessed Virgin touched him, and in that moment he found again what he had lost for a whole year,—the blessing of being able to pray; and confessed, with sobs of anguish, and beating his breast, the enormity of his fall.

"Rise, my son," said the Blessed Virgin, "and know that forgiveness is more easy to God than sin to you; but remember your transgression, and renounce pride and presumption forever."

These were all the reproaches she addressed to him; and then she led him back to his wife, who was not yet awake. When she arose, at last, from this miraculous sleep, she saw her husband kneeling beside her. The Blessed Virgin had gone back into Heaven, and there remained only her holy image, calm and placid, in its little rustic tabernacle. The knight returned to his house with his beloved wife, and confessed to her his enormous sin, and the unexpected help which had dragged him back from the abyss.

From that day the Lord of Champfleury was no more celebrated as a proud and brilliant knight, but as a model of piety and charity.

Mary is really our mother. We are in the truest sense of the word the children of her loving heart; for when the cruel soldier of Longinus thrust his sacrilegious lance into the Saviour's side, a sword of grief pierced our Blessed Lady's bosom, opening therein a door by which mankind entered.

The Mother of Sorrows.

Oh! what torturing tears of anguish
 Shed the maiden-Mother mild,
 As she viewed her own dear Child
 Stretched in pain, in sorrow languish,
 Doomed to death, the God of might
 On the Cross of Calvary's hight.
 Fain would she her life deliver
 But one torture to remove
 From the object of her love,—
 Gladly all earth-ties dis sever
 If, by dying, she could save
 Her sweet Jesus from the grave.
 Yes, her mother's heart is saddened,
 As she stands beneath His Cross;
 Yet ne'er mourns she for the loss
 That she suffers—but is gladdened
 At her pain; for man can live
 By the Blood her Son doth give.
 In that Blood so freely streaming,
 In the torture of her Son,
 She but views the victory won,—
 Sees the price of man's redeeming;
 Now she knows that man can rise
 To his home above the skies.

Weekly Chronicle.

Consecration of the Right Rev. F. A. Feehan, Bishop of Nashville—Obituary of Rev. Patrick McCabe—Ordination in Milwaukee, Wis.—Dedication of Saint Gabriel's Church, New York City—New Orphan Asylum, Brooklyn.—Laying the cornerstone of the new St. Mary's Church, Providence.—Funeral services of Gen. Lamoriciere by the Papal Zouaves—Speech of Gen. Trochu over Lamoriciere.

CONSECRATION OF THE RIGHT REV. F. A. FEEHAN, BISHOP OF NASHVILLE.—On the Festival of All Saints the Right Rev. Bishop Feehan, of Nashville, Tenn., was consecrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick in the Cathedral of St. Louis. Many Bishops and eminent ecclesiastics were present, joining in the solemnities. Right Rev. Bishop Duggan, of Chicago, delivered the discourse of the day.

The St. Louis *Republican*, of the 2d inst., speaking of this consecration, says:

Again and again has it been our duty, as public journalists, to chronicle almost every one of the many imposing ceremonials of the Catholic Church. Never, however, did we witness in St. Louis a more solemn or imposing ceremony than that of yesterday. The vast Cathedral was literally filled in every part, while a vast crowd congregated and remained outside of the church during the entire service. In addition to the high esteem in which the new Bishop is held, not alone by his own congregation, but by the citizens of St. Louis generally, the fact that six years have passed away since a Bishop was consecrated in this Diocese rendered the ceremony all the more attractive. The last consecration that took place here was on July 24th, 1859, when the Right Rev. Dr. Grace was consecrated Bishop of St. Paul.

OBITUARY.—REV. PATRICK MCCABE died of typhus fever, at Vicksburg, Mississippi, October 12th, 1865.

He was an alumnus of the Missionary College of All Hallows, near Dublin. Though originally belonging to the Diocese of Kilmore, he devoted himself to the Missions of Natchez. He was ordained Priest, September 10th, 1864. On account of the war he remained a few months in the Diocese of Baltimore, and reached Vicksburg in the beginning of February last. During the eight months that he resided there, he was indefatigable in his labors to bring souls to a greater knowledge and love of God; and was eminently successful. Modesty and piety were imprinted on his countenance, and his persuasive words, full of gentleness and force, always made an impression which his persevering zeal followed up till grace gained the victory over sin. He won back many to the practice of their religion who had long neglected it, and brought many others to the true faith who had never before enjoyed that blessing. He was no less assiduous in leading on the good to higher degrees of perfection by his instructions, exhortations, and example. His sickness lasted ten days, during part of which time he suffered intense pain with edifying patience. The last hours he spent in quiet prayer. He kept his beads almost always in his hands, and the last signs of consciousness that he gave were, telling his beads with his fingers and moving his lips to recite the prayers. The Bishop had the melancholy consolation of reaching his bedside two hours before he died, and while the young Missionary had several times expressed to the Sisters of Mercy, who nursed him day and night, his desire to die, on the other hand he said to the Bishop that if it were our Lord's will he would cheerfully remain to help him in the saving of souls. "The understanding of a man is grey hairs: and a spotless life is old age." (Wisdom iv, 8, 9.)

On Sunday the 5th, at the Seminary of St. Francis, Milwaukee, Wis., the Right Rev. Bishop Henni conferred ordination upon the Rev. gentlemen named as follows: Rev. Fathers Casey, Fessler, Lavin, Reinhard, Seig, Verwyst and Heaker, for the Diocese of Milwaukee; and Rev. Fathers Gaffney and Quigley of the Diocese of Dubuque.

On Sunday the 12th inst., the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the magnificent Church of Saint Gabriel, on East Twenty Seventh Street, New York City, was solemnly dedicated by the Most Rev. Archbishop McCloskey. A sermon, full of the triumphant eloquence of Catholic truth, was delivered by the Right Rev. Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, S. C. An admirable copy, by permission of the Sovereign Pontiff, of Guido's Annunciation adorns the main Altar of St. Gabriel's. This, with the name of the edifice, and the date of its dedication, renders the church an object of special interest to the AVE MARIA.

On Sunday, the 5th instant, the corner-stone of the new Saint Mary's Church, Providence, R. I., was planted and blessed with the usual ceremonies of the Church by Right Rev. Bishop McFarland.

On Sunday, the 12th instant, the Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin laid the corner-stone of an Asylum for orphan boys in Brooklyn, N. Y.

We are pleased to record from our exchanges, the progress of the Catholic religion in Maryland, the "cradle of the Church in America." The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore on his tour through the lower counties, commencing on Sunday, October 29th, in four days confirmed four hundred and eighty-one persons, sixty-two of whom were converts.

The funeral service which the Papal Zouaves lately celebrated in the Cathedral of Frascati, for the soul of their great general and founder, has attracted much attention on account of the magnificent funeral oration delivered on that occasion by the new Belgian Bishop, Mgr. Dechamps, who was Lamoriciere's friend and spiritual director during his exile in Belgium. In the course of his sermon he narrated several anecdotes illustrative of the great General's intensely religious mode of life during that great trial; as, for instance, meeting M. Thiers to go over the battle-field of Waterloo. The great historian had written to him to appoint 7 a. m. as the hour of meeting, but Lamoriciere replied with noble simplicity: "At seven I go to Mass; I shall be with you at eight." Thiers' spoken rejoinder was, on embracing the General: "Lamoriciere, I am jealous of your faith." Mgr. Dechamps (whose sermon will, I trust, be published) concluded, wonderfully *apropos*, in a country where the porches of every ancient church show us the lion and the lamb dwelling together, in allusion to the name of the "Lion of Africa" given to Lamoriciere. "The Lion, in his case, was immolated to the Lamb." I have gathered thus a few of the pearls dropped from the lips of the Chrysostom of Belgium, to give your readers an idea of the whole treasure thus poured out in honor of our great dead. The officers of the Zouave corps, while dining together after the service, were most feelingly addressed by one of their own number on the humiliations which awaited here, in this life, the military defenders of the Holy See's rights, and on the spirit of unity which they should cherish to meet these humiliations as true Christian soldiers. I had the happiness, on that same occasion, to see the Holy Father leave the Vatican on his usual daily drive at 4 p. m., and so I can again testify *de visu* to the fact of the excellent health enjoyed by Pius IX.

THE Paris *Monde* reports the following speech of General Trochu over the tomb of General de Lamoriciere:

"Most of the officers who formed the staff of General de Lamoriciere, twenty-five years ago, in Africa, are now no more. I am one of the survivors, and I claim the painful, but at the same time enviable, privilege of representing the African army on this occasion. Our departed friend at that time enjoyed a renown which he had earned by the most brilliant military services—

a renown which was daily enhanced by fresh successes. In our eyes he was the man of the day; still more was he the man of the future; and our imaginations, untamed as yet by experience, predicted for him a career of unbounded splendor. He felt himself carried onward by a power external to himself, and which he seemed up to that time to have wielded—I mean the unvarying success that attended all his undertakings. He gave himself freely up to that incredible activity of mind and body by which we have seen him work himself out to the end. Never did any man try his intellect and his power of work more than he did. There came a day—a day which all men on whom fortune smiles, should foresee, and which generally nobody does foresee—in which success seemed to leave him. He lost his place as a statesman, his high position; grief made its way into the privacy of his domestic circle, and his paternal hopes met with a cruel shock! At this point, Providence was waiting for him, nor did he neglect the call, influenced too as he was by the gentle piety, the virtue, and the firm resignation of the model of all those that he had by his side. He sought in the Christian faith for consolation and for strength to bear the attacks to which he was exposed, for now a time had come when most of his old friends had disappeared from the scene; when his noblest actions and his most honest motives were harshly criticised, when in disinterested and rare devotion to the religious cause, the ruin of which would, he felt assured, involve the downfall of social order itself, he went, in spite of the manifest physical impossibility of the attempt and offered the support of his name and of his sword to the Sovereign Pontiff; he was suspected, but most wrongfully, of ambition. And when he yielded in the struggle, which the great inequality in the strength of the combatants might well suffice to justify, he was made the butt of obloquy. Now he is dead before his time, leaving behind him in unutterable grief a family worthy of all sympathy and respect, and a most striking example of the uncertainty of all worldly prosperity. But history will do him the justice to own that he loved his country well, that he served her faithfully, and that he led a blameless life. The battalions which he commanded last marched in their weakness against the strong, and covered him with honor in the eyes of honest men of every creed and of every country. At the sight of his bier, I feel overwhelmed by the memories of the past; but if my heart swells with grief, my soul is calm when I think of his future destiny. I now bid him farewell, and I promise that he will live in the hearts of all soldiers and Bretons."

THE state of the public health continues to be excellent in Rome and the Papal territory. Nevertheless, all comers, whether by land or sea, are abundantly fumigated at whatever point they cross the border. If they come by sea, they have the additional privilege of seven days' quarantine. Fancy, after that, having to read in a journal that the Papal Government takes no more precautions against the cholera than the Egyptian.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, a Journal of
THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Heart of Jesus our Life by Grace.

How can man, without ceasing to be man, be assimilated to God? How shall the son of nothingness be called the Son of God, and really be so? (*Ut filii Dei nominemur et simus.* 1 John, iii, 1.) How may the heir of eternal death acquire an absolute right to the inheritance of God—to His divine bliss and eternal life?

To accomplish these miracles, Jesus Christ employs means equally miraculous: He gives us His Spirit. Yes; that Spirit who is at the same time the Spirit of the Father and of the Son, and who, receiving from both the divine nature, is equal to them in all things—He is really given to us by the Father and the Son. Jesus Christ sends Him to us by the will of His Father, (*Paracletus quem ego mittam vobis a Patre.* 1 John, xv, 26,) and the Father sends Him in the name of Jesus Christ. (*Spiritus Sanctus quem mittet Pater in nomine meo.* John, xiv, 26.) He is the first among gifts, and the principle of all those other infinitely precious gifts which make us partakers in the divine nature. (*Per quem maxima et pretiosa vobis promissa donavit ut per hæc efficiamini divine consortes naturæ.* (2 Peter, i, 4. See St. Thom., I, q. 28.)

The real gift of the Spirit of God to Christians, and His equally real presence in those hearts from which He has not been banished by sin, are articles of faith, as certain and to us as glorious as the divinity of Jesus Christ and His real presence in the holy Tabernacle. We cannot, then, be too earnest in convincing ourselves of it, and in trying to understand it as far as the limits of our intellect permit.

First: The reality of this gift of the Spirit of God is proved by the most express promises of the Lord. Long before the Advent of the Word of God, the effusion of His Spirit upon all flesh (*Effundam Spiritum meum super omnem carnem.* Joel, ii, 28,) was foretold us as the principal fruit of His Incarnation, and as the fountain of a new creation. (*Emitte spiritum tuum et creabuntur, et renovabis faciem terræ.* Ps., ciii, 30.) These promises were renewed in much more precise terms by the Son of God Himself, when the hour for realizing them had arrived. He was about to leave His Apostles, and saw their hearts full of sadness at the prospect of this painful separation: "Let not your heart be troubled," said He to them. "I will not leave you orphans: . . . I will come to you. . . . I will ask the Father, and He will give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you for ever: the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive; . . . He shall abide with you, and shall be in you. . . . But I tell you the truth: it is expedient for you that I go: for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send Him to you. (John, xiv and xvi.)

What can be clearer than words like these? To doubt that the Holy Ghost was really sent to the Apostles, and that He must remain, *until the end*, present in the bosom of the living members of the

Church, would be to doubt the truth of our Saviour's promises. The texts we have just quoted are certainly the most expressive among those which teach us the existence of the Holy Ghost as a person distinct from the Father and the Son; we are then authorized to affirm with equal certitude both the reality of the Gift conferred upon us, and the truth of His divine personality.* As surely as we are certain that He exists in God, and that He consummates the life and happiness of the Father and the Son, so firmly may we be assured that He exists in us, and that He will consummate eternally our life and happiness, provided that we do not criminally drive Him from the interior sanctuary which He has built for Himself in our souls.

Secondly: If we were tempted to any doubt on this subject, it would be dissipated by such positive assertions and energetic affirmations as are to be found on every page of the epistle of Saint Paul. In the eyes of the great theologian of the New Law, this dogma is so certain, so undoubted, that he uses it as the most solid foundation on which to build the other articles of our faith. Would he show to Christians how secure is our hope of immortality; he demonstrates it by the real presence of the Spirit of God in us: "And if the Spirit of Him who has raised up Jesus from the dead, dwell in you; He that raised up Jesus Christ from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies, because of His Spirit dwelling in you." (Rom. viii, 11.) Would the Apostle inspire his disciples with a lively horror for sin, and above all for shameful sin, he has still recourse to the same truth: "Know you not," says he to the Corinthians, (1 Cor. vi, 19,) "that your members are the temple of the Holy Ghost, who is in you, whom you have from God, and you are not your own? for you are bought with a great price. Glorify and bear God in your body." Would you try to make the union of the just soul with the Spirit of God consist in conformity of sentiments? Would you allege that love, wherever it exists, makes one heart of two, without any need of the one really dwelling in the other? Yes, no doubt, ardent love—conformity of sentiment—produce a certain union; but it is not the union which it has pleased God to form with us. For

* The same remark can be opposed with a strength which appears irresistible to those theologians who, while admitting the reality of the mission of the Holy Ghost to justified souls, deny that this mission is *proper* to Him, and think that it is only *appropriate* to Him. According to these theologians, the Holy Ghost is without doubt united to justified souls by a union proper to these souls; but united to them not otherwise than the Father and the Son are. If it were thus, the Father and the Son would not have really sent the Holy Ghost into our souls; the mission of the latter would be purely figurative, and consequently the texts we have just quoted could not be brought forward to prove the real personality of this Divine Spirit. For the rest, the difficulty which arrests theologians is far from insurmountable. They will not admit (and they are right) that the Holy Ghost can *act upon justified souls* by an action not common to the Father and the Son; but it does not follow from this that He cannot be *united to justified souls*, by a union proper to Himself. Without doubt, the Father and the Son must be present by *concomitance* in all souls in which the Holy Spirit dwells; but these souls can be united by their love to the Holy Spirit, and by Him to the Father and the Son, in the same manner as the Sacred Humanity of our Saviour is especially united, by its substance, to the personality of the Word, and by Him to the Father and the Holy Ghost.

"the charity of God," says Saint Paul, "is poured out into our hearts by the Holy Ghost, who is given to us." (Rom. v, 5).*

Far then from being the principle of our union with the Spirit of God, divine charity is the result in us of this union. Yes, no doubt, our sentiments are conformed to those of Jesus Christ; we love His Father as He does, and we address Him with a confidence like to that which animated our Divine Saviour, but it is because God the Father, that He might make us His children, has sent into our hearts the Spirit of His Son, by whom we cry: Abba, Father. (Gal. iv, 6.) For of ourselves we know not how to pray as we ought, but the Spirit in us prays for us in unspeakable sighings. (Rom. viii, 26.)

Thirdly: Let us believe in the magnificent destiny of which this Divine Spirit is not only the pledge, but the earnest,† tendered as a security for future possession. The early Christians were thoroughly penetrated with these great truths. Every one knows that fact so touching, and so proper to show how lively among them was their faith in the real presence of the Holy Ghost in just souls: namely, how the father of Origen, who afterwards sealed his faith with his blood, when his child was still in the cradle, loved to kiss the infant's bosom respectfully, recognizing it as the living tabernacle of the Holy Ghost.

So when an heretical Prelate, Macedonius, dared to attack the divinity of the Holy Spirit, the saintly Doctors who defended the truth against him, rested their arguments in proof of this dogma on the universal belief in the doctrine which we have here set forth. We have already heard them prove the divinity of the Holy Ghost by the power He has of making men partake in the divine nature; they also drew the same conclusion from His substantial union with souls most distant from one another. Let us hear Saint Anastasius (*In disput. contra Arianos*): "If the Holy Ghost is at the same time in the angels and in all souls agreeable to God, if He was united to the Apostles whilst they preached the Gospel at great distances from one another, how can we doubt that He fills all things, and that He is everywhere substantially present." Evidently, this course of reasoning would have no value, if the union of the Holy Ghost with souls were purely moral, and if these souls did not possess in themselves the very substance of the Divine Spirit.

Fourthly: It may be asked what the Holy Ghost works in the soul of the Christian to whom He is united by this ineffable tie? The answer is easy: He works in the soul what the soul works in the

members of the body, for according to the testimony of Saint Augustin, confirmed by a thousand proofs from the Sacred Scripture, this Divine Spirit is, relative to the mystical body of Jesus Christ, what the rational soul is to our physical body; for as our souls give to our members, of themselves purely material, a human *form*, so the Holy Ghost gives to the children of men, introduced by baptism into the mystical body of Jesus Christ, a divine form. This form which we receive from the Spirit of God is not substantial; that is, it does not destroy our human substance. It lets it subsist in its integrity, while elevating it entirely above itself. Our union with the Spirit of God is a divine *accident*,* but an accident which binds us to the very substance of this Divine Spirit; and in this sense the union has been often called substantial by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. The neophyte who has just received baptism remains a man: but, in addition to this, he becomes the child of God. He keeps what he had, and gains what he had not—namely, a participation in the divine nature, which he never could have acquired by the exercise of his natural faculties.

And in the same manner as the members of the body, by virtue of their union with the soul, become capable of producing acts which they could never have produced by their own strength, so does the soul, united to the Spirit of God by sanctifying grace, receive from Him the power of producing divine acts. She possesses a strength which nothing can weaken, a liberty which nothing can enchain, for this Spirit is "the Spirit of fortitude;" (Is. vi, 2.) He is the master of all things, and wherever He is, there is liberty. (2 Cor. iii, 17.)

Finally, by the dim faith and generous love of earth, the Divine Spirit prepares the soul for the clear vision and beatific love of Heaven. His mission is to consummate the divine transformation of this soul, in delivering her from all her carnal and terrestrial affections, and rendering her more and more like unto Jesus Christ. He never ceases to persuade this object by the sentiments with which he inspires her, by the good works which he causes her to accomplish, and above all by the trials through which He causes her to pass. By each of these trials He gives her a new pledge of the felicity He is preparing for her. In making her believe that she does not see, He renders her worthy to see clearly what she has believed; in giving her strength to follow untiringly that divine beauty which seems to fly from her, He gives her the assurance that one day she will possess it, without the danger of ever losing it more. So does He make her proceed from one degree of perfection to another, and operate gradually that blessed transformation (2 Cor. iii, 18,) and that ineffable union, which, when finally accomplished, will make of the soul and God but one Spirit for evermore. (1 Cor. vi, 17.)

* (Saint Thomas, and with him the most eminent theologians, do not hesitate to call *erroneous*, and consequently contrary to faith, the opinion according to which the Holy Ghost is only united to the just soul by His gifts.)

† *Qui dedit nobis pignus spiritus*, (2 Cor. i, 22; v, 6; Eph. i, 14.) The Greek word translated by *pignus* in the Vulgate properly signifies the earnest-money paid to bind a bargain. There is this difference between this money and a pledge, that whereas a pledge is destined to be exchanged for the article promised, the earnest-money is a part of the price itself delivered as a guarantee for the ultimate delivery of the whole. The Holy Ghost is truly, for Christians on earth, the earnest of the happiness of Heaven, in the sense that the grace of this Divine Spirit is the commencement of the same eternal blessedness. This remark is from Saint Augustin.

* In the language of the schools, *accident* is all that quality and mode of existing which does not constitute the essence itself of a being, but determines and modifies it. It is in this sense that we say that color, extension and taste are the accidents of bread and remain in the Holy Eucharist after the substance of the bread is destroyed.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Wilt thou Look upon me, Mother?

Wilt thou look upon me, Mother—

Thou who reignest in the skies;

Wilt thou deign to cast upon me

One sweet glance from those mild eyes?

Wilt thou keep thy "finger" ever

"On my shoulder," still to guide?

Wilt thou whisper kind direction

To the Angel by my side?

Wilt thou pray for me to Jesus,

That I His will may know;

Wilt thou tell me then His pleasure,

So that I may quickly bow?

O my Mother! still remember

What the sainted Bernard said—

"None have ever found thee wanting

Who have called upon thy aid!"

Oh then, Mother, I petition—

And I know thy aid will come;

Angels praise thee for it, Mother,

In thy everlasting home!

LEXINGTON, KY.

JEWEL BROOK COTTAGE.

My dear little travelers: You wish to know the hour of the morning? Well, it is about nine; and we are drawing near to Albany. Let me see, have I any thing to tell you about this place? We have, indeed, gathered here a few precious leaves of our Catholic experience, heard our first Sunday Vespers in its spacious cathedral, which, by the way, was built by our present Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. McCloskey. But the sun, already high in the heavens, warns us that the afternoon is rapidly approaching; and as we are not to visit here on our way this time, we will leave its memories unspoken-of for the present, and preserving our patience by silence and devotion, and asking that sweet Mother, to whose patronage even little children may confidently fly, to bring us safe into Boston before night's darkness overtakes us, submit to be borne on through dust and through heat for some hours yet; though an August sun creeps in through every crevice of the opposite shutters, and the dust sifts over us—in truth the best way I know of enduring it all sweetly, is just to slip our hands into our pockets and find our Mother's beads. Sliding our fingers softly from bead to bead, murmuring mentally—Hail Mary! Hail Mary! What rest we find in this holy abstraction! What a peaceful, quieting rest!

And if we weary of the usual method of reciting our beads, we may vary the exercise now by just offering between each station a decade for all the little children who love Mary in that town, or for all the little unbaptized ones for whom, we should not forget, we are especially obligated to pray. Arrived at length, safely at the destined depot, our first care is to wipe the dust from our little faces, and shake our little hats, sacks and skirts; and having reached the hotel, before ever we think of supper we all seek plenty of that

right good comfort, soap and water. I think, children, the dust has so sifted into the very hairs of our heads, that we may all need to have our hair carefully dressed before we can appear quite respectfully clean again.

Ah, little ones, dear little ones! bodily we are very much in the condition in which our souls appear in the eyes of God, when, covered with and defiled by a thousand venial sins, and to which an honest hour in the confessional is about what the bath is now to our journey-soiled bodies.

It is now the fifth evening since we entered this busy bee-like-humming, active, thriving "Boston-town," this hive-like crammed, bee-like wise Boston; and our friends here, thanks to their genial hospitality, have made our sojourn with them pass pleasantly. We have visited all the principal Catholic churches in the city. Sunday we attended Mass and Vespers at the church of the Immaculate Conception, which is the Catholic glory of Boston. We have never seen a church whose inside architecture is perhaps so adapted to its name, so like its own white name. It is rich; magnificently rich; yet seeming more pure than rich, breathing more of holiness than wealth. Gazing up through the vista of marble wrought pillars, purity is the leading and almost all-pervading thought, and we find ourselves, after having gazed long and abstractedly, saying to ourselves: *church of the Immaculate Conception! of the Immaculate Conception!* Indeed one is never likely to forget the name of that church while within, for it seems that if they had never heard it before, it must at once suggest itself. And, my attentive little children, do you not remember the chernub-winged head, or the angel-child that far up adorns each massive marble pillar, and also that saint-youth, holy Aloysius, over his altar in that church, don't you recollect his dear pious picture? And then there was our visit to the Jesuit College. How kindly the good Fathers received us. How particularly kind one good Father, about to depart for California, took us to the Orphan Asylum, under the care of eight good Sisters of Charity. We had seen the little girls there, the day before, file, in white sun-bonnets and sacks, in a long line quietly and orderly into the church. Sister Aleria, the Superior, received us, cordial as a nun, a dear nun, and we were kindly shown over the whole establishment; from basement store-rooms and kitchen, to the upper dormitories, where we saw upon those little beds there the pretty doll-like patchwork upon which the little orphan girls had learnt to sew, and in the basement we had a peep into the mammoth oven whose heated bottom was covered as a field with snowy loaves. Seven barrels of flour, I think they told us, is baked there per week. Enough at least, to fill two hundred and more hungry little mouths with daily bread. Here was a lesson for us, dear children, of Catholic charity. Protestants in New England, my little friends, usually leave their pauper-children to the fate of a common poor-house. But returning to this noble institution, in the juvenile class-room, it was a delight to observe, how those who had been but a few days

there, already manifested such content and quiet improvement, and to watch their pretty modest looks as we surveyed them and listened to their little songs—dear little ready singers! Did we not almost wish at the time, to be one of those dark robed, white hooded Sisters of Charity, feeding, clothing, sheltering, teaching and leading heavenward the destitute little lambs of their fold, or one of those dear little lambs being led?

Peter of Cortona.

A little shepherd-boy of twelve years old one day gave up the sheep he was tending, and betook himself to Florence, where he knew no one but a lad of his own age, nearly as poor as himself, and who had lived in the same village, but who had gone to Florence to be scullion in the house of Cardinal Sachetti. It was for a good motive that little Peter desired to come to Florence: he wanted to be an artist, and he knew there was a school for artists there. When he had seen the town well, Peter stationed himself at the Cardinal's palace; and inhaling the odor of the cooking, waited patiently till his eminence was served, that he might speak to his old comrade Thomas. He had to wait a long time; but at last Thomas appeared.

"You here, Peter! What have you come to Florence for?"

"I am come to learn painting."

"You had much better learn kitchen-work to begin with; one is then sure not to die of hunger."

"You have as much to eat as you want here, then?" replied Peter.

"Indeed I have," said Thomas; "I might eat till I made myself ill every day, if I chose to do it."

"Then," said Peter, "I see we shall do very well. As you have too much and I not enough, I will bring my appetite, and you will bring the food; and we shall get on famously."

"Very well," said Thomas.

"Let us begin at once, then," said Peter; "for as I have eaten nothing to-day, I should like to try the plan directly."

Thomas then took little Peter into the garret where he slept, and bade him wait there till he brought him some fragments that he was freely permitted to take. The repast was a merry one, for Thomas was in high spirits and little Peter had a famous appetite.

"Ah," cried Thomas, "here you are fed and lodged. Now the question is, how are you going to study?"

"I shall study as all artists, with pencil and paper."

"But then, Peter, have you money to buy the paper and pencils?"

"No, I have nothing; but I said to myself, 'Thomas, who is scullion at his lordship's, must have plenty of money.' As you are rich, it is just the same as if I was."

Thomas scratched his head and replied, that as to broken victuals, he had plenty of them; but that he would have to wait three years before he should receive wages. Peter did not mind. The garret-walls were white; Thomas could give him charcoal, and so he set to draw on the walls with

that; and after a little while somebody gave Thomas a silver coin. With joy he brought it to his friend, and pencils and paper were bought. Early in the morning, Peter went out studying the pictures in the galleries, the statues in the streets, the landscapes in the neighborhood; and in the evening, tired and hungry, but enchanted with what he had seen, he crept back into the garret, where he was always sure to find his dinner hid under the mattress, as Thomas said; to *keep it warm*. Very soon the first charcoal-drawings were rubbed off, and Peter drew his best designs to ornament his friend's room.

One day Cardinal Sachetti, who was restoring his palace, came with the architect to the very top of the house, and happened to enter the scullion's garret. The room was empty: but both Cardinal and architect were struck with the genius of the drawings. They thought they were executed by Thomas, and his eminence sent for him. When poor Thomas heard that the Cardinal had been in the garret, and had seen what he called Peter's daubs, he thought all was lost.

"You will no longer be a scullion," said the Cardinal to him; and Thomas, thinking this sentence meant banishment and disgrace, fell on his knees, and cried, "Oh, my lord, what will become of poor Peter?"

The Cardinal made him tell the story.

"Bring him to me when he comes in to-night," said he smiling.

But Peter did not return that night, nor the next; till at length a fortnight passed without a sign of him. At last came the news that the monks of a distant convent had received and kept with them a boy of fourteen, who had come to ask permission to copy a painting of Raphael in the chapel of the convent. This boy was Peter. Finally, the Cardinal sent him as a pupil to one of the first artists in Rome.

Fifty years afterward there were two old men who lived as brothers in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One said of the other, "He is the greatest painter of our age." The other said of the first, "He is a model for evermore of a faithful friend."

Such is the story of little Peter of Cortona, as we find it in the *Lamp*; this Peter, as you are aware, from a poor boy, living with the little cook in the garret, became one of the great painters of Italy. But the author forgot one of the most beautiful parts of his history; probably he thought that every body, even children, knew that all the great Italian artists were the painters of Mary, and that their master-pieces reproduced the Blessed Madonna in some form or other; be that as it may, yet we think it better to remind our children of this fact, and to tell them that such was particularly the case with Peter of Cortona. He loved to be called the *artist of the Mother of God*. It was while sketching her beauties, in one of the churches beyond the city, that the good Religious found him, and gave him a more permanent home than his garret; and to paint the heavenly face of his dear Madonna was his greatest pleasure.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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Duns Scot, or the Irish Doctor of the Immaculate Conception.

Father John Francis Duns Scot, surnamed the Subtle Doctor, that most worthy son of the Patriarch of the poor, the seraphic Saint Francis, has been looked upon, for the last five hundred years, as the most distinguished advocate of the Immaculate Conception.

On the approach of this festival it seems most apropos to give a sketch of his life, which affords an additional and striking proof of the prompt and powerful protection granted by the Blessed Virgin to all who labor for her glory.

There is a beautiful circumstance connected with his birth which, *en passant*, we love to note. On the same day that the Church mourned the great loss of the saintly Doctor, Bonaventure, a child was born in the Emerald Isle (although Scotland lays some claim to the same honor), who was destined to walk in his footsteps and become the most renowned champion of the privileges of the Mother of God, and one of the greatest glories, not only of the University of Paris and of the Franciscan Order, but of the entire Church. By this treasure Divine Providence repaired the loss occasioned by the death of that other great servant of Mary, whose last sigh corresponded, in point of time, with the first breath of this most eloquent defender of her Immaculate Conception.

He was born of poor but pious parents, most devoted clients of Mary; his piety and virtues increased with his years, yet no one suspected that the splendor of his holiness and eloquence would soon illuminate and astonish the whole world, and that the Most High would supply him with the means of passing, like David of old, from the guardianship of a flock to the royalty of knowledge and science.

One day, directed by Divine Providence, two Franciscan friars claimed the hospitality of the parents of our little John. The pious and virtuous child soon attracted their attention. They were delighted to find that he possessed a wonderful memory, bright intellect, and extraordinary talents, and they offered to take the youth and give him an opportunity of developing those rare qualities, which at this early age of twelve years shone so brilliantly. The proposition was accepted, and the young shepherd followed the monks, his heart overflowing with a heavenly joy; it was the voice of God, the invitation of Mary, thrilling every chord of his pious heart.

In his new home he made remarkable progress in virtue and knowledge; but particularly signalized himself by an ardent zeal for the honor of the Blessed Virgin. All his superiors loved to regard him as an athlete preparing himself, under the direction of Heaven, to become the champion of the faith.

During his course of philosophy, however, God permitted his soul to pass through tribulations, testing it, as gold in the crucible, in order to purify it from all alloy. Perhaps his intellect was too piercing or too impatient of the minutiae of the syllogistic art, or his progress may have been checked by the difficulties of logic; but certain it is, all seemed such an obscure labyrinth, that, wearied and discouraged, he was on the point of despairing of his capacity and vocation! Yet the devotion he felt for Mary, and the desire which burned within him to proclaim her heavenly glories, sustained him in the trial, and encouraged him to confide in her powerful assistance. He prayed to her with that childlike confidence and supplicating fervor, which are the results of boundless devotion.

One day, being more than usually fatigued, he seated himself in a sheltered nook in the garden, where sleep overcame him. It was indeed a refreshing slumber for him, replete with grace and consolation. The Blessed Virgin appeared to him, full of glory and tenderness, and filled him with hope. She bade him renew his studies with energy and perseverance; assured him that he would henceforward comprehend and master the most abstruse subjects, and exhorted him, as a return for her protection, to seek every occasion to honor and glorify her as his celestial benefactress.

With transports of joy the young Religious poured forth the thanks of his heart to the Queen of Angels, promising to give her most devoted proofs of his gratitude in his every word and action, and even, if necessary, by the sacrifice of his life. The bright light of day seemed to dawn upon his mind, and he caught wonderful glimpses of a new world of ideas and truths. The most abstruse points and abstract ideas were clearly revealed to him at a glance; he became the pride of his masters, who sent him to Oxford on account of the great advantages there offered. So rapid was his progress, that at the age of twenty he was judged worthy the degree of Doctor, and was elevated to the chair of philosophy and theology in that celebrated seat of learning.

Then he commenced his brilliant career of un-

paralleled humility and honor; a career which enabled him to reveal to the eyes of the world the graces of Mary, according to the promise he had made her; a career which merits the admiration and veneration of the wise and erudite.

The following cities were the principal theaters where our Brother John was to exhibit, in their brightest glory, his profound learning and his devotion to Mary. The first was Oxford, the second Paris, and the third Cologne, where he died at the age of thirty-four; a life too brief, alas! for the glory of his Mother and the welfare of the Church.

In those three Universities he acquired the title of Defender of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. But it was at the Sorbonne, in Paris, that he obtained his most splendid success and brightest glory, so that we may say that it is to him we are indebted for the consolation with which the glorious Pius IX has rejoiced our hearts, in declaring that great privilege of the Mother of God a dogma of faith.

In 1304 Pope Benedict XI convoked, in the University of Paris, an assembly of the most eminent Doctors in Theology, for the purpose of terminating the discussions of the schools respecting the Immaculate Conception. Here, then, was the most favorable opportunity of accomplishing his promise to his benefactress, and with his usual love and confidence he begged her to aid him now more than ever.

Mary was not deaf to his prayer. She gave him a new pledge of her protection, and assured him, by a miracle, of the complete victory he would gain over his opponents. Kneeling before her statue, he addressed to Mary the prayer, *Dignare me, laudare te, Virgo sacrata, da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos*. At these words the statue inclined toward him, and that statue, so bent or inclined, was still seen in Paris three centuries later, as Father Gonzaga, Superior General of the Franciscans, testifies on oath.

Under the direction of the legates of the Holy See, the Doctors assembled to commence the controversy on the subject of the Immaculate Conception. The adversaries brought forward their most powerful arguments, and our Doctor Scot listened to them with an air as tranquil and serene as might have been worn by an angel just descended from the skies. When all had been said, the Irish Doctor arose and began his great task. Never was a speaker listened to with more perfect attention. All seemed to be conscious of the immense responsibility resting on his reply. He first repeated all the arguments in order, according to the sources from which they had been drawn. First from the Scriptures, then from the Councils, the holy Fathers, and lastly from reason; then in noble, impassioned strains that seemed inspired, he solved all, absolutely destroyed them all, one after another, displaying such clearness, such ability, such wonderful powers of reasoning, such profound depths and admirable variety of erudition, and at the same time a perception so subtle, that his opponents themselves were stupefied and completely conquered. The assistants, the legates, and the

Doctors first of all, exclaimed with enthusiastic cries: "Victory! victory to Doctor Scot! Victory and triumph and glory to the Doctor of Mary!" The title of the Subtle Doctor, which he ever afterward retained, was unanimously given him on that day by the University of Paris, which caused the Feast of the Immaculate Conception to be thenceforth celebrated in France, and would never admit any student among its Doctors, who did not pledge himself to support and defend this glorious privilege of the Mother of God.

Since that period this truth has shone with dazzling splendor throughout the Catholic world, and we may say, that the way of the dogmatic definition of 1855 was prepared by John Scot, under the inspiration of Uncreated Wisdom, by the most solid and irresistible reasoning.

But the glory of the triumph of Mary, as of the Church, was accomplished by the great Pope who was called, in the midst of the most terrible storms and the greatest tribulations, to command the bark of Peter. Pius IX has merited that high favor from Heaven, and we have the firmest hopes that his pontificate, already crowned with every species of glory, will be prolonged many years, to bear witness to the magnificent victory which religion has gained over its enemies, through his instrumentality.

The Immaculate Conception.

Adorn a home for the Son of God!
Was heard through eternity;
And the Triune *Fiat* uttered,
The *Immaculate* Decree!
The first white lily that ever grew,
On this earth o'erladen with crime,
Was Mary the humble Virgin,
Predestined Mother divine.

Adorn a name for the Son of God!
'Twas the work of the Deity;
The Mother of the Incarnate,
Made pure by the Trinity!
The Mother, the Spouse, and the daughter,
Adorned by the Three in One;
Conceived, conceived Immaculate—
For the dwelling of the Son!
Long her beautiful soul had glided,
Like a star, before ages were born;
Shining bright 'mid the lights of angel birth,
Across the long epoch before the dawn.
Through the night of the dark four thousand years,
It shone amid sorrows and sighs and tears.
And all that the earth holds as bright or great,
Is as dross before the *Immaculate*.

Ave Maria.

Hail, full of grace! the Lord is e'er with thee!
Above all other women art thou blest!
A God thy womb His dwelling chose to be,
A God thou nurtured on thy virgin breast!
O Holy Mary, Mother of our God,
Pray for us sinners, 'mid this dreary waste!
Pray for us daily, as through life we plod,
And to our succor, when death summons, haste.

THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST;
Or, The New Month of Mary.

CHAPTER IX.

The Annunciation of Mary.—The Ordination of the Priest.

From the first instant of her conception up to the appearance of Gabriel beneath the humble roof of Joseph, the life of the Holy Virgin had been only a preparation for the grand mystery. Her soul, her heart, her body, were as a precious earth which the divine Laborer, *dicus Agricola*, destined to produce the marvelous fruit expected of nations, and which was to be the antidote of the fruit empoisoned of the terrestrial paradise. No exotic plant, no perfidious herb was to dishonor this virgin soil, this garden of delights, the work of the Holy Trinity and the object of its solicitude and of its love. God could, then, come forth from His repose in order to fulfill His promise and to cast the celestial germ into this immaculate furrow. Who shall mention the startling felicity which seized the angelic cohorts, when the order to depart was transmitted to Gabriel? All Heaven bend down toward earth in order to follow with anxiety the rapid flight of the happy messenger and to overhear the divine colloquy which was to take place between Mary, angel of earth, and Gabriel, virgin of Heaven. Never will man be able to represent with his cold word the sublimity of this scene or its divine and overflowing refugent splendor in every part. Should he have the temerity of undertaking it, from the midst even of the wonder-work, a voice would come forth to say to him: *Tace et obmutesce!*

Let us leave, then, God Himself to recount that which transpired. "And the angel being come in, said to her (to Mary): Hail, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women. And when she had heard, she was troubled at his saying, and thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said to her: Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found grace with God:

Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus.

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father: and he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever,

And of his kingdom there shall be no end.

And Mary said to the angel: How shall this be done, because I know not man?

And the angel answering, said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee; and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God.

And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done to me according to thy word." (Saint Luke, i, 23-38.)

"And at these words, the Word was made flesh in the Virgin, *et verbum caro factum est*, and dwelt among men, and men saw his glory." (St. John, i.)

All the supernatural order is there made a sum-

mary of. Mary becoming the Mother of her God, overleaps at a bound all human distance, all the limits of which reason can conceive; the mysterious, the incomprehensible envelops it as in a mantle, *abyssus vestimentum amictus ejus*; she initiates us into the divine economy in the original fall and its reparation by Christ; she is the most lively demonstration of the supernatural elevation of man through the infinite abasement of a God.

It is in the Annunciation that the parallelism of Mary and the Priest especially shines forth, not only on account of the analogy of the results, but more on account of the identity of the efficient cause, the Power of the Most High or the Holy Ghost.

"Mary," says Tertullian, "did not cease for an instant from living beneath His shadow," *quasi sub umbraculo (Spiritus Sancti) semper exstitit*. Other Fathers also call her, "*the shadow of the Holy Ghost*," among others Methodius, who salutes her in these terms: *Ave, Spiritus Sancti umbraculum!* (Hail, shadow of the Holy Ghost!) "because," say they, "the Holy Ghost loved always to repose in her." This repose of the Holy Ghost is not continued in the rest of mankind, on account of venial or of actual sin; but this reason does not exist in the case of the Virgin, because she was exempted from all sin during her whole existence. The shadow of sin chases away the shadow divine, of which the shadow of sin is the negation; wherefore Mary, who never knew the first, could enjoy the second without discontinuing; she enjoyed it at the first instant of her conception, she enjoyed it in the cradle, in the bosom of her family, in the temple; she enjoyed it especially in the angelic salutation; for it in overshadowing her the Holy Ghost had until then adorned her with all virtues, fructified her with all graces, to-day He fructified her in a pre-eminent manner, in causing her to conceive the person even of the Author of grace, our Saviour Jesus Christ. There, indeed, is the characteristic of the Holy Ghost: He fructifies, He gives life, He creates, He produces. When the body of the first man was formed of a piece of slime, God breathed the Spirit upon it, and it is the Spirit which animates it. This same Spirit, says the Scripture, "*was borne over the waters*," *efferebatur super aquas*, "*brooded over the waters*," according to the rigorous expression of Tertullian, as a bird broods over its nest in order to cause life to spring out of it. At a later period, at the epoch of great wonder-works, when the life and the death of Christ shall have created the new man, it is still the Spirit which will descend in order to animate these shapeless and motionless bodies: *emittit spiritum tuum et creabuntur, et renovebis faciem terre*.

But in all these circumstances the Holy Ghost (Spirit) does nothing but come; His action is ordinary. He came in this way in Mary; this the angel declares in saying: I salute you, full of grace; or, full of the Holy Ghost. But it is here treated of an action more powerful, of an incubation more efficacious, and it is on this account the angel adds: *Spiritus Sanctus supereniet in te* (the

Holy Ghost shall come upon thee), He shall come in *superabundance*, with the plenitude of His gifts, He will effect a creation superior to all other creations; He will spread Himself in torrents in the soul of the Virgin, and the overflowing exuberance of her graces will contribute to constitute the heritage of humanity in the person of the Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Who will not be forcibly impressed with the first point of resemblance of the Priest with the Virgin Mary? The Priest also had been adorned with graces before receiving the sacred unction which was to affix the seal upon them and cause them to superabound. At the day of his sacerdotal ordination, the Pontiff could say to him, as Gabriel to Mary: *I salute you, full of grace, the Lord is with you*, for from his most tender infancy he has reposed in the shadow of the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost has reposed in him; and the more he delighted beneath this divine shadow, the more he experienced its virtue; and he acquired power and agility to pass the brilliant career of Mary, and to ascend gradually, as she did, from the conception to the nativity, from the solitude of the temple to the vow of virginity, and finally to the annunciation, that is to say, to the ordination, which is the last degree in the scale of graces, or, rather, which is the grace of graces, that which embraces them all and multiplies them to infinity.

What is, indeed, the ordination of the Priest, if it is not an act divine by which the Almighty is placed into the hands of man. The Lord defines it in some words when He Himself consecrated His prophet in saying: *Ecce constitui te hodie super gentes, et super regna, ut ecclesias, et destruas, et disperdas, et dissipes, et edifices, et plantes.* (Jerem. i, 10.) (Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms, to root up, and to pull down, and to waste, and to destroy, and to build, and to plant.) To waste and destroy what? The throne of Satan, ignorance and vice. To build and to plant what? The edifice of Christ, Christ Himself by means of faith in Him, by truth, duty, chaste affections, virtue in all its significations.

By the annunciation Mary inherited, although in an inferior degree, all the prerogatives of her Son; she was placed as high as a creature could be placed; she was to become the Queen of angels and of men, the terror of hell, the joy of Heaven, the hope of the earth, the immaculate altar upon which Justice and Peace might give the kiss of reconciliation, an ocean of majesty, of grandeur, of power, the beauty of beauties, *O pulcherrima pulchritudo*, the glory of nature, *decus nature*, the source by which supernatural life was to arrive at the human heart.

By the ordination, the Priest acquires realities as prodigious, titles as transcendent. Saint Prosper enumerates them thus: *Ipsi sunt ecclesie decus in quibus amplius fulget ecclesia; ipsi janus civitatis eterne, per quas omnes, qui credunt in Christum, ingrediuntur. Ipsi janitores quibus claves datae sunt Regni celorum.* (Lib. 2, de vit. Cons., iii.) (They are the glory of the Church

in whom the Church with splendor shines the more; they are the gates of the Eternal City, through which all who believe in Christ enter. They are the janitors to whom are given the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.)

Certainly before this august mission, so analogous to that of Mary, the young levite, in the presence of his consecrating Bishop, may experience the trouble which the timid Virgin, in the presence of Gabriel, experienced, and may exclaim as she did: *Quomodo fiet istud?* (How shall this be done?), how shall such great things be effected in me? And the Pontiff responds to him, as Gabriel to Mary: *Ne timeas . . . invenisti enim gratiam apud Deum.* (Fear not . . . for you have found favor with God), or as the Lord to the prophet: *Ne timeas a facie eorum; quia tecum ego sum.* (Be not afraid at their presence, for I am with thee.) (Jerem., i, viii.) Be without trouble; for "the Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee," and He who shall come of thee shall be holy, shall be great, and people shall call Him the Son of the Most High.

And immediately, uniting the realization with the promise, he stretches his hands over the elect while exclaiming: *Accipite Spiritum Sanctum*, receive the Holy Ghost.

The angel has spoken, Mary is the Mother of God. The Pontiff has spoken, the simple scholar has become Priest, because he has responded as Mary did: Behold the servant of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word. *Tu es sacerdos in eternum secundum ordinem Melchisedech*, (Thou art a Priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech.)

Flesh will indeed be able to see in him only a man with the meager proportions with which nature will have endowed him, as the Jews could see in Mary only the spouse of Joseph, an ordinary woman, having conceived as all women; but the gaze of angels and of faith discovers in the one and in the other the trace of the passage of God, and in seeing weakness thus elevated, nothingness thus glorified, every intelligent creature will exclaim: *O Altitudo divitiarum sapientie Dei: quam incomprehensibilia sunt judicia ejus, et investigabiles vias ejus!* (O the depth of the riches, of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his ways!) (Rom. xi, 33.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JEMMY—I think that was his name—was a working-hand at the old Mountain, Emmitsburgh. While he was engaged in levelling the back terrace, he had for a few days as fellow-workman, a man who was not a Catholic, and who, noticing Jemmy's zeal for religion, tried to take advantage of it to ask him questions about the Church, and of course rested from digging while he listened to the answers. After a while Jemmy saw that the questions came more from laziness than piety; and when the man stopped again to ask: "What does your Church teach about good works?" Jemmy answered, without interrupting a blow of his pick-axe, "*My Church teaches me to do a full day's work—when I'm paid for it.*"

SAINT CECILIA.

[Concluded.]

The only reply that Almachius, in his anger and confusion, gave to the heroic virgin, was to order his guards to conduct her home; he had fully resolved upon her death; yet, dreading the anger of the Emperor, he dared not have her publicly executed, so he resorted to the most cruel and, as he imagined, the most secret torture, by ordering her to be shut up in a vapor bath, which the executioners were commanded to heat to a red-white heat, in order to suffocate her. Cecilia remained in this place of torture an entire day and night, without experiencing even the slightest heat or moisture, although the fires beneath were kept constantly burning, and the bath-room was truly like a fiery furnace. When the executioners opened the door, expecting to find her dead, and her body dried up by the heat, a celestial dew like that which refreshed the three children in the Babylonian furnace, tempered the heated vapor; and Cecilia looked as cool as though the balmy breath of spring had fanned her brow; not a drop of moisture was upon her person, and she seemed like one emerging from an invigorating bath.

Almachius, hardening his heart still more, notwithstanding this wonderful miracle, sent one of his lictors to strike off her head. But the axe seemed to have scarcely more power over the virgin than the fire. Cecilia had prayed to Jesus to prolong her life three days, and He granted her request. At the first blow of the executioner's axe she received a deep gash on her neck; he struck a second and even a third time, and still his work remained unfinished: the head was not severed from the body! The law forbade any further attempt, and throwing down his bloody weapon he fled in terror, believing that a supernatural power opposed his weapon. For three days Cecilia lay upon the marble floor where the executioner had left her, her life's blood slowly oozing from her mangled body, multiplying her martyrdom, as it were, by the drops of blood that trickled one by one from the deep gashes in her half-severed neck. The Christians of Rome thronged the house of the dying Saint, and to the last she was their consolation, relieving the poor and strengthening the weak. The third day Pope Urban visited his dear spiritual child, who thus addressed him: "Father, I asked our Lord for this delay of three days, in order to place in the hands of your Holiness my last treasures; they are the poor of Rome whom I have cherished, and whom I am going to leave. I also bequeath to you this house; when I am gone, consecrate it for a church, so that it will remain forever a temple of the Lord." With these words she prepared for her last rest. Gracefully turning on her right side, she drew her knees slightly up, then laid her left hand on the right, the three fingers of the latter being extended, according to primitive custom, in token of the three Persons of the Holy Trinity, and the forefinger of the left stretched out to represent the unity of the Godhead. Then, as if retiring from mortal gaze into the presence of her Beloved, she turned her face toward the marble floor of

the bath-room, and in this position sweetly expired.

Pope Urban, assisted by his deacons, presided at the funeral. Untouched were the garments of the virgin, enriched as they were with the purple of martyrdom made far more precious by her crimson blood, than by the silk and golden embroidery of which they were composed. Even the attitude in which she expired was respected, and so they laid her in her cypress coffin, placing at her feet the linen cloths that had been used to collect the blood which oozed from her wounds. She was buried in the catacomb of Prætextatus, close to the spot where she herself had buried Valerian, Tiberius and Maximus.

Nearly six centuries had passed away. Paganism had long since ceased, and Pope Paschal filled the throne of Saint Urban. During his pontificate, the church of Saint Cecilia was adorned with great magnificence. But the Pope justly considered that it would want its principal ornament so long as it did not contain the relics of its sainted foundress. For a long time the search for her body was unsuccessful; those of the glorious Valerian, his brother and Maximus were found, but no trace of Cecilia. It was consequently believed that the Lombards must have carried away the body. One day while the Pope was praying in Saint Peter's, sleep seemed to overpower him, when suddenly the noble virgin stood before him, thanked him for the zeal he had shown in her honor, and encouraged him to proceed, assuring him that he had often been very close to the place where her body still reposed. Encouraged by this vision, he renewed the search, and was rewarded by discovering the cypress coffin. On opening it the Saint was seen in the same modest posture she assumed when dying, and clothed in that rich robe of silk and gold, dyed in the crimson of her martyr's blood. At her feet lay the linen cloths that had been used to stanch the bleeding of her wounds.

The posture indicated the sweet repose of heavenly love; it was not disturbed, and the piety of the Pope caused a light silken veil to be thrown over her, and the coffin to be lined with the richest damask; it was then closed and deposited in a magnificent marble sarcophagus, prepared for its reception in the church which so many years before the Saint herself had bequeathed to the faithful. In a second sarcophagus were placed the relics of Valerian, Tiberius and Maximus, and in a third those of the Holy Pontiff, Urban.

Nearly eight hundred years had again passed away, when in 1599 Cardinal Paul Sfondrato, who resembled Pope Paschal in his devotion to Saint Cecilia, resolved to make her church one of the richest in Rome. While the workmen were engaged they disclosed to view, under the altar, the three marble sarcophagi: the first containing the bodies of Valerian, Tiberius and Maximus; the second, those of Popes Saints Urban and Lucius; and the third, the body of our glorious martyr Cecilia, resting in her cypress coffin, clothed in those same robes of silk and gold on which could

be plainly seen the precious marks of her virginal blood, spilled so many ages before, for the honor of her Divine Spouse. At her feet were the linen cloths empurpled with the insignia of her martyrdom.

Resting upon her side, her arms gracefully crossed upon her bosom, she seemed in a sweet and profound sleep. The body was in a perfect state of preservation, and the posture she had assumed when dying was faithfully portrayed to those who gathered round the open sarcophagus. There she reposed, after the lapse of so many ages, in all her grace and modesty; it was as if the spectators had been suddenly transported back to the days of Almachius, and had just seen her breathe her last sigh, extended upon the marble floor of the bath. The knots of her hair shirt could be distinctly felt beneath her silken robes.

The entire population of the Eternal City thronged to look upon this one of their most glorious ancestors, revealing even in the perishable body of clay, the immortality of the saints; not a vestige of decay was visible around it, save on the damask with which Paschal had lined the coffin.

To the right, on entering the basilica, was the oratory known as Saint Cecilia's bath. The Cardinal having ordered the marble pavement to be taken up, they found under it the vaulted furnace, together with one of the large kettles, and the leaden pipes which conveyed the steam to the room above, all in a state of good preservation, confirming, in the most positive manner, the fact that this chapel was truly the bath-room where Cecilia, during her long agony of three days, held a martyr's levee for the crowds of Romans that thronged around her house, and where, after bequeathing her house to Saint Urban for a church, she so beautifully fell asleep in her Lord.

Again was the cypress coffin inclosed in a richly chased silver one, tastefully lined with purple, embroidered in gold, and placed in its ancient crypt. A beautiful marble statue, carved in the same posture as that in which the Saint lies in, her coffin, was sculptured by the most celebrated artist in Rome, and placed under the high altar, where the martyr's body rests.

Devotion of Saint Chantal to the Immaculate Conception.

It would be almost impossible to give a correct idea of this great Saint's devotion toward the Holy Mother of God; but among her various festivals she had a decided preference for the Immaculate Conception. Indeed, such was her veneration for it, that she spared no pains in making it known and honored everywhere. When the dean of Notre Dame de Nessy promised to have it celebrated in his church, and also announced it to the faithful by the ringing of the largest bell in the tower, her joy was so great that she caused a bonfire to be prepared on the convent grounds, and would have all the Community share in the enthusiastic rejoicings. On that day nothing but canticles of jubila-

tion, of love and tenderness for the Blessed Virgin, could be heard in the monastery. She made it her own rule to recite the beads of the Immaculate Conception for nine days after the festival, and repeatedly declared that she would gladly give her life for the defense of this sublime prerogative of the Virgin Mother.

The Indian Summer.

With just the faintest chill of death,

The full, fair Indian Summer comes;

By morning draped in hoary breath,

Her noonday robe of strange perfumes,

At even trailing weird-like shades,

O'er midnight still her beauty looms;

As ever, through fields and opening glades,

She drives the dark November glooms.

Not yet, she cries to the winter wind,

Not yet, to the frosty starlight clear,

Not yet, to the northern snows, that blind,

Not yet, not yet, while I linger near!

How vain the cold, cold phantoms surge,

While the Queen of Autumn shakes her spear,

And smiles despite their mournful dirge!

Last lovely smile of the dying year!

Fair image of life's departing hour,

When days well spent have brought the soul

To smile supreme at the utmost power

That fiend or phantom can control!

Then be my trusting soul erect,

Though death's dark shades begin to roll;

That Indian Summer shall be flecked

With flashes from my spirit's goal.

Bold thought! that man, like nature, pure,

Should smile when he comes, at last, to die;

Or deem his future glory sure

As that awaits young Spring's warm sigh!

Ye heavenly friends that guard frail men

When the muttering fiends of air press nigh,

Thou Mary chief, O guard me then

To the Indian Summer of the sky!

Sweet maiden Mother, take to thee

These gracious Indian Summer days!

The May hath bud and bloom to be

Thy month of young hearts' gushing praise;

But young hearts will grow weak and old,

And young cheeks blanch 'fore death's stern

His coming finds us all a-cold; [gaze:

Shed then, dear Queen, thy warming rays!

The fair, fresh vernal days are thine,

When Hope soars high on joyous wings;

Thine too the golden year's decline,

When Memory's plaintive echo rings.

Young May souls need thy sweet control,

When raptured nature blooms and sings;

O still be near when earth's poor scroll,

Shall fade in the glow that Heaven brings!

MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION.—"I have known," says Rev. F. Boissien, in his treatise on 'Devotion to Mary,' a nobleman (still living) who was struck by lightning; his very shirt was burnt on his body, but his Scapular beneath was not touched by the fire, nor was his person in the least injured."

Conversion and Execution of two Indian Chiefs.

Friends of the AVE MARIA: I have purposed to send you some details on the edifying conversion and death of two Indian Chiefs of the Sioux tribe, who were executed, last Saturday, at Fort Snelling, six miles distant from St. Paul. One of them, "Shakopee," was fifty five years old; the other, "Medicine Bottle," was thirty-four years of age. Both were born on the banks of the Minnesota river, not far distant from the scene of their execution.

Accused of having taken part in the massacre of the white population of Minnesota in 1862, they had been sentenced to death; and the day appointed for their execution was the 11th of October last. No sooner were they informed of their unfortunate fate, than they expressed the desire of seeing me, in order to be instructed in the truths of Christianity. They already had some idea of our Holy Religion. They knew that, of the thirty-eight Indians of their tribe who had been executed at Minnesota in 1862, thirty-three had selected the Black Gown as their spiritual adviser and guide, that they had died Christians, full of hope for a better and an everlasting life. I hastened to pay them a visit, which caused them great pleasure. No time was to be lost, for they had but a few days to live. I considered it my duty to explain to them immediately the great truths of Christianity: those truths so beautiful and so consoling for all men of good will, but yet more so for those who are greatly afflicted, who see themselves arrived at the end of their career, on the very brink of the grave.

Some have asserted, even in writing, that the doctrines of Christianity have no influence on the heart of our Indians; but it is an error, a great error. I never shall forget with what attention and respect they listened to me in the jail at Nankato and at Fort Snelling, when I spoke to them of the great God, Creator and Preserver of all things, of the Son of God made Man, suffering and dying upon the Cross for our sins, of His infinite mercy for all men, who, docile to His voice, detest and renounce sin forever, and desire sincerely to practise virtue. No! the heart of the poor savages of America is not insensible to the teachings and works of Jesus Christ. Never will I forget the impressions made on the minds and hearts of so many of them, when I entertained them with the love of the Holy Trinity for mankind, and particularly with the Charity of Jesus, His Predications, His Miracles, His Death, His Resurrection, His Ascension into Heaven, and the power which, at the end of the world, He shall manifest, by giving life to the dead, His Paradise to the just, and by precipitating into hell unrepenting sinners. All these truths find an easy entrance into the minds and hearts of our poor Indians when they are presented to them under a form suitable to the capacity of their uncultivated intellect, and when they are not scandalized by the vices of the whites living in their midst or vicinity.

After a short lapse of time the two Sioux Chiefs

had learned the principal mysteries and laws of our Holy Religion, and also the prayers most in use in the Catholic Church. They said them often, and always with piety and devotion.

Having been taught the importance and wonderful effects of the Sacrament of Regeneration, they were regenerated in the purifying waters of Baptism on the eve of the day appointed for their execution. Beforehand they had professed their faith in the doctrines of the Christian Religion; they had promised to follow all the rules of the Gospel, they had renounced Satan, his pomps, his works, and all the superstitions practiced by their tribe; a renunciation which they made with a joyful heart, in order to become the children of God, to be invested with the livery of Jesus Christ, to be numbered among His members, to be made partakers of His eternal glory.

The ceremonies of Baptism over, they knelt down and returned fervent thanks to God for the heavenly favors with which their souls had been inundated through the Divine infusions of the Holy Ghost.

Happy, a thousand times happy, the Christian who, raised to such a dignity by the grace of our Divine Redeemer, preserves without stain all the beauty, all the brilliancy and splendor of his precious vestments, keeps his heart, his mind, his spirit, his soul, his whole being united to the great God, who fills all with His bounty and immensity! This good Father shall watch over him with a more than motherly tenderness, He shall pour into his bosom the most abundant favors, He shall from day to day embellish and adorn his soul with gifts more precious and more beautiful than the stars of the firmament; after his death He shall be his reward, manifesting Himself to him in the splendor of His glory, praising him for his victory in presence of those millions and millions of angels, who surround the throne of His Divinity, replenishing him with His Divine Essence, infusing in him His likeness in a most wonderful manner, crowning him with the crown of eternal happiness.

Truths, which, before leaving these two unfortunate prisoners, I endeavored to inculcate deeply into their minds. Truths, which, frequently meditated upon by Christians in all conditions of life, would cause every one to watch over himself, lest he should fall into the sink of sin, to fulfill with exactness all his Christian duties, to prefer a thousand deaths to separation from God by transgression of the Divine Law.

The following day, 11th of October, the last for "Shakopee" and "Medicine Bottle," early in the morning, I offered up to God the Holy Victim of the altar to obtain of His Divine Mercy for them the grace of a good death. After the Holy Sacrifice I went to Fort Snelling to comfort and solace them in their last moments. But upon entering their cell I had the pleasure of being informed that their execution had been suspended by President Johnson, that most probably they should not be executed. Such good news, no doubt, was to the prisoners the cause of great joy. One of them expressed to me the pleasure he felt,

in these words: "This favor comes to us through the Lord."

Colonel McLaren, commander of the post at Fort Snelling, who, at all times, had been very kind toward these poor Indians, allowed them, after the suspension of their sentence, to go out of their cell, and to work in the Fort yard. That gentleman is worthy of much praise for his charity to them, sparing no trouble to have them separated from the other prisoners, that they might be more easily prepared for their last hour. Nor am I indebted to him for this attention only, but also for the great facility he gave me of seeing them at any time I went to the Fort, and for having, at my request, refused hundreds of curious visitors from entering their cell. The visits of so many persons displeased me, because their presence and questions prevented the prisoners from making their preparation for death. Man's mind is too weak to apply itself to many things at once! It is not in vain that the Holy Ghost, speaking of a soul He wishes to fill with His divine treasures, has said: "I will conduct her into solitude, and there will I speak to her heart." (Osce ii.)

The liberty granted to them did not last long. On the 8th inst. arrives, unexpectedly, from Washington, a telegraphic dispatch ordering the two Indian Chiefs to be executed within three days. The following morning, Thursday, at seven o'clock, the sad news reached me, and shortly after I started for the Fort. The two prisoners had already been informed of their unfortunate fate. They were sad, but calm. At first I expressed to them all the pain I had experienced, when the sorrowful news had come to my knowledge. Then, to comfort them in their misfortune, I spoke on the caducity of the things of this world, in which, sooner or later, we all, without exception, have to die. I recalled to their minds the principal doctrines and mysteries of our Holy Religion, which I had taught them some time before. I exhorted them to prepare for death by an entire resignation of their will to the will of God, by a sincere sorrow of their sins, by an ardent love of God and their neighbors, by frequent and fervent prayers. It then came into my mind to ask them if they had been faithful to address every day to God the prayers which they had learned. They answered affirmatively, and they recited them all without omitting one word.

The following day, Friday, I asked them if they had spent much of their time in entertaining themselves with God by prayer? They answered that they had. And "Medicine Bottle" added: "During the night I slept a little, then I prayed to God; I slept again a little, then I prayed to God; I slept again a little, then I prayed to God."

They had but one day to live. I encouraged them to forget, as much as possible, the concerns of this world, and to raise up their minds and their hearts to God, assuring them that the more they would unite themselves to Him by the exercise of holy prayers, the greater would be the favors bestowed upon them by His Divine Mercy, the more beautiful would be their souls and bodies in Heaven for all eternity. It seemed to me

that my words fell on a soil well prepared, and I am in hope that the Holy Ghost made them produce fruits of eternal glory, notwithstanding the unworthiness of the sower. "Neither he that planteth is any thing, nor he that watereth, but God who giveth increase." (1 Cor., iii, 7.)

Having been instructed on the virtue and efficacy of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, they expressed an ardent desire to be admitted to these fountains of sanctification. Friday evening they made their confession, and Saturday morning they received Holy Communion. Oh! how sweet! how consoling for the Christian standing a few steps from death and eternity to be invited to partake of the Bread of Angels, to be so closely united with his Divine Redeemer, to rest his troubled and afflicted mind and heart on these magnificent promises of Jesus Christ: "He that eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, hath life, and I will raise him up at the last day." (John vi.)

The thought of death, of the grave, of corruption, of worms, of the All-powerful irritated, is no doubt terrifying to the impenitent sinner; but to him, who, sorrowful for his sins, has made his peace with his most beloved God, who has received Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist with an ardent love, the contemplation of death and of its consequences inspires no fears. He places all his hope in the Saviour, who died for him on the Cross; and full of confidence in His bounty he leaves this world, this vale of tears, to be united to Him forever. Such were, I hope, the sentiments of our two Indian chieftains on the day of their passage from this world to eternity.

Their thanksgiving after Communion being over, I engaged them to take their breakfast, which was on the table. Shakopee took some food, Medicine Bottle did not feel disposed to take any. I had to leave them for some time, and was again in their cell at a quarter past ten o'clock. At half past ten I addressed them a few words, strongly recommending them to think no more about this world, and to turn all their thoughts, all their desires, all their affections toward God, Heaven, Eternity. When I had ceased my exhortations they knelt down and prayed to the Almighty with great fervor. At half past eleven they were informed that the time set for the execution was near at hand, and immediately after, their wrists were tied with ropes. Meanwhile I recalled to their minds the sufferings and meekness of Jesus Christ during His Passion, in order to encourage them to suffer every thing with patience. Not one word of complaint, not one sign of impatience could be noticed, indicating that they did not bear their unhappy fate with Christian fortitude and resignation, until they had given up the ghost.

Every thing being ready for the execution, they began so say aloud their prayers, which they did not cease to repeat until they had expired, except for a short moment while their sentence was read. On going to the scaffold they recited in their own language—with a tone of voice very expressive of the humility, confidence, piety, and devotion,

which were in their hearts—the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation, and several times the following acts:

1. *Wakantanka minica, wacinciya, Jezu ni cinkri eaje ndate, omakiya wa token nitawaci, een eamon kte, heen Murpiya eta wa hi kte, ma to kte ci, ha iyohakam.*

2. *Wakantanka nitama, nincaterinee, nizanana iyotan waxte icidaki heon etanhan.*

3. *Wakantanka nitawa niye on etanhan miye iyecen, wicaxta ooceri waxte wicawadake.*

4. *Wakantankaituca, nincaterinee ka reortani xiee yadaka tukawacartani, heon etanhan cante maxee, omakiya to icimana reortani eamon kte xni ce.*

The translation of the above is as follows:

1 "My God, trust in Thee; through the name of Thy Son, Jezu, help me."

"I shall do according to Thy will, and thus go to heaven when I die."

2 "My God! Thou art very good; for that reason I love Thee above all things."

3 "My God, on account of thee, as myself all men I love."

4 "My God, Thou art very good: Thou detestest sin; but have sinned; for that reason my heart is sorrowful; help me, I never more will commit sin."

The reporter of the *St. Paul Press*, who was present at the execution, says in his relation that "they seemed to be earnestly engaged in these supplications, and, as they marched along, paid no attention whatever to the crowd assembled." He adds that, when "the prisoners, followed by their spiritual adviser and the executioners, ascended the gallows, they walked up with a firm and steady step, and took their position upon the platform, still engaged in reciting their prayers." *Paul Press*, Nov. 12th, 1865.

The reporter of the *St. Paul Pioneer*, who visited the prisoners in their cell, and witnessed their execution, relates that "as the hour of their execution approached, they seemed more and more absorbed in their devotions," and adds that, when their wrists had been tied, before leaving jail, "the prisoners again began speaking in their prayers, which they scarcely ceased, till they dropped from the gallows. The twaddians, when on the platform, repeated many of these words:

Jezu dyan nict wa un kta nina wacin.
*Jesu dya with thee I will be ardently I desire.
Jesu der tecum ero ardentier desidero.

* English translation. † Latin translation. (Translated word for word as it stands in the original.)

When the order confirming the sentence of death to the prisoners had been read, "the executioner proceeded to tie their legs and pinion their arms. During this process they again repeated their prayers in a firm voice. The noose was placed around their necks and adjusted, and taps slipped over their faces. The executioner and clergyman then stepped to the back part of the scaffold. At ten minutes before twelve o'clock Captain Palmer gave the signal—the sirt was knocked from under the trap, and bodies of the two chieftains fell swiftly and silently. They struggled but little and

seemed to die very easy. Medicine Bottle apparently retained vitality the longest, but both had their necks instantaneously broken by the fall, and could have felt no pain."—*St. Paul Pioneer*, Nov. 12th, 1865.

May their souls rest in peace.

Mary, Queen of Apostles.

We have already recorded, more than once, our profound respect for the memory of the lamented Padre Ventura. (See Nos. 10 and 11.)

In 1845, Mgr. Gaume, the illustrious author of the "Trois Rome," heard him preach in the Church of St. Andrew della Valle, one of the largest in Rome, and the same in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Alphonse de Ratisbonne. We translate him, *verbatim*:

"During the day several sermons had been delivered in various languages; the evening one, the most important, was to be preached by the celebrated Padre Ventura. An immense crowd thronged around his pulpit. The vast church, with the lateral chapels, scarcely sufficed to contain the multitude. The Rev. Father made his appearance on the *pulcro*, a kind of platform raised about six feet above the heads of his auditory. The preacher had no other dress than his habit of a Theatin. After the exordium, the great orator began to move back and forth, distributing the word of God, on all sides, to his large auditory. Thanks to this liberty of action, there was, in all his movements, a natural dignity which modern art renders totally impossible, in consequence of the box-like pulpits in which it shuts up the preachers of the Gospel.

"I never witnessed, any where, a more complete recollection. It is true the subject itself was one of intense interest, especially in Rome: Mary, Queen of the Apostles, was the theme of the great Roman orator. I know not which of the two to admire more, the noble simplicity, or the prodigious erudition with which the subject was treated. As a superior man, Padre Ventura, addressing himself to an auditory partly composed of ordinary people, fitted his words, with apostolic clearness, to the capacity of the simplest minds; while by his profound science, he forced the ascent of the most elevated philosophy. He showed us that Mary deserved her glorious title, not only because she was the Mother of the King of the Apostles, but also because she had been the first Apostle of her Son.

"At the manger, she revealed him to the Magi; in the council, she presided over the diffusion of the Church; after having assisted at its birth in the grotto of Bethlehem. It was she who taught the Apostles the mystery of the Holy Infancy; it was she who obtained pardon for St. Peter, fidelity for the rest of the Apostles, and perseverance in his martyrdom for St. Stephen; she who put an end to the controversy between St. Peter and St. Paul. To her Peter built a church in Palestine; while Paul did the same in Spain, Thomas in India, and Andrew in Achaia. On hearing each of these propositions, so new to me, I said within myself: 'How will this good Father prove it?' But be-

hold! to my astonishment, as an evidence of each one of these assertions came, in perfect order, and with irresistible force, one or two texts from the holy Fathers. This sermon produced the deepest impression, and gave a sublime idea of the eloquence and science of the preacher. Toward the end, the Father stopped; the assembly fell on their knees, and he recited three times *Ave Maria*, that the grace of Heaven might descend as a precious dew, to give fecundity to the sacred seed deposited in their hearts. This appeared to me touching, and perfectly logical."

Missionaries of Indiana.--First Rev. C. De Seille.

Between the years 1830 and 1840 two men passed through this place; each making a mark which time should not be permitted to obliterate. Those who knew them, will remember them well to their last day; but they are becoming fewer every year; and as a worthy prelate expressed but the other day his opinion, that the AVE MARIA was likely a better record than newspapers, to preserve the memories of our departed priests for the future history of the Catholic Church in America, we propose enriching our pages with two brief sketches of those two predecessors of ours here. Neither the one nor the other, however, belonged to our Congregation. Hence we are free to express our thoughts on their merits. We mean to speak of Rev. C. De Seilles and Rev. B. Petit, the former a Belgian, the latter of French origin. Both were alike in their unbounded devotedness to our Holy Patroness, although very widely differing from each other in dispositions, as in age. From the most correct informations with which we have been abundantly supplied, we learn that Mr. Petit, *the spoiled child*, as the saintly founder of the Diocese of Vincennes, Dr. Bruté, used to call his dear Benjamin, was by nature as gay and cheerful, as merry and expansive as the other was grave and reserved, though ever obliging and affectionate. Before we get through with these two admirable sketches, our readers will join us in our thanks to Heaven, that the premises, from which issues our little AVE MARIA, were thus sanctified by the labors of such holy Priests. We were not the first here to invoke the holy name of Mary. They had made every nook and every tree, as it were, vocal with its sweetest harmony. They had given it a name expressive of their heart's love, which we only translated, as a slight improvement, for we could not drop the sweet name of Notre Dame. Every inch of its ground was consecrated to Mary. *Et nomen ejus Maria*: the name of the place to which we were sent was Mary's. AVE MARIA! Hail Mary, seemed to re-echo over the lakes and through the wild wood as we pronounced the words, as though they were familiar sounds. May they never lose, while they linger upon our lips, that celestial perfume which they breathed each time they issued from the lips and hearts of our saintly predecessors! May we ever strive, as they did, to reproduce something of that original purity, adorned with which they came from the lips of the angel, or rather from the bosom of the Eternal Father Himself! May

the blessed name of our dear Mother, each time it will be pronounced or written by us or our readers, be forever a source of joy and glory to our Holy Mother in Heaven, as also of grace and blessing to us upon earth!

The 30th of November, fast of Saint Andrew, the Apostle of the Cross, was the 23d anniversary of our first arrival on the spot now known by the name of Notre Dame. Fifteen months previously, we had the singularly good fortune to celebrate our first Mass in New York, on the Exaltation of the Holy Cross; and now, going to take possession of that portion of the vineyard which Providence had intended for our cultivation, our first Mass was to be on Saint Andrew's festival, a day most appropriately chosen for a Priest of Holy Cross; surely this double coincidence was ominous of a life of trials, but it did not frighten us.

Scarcely had we entered the house when our guide invited us to visit the tomb of the lamented and saintly Father De Seille, who died only a few years before. When we say house, we mean one of those double log shanties divided into two apartments, with a wide open passage in the middle. We were first introduced into one of these, in which, we were told, led the good Father De Seille. There was his bed, his library, his table, a few chairs, and as far as we can remember, that was all we noticed, save the rude beams of the ceiling, which scarcely admitted of one's hat on his head. We followed our guide into the adjoining room: "There," said he, pointing to one corner, "there we laid him, under his altar, where he said Mass every morning. There was the naked altar, and above it a solitary ornamental picture, a beautiful *Mater Ierosa*, after the Belgian design. We had been before of the saintly death of the pious Missionary. After kneeling a little while on the precise spot, we asked our guide if he was present during the last moments of the good Priest. "O, yes," he exclaimed, "and I will never forget it, as long as I may live." We begged him to tell what he knew of it, and without any embarrassment he gave us the following report:

"Father De Seille," said he, "was Pokagan among the Pottawatomies, during a week. As he was taking leave of them he remarked, that likely they would see him no more; they felt at once deeply grieved, for they loved him as a father. He seemed to allude to approaching death and yet he was still in prime of life, and to all appearance full of vigor and strength. They asked him what his wish was. 'I have a great journey to perform,' he replied, 'pray for me, and do not forget say your beads for me.' With this he left me, and started home on foot, (thirty-five milistants,) as he invariably did, although he kept splendid horse in his stable for occasions when prompt attendance to duty might secure the salvation of a soul. That same day he reached his home, and appeared to all in the enjoyment of ordinary strength. Next morning, however, he felt quite unwell and it was not without a exertion he succeeded in celebrating Mass toward

noon he declared to a few friends around him, that he should not live long, and that it would be prudent to send for a Priest. But no one could be persuaded that there was any immediate occasion for one.

Next morning, he felt much worse and gave orders to dispatch two messengers, one to Logansport, sixty miles from Notre Dame, the other one to Chicago, eighty miles, for fear that either one or the other should be absent from home on a sick call. Three days afterward the two messengers returned, the first in the morning, the second at twelve o'clock. It was not God's will, it appears, that the good Priest should enjoy the supreme consolation he had so ardently desired. It happened that both were so sick themselves that it was utterly impossible for either to leave for such a distance. Meanwhile the saintly man had lost, insensibly, all his strength; still, physicians had come to the conclusion that his case was not a hopeless one. But he felt otherwise, and was much grieved when he learned that he should have to die without confession. Often he had himself undergone great fatigues to procure for his dying penitents the inestimable benefit of which, in God's inscrutable design, he was now himself to be deprived. He bowed in silence and resignation to Heaven's decree, and thought of preparing himself as best he could.

The boundless confidence he always felt in his Holy Mother failed him not at the last hour. He commended himself to her most earnestly, and frequently aloud; moreover he often begged of those around him to pray to her in his behalf. There can be no doubt that she it was who prompted him to an act that sealed his last moments with a stamp of sanctity, seldom met in a more touching degree, even in the death of the Saints.

The progress of the disease had now reached a point wherein, visibly, death could not be far distant. Suddenly the pious Priest makes an effort to rise to a sitting posture in his bed, and entreats his two faithful attendants to help him into the next room to his altar. He summons his remaining strength, and with the aid of his two friends, manages to accomplish his purpose. There he kneels down a while, then directs their attention, by a look, to his surplice and stole; they understand, and hasten to put them on him; he raises himself, and with a trembling and burning hand, opens his tabernacle, fixes his eyes steadily and lovingly on the adorable Lady of his Divine Redeemer; then, most humbly bending over the ciborium, administers to himself the Holy Viaticum. He kneels again on the platform between his two assistants, whose hearts seemed now ready to break with emotion at such a sight. There he remains for a long time in deep and profound adoration, both say for half an hour, until, fearing he should die of exhaustion, they finally obtained his consent to convey him to his room, and lay him on his bed. He thanked them again and again, and in less than an hour after, invoking most fervently and continuously the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, he expired without a struggle,

and with a most placid smile on his countenance. Thus died a saintly missionary, who, during his brief career of seven years, had accomplished no ordinary amount of good, and whose death was surrounded by a halo of perfection, upon which no one can gaze without emotion.

A few hours after he had breathed his last, the whole village of Pokagon flocked around his death-bed. They cried not, we are told, but they remained there standing, gazing upon his cold remains for several days, not allowing any person to attempt to bury them. There they stood, stone-like, in unspeakable grief, and it was only when the authorities of South Bend positively ordered them, on the third day, to bury the body of this dear and holy Father De Seille, that they betook themselves to the performance of the sad office.

Few priests, if any, have endeared themselves more to their flock. He had himself instructed and baptized more than one-half of them; and in their poverty he had expended, during seven years, a considerable fortune in feeding and clothing them and their children. That he possessed the gift of prophecy, seems to have been the common belief of the whole tribe. Besides the announcement of his death, two other predictions, the fulfillment of which, so literally exact, has come under our own notice, during the past twenty years, force us to share, to a great extent, the opinion of the Indians on this point. He predicted of a cross which he was erecting in presence of a large assembly, that it should never be touched by fire; and although two or three times since every thing around it was consumed by the destructive element, yet the cross has remained uninjured.

He foretold one Sunday afternoon, and before a number of people, to the two richest men in the neighborhood, both founders of towns, that they would die penniless, which subsequent events have proved, to the astonishment of all.

In a future article we shall present our readers with a brief sketch of the life of Rev. B. Petit, whose priestly career lasted only two years, but of whom it must be said, emphatically, *that being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time—explevit tempora multa.* (Wisdom, iv, 13.) Of the two he will be most admired. One single reflection from him, while serving as a *trait d'union* between his predecessor and himself, will show that we pass from a saintly character to another perhaps even more accomplished.

"Father De Seille," he writes, "had to die all alone: oh! Mary doubtless assisted him. This is certainly one of the poor Missionaries' severest trials; but as they expose themselves to it only for the love of God, He who is so good cannot forsake them at their last hour. If, in their final struggle, He deprives them of the assistance of a Priest, it must be, beyond all doubt, to enrich their crown with the merits of this culminating sacrifice. I firmly believe that He grants this favor but to His dearest friends."

[N. B. In a few copies, page 477 contains several typographic errors, the printer having taken an uncorrected proof-sheet for a corrected one. Thus, acknowledge, brought, beautiful, enrapturing, the, pleasure trip, were incorrectly spelled.]

Our Nation's Festival.

[Columbus was ever a most faithful servant of Mary, his beads and crucifix were his chart and compass, in those dark hours when all seemed lost. To his Blessed Patroness he confided the New World, and his act of fealty was ratified by our Prelates, when in solemn conclave they proclaimed her Immaculate Conception the National Feast of the United States.]

A hymn for our spotless Queen,
On our Nation's festal day.
Every hill and every vale
Owns our dearest Lady's sway.
Long years ago Columbus came,
With beads and cross divine,
To find a World in th' ocean's heart
And place at Mary's shrine.
Let England honor dear Saint George,
Saint Dennis keep fair France,
Saint Patrick watch o'er the Emerald Isle,
Saint James o'er the Sappish lance—
We clam a mightier Patroness,
A mightier ne'er was seen:
"IMMACULATE CONCEPTION" crowns
Our holy Virgin Queen.
O Nation bright! great, glorious land!
Holy Mother keep it free,
Immaculate from every crime,
Unstained by tyranny.
Then a hymn for our Nation's feast,
Our watch-word e'er shall be,
"IMMACULATE CONCEPTION" blest,
True pledge of liberty.

Ave Maria from the Catholic Garden of our Land.

DIED, at her home, Wapakoneta, Ohio, November 11th, of brain fever, EMILIE ADELE O'CONNELL, aged fifteen years and twenty seven days.

EMILIE, a relative of DANIEL O'CONNELL, the illustrious emancipator of Ireland, inherited a large share of the faith and piety of her forefathers of the Island of Saints. Though delirious many days previous to her death, her lips often repeated the "Hail Mary," and when asked "Do you love our Lord—do you love the Blessed Virgin?" her eyes beamed with animation and she replied with touching emphasis, "Indeed I do." Jesus and Mary did not forget one so tenderly devout. On Saturday, the day consecrated by the Church to our Ever Blessed Mother, Mary smiled "a welcome to Heaven" on her innocent child. This sweet thought, however, yields to the superior claims of Faith which teaches that "nothing defiled can enter heaven," and that "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." For this end her teachers and schoolmates of Mount Notre Dame, and especially the "Children of Mary," into whose sodality she was recently admitted, unite their prayers, and while their love would already enroll its object among the 'Blessed,' the spirit of Faith whispers to their hearts, "May she rest in peace."—*Catholic Telegraph.*

Our Correspondent.

In the Quaker City, the Catholic Church is making significant progress in a direction very natural, but not at all flattering to the pride of Anglicanism. A handsome church, recently purchased from the Episcopalians, has been dedicated by Right Rev. Bishop Wood to great Saint Edward the Confessor, and now the Holy Sacrifice is offered where so lately a lifeless form of religion was represented.

The Holy Catholic Church rides over the little skiff of the so-called Church of England with the name of England's greatest monarch triumphantly floating at her top gallant mast.

We find much talk, and a variety of sentiment expressed upon the suicide of Preston King, of New York. Did this circumstance not involve a matter of the greatest importance, in a Catholic point of view, we would not mention it in the AVE MARIA; but we cannot pass it over; it is a decided inversion of charity to excuse a deed, the most revolting of which the soul is capable. No more cowardly act can be conceived than that of self-destruction, and it is a pagan sentiment which seeks its palliation. Perhaps there is no one thing more clearly indicating the fatal results of the fashionable latitudinarian religion, than the prevailing levity respecting human life, the frequency of suicides, and the materialistic view taken of death.

Yet it is no wonder. Future rewards and punishments are ignored. The idea of God, if admitted, is fanciful and vague. His jurisdiction over man is not acknowledged. His mastery over life is a fable, and the impious creature usurps his Creator's prerogative. Hating the gift which the first instinct of nature teaches him to cherish above all things, he lays violent hands upon himself, showing in fact an insanity the precursor of a more formidable destruction than is dreamed of in his philosophy, for it is as true to-day as thousands of years ago, "whom the demons would destroy they first make mad."

Christianity alone invests the soul with true bravery, with the power to face nobly the ills of life in whatever shape they appear. She does this by recognizing the relation of the soul to God, and by inculcating and enforcing the duties implied by this relation. But alas when our popular writers embalm the worst crimes with their talents, and dub vice as virtue, we can but pity them and their victims, and pray our holy Mother Mary to rescue them.

Hood's famous "Bridge of Sighs" and kindred literature have left a heavy burden on the conscience of Art, but every Catholic, every lover of Mary, her who made suffering sublime, will rejoice to aid in wiping out the stain, and discouraging such wicked sentiments.

DEVOTION to the Blessed Virgin is the surest antidote to the poison of our evil inclinations; for he who is really devout to Mary will strive to imitate her exalted virtues, and thus close the door of his heart against the vices suggested by a nature corrupted by the sin of our first parents.

Baptism of Mary's Convert—Abbe Ratisbonne.

The miraculous conversion of Mr. Ratisbonne is known everywhere, but the report of his baptism and first Communion, as we find it related in the "Trois Rome" by Mgr. Gaume, himself an eyewitness of the ceremony, will be new and interesting to most of our readers. To our taste it is indeed something beautiful:

"Before resuming our itinerary," says the author, "we assisted at a ceremony, I would willingly call it an event, the memory of which will never leave our mind: Mr. Ratisbonne was to be baptized that very morning. Only ten days had elapsed since his conversion; but the *miraculous neophyte understood all*; and the illustrious Cardinal (Mezzofanti) charged with the examination of the catechumens, could but admire the abundance of light which the God of mercy had suddenly poured into that privileged soul. At eight o'clock we were at the Gesù. The church was already filled with a multitude of pious Christians extremely eager to see the young Israelite, whom Mary had led with a motherly hand to the foot of the Cross. The French Society occupied the first seats, and a sympathetic piety seemed to pervade the whole assembly. Mr. Ratisbonne, accompanied by the Rev. Father de Villefort, and Mr. de Bruissières, his godfather, stood at the entrance of the church: conformably to the ancient usage, he wore the white garment of the catechumens.

"At the appointed time, Cardinal Patrizi, the Vicar of his Holiness, dressed in the pontifical vestments, came down from the chapel of Saint Ignatius and began the usual prayers and ceremonies over the neophyte, we followed him attentively. Already the exorcisms and mysterious unctions which prepare man for the Christian initiation were over; suddenly the young Israelite is put to a test as unexpected as severe: but a few days before he had, Saul-like, blasphemed the name of Jesus of Nazareth and His doctrine, it was meet he should atone for it by a public act of sorrow and humility: "Kiss the floor," said the Cardinal, and instantly, without hesitation or the least sign of surprise—he kissed the floor! thus proving before all, who stood with eyes fixed upon him, that he is truly a Christian, since his youth has already discovered that humility is the only door that leads to truth and salvation. Touching lesson for us all, who too often forget that Jesus our Master was meek and humble of heart.

No further doubt: the spirit of the Saviour is with the Neophyte and the Cardinal conducts him, as it were in triumph, to the Catacombs, hoping for martyrdom. While intensely bent on the spectacle before our eyes, we could not help saying within our heart: "Would to God that all our young countrymen could enjoy such a scene!"

When the prince of the Church asked the Catechumen: "What is your name?" "Mary," answered he, with an accent of gratitude and love that made every fiber vibrate in our soul. Then followed the administration of the Sacrament of regeneration, and immediately after, that of Con-

firmation. Next came the beautiful, the enrapturing, improvisation of Mr. l'abbé Dupanloup, (now the well known Bishop of Orleans,) which was followed by the Holy Sacrifice of Mass. At the solemn moment of Communion, Mr. Ratisbonne felt himself so overpowered and annihilated that it became necessary to assist him to approach the Holy table. When he had received the bread of angels, he could not rise without the aid of Mr. de Bussière's arm. A flood of tears burst from his eyes—he was sinking under the weight of his sentiments.

At this moment the whole assembly with indescribable enthusiasm sang the *Te Deum*, which the angels above repeated in unspeakable transports; for it is written that there shall be more joy in Heaven upon thy conversion of one sinner than upon the perseverance of ninety-nine just.

Ave Maria from Protestant Lips;

OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

Fears and dangers bring a ray of faith even from the dry dark heart of unbelievers tripas is found in the case of Volney. He was out on a pleasure with some friends upon the Chesapeake Bay, when a storm suddenly arose and the small American sloop freighted with the elite of unbelievers from both hemispheres seemed for more than three hours in eminent danger of being lost. Volney noticing a Catholic among the party saying the Rosary, took his beads and began reciting *Ave Maria* with edifying devotion. After the storm had abated one of his companions approached him and with a smile said, "To whom were you praying just now my dear sir." "Oh," replied Volney, somewhat embarrassed at the question now that the danger was past, "one may be a philosopher in study, but not on the water during a storm."

Calvin himself, the last from whom we would expect an admission of the divine beauty and high prerogatives of the Mother of God, has left the following in his writings: "We cannot acknowledge the blessings which Jesus Christ has brought us, without at the same time admitting how greatly God has enriched and honored Mary, when He willed her to be the Mother of His only Son.

The Protestant Bishop, Jeremy Taylor, in his book under the title of the "Holy Living," of Chastity, says: "Virginity is a life of angels, the enamel of the soul, the huge advantage of religion, the great opportunity for the retirements of devotion: and being void of cares, it is full of prayers; being unmingled with the world, it is apt to converse with God; and by not feeling the warmth of a too froward and indulgent nature, flames out with holy fires, till it be burning like the Cherubim, and the most ecstasied order of holy and unpolluted spirits."

THE brilliant virtues of Mary are like the stars which shine at night. Their lustre strikes the eye of all alike, unless they willfully refuse to look upon them, and the heart, enamored of their beauty, forces the lips to speak their praise.

ST. JOSEPH VALLEY REGISTER.—For more than twenty years, we have been a constant reader of the *Register*, and in the main have found it correct, interesting, and ably edited. On losing its former editors, we could not wish for better successors to them than Messrs. Beal and Fuller. We have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the chief editor, whose gentlemanly manners and superior talents will be fully appreciated in our young city. We anticipate a dignified, moral and high-toned journal at Mr. Beal's hands, and as such, we wish him as many subscribers as there are families in our beautiful valley. Such, indeed, should be the support of a home paper when it deserves to be supported, as this does. No one is more jealous than ourself of the fair character of our city; therefore do we feel rejoiced to see it provided with an excellent paper; for we know that people, in general, form their ideas, their appreciations and sentiments, according to the character of the journal they habitually read.

Weekly Chronicle.

Dedications—Ordinations—New Church in Washington—Touching Incident at the Jubilee—Honor to Mr. Marshall—Charity in Death—Freedom for the Faith in Turkey—The Empress and the Hospitals.

DEDICATIONS.—Saint Mary's church, Delaware, Ohio, was dedicated to the worship of God under the invocation of Mary ever Virgin.

The Catholics of Washington city are about to erect a church, which the *Spectator* tells us will be at once a credit to Catholic faith and piety, and an ornament to the city, and which will supply a want that has been long and sorely felt. The capital of a great and powerful nation, possessing as it does, one of the finest structures in the world devoted to human legislation, should also be able to boast a temple in honor of the Most High. It is to be built by the Dominican Fathers, in that part of the city called the Island.

ORDINATIONS.—At Mount Saint Mary's of the West, the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell conferred the order of Priesthood on Rev. George Glass and Rev. Herman Kemper.

In the Cathedral of Providence, R. I., Nov. 4th, the Right Rev. Bishop McFarland raised to the dignity of Priesthood Rev. Henry M. Smith.

In the Cathedral of Portland, Maine, Nov. 8th, Right Rev. Dr. Bacon conferred Holy Orders on John O'Brien.

In Albany, on 12th ultimo, Right Rev. Bishop Conroy, conferred Subdeaconship on Rev. W. Grattan, nephew of the late Dean Grattan, of St. Catherine's, C. W., and the Priesthood on Rev. James J. Moriarty. Rev. Mr. Moriarty is the first priest ordained by the Right Rev. Bishop Conroy since his elevation to the Episcopacy.

In Philadelphia, on Thursday, 16th ultimo, Right Rev. Bishop Wood conferred the sacred Order of the Priesthood on E. Prendergast, E. Martin, Richard Barry, Bernard Beumaster, John Wall, Michael Stack, James Martin, and John O'Malley.

The *Pittsburgh Catholic* records a touching incident in connection with the Jubilee recently preached at New Brighton. An old lady, not a Catholic, had resolved on attending all the exercises, but after the first was prevented by a sudden attack of paralysis from continuing. Thinking the stroke fatal, she begged her children to "call the priest." The Rev. pastor came, and gave her such instructions as time would permit, and by Baptism made her a member of the "one fold." This is one of the many results of the apostolic zeal of the holy Bishop Domenec, who makes himself all to all, that he may gain all to Christ.

His Holiness, the Pope, has been graciously pleased to confer on the author of "Christian Missions," Mr. T. W. M. Marshall, a signal testimonial of his high appreciation of that work, and of the services it has rendered to the sacred cause of Religion. Our Holy Father has sent to Mr. Marshall the Cross of Saint Gregory, accompanied by a Brief.

Our foreign journals announce the death of Prince Sciarra de Roriano, aged eighty-five. He left \$320,000 to the Propagation of the Faith.

The Turkish Ambassador to France is a Roman Catholic. He says that the Catholic faith has more freedom under the Sultan than under the Bonapartes. Not only are Catholics permitted to have processions in the streets, protected by the police, but there is no interference.

As a bright light, by the side of this uncatholic state, we place the following episode in the life of the French Empress:

"The Empress' visit to the hospitals, and her presence at the bedside of the cholera patients, speaking words of comfort and encouragement to all, has excited universal surprise and admiration among all classes of the population. It has extorted the warmest praise even from those who are no warm friends of the Imperial dynasty; and the humane and courageous conduct of the illustrious lady, suffering as she has been for some days from a severe cold, will long be remembered by those who are but too apt to forget every thing."

The *Journal des Debats*, alluding to the Empress' visit, says:

"The emotion was, as may be supposed, great among these people, and their gratitude profound. Their eyes were filled with tears. One of the patients, whose sight was dimmed by the gravity of his condition, answered a question addressed to him by the Empress with the words, 'Yes, my Sister.' 'My good friend,' said the Sister of Charity who was in attendance, 'it is not I who am speaking to you; it is the Empress.' 'Let him call me so,' the Empress replied; 'it is the finest name he can give me.'"

One cannot imagine a reply more eminently Christian, or a more delicate homage to the character of the good Sisters. And for the Empress, a poor sick man had taken her for a Sister! Was not this a beautiful compliment? More beautiful, perhaps, than all those that are given at the Court of the Tuilleries.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

JEWEL BROOK COTTAGE.

My happy little ones: In about half an hour we shall take our last breakfast in Boston for the present,—perhaps forever; so little do we know of our future,—and then, in another half hour more, we may expect the carriage at the door, to take us to the depot. We say, again, we have had a good time.

There are twelve Catholic churches in Boston. We have visited five, and also the place where a new cathedral is to be erected, which is an admirable location, indeed. There is also a Catholic press in the city. We were courteously requested by Mr. Donahoe, the enterprising proprietor, to walk through his work-rooms, where they set the type for, print and distribute some thirty thousand copies of the *Pilot* per week. That looks as though there are some Catholic readers in the vicinity, don't it? The greatest curiosity for us here was to see his new folding machine at work. The open sheet is cast in or upon the machine, when, passing under and through one set of machinery, it reappears, folded once, and, cast by the operations of the machine into another rack, is again folded, and soon, reappearing and again falling into and passing through yet another and another rack, some six times, when it comes out, folded, without the touch of a single hand, it at length falls into a trough, ready for the wrapper labeled with the name of a subscriber. Many Catholic books are also published here, from time to time. They are about commencing one now for the editor of the *Catholic Quarterly Review*, Dr. Brownson; but it will be quite too large for little children to lift, and, no doubt, too learned for little heads.

The powers of the world must not have all the book-making and journalizing for the rising sons and daughters in the land. Our Holy Father, the Pope, has declared, as Mr. Donahoe reminded us: "*A sanctified press is the hope of the world.*" Perhaps the children of the world, as our Lord foretells, have, in this respect, been wiser in their generation than the children of light, though we are not prepared yet to admit that the importance of an advancement and steady progress in intellectual culture develops more in the world than in the Church. The Church, it is true, advances with less unmeaning boasting, and like a judicious mother stops first to examine and approve every work she gives into your innocent hands. And thus again, children, while the poor world is always retracing her steps, because always wandering at will from truth, the Church when she puts forward a foot never takes it back—careful only to have all her footsteps directed heavenward, she goes firmly onward. But see, they are just coming out from the Church of Saint Rose, of which Father Haskins is pastor. There is where we went to Holy Mass, before breakfast, Sunday morning. Father H. is a man of a grave yet benign appearance, and has a very intellectual head. He is earnest in all his work—you see that in his face and in the reverence with which he says his Mass;

you are reminded moreover of it by his religiously reliant tone of voice. We are told he is a convert from the Episcopal denomination, and the church of which he is at present pastor used to be a Baptist meeting-house, but was purchased by Father Haskins and his Society, and converted to Catholic use. This good and zealous Father Haskins has also a house of protection and reform for young boys, known by the name of the *Angel Guardian*, an institution worthy of its name.

But our carriage is at the door. Ah, there is one place more we had meant to have found,—a church that had been in course of building some eight or ten years, where we heard our first Mass, not knowing at all that we were hearing a Mass at the time, knowing only we were at a Catholic meeting,—for the first time in a Catholic church! I was then a young woman, and yet so ignorant of the true Church. O how good God has been to us since. But we must leave now; come.

Our Lady of Good Aid.

In the Holy Books it is somewhere said that God has charged celestial spirits, radiant Archangels, with the care of such or such an empire. Mention is made in the Bible of the *Angel of Juda*, the *Angel of Israel*. Since the coming of Christ, France has long been under the shield of the Archangel Michael, and Spain still invokes Raphael, another Prince of the Heavens.

I love that belief and that Christian poetry, I want each to have its guardian, empires as well as hamlets, the mighty as well as little children.

Little children are never so wonderfully guarded—mothers know it well—as by *Our Lady of Good Aid*. In proof of this I could quote a thousand instances; but many things there are to prevent me; to relate, even passably well, it requires calm and repose of mind, which one does not always have; happiness even—but it is rare—sometimes carries you away like a whirlwind.

My young friends, you will find in this short story an excellent moral, viz: that you must never despair of the goodness of God. Oh! well might the poet say "*To the young of the birds He giveth food,*" (*Aux petits des oiseaux il donne la pâture!*)

There was near Rouen a little family of working people, the father, the mother, and two little children—a boy of six years, a daughter of eight; they had been some time settled there, when the cholera came, like a terrible and voracious bird of prey, to decimate the population of France. It began by going amongst the poor, and for some weeks, it seemed as though the rich were privileged. As the family of which I speak was extremely poor, the dreadful visitor came and took up his abode in their midst.

The husband was the first to fall beneath his stroke; scarcely had he laid down on his pallet, when he began to tremble with cold, turned blue, and died, notwithstanding all the cares of his wife.

Poor widow! there she is, left alone with her two little children; and in her grief, regarding them, she said: "If it were not for my son and

my daughter, I would be glad to die, too!" But she soon recovered her courage, and went to work. The rich, when they lose one of their own, can weep and rest; their grief folds its arms; but amongst the poor it is not so; labor must mingle with grief, and tears with sweat.

When we see a mother with children who have need of her, we say: "That mother will not die yet, for she is the life of those frail creatures; God will leave her to them." But God is not obliged to think as men do, and He often withdraws from the world beings who seem the most rooted in it.

One morning, as the widow was saying her prayers with her little boy and girl, she felt cold, she arose, went to close the door, returned to sit down by the crucifix, before which her children were kneeling; and she had to place herself in a sunbeam—she trembled still.

"Mamma, you tremble as papa did," said the little girl.

"Yes, I fear I am going to be sick like him."

"Oh! not like him, good mother!" cried the boy, "not like him, for, if you were as sick, you would die; and—"

"If it be the will of God, my children, we must submit."

"But it cannot be the will of God; for if you were to die, who would we have?"

"Him! my dear children."

"No, no; it is you we want."

Poor children! they thought, in their simplicity, that the plague would turn aside from their mother, because they had need of her. Oh! plagues laugh at such necessities! Nothing stops them. A king might say: "I am indispensable to the happiness of my kingdom; for the glory of my throne I must remain yet a while," but the terrible messenger of divine justice, nothing softened, would strike him down and pass on.

The widow was seized with cholera, then, as her husband had been; a neighbor came a little while to take care of her, but having herself a sister sick at home, she was soon forced to return. In those days there were few houses without their sick or dying.

The children, seeing their mother shivering with cold, remembered that when their father was sick and his limbs began to turn blue, he was rubbed with hot cloths, and trembling and weeping as they were, the poor little creatures climbed up on the bed, and rubbed, rubbed as much as they could; but even that touching sight could not propitiate death: he struck the widow—the mother.

And the children became orphans—orphans without any one to take care of or assist them. The neighbor came to see them, and sought in the miserable furniture that remained wherewith to have a coffin made; her search was vain. She was poor herself, but she managed to obtain a wretched coffin; her charity did not stop at burying the dead, she also took charge of the two orphans. But as there was scarcely any food in her house, when she went out to work she gave the children a basket, and told them: "The

goodness of God and the compassion of men will fill it; say only to the passers by: '*The cholera made us orphans, we have neither father nor mother.*'"

One day the two little children, going out of Rouen, went up as far as the heights of Blossville, where the chapel of Our Lady of Good Aid is situate. As they saw many people go in there, they went in too, and kneeling with the crowd, before the Holy Virgin, they said: "*Comfort of the afflicted, Mother of orphans, pray for us!*"

The prayer of the orphan is like the arrow darted by a strong hand—it ascends high—God and the Virgin heard those two little children. They left the chapel, and as they were fatigued with their long journey they sat down on the threshold of a house; there, with their heads resting on the edge of their basket, they fell asleep. A painter would have loved to see the brown hair of the little boy mingling with the fair tresses of his sister; nothing, you know, is so graceful as the sleep of children, and those were remarkably pretty. Their rosy cheeks rested on their bare plump arms, and their scanty garments left their little white necks and bosoms to be seen.

A young man belonging to the house saw them thus asleep on the threshold, and said to his mother and sister: "Come and see a charming group to draw."

The mother and sister went to the window, and were struck, like the young man, with the grace of the children. Then there was a plan got up in the family: that of filling the orphans' basket without their perceiving it.

From a window over the door, with the help of a cord, the young lady of the house lowered, first a purse containing some pieces of silver, then a large cake, then some sweetmeats, and all that so adroitly that the sleeping children were not awakened by the favors that came to them from heaven—the luck that came to them in sleep.

But at the end of some time, when their sleep was over, and they opened their eyes—oh! what surprise, what joy! what happiness!

"Oh! who gave us so many good things whilst we were asleep?" cried the little boy.

"It must have been Our Lady of Good Aid," answered the girl. "When mamma was alive she often told us that she took care of children who have no mother—"

"Well! let us go and thank her." And so saying, they arose and went back to the chapel. I assure you it was through tears of joy that the beneficent family saw the two children going thus to thank God. That gratitude was touching, and contrasted strongly with the ingratitude of so many men who receive favors from on high, and never so much as ask whence does that come? who has given us such prosperity?

As there is nothing so delightful to the weary traveler as the sight of a clear spring, whence the pure water gushes in all its freshness, so there is nothing so cheering to the Christian as the contemplation of those pure aspirations of love and devotion, which ascend to God and our Blessed Lady from the innocent hearts of children.

AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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SUAREZ; OR, THE THEOLOGIAN OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—(Part 2d.)

Before we enter upon an explanation of the doctrine of this exquisite theologian, we beg to remind our readers of a special fact, universally admitted among school-men, and of some importance to our present purpose, viz: That one of Suarez' characteristic features as a theologian was moderation. He was everywhere known as inimical to all sort of exaggeration, which, he was wont to say, never serves truth, but rather injures it. He seemed, while teaching, to possess a most comprehensive and clear idea of the question he was treating, and invariably expressed himself, as a complete scholar who had fully weighed proofs and objections, in a lucid, accurate, precise, and yet moderate style. Were it not for this well-defined and firmly established character of Suarez, we would not have presumed to allude, in these pages, to the doctrine which he introduced into the school, concerning the merits of the Blessed Mother of God; for in its results it is truly wonderful. But when we find it supported by a host of great theologians, among whom we discern Saint Liguori, and the learned men of the principal universities in Europe; when we see that the Blessed Virgin herself sent to thank the pious author for having promulgated and vigorously sustained it, we cannot look upon it as a vague scheme. We therefore give below a brief sketch of it. While we say new doctrine, we allude to the mode of its expression, rather than to the substance itself; but as it received from Suarez a scholastic form, it soon became known by the name of the great teacher who had given it a shape.

The doctrine of Suarez chiefly consists in maintaining, that if it be admitted among theologians that when man works for the love of God he merits an increase of charity—which is the principle upon which he works—proportional to the fervor with which he acts, the Blessed Virgin, whose every act was perfect, must have thus multiplied at every new act all the merits previously acquired. Such is, in substance, what has been termed since "Suarez' Arithmetic."

The care with which our new Saint Thomas elaborated his thesis, the development he gave it, and the strength of argument with which he supported it, left no doubt that a great mind was there, unreservedly at the service of a heart full of love and gratitude to his glorious benefactress. His conclusions appeared so naturally and rigorously to flow from undeniable premises, that they

were everywhere received, and have to this day stood the test of the keenest scrutiny without losing any portion of the prestige with which they appeared at first.

After the solemn declaration of the Council of Ephesus, establishing the glorious title of *Theotokos*, "Mother of God," as belonging to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the other solemn decree, in 1854, declaring her Immaculate in her Conception, there was perhaps no movement in the school of Theology that procured more glory to the Holy Mother of Jesus. Nor could the doctrine of the ever multiplying merits of Mary appear under better auspices and a more influential name, nor at a time in any sense more proper, than precisely when the Reformation was preparing itself to deny all her privileges and singular claims to our veneration.

Suarez taught that the Blessed Virgin, even in the womb of Saint Anne, possessed more grace, more habits of virtue, and more talents, than any saint on earth or angel in Heaven ever possessed. Furthermore he taught that these graces and these gifts were greater and higher than those of all the angels and all the saints that ever have been or ever will be, taken together. In this he has been followed by St. Liguori and many other grave theologians who have again examined the question, *ex professo*, and fully indorsed Suarez' arguments.

This being admitted, who can imagine how great must have been this grace, these endowments, in Mary, which surpassed, not only those of the greatest saint on earth, but of all the saints and angels together? Saint Dennis, the Areopagite, taught by Saint Paul himself, tells us of the angels, that such is their number, that not only the individual angels, but their armies exceed all that our weak minds can conceive; which moved St. Thomas to teach that the angels surpass corporeal things in number as much as Heaven surpasses all inferior substances in size and greatness. Commenting on the same, Suarez says that the angels are more numerous than the stars in the firmament, than the sands of the sea shores or the atoms in the air; and yet in this countless multitude, order is the first law; far from being confused, their hierarchies are perfectly ordered; one is superior to the other in gifts of grace; the second is above the first, the third above the second, and the fourth above the third, etc.

Now imagine that in the lowest angel there is one degree of grace; in the second, two; in the third, three; and so on; but if the angels are without number, how many degrees of grace will

Saint Michael, the Archangel, have, who is regarded as the prince of them all! If you conceive the lowest angel to have, not only one single degree of grace, but thousands and thousands, as becomes the angelic nature, who can ever understand how many he must have who is the supreme leader of that illustrious and innumerable army? Thus far we have no difficulty in following the Spanish Divine in the process of his arguments. But we now enter with him upon a boundless ocean, upon which we shall soon lose sight of all known landmarks.

If it is true that God bestowed on His future Mother, at the first instant of her creation, more grace than is found among angels and saints, we already find ourselves in presence of something above all our conceptions. "The foundations of this mystical city of God were laid upon the tops of the most lofty mountains of sanctity," because she began where the other saints finished; and therefore "the Lord loves the gates, (that is, the commencement of this great and incomparable Sion,) much more than all the tabernacles of Jacob;" for Mary at that instant was more holy, more pleasing to the eyes of God, than all the predestined together; and if it had become necessary to make a choice, He would have annihilated all the angels, who are more than a hundred thousand million times as numerous as all the men that ever have been or ever will be; He would willingly have sacrificed all, rather than His beloved future Mother, for in His mind she is above all the saints, above all the angels. From what has been said already, we plainly perceive that the capital, if we may so express it, with which Mary started in life, is by itself so great that no human mind can value it. If we now apply Suarez' rule, or "Arithmetic," to form an idea of her growth in grace and merits, we will say: in her first act of love of God she doubled all the merits she actually possessed; in the second act she redoubled again the results, so that if we suppose that at the first instant she had only a thousand degrees of grace, after the first act she had two thousand; after the second, four thousand; after the third, eight thousand; after the fourth, sixteen thousand. Now multiplying thus for all the days of a single year, supposing that each day she made only one act of the love of God, do you think that Arithmetic has numbers to compute such an amount? Mathematicians teach that if a merchant, trafficking with one cent to-day, to-morrow would gain two, the next day four, the third day eight, and so from day to day till the sixty-fourth day, they say and prove that on the sixty-fourth day, this merchant would possess eighty-two quadrillions, nine hundred and eighty-two trillions, two hundred and sixty-five billions, one hundred and fifty-eight millions, five hundred and sixty-eight thousand, seven hundred and ninety-six dollars and sixteen cents; and if he should commence with a dollar, instead of a single cent, he would possess at the end of the sixty-four days a sufficient quantity of gold to make sixty massive globes, each one as large as the whole earth.

Now, if we suppose the Blessed Virgin to have received only one degree of grace in her Immacu-

late Conception, and that she went on increasing this degree only once in a quarter of an hour, in sixteen hours, she would have possessed eighty-two quintillions, nine hundred and eighty-two quadrillions, one hundred and sixty-five trillions, one hundred and fifty-eight billions, five hundred and sixty-eight millions, seven hundred and ninety-six thousand, six hundred degrees of grace. What an immense accumulation of grace she must have had at the end of her life, if we suppose, as is certain, that her capital did not consist of one single degree, but of more graces than were possessed by Saint Michael the Archangel, and all the angels and saints with him, and that she redoubled the talents intrusted to her or acquired, not only once in a quarter of an hour, but every moment: "after which," says Father La Combiere, "I no longer have any difficulty in understanding theologians when they teach, that if the most Holy Virgin a quarter of an hour after her Immaculate Conception had presented five hundred degrees of grace to every man that had been born or was to be born, no diminution could be perceived in what she possessed."

To this immense, and little less than infinite treasure, add the grace theologians call *ex opere operato*, which is given by God to the soul, on account of the merits of Jesus Christ, and who can tell the floods of grace which the Eternal Word poured into her bosom when she conceived Him; during the nine months she bore Him; when she brought Him forth to the world; when she strained Him to her bosom and suckled Him; during their familiar conversations for thirty years; in His fatigues; in His most dolorous Passion and death, Resurrection and Ascension into Heaven? What rich gifts her Divine Spouse, the Holy Ghost, brought her from Heaven, on the day of Pentecost, and every time she received sacramentally the most Holy Body and Blood of her Son, which in all probability, according to the custom of the faithful, was every day! Who shall enumerate such a total? We are lost in this abyss of grace, and must conclude with Saint Bernardine of Sienna, that the grace and sanctity of the Most Blessed Virgin can be fully understood by God alone.

Such is, according to the hermit Roberto, the main feature of Suarez' doctrine on the Blessed Virgin: "The nearer a thing approaches its author, the greater the perfection it receives from him; therefore, Mary, being the creature nearest to God, has partaken more than all others of His graces, perfection and greatness. To this Suarez traces the cause why the dignity of Mother of God is of an order superior to any other created dignity; because it appertains, in a certain manner, to the order of a hypostatic union with a Divine Person;" *pertinet enim quodammodo ad ordinem unionis hypostaticae.*

In another place, the same moderate Suarez tells us that "the dignity of Mother of God is infinite of its kind;" *dignitas matris Dei suo genere est infinita.* And a little further on, he adds: "Being the Mother of God, she has a certain right to His gifts:" *unde fit, ut singulare jus habeat ad dona filii sui.* (Tome II, in 3 p., d. 1, s. 2.)

Suarez teaches that the Blessed Virgin, the Holy Mother of God, possesses in her glorious body some special quality that reveals her royal dignity, her Divine Maternity, as also her dominion over all the saints. Furthermore, that she had been revealed to the angels from the first moment of their creation, and that they then began to honor her. He shows how, in the deep recesses of a limitless eternity, the first aspect of creation in the mind of the Deity was, Jesus in the Incarnation, and Mary in the Divine Maternity. And when all space was peopled with those myriads and myriads of bright, beautiful spirits, this vision was their trial. Jesus was shown to the angels, and Mary's image rested near Him, and they knew that the lives of the Son and the Mother would be forever united.

At that first glance of the exaltation of human nature above their own, Lucifer, son of light, forgetting his own position of creature, refused to bow before the Incarnate Word, and with him a whole multitude, one-third of all that universe of bright spirits who had been endowed with such exceeding gifts, graces and beauty, uttered those fatal words: *Non serviam*—I will not obey; and in the madness of revolt, leaped into that everlasting, fiery abyss, far away, and forever, from the loving Providence of God. But the mighty two-thirds, those ten million times ten millions of angels, loved, adored, and humbled themselves before that lower nature, which it was the holy will of the Son of God to assume; and they rejoiced with exceeding joy and loyalty at the announcement that His created Mother was to be their Queen.

We have already (in our first article) given a brief sketch of the life of Suarez; but it is one so exceedingly beautiful in all its parts that we cannot refrain from saying a few words more; for we love to contemplate that wonderful existence of mental activity. Rising half an hour earlier than the Community, he took the discipline; then followed morning meditation of one hour and a half, after which he recited the divine office, and applied himself for two hours to study or composition. The rest of the morning he spent in dictation. Then he said his noonday Mass, succeeded by thanksgiving and the slight repast that served for breakfast and dinner. After a little nap in his chair, he then devoted two hours to the recitation of his office, the rosary, and spiritual reading; five hours to study and dictation; another hour to mental prayer, and after all took supper in his own room—"when a few of the elder Fathers came to converse with him for a while." Then followed vocal prayer and examination of conscience, when he retired to rest, half an hour after the other inmates of the house. Such was his daily life for many years; but it was not until near its close, that he took any food at all until the evening. Dr. Coleridge tells us that "a life like that of Suarez, so quiet, mortified and monotonous; so fully occupied in speculation and prayer, and so withdrawn from the turmoil and distraction of business and worldly affairs, might have been expected to die out peacefully and imperceptibly." We might have looked for some

decline like that beautiful passing away of Venerable Bede, who felt his end approaching, and so hastened to finish his Commentary on Saint John, and then calmly breathed out his soul, in the midst of his brethren, with the anthem of the Ascension on his lips. Suarez always longed for the time "when he should be freed from the labor of composition and dictation, and might withdraw even more from all earthly occupations, to await, at the foot of the crucifix, his summons to the next world." But that time never came. His Blessed Mother, whom he ever loved to acknowledge as the giver of his great intellectual gifts, continued to fill his mind with those precious gem-like thoughts, which the obedient hand of the servant of Mary persevered to the end in writing.

Of his immense erudition and industry, his biographer tells us "that his quotations from the Scriptures and writers of the Church were far more numerous than those of the theologians who wrote before him. But his wonderful exactness and compass of memory made him perfect master of his own erudition, and not its slave. He so habitually and deeply thought over and digested what he read, that it became part of himself. In class he always dictated, and from memory, without a morsel of paper before him; and he always retained the most exact recollection of what he had already dictated, no matter how long the interval had been. In the same way he dictated his books, quotations and all. He had the books closed on the desk before him, but was never known to have to make any reference to them. He used to say that, if any of his published volumes were lost, he would have no difficulty in reproducing it exactly. He had the rare gift of dictating to two or three secretaries at the same time and on different subjects. Once, on a journey from Coimbra to Rome and back, he could not carry any books with him; but he had a secretary, to whom he dictated an entire folio volume—his first commentary on the first part of the *Summa*. He thought over the matter as he rode along, and at night, when they stopped at an inn, he dictated the result. When he reached Coimbra it was ready for the press."

His method of study and composition is a good example for his admirers to dwell upon, in our day, when people who have never been at school themselves undertake to dogmatize, and seem to think that reading Theology is the same thing as studying it. The most mischievous of all amateurs is surely the amateur theologian. Of the whole field of Theology embraced by the mighty *Summa* of Saint Thomas, the only parts of which he has not left a lucid commentary are the questions of Justice and Right, and Matrimony. If ever it can be said that 'great fecundity did not beget mediocrity,' it is true of Suarez. He is clear as well as profound; and in all the exuberance of variety, he is consistent.

"Among his works, one of the greatest was undertaken at the request of the Pope—the *Defensio Fidei Catholice et Apostolica, contra Errores Secta Anglicana*, a work, the cogency of which so pro-

voked the 'English Solomon' that he not only had it publicly burnt, but wrote a most absurd letter of complaint to Philip III of Spain. It had also the singular honor of being burnt by the Parliament of Paris, under Calvinistic influence."

The last golden words of this admirable servant of Mary, as he took his first step into eternity, crown with a royal diadem, as it were, all the profound erudition, and moving unction, which that great mind condensed into those twenty-three closely printed folios—"I never thought it was so sweet to die!" It was the echo of the Blessed Virgin's love, when she drew her last breath in that hill-side cottage of Nazareth.

We have been too long already, and yet we have not said one-half of what we wished to say on Suarez and his doctrine on the Holy Mother of God.

Missionaries of Indiana.--2d, Rev. B. M. Petit.

In reading over our meager sketch of the Rev. C. De Seille, we feel that we scarcely did his memory any kind of justice. The task is well worth the attention of an able pen, and we would be truly grateful if any of his old friends would complete our brief essay.

But before dismissing entirely this beautiful subject we beg leave to remark, for fear of some misapprehension, that while seeking to illustrate Father De Seille's probable gift of prophecy, *in his own words*, by the subsequent financial ruin of two wealthy persons, as predicted by him, we meant no stricture on their character; for when we first knew them, they had lost all, by the sheer roguery, we were told, of some other parties; but in the light of eternity, they now understand, we trust, that their loss, in God's merciful designs, was rather a gain of no ordinary importance; for it opened their eyes to the vanity of worldly riches; they became practical Catholics, and lived to the last much esteemed and loved by all, but by none more sincerely than by ourself. We now turn to our dear Rev. B. Petit, the subject of this sketch:

Benjamin Marie Petit was born in Rennes, on the 8th of April, 1811. From his earliest infancy he was the consolation and the joy of his pious mother. After he had finished a brilliant course of studies in the college of that city, he began the regular curriculum of law, and during several years was a successful pleader at the bar, but toward the close of the year 1835, he felt himself called to the apostolic ministry. The Right Rev. Brute, first Bishop of Vincennes, in the State of Indiana, who was then on a visit to Rennes, his native city, encouraged and welcomed that new vocation, which soon proved to be one of the most precious acquisitions in his new and vast mission.

Mr. Petit commenced his theological studies at Saint Sulpice, in Paris, and finished them in Vincennes. The unexpected death of the Rev. Mr. De Seille somewhat hastened his ordination: but we must let him relate, and in his own animated and rich style, what we have selected for the substance of our present narrative. The first letter he addressed to his dear mother immediately after his ordination, we remember yet with liveliest emotions; it went all over Europe, and in France

especially it was read and spoken of with admiration and delight; and years afterward many knew it by heart. To most of our readers it will be new, for we never saw it in English. It is dated the 15th of October, 1837.

"My Dear Mother: I am a Priest! The hand that traces these lines carried, this morning, Jesus Christ Himself. How can I express all I wish to say, and yet how can I refrain from saying something of that which no language can utter? My hand is consecrated to God; my words have now a power to which God Himself is docile. How my voice trembled this morning at my first Mass! when I came to the *Memento*, I had to recommend you all to my God! my God! and I shall do so again to-morrow, the day after, and every day of my life, even to the last day. "When I think that in two days time I shall leave here alone, to go a distance of some three hundred miles, to distribute, among people whom I know not, yet to whom God sends me, the Sacraments and graces ratified by Heaven, I tremble at the sight of my nothingness.

"When I look into the future and see myself traveling in company with my God reposing on my breast day and night, as it so frequently happens to us here; carrying on horseback the vestments and sacred vessels for the holy sacrifice of the Mass, stopping from time to time in wild country places, making of the log cabin of some obscure Catholic the palace of the King of Heaven, how deeply do I not feel penetrated with that idea of Saint Paul: that God loves to make use of nothingness to perform great things—*Ea quæ non sunt!* Ah, then, how willingly I offer myself; and I must say, at this important hour of my life, I have never felt any thing painful; all has been the sweet influence of the will of God, who Himself ordains and executes by His grace. Now, more than ever, pray much for me."

We cannot resist the desire to give this letter entire, for the end is as beautiful as the beginning. Once introduced to this polished member of the French bar, now a priest and an apostle, we will follow him in all his movements which possess an irresistible charm.

"I was made a deacon," he continues, "on the 24th of last September. One evening a letter arrived, sealed with black, which announced the death of Father De Seille, who had been a missionary among the Indians for seven years. He had sought to obtain the assistance of his two nearest neighbor Priests, who resided in Chicago and Logansport; but one was very ill, and the other, confined to bed for several weeks, was too weak to make a journey of seventy-five miles. Father de Seille had to die alone, but Mary doubtless assisted him! This is certainly one of the hardest trials of the missionaries, but as it is for love of God they expose themselves to danger, He, who is so good, will not leave them without aid at the hour of death; and if He deprives them of the assistance of a priest, it is surely to embellish their crown with the merits of a culminating sacrifice. I think He only grants this favor to those who are His dearest friends.

"On the receipt of this news, the Bishop resolved

to send me to the residence of the deceased, in order to regulate his affairs; but I was merely going as deacon, when a letter was received from Rev. Father Francis, of Logansport, expressing his grief at being unable from illness to attend to the spiritual wants of those who were dying in his congregation; the Bishop immediately resolved to ordain an Irish priest, the next week. Frequently, in speaking to me of my journey, he said: "It is a priest who is needed there." But he knew that I wished for time, and he himself desired it for me; nevertheless I felt impelled to say to him, that in the present state of affairs I should have no objection to my ordination, if he judged it expedient. My words seemed to coincide with his intentions, and from that moment my immediate ordination was decided. Yesterday I was ordained Priest, to-day I said my first Mass, and in two days I start for South Bend, to console the Indians, who have written the Bishop a most touching petition for a priest. At the same time I shall assist poor Father Francis, at Logansport. I am not frightened; because I trust in Him whose minister I am; but pray for me, for I shall be seventy-five miles distant from the nearest priest, abandoned to myself, but leaning upon the strong arm of my God. I finish this beautiful day in saying to you that the sentiment which predominates in me under the weight of my new obligations is a profound joy. I know not if I should have any disquietude, but I find my heart so light, so happy and contented, that I am in amazement. To go from one Mass to another, until I reach Heaven! You know I frequently told you that I was born happy; but never did I know happiness until to-day, and God in my first mission treats me as a spoiled child; I have always desired a mission among the Indians. We have but one in Indiana, and it is I whom the Pottowatomies will call their Father, *the Black Crown.*"

Some days after, the new missionary started for South Bend, where he remained until September, 1838, dividing his time between the Indians and the few American Catholics living in the vicinity. It is astonishing how soon he won the esteem and affection of all whom he approached. Those of that time who still survive, are unanimous in the statement that he possessed, to an extraordinary degree, the art of drawing every body to himself, or rather to God. When talents and early piety, blend with the advantages of a refined education and society, and when all this comes from one of the best families of Brittany, the garden of faith in France, well may we expect something of the sort; particularly when we take into account that his ordination transformed him into a new man, somewhat after the model of the saintly Prelate who laid his hands upon him. The holy Bishop Bruté not only never loved more tenderly any of his missionaries, but likely never inspired any one more fully with his own spirit.

It was particularly among the Indians, whose frankness and simplicity delighted his heart, that he loved to preach the Gospel. But we will let him speak, in his own words, of his sojourn among them:

"At sunrise the first bell is heard, and I wish you could see the Indians come trooping through the forest paths and along the lake shores. We have four lakes in the vicinity, and our church is built on a little eminence on the banks of the largest. When they are all assembled the second bell is rung; we then have morning prayers and the explanation of the Catechism. I then say Mass, at which my congregation all sing. After Mass I preach, and the morning exercises are terminated by a *Pater* and *Ave*, with the hymn, 'I place my hopes in thy aid, O Virgin.'

"The rest of my day is spent in hearing confessions, until evening, and sometimes after supper. At sunset they all reassemble for catechetical instruction, evening prayer, a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, and then I give them my blessing—the blessing of poor Benjamin! But God has done great things in me: *Fecit mihi magna qui potens est!* Many are in the habit of frequent Communion; and when deprived of this consolation by the death of M. De Seille, they practiced Spiritual Communion with the most edifying fervor. I have already baptized eighteen adults. The spirit of proselytism is admirable among these children of the forest; all the newly baptized, who belonged to another village, brought with them others of their friends in order that they might be taught their prayers and catechism.

"I could scarcely give you an idea of the attachment of my good Indians. 'We were orphans,' they say, 'and in the dark; but you appeared like a great light, and now we live. You take the place of our dead Father, and we shall do nothing without your advice.' 'I do not hold the hearts of others in my hand,' said an old man, as he clasped my hand, while big tears filled his eyes; 'but mine will never forget what you have told us. If we have any trouble we come to you; what shall we do when you leave us?'

"When, in passing their wigwam, I raise the mat which serves for a door, and look in to say 'Good day, my children,' I wish you could see their frank smile as they reply 'Good day, my Father?' If you could hear them ask me, with the simplicity of a child, permission to go to the chase, and when they have received my blessing and the little paper indicating the fast and abstinence days, bidding me adieu with an air so simple and filial; if you could see the emotion of their hearts when they kneel in a circle around me whenever I am forced to leave, then you would understand how this farewell brings to my heart something of the sentiment I felt for the first time in leaving Rennes. It was indeed like leaving my family."

We have been already too long, and yet we have said nothing of what we intended to bring out in bolder relief—namely his admirable spirit of faith, which made of him a saint at the altar especially, and everywhere an indefatigable apostle for the salvation of souls. His mission seems to have been an answer to the prayers of his generous, noble and loving heart, and in return he seems to have been eminently, the right man in the right place.

He had to receive the adieus of a desolate tribe forced into exile, to soothe their sorrows and prevent a rebellion which would have proved a ruin. He did more, he accompanied his dear Pottowatomies over five hundred miles, sustaining their resignation by the renewal of the Grand Sacrifice, comforting their sick and dying, and blessing the forlorn graves they dug on the wayside, and in great number, as they moved onward, and on each of which they left a wooden cross as a sign of their faith and of their hope. To part with them, he could never be prevailed upon, until he had safely committed them to the hands of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers. Then, and only then, he deemed his task accomplished; but the endurance of his frail constitution could not meet the requirements of his heart. He died half way on his return. He had literally sacrificed his life for his dear Indians. He must have known it even before he started; for his best friends here left nothing untold to dissuade him from an undertaking which physicians and all declared above his strength; but his was a different reasoning, and he only seemed surprised that any one should find fault with a shepherd offering his life for his sheep. Thus "he loved them to the end." Is it a wonder if those simple-hearted people, in presence of such an apostolic charity, loved so well to say, speaking of their dear Father Petit: "This one is not a foreign Black Gown; he is a Red-skin of our own, and like ourselves."

Was it not a rich spectacle to the eyes of faith, to see the hand of the Church, the spouse of Christ, in those days of indifference and egoism, selecting from the bench of a renowned court a young barrister raised in the delicacies of opulence and in the polished habits of the best French society, which at the beckon of a saint he leaves cheerfully, to be transported as it were like another Habacuc by the side of Daniel in the lion's den, to give himself a consoler and a guide to an old Indian people, lost in the forests of the New World, whom he was so soon to love so much as to prefer them to all, even to life? Three times, we remember it distinctly, the name of the Rev. subject of this sketch went over all France with a thrill to chronicle three events in his life, viz: his departure with the saintly Bishop Bruté, his ordination and his death. Although born but a short distance and within a few years from him, we never saw him, until we went after his mortal remains in 1855, as we shall state in our next number, for once more we must be allowed to speak of our dear Rev. Benjamin Petit.

THERE is no perfect happiness in this world; yet we will be more or less happy, as our lives are more or less conformable to the will of God, on whom perfect and everlasting happiness depends. But, certainly, no life is more in harmony with the will of God than that of the zealous and pious priest, who gives up his own inclinations and comforts to continue the great work begun by our Divine Saviour, and by the good example of his virtuous life induces others to profit by the priceless advantages afforded by the sufferings and death of the Redeemer.

Ave Maria! Sine Labe Concepta.

[Just as we were going to press we received the following beautiful article from its talented author. We hope for the pleasure of frequently seeing his name in the AVE MARIA:]

Hail Mary, our Mother! Hail Virgin, the purest!
Hail Mary, the Mother of Mercy and Love!
Hail, star of the ocean, serenest and surest
That ever shone brightly in Heav'n above!
'Mid the shadows of death stretching down o'er
the nations

Thy children have always rejoiced in thy fame:
Oh! Proudly we witness in our generations
The last, crowning halo that circles thy name.

TRADITION,—which joined with its sister Evangel
God placed upon guard on the door of His
bride;— [angel

TRADITION,—which beams like the sword of the
As flamelike it "turneth on every side;"—

Like a pillar of fire far-shining and glorious
Its summit in Heaven, its base upon earth

TRADITION shoots up thro' the ages victorious
And shows thee ALL SINLESS AND PURE IN THY
BIRTH

As fair as the rose 'mid Jerusalem's daughters,
As bright as the lily by Jordan's blue wave,
As white as the dove and as clear as the waters
Which flowed for the prophet and circled his
grave;

As tall as the cedar on Lebanon's mountain,
As fruitful as vine-tree in Cades' domain,
As straight as the palm by Jerusalem's fountain,
As beauteous as rose-tree on Jericho's plain.

As sweet as the balm-tree diffusing its odor,
As sweet as the gold-harp of David the King,
As sweet as the honey-comb fresh from Mount
Bodor,

As sweet as the face veiled by Gabriel's wing;
The silver-lined sky o'er the garden of Flora,
The rainbow, which gilds the dark clouds
within view, [Aurora,

The star, that shines brightest, the dawning
As chaste as the moon, and as beautiful too.

The glass without stain, and the radiance immortal,
The ever-sealed fount in the City of God,

The garden inclosed, on whose sanctified portal
None e'er but the King of the Angels hath trod,
The sign which appeared in mid-heav'n,—A
maiden, [her head,

The moon 'neath her feet and twelve stars on
Sun-clothed, going up from the desert to Eden:
Such Mary the Queen of the living and dead.

Yes! Such are the words of the Saints now in
glory, [time,

Whose voices are heard o'er the dark waste of
Like sentinels set through the centuries hoary
Proclaiming her free from original crime;
Of the Prophets and Pontiffs and Doctors and sages,
Who erst in this dark vale of misery trod,
Like lamps hanging out on the mist-cover'd ages,
To light up the ways of the City of God.

We see by their light with a swelling emotion
The bark of the Church as it onward doth ride

Through tempest and gloom, while the Star of the Ocean

Doth brightly illumine its path o'er the tide:
Where clouds become thicker and hurricanes fleet
And threaten to shut out her radiance from view,
We see through the darkness the figure of Peter
As he points her out still to the sailors and crew.

We hear the loud ring of the multitude's pæan,
By the nations in triumph exultantly sung,
From the "cliffs of the North" to the distant Ægean,
As Celestine silenced Nestorius' tongue: *
In Ephesus' temple—the temple of Mary— †
The Fathers held council by Peter's command;
In Ephesus' streets, long, expectant and weary,
The crowds stand with torches and joy-bells in hand.

We see the grand figure of Cyril before us,
Where John, her adopted, before him had trod;
While Pontiffs and people swell loud the grand chorus—

That Mary, "our Mother," is Mother of God!
And oh! that we've witnessed the last shining luster,

That star of the stars in her diadem set,
The first in existence, last placed in the cluster,
To beam o'er a long line of centuries yet!

There were journeys by land, there were ships on the ocean [walls: †

Which bore Judah's chieftains to Sion's bright
The nations have heard with a thrilling emotion
The voice of the High Priest as on them it calls.
Oh! bless them, dear Mother, we ask with devotion,
And bless this green island which looks up to thee;

For this, dearest Mother, is "Gem of the Ocean,"
And thou art "Immaculate Star of the Sea."

* It is unnecessary to remind our readers that the heresiarch Nestorius had his tongue eaten away by worms; which caused his death. A providential and just judgment on the tongue which dared assail the rights and honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

† The church in which this famous Council of Ephesus was assembled was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin: a fact which, as Bossuet remarks, was sufficient proof of her great privileges as Mother of God, at least in the estimation of the Apostles and Christians of the first and second centuries.

‡ This poem was written at the time the Bishops were summoned to and met in Rome, previously to the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception. The last lines of this stanza have been admired by some Irishmen; because the poem, having been composed in Ireland and by an Irishman, ends naturally with the allusion to Ireland—"the Gem"—and Mary the "Star of the Sea."

The Princess Louise Adelaide de Bourbon-Condé.

Extract from a late English Publication entitled Religious Orders.

Louise Adelaide de Bourbon was the youngest daughter of that Prince de Condé who suffered so much by his loyal devotion to the unhappy Louis XVI. After her mother's death, Louise was placed under the care of her aunt, the Abbess of Beaumont les Tours, about sixty leagues from Paris. The day when she entered the Abbey all the nuns were assembled to welcome her, as was the custom, and a great number of people followed her there. After the little Princess had been shown the interior of the convent, she was asked where next she would like to go. "Oh! take

me," she answered, "where there is the most noise." And afterwards, being in church, she was told she might retire as soon as she liked; hardly was the first Psalm of Compline ended when she touched the nun who had charge of her, and whispered, "I have had enough of it." Strange commencement of a life which was to end in continual adoration before the Sacrament of the Altar! She made her first Communion under the guidance of her aunt, whose holy teaching and preparation sank deeply into the heart of Louise. The seed was then sown which would afterward produce such abundant fruit. After that first great action, which stamps a young life for so much good or so much evil, she returned to the world. Then there opened before her a contrast so great, that a young and fresh mind might well feel dizzy at the sight. She was presented at the Court of Louis XVI, —a court which glittered in all the false brilliancy of sin and worldliness. But the almighty power of grace worked in Louise's heart; her guardian angel walked beside the motherless child as she threaded her way amid the salons of alluring splendor.

At this time she formed a very strong friendship with the Princesses Elizabeth and Clotilde. The latter was her dearest companion, and the strong attraction which Clotilde felt for the religious life doubtless tended to strengthen the same in the heart of Louise. Strange it is now to recall the days when these three young girls, royally born, and surrounded by every softness and luxury, sat together and formed plans for their future. How different was that of each to be! Clotilde, whose heart's desire it was to be hidden in a cloister, was destined to relinquish the desire, to wear a crown, and live in the very midst of the world's dazzle and glare, overwhelmed with the bitterest sorrows and cares a sovereign was ever called upon to endure; and yet through it all, through prosperity and adversity, was so to rule her life that the voice of Holy Church should declare her blessed. Elizabeth's path was to be a swifter and sharper road to a sure and eternal rest; and Louise was to join her beloved friends again, after a long life of tribulations and disappointments, but of unswerving fidelity to God as we shall further see. Time passed on. Clotilde was married to the Prince of Piedmont, heir to the throne of Sardinia, and Louise had her house in the Rue Monsieur, where she lived with the state and retinue suitable to her rank. But peaceful days for the house of Bourbon were drawing to a close. Heavy were the hearts of those who loved the King; and the Prince de Condé determined to leave France, and to seek from foreign countries the aid he clearly saw would soon be necessary to maintain Louis XVI on the throne. Louise accompanied her father, first to Brussels, afterward to Turin. There they separated for a time, and it was while living alone at Fribourg, that Louise made up her mind to enter the religious life, and she wrote to her father to ask his consent. "I will open my heart entirely to you. Always, even at those times when I have seemed most easily to

give myself up to the pleasures of the world, to follow its maxims and customs the closest, the *attrait* for the religious life has existed in my heart's depths. The *attrait* has become now not only a desire, but an irresistible *want* of my soul, so that I have finally taken the unalterable resolution to delay no longer the consecration of myself to God. * * * My father, from the depth of my heart, I solicit your consent. Oh! you who, as is fitting, have never hesitated to sacrifice your two sons to honor, will you hesitate to sacrifice your daughter to her God, to your God, to the God whom my good mother loved and served so well? It is He alone who calls me to this state of life. Oh! do not believe that disgust of the world, strengthened by the terrible events which have succeeded each other, influence my decision. If these unforeseen events have produced a change in my position, it is so much the better for my taste for a solitary and retired life. * * * You cannot then attribute my determination to human motives, or to a momentary vexation, or believe even that it is only rest that I seek, and that I wish to sacrifice every thing to the tranquillity which I love. No, it is only God who can have the preference over all that is dearest to me; but I should be still more guilty in not giving myself to Him, because I know by experience that I am not of any use to you in the world. I have the hope of being more so to you when I have offered myself in sacrifice to God, if He deigns not to reject me, as I delight to think, without however being certain, because a long probation must precede my final engagement. * * * My father, I throw myself into your arms; I press you to my heart, always, oh! always, be very sure your daughter loves you; but it is at the foot of the altar she desires to prove the truth of this to you." She had also written to ask the consent of the King, for the old traditions of French loyalty made the Bourbons look on the head of their family as a clan does upon its chief. Louis replied as follows: "You have well reflected, my dear cousin, on the step that you have taken. Your father has given his consent, I give mine also, or rather I give it to Providence, who asks this sacrifice from me. I will not conceal from you that it is a great one, and it is with extreme regret that I lose the hope of seeing you one day, by your virtues, become the example of my court, and the edification of all my subjects. I have but one consolation: it is of thinking that while the valor and talents of your nearest relations are aiding me to preserve the throne of Saint Louis, your prayers will draw down the benedictions of the Most High on my cause, and, finally, on all my reign. I recommend this, then, to you; and I beg you, my dear cousin, be well persuaded of all my affection for you.—Louis."

Swiftly passed the year of novitiate. The time for her profession drew near; but not as yet was the longing desire to be satisfied. The revolutionary troops were on the frontiers of Piedmont, and the hated name of Bourbon would be sufficient to bring ruin and devastation into the convent, and Louise was obliged to leave her loved retreat. She fled in haste from Turin, and took

refuge in Bavaria; but the government dared not give shelter to a Bourbon-Condé.

Alas, poor Louise! not yet had she found her resting-place, for where in Europe at that time was there repose for any? Dom. Augustin, the head of the Order, could not see any safe place of refuge for his Religious except in Russia, and he begged Louise to write to the Emperor by her secular name, and entreat his permission for their arrival in his dominions.

Long ago, at the brilliant festivities of the Prince de Condé, had the Emperor Paul, traveling under the title of the *Comte du Nord*, been the guest of Madame Louise, and now she wrote to beseech his protection as an exile. "I pray the amiable Comte du Nord," she wrote gracefully, "to be my interpreter with the Emperor Paul." The most affectionate answer came from the Emperor, and the colony, after a long and painful voyage, settled at Orcha, in Russia. After some months Dom. Augustin determined to emigrate with his Community to America. As the Princess was not yet professed, she was free to act, and her director strongly advised her not to go there.

She heard there was a convent of the Order of the Perpetual Adoration at Warsaw, in Poland, and she felt God called her there. It was in this convent that one of the sharpest griefs of her life came upon Louise. Her long separation from her family had never weakened her attachment to them, and, next to her father, she cherished most dearly her nephew, the Duke d'Enghien. From his birth he had been her darling, and among her papers was found the following beautiful prayer, which she composed while the little Louis Antoine was yet an infant: "O Mother of my God, who seest the anxiety of my heart regarding the frightful dangers that Louis Antoine will encounter in entering the world, have pity on him, protect his innocence and weakness, surrounded by a thousand snares; pray for him, most Holy Virgin, that God may touch his heart, enlighten his spirit, and calm his impetuous passions; and pray to the God of mercy and goodness never to permit him to lose his faith. Blessed Virgin, be a mother and protectress to Louis Antoine." She wrote as follows to the young Prince:

"Dec. 23, 1795.—Yes, my dear child, it is from a convent I write to you, and wish you a happy new year. I do more than wish it for you, I ask such for you from God, with all my heart. I have the hope that He who is so good will hear me; that He will pour His benedictions on you, and never suffer those germs of faith and religion, which to my joy I have seen in you, to be trodden down. May they grow, and take firm root, and make you what you ought to be, and what I desire to see you. I will not weary you with repeating how contented I am at finding myself in the position I have so long wished for. It is a sort of happiness which must be tasted to be understood. All that I can tell you is, that I did not find such in the riches, or the joys or pleasures of the world. Try to send the inclosed

letter to my dearest brother. Love him, dear child. I intrust his happiness to you who can so much contribute to it. I say the same for my father—you are all so dear to me. But my God has had the preference, I acknowledge it. Could it be otherwise?"

And ever since her heart's prayers had followed the career of this beloved boy, and the tidings of his gallantry and his loyalty had thrilled her with joy. "I am a Frenchman, sire," wrote the Duke to Louis XVIII, "who is faithful to his God to his King, and to his oaths." How could a soul like his dream of the base treachery that surrounded him! It was in 1804 that the tragedy of Vincennes was enacted. Who can read without emotion the account of the death of that young and gallant Prince, rudely awakened from his sound sleep on a rough bed, and led at midnight before his judges? "I have fought, with my family, to recover the heritage of my ancestors, but since peace has been made, I have laid aside my arms; I see there are no longer kings in Europe," said he boldly. The judges hesitate, and send to Napoleon to know what to do. Swiftly comes the brief answer: *Condemned to death!* And when Cambacères pleaded for him, the tyrant answered, "Since when have you become so avaricious of the blood of a Bourbon?"

"Never permit him to lose his faith," was the prayer that for long years had gone up for Louis Antoine; and when in the gloom of the night, without flinching a nerve, the Duke stood before his assassins, saying, "At least I shall die a soldier's death," he turned to his jailors and demanded a priest. "Wouldst thou, then, die like a Capuchin?" said they insultingly, "the priests are all in bed now." No indignant reply passed his lips, but he meekly knelt down and made a brief but fervent prayer for pardon, which was doubtless accepted. One last thought of earth as he cut off a tress of hair for his fondly loved wife, and this hope of the Bourbon-Condés was infamously slain, and the name of Bonaparte eternally stained. Such was the news that the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont, the same who had been the revered director of Madame Elizabeth, and the consoler of Louis XVI. on the scaffold, brought to Warsaw. On receiving the news, the Princess fell with her face upon the earth, crying, "Mercy, my God, have mercy on him!" and soon after she poured out her heart, saying, "Have mercy, Lord, on the soul of Louis Antoine! Pardon the faults of his youth, remembering the Precious Blood which Jesus Christ shed for all men, and have regard to the cruel manner in which his has been shed. Glory and misfortune have attended his life. But what we call glory, has it any claim in Thy eyes? However, Lord, it is not a demerit before Thee, when it is based on true honor, which is always inseparable from devotion to our duties. Thou knowest, Lord, those that he has fulfilled; and for those in which he has failed, let the misfortunes of which he has been at last the victim, be a reparation and an expiation. Again, Lord, I ask for mercy on his soul."

But from that day forward another name was

constantly on the lips of Louise while praying before God, the last that the world would have expected to hear, that of *Napoleon Bonaparte*. Long afterward she said, "He made himself my enemy by killing my nephew, and from that moment God gave me grace to name him daily in my prayers." About this time, also, amongst the prayers which she often composed were some on the seven corporal and spiritual works of mercy; and in the one on praying for the living and the dead, she added, "and for those who persecute us;" and in the prayer she said, "I pray Thee especially, Lord, for those who have sought, are seeking, or will seek, to injure me." We cannot but remark here that forgiveness of enemies was a characteristic of the Bourbons at this time. No one can forget the dying charge of Louis XVI; and Queen Clotilde, of Sardinia, writing to the Princess Louise, said: "The most brilliant crown that a soul can receive in Heaven is to see near her the soul of one of her enemies; above all, when it is by her tears that she has obtained the salvation of that soul."

The next event in the life of Louise was her return to France, when the Bourbons were again called to the throne of their fathers. It was Louise's earnest wish to re-establish a convent of her Order in Paris, so that the work of reparation to the Blessed Sacrament might again be continued in a city where such awful sacrileges had been committed.

In the confusion of affairs consequent on a change of dynasty, the choice of this house was a real difficulty, and the Vicar-General of Paris recommended that a novena to Louis XVI—whom none doubted was in Heaven—should be made among those interested in the work. On the seventh day of the novena, a member of the Council of State suddenly interrupted the discussion on other affairs which was going on, and recalling the subject of Madame Louise, proposed the Temple should be given to her. A thrill ran through the assembly; there was not a dissenting voice; and the only doubt remaining was whether Madame Louise would like to spend her life in the place forever consecrated to such sad memories. Louise hesitated for a moment, and then she saw that for a convent of *expiation*, the Temple was indeed the fittest place, and she recognized the designs of God in having crossed her desire both for the Capuchin and Trappist Orders, to reserve her for this especial end. One sacrifice she must at once make on entering; it was impossible that the Duchess of Angoulême could revisit a place in which she had suffered such cruel agonies, and intercourse with this loved friend must be relinquished. The workmen began to raise new walls upon the ruins of the Temple, and preparations were busily proceeding when the *Cent Jours* commenced, and once more the family of Bourbon became exiles, and again did the Princess fly to England for shelter. As it was supposed the fortunes of her house would soon again be in the ascendant, she did not re-enter her convent but remained in London. Meanwhile the work at the Temple

proceeded. Madame Louise returned to France in 1816, and in December of that year she entered the Convent of the *Temple*. There the remainder of her life was passed, and there she daily displayed the virtues she had acquired in the school of suffering.

The death of the Prince de Condé was another sharp sorrow. During his illness some of her family begged Louise to ask a dispensation from the Archbishop, and visit her father; but she steadfastly refused; she would not suffer her rank or position to be made an excuse for breaking her Rule. "If our Holy Father the Pope orders me," said she, "I will obey; but I will never ask for a dispensation which can authorize the example of breaking inclosure." Her sufferings were, however, great; her stall in the choir was found bathed with tears, and many were the prayers that went up for her dying father. They were surely heard. When the Prince de Condé was asked if he forgave his enemies, he said, "I am certain of salvation if God will pardon me as I have pardoned them."

About this time the news of Napoleon's death came to France. Louise, writing to the Bishop, says, "Bonaparte is dead; he was your enemy, for he persecuted you. I think you will say a Mass for him; I beg also a Mass from you to be said on my part for this unfortunate man."

Her writings are numerous, all upon religious subjects, and all showing that she had made great progress in the interior life. Her Religious also had carefully retained many of her sayings and wise counsels. Once, speaking of the way in which we should receive humiliations, she advised all to say, "Lord, it seems to me that I ought to receive some glory from this; it is refused; I accept this refusal, and give to Thee, in the simplicity of my heart, all praise, all honor, all glory—all. Amen."

The convent founded by the Princess Louise is still a large and flourishing Community; and thus, while loud voices have argued and blasphemed against the Most Blessed Sacrament, in the convents of this Institute of *Mectilde* a perpetual offering of propitiation and love has ascended on high.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 12.—The Original Stain.

An inquisitive throng filled the public square in front of the principal church of Alexandria. The avenues leading from the neighboring streets were completely choked up by anxious sight-seers. Groups of heads crowded the windows, and at a short distance looked like bunches of black grapes. The balconies of the houses were also covered with spectators, leaning on the railings, and one would have thought that the whole city had assembled to attend a public festival.

From time to time, voices were raised above the tumult, and made their inquiry heard: "Are they coming?"

Those at the windows answered: "Not yet."

The inhabitants of distant parts of the city, who

happened to be passing by, astonished at the presence of so many people, drew near and asked: "What is the matter? What are you waiting for?"

"We are waiting to see the procession."

"What procession? Is some great personage dead?"

At this question some shrugged their shoulders, and turned away in contempt, as if it was unpardonable not to know a piece of news which excited the interest of so many. Some others, more obliging, answered: "It is not a burial, but a marriage."

"What are the names of the bride and bridegroom?"

A deformed little man, eager to display his wit, quickly replied: "It is Lord *Poison*, who weds his daughter to the son of Lord *Dragon*. (*Ocimon* is the name of a poisonous plant, and *Draco* means *Dragon*.)"

A little laughter followed this enigmatical pleasantry, which left the questioners as wise as they were before.

"Here they come! here they come!" now cried several voices. An irregular and noisy movement now took place among the crowd. Each one sought his post of observation, and established himself as well as he could. Expectation produced a momentary silence.

The procession advanced. It was composed of eighty litters, magnificently decorated and borne by slaves in splendid liveries.

The multitude opened its ranks to make way for them. Then, since curiosity had not been able to penetrate the curtains which veiled the litters, a large body of people began to follow them, and entered after them into the church.

The altar was dressed as on the highest festivals. Rich carpets covered the floor of the sanctuary. The clergy, in their most splendid vestments, awaited upon the steps the entrance of the bridal party, and then commenced the sacred ceremonies.

The city had not for a long time before seen so much pomp displayed at a marriage. The affianced couple belonged, it is true, only to two families of merchants, but they were the two richest families in Alexandria. They had, therefore, taken a sort of vainglory in manifesting their opulence. The toilet of the bride surpassed any thing that had ever been seen there before. The people were dazzled by it, and estimated it at above three hundred *minas*, and it was added that the nuptial presents which the bridegroom had purchased for his wife had cost him many *talents*. The guests, to the number of more than two hundred, had been chosen from among the most select of the mercantile world, and each one contributed by his pomp to the splendor of the wedding.

The young people appeared happy. But in their happiness self-love had a greater part than affection. They married without either repugnance or attachment. Reason had counseled the union, and they had listened to the advice.

Ulysses, the son of Lord *Draco*, was of middle height. He had large shoulders and chest, but they were not well filled. The obesity of later

life would abundantly supply this deficiency as might be easily prophesied.

His face was not repulsive; but still his features were coarse and unfeeling; nothing relieved their heavy frigidity. One would almost have believed him imbecile. Ulysses was content with his fortune, his low order of merit and his wit; and, in fact, he possessed all that he could wish for, but he knew how to conceal his self-complacency by a sort of modesty. He had as much talent as instruction and knowledge of the world can confer. Draco had confided his education to teachers who charged the highest price for their instructions. Ulysses had profited by them as much as he could; that is to say, very slenderly; so that, in fact, his professors did not care to say: Ulysses was our pupil; but Ulysses took pride in his professors, and often mentioned their names. His fortune had admitted him to the richest houses in the city. He had sustained his position thus obtained, without shining in it, but without falling below what was expected of him. A child of prose, what he knew how to do best was to count money. He was not a miser, however. Brought up in the midst of plenty, he cared little for gold; but he always spent it in a calculating spirit. He never repulsed the supplications of the poor; he even took pleasure in giving alms,—above all when it was before witnesses. But he always knew what he gave. If beggars applied to him when unprovided with small coins, he would have his gold changed and distribute the *oboli* among them. •

His mother had formed in him the habit of clothing one hundred poor persons every year. He never failed to do this; but he had the dresses made of a uniform and peculiar color, and not content with this mark, he had the words: "*Given by Ulysses, the son of Draco*," written in prominent characters on every article. It was the only idea to which his imagination had ever given birth, and it is not certain that even this was not suggested by some one of his friends who wanted to make a fool of him. If Ulysses had been obliged to make his own way, to surmount obstacles by the sole resource of his own genius, he not only would never have succeeded, but he would never have had even the temptation to make the trial. He was formed to walk in the beaten track of custom. Happily, his father had been born before him; and heir as he was, of a rich patrimony, he was just the man to preserve it. He was twenty-five years old, and passed for a serious youth. His companions, who had never been able to draw him into any of their wild adventures, were persuaded that he had been mature from the very cradle.

Nothing was known of the fair bride but her name and fortune. She lived very retired with her mother, and occupied herself with good works, but in silence and under the august veil of modesty.

Draco was not much esteemed. Ocimon no more so. Why, no one could tell. There were facts existing against Draco; many of his dishonesties had become public, and had brought him before the bar of justice. The contempt in which he was held was founded on authentic records of crime,

and under reproach he could only bow down his head. But it was impossible to allege against Ocimon any public proof of guilt. He was also engaged in commerce, and if he sometimes slipped into certain knaveries, they were not of dishonest character, or they were so well managed as never to reflect scandal on their author. Still envy said of him, shaking her head ominously: "Much gold, but little honor."

Was it envy alone that could not pardon his quickly made fortune? Or was it the voice of the multitude which the sacred Scriptures call the voice of God, bearing witness against hidden guilt? No one knew; and though all felt hatred and contempt for the merchant, none could assign the reason.

He came of a poor family. At the age of twenty-five, he embarked on a merchant vessel to make the circuit of the Mediterranean. The ship owner died during the voyage. Ocimon returned in another ship which belonged to himself, and it was then that he was found suddenly to have become rich, passing all at once from misery to opulence, without having prepared public opinion for this change of fortune. He himself kept it an impenetrable secret. When questioned, he studiously eluded his interlocutors. Various stories passed around. He knew them, and did not reply to them. He disclaimed them, and left it to time to disabuse the public of the impression and sink it in oblivion.

He was assuredly the most happy of all those who assisted at the nuptials. The father of Ulysses, afflicted with an atrabilious disease, was always sad. The general joy only cast a pale reflection on his fallow visage, illuminating it very partially.

Ocimon had been occupied for a long time in planning the marriage of his daughter. It was not simply the establishment of his only child that interested him. He was tired with the cares and embarrassments of commerce. He sought repose. He had a handsome villa erected in one of the suburbs, and he contemplated passing a tranquil old age, amid the pleasures of rustic life.

Now, the marriage of his daughter would permit him to realize this hope. Draco had given up business since the death of his wife. Ulysses had nothing to do. Ocimon proposed to initiate him, little by little, into the secret of his affairs, and finally to let him carry on the business alone. He had not stipulated formally for this, but to his overtures no opposition had yet been made. He had therefore reason to hope. (To be continued.)

HAPPINESS may very justly be compared to the Golden Fleece so eagerly sought after by the ancients, but which was so vigilantly guarded by two fierce dragons, that no one could obtain it, till one, more fortunate than the rest, prevailed upon a lady who possessed a charm over the dragons to aid him in destroying them, and thus obtained the prize. So happiness: the dragons are Satan and our propensity to evil; the lady is our Blessed Mother, Mary, by whose aid we may confidently hope to overcome these terrible enemies and obtain the wished-for golden reward.

**Ave Maria from Protestant Lips;
OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.**

We can scarcely call Mrs. Hemans Protestant, and yet it is sad to feel that we cannot call her Catholic; but her heart had truly caught the beauty of our Blessed Mother's life:

The Annunciation.

Lowliest of women, and most glorified!
In thy still beauty sitting calm and lone,
A brightness round thee grew—and by thy side,
Kindling the air, a form ethereal shone,
Solemn, yet breathing gladness.—From her throne
A Queen had risen, with more imperial eye—
A stately prophetess of victory;
From her proud lyre had struck a trumpet's tone,
For such high tidings as to thee were brought,
Chosen of Heaven! that hour,—but thou, O thou!
E'en as a flower with gracious rains o'erfraught
Thy virgin head beneath its crown didst bow,
And take to thy meek breast th' all-holy Word,
And own thyself *the handmaid of the Lord!*
Yet as a sun-burst flushing mountain snow,
Fell the celestial touch of fire e'er long
On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful brow,
And thy calm spirit brightened into song.

Free and strong

Flow'd the majestic joy of tuneful words,
Which living harps, the choirs of Heaven among,
Might well have linked with their divinest chords.
Full many a strain borne far on glory's blast,
Shall leave, where once their haughty music pass'd,
No more to memory than a reed's faint sigh;
While thine, O childlike Virgin! through all time
Shall send its fervent breath o'er every clime,
Being of God, and therefore not to die.

The following passage is from the pre-eminent work of taste by the late Mrs. Jameson—entitled *Legends of the Madonna*:

"The Virgin, in her maternal character, opens upon us so wide a field of illustration, that I scarce know where to begin, or how to find my way, amid the crowd of associations that press upon me. A mother holding her child in her arms is no very complex subject; but like a very simple air constructed on a few expressive notes, which, when harmonized, is susceptible of a thousand modulations, variations, and accompaniments, while the original motive never loses its power to speak to the heart; so it is with the Madonna and Child;—a subject so consecrated by its authority, so hallowed by its profound significance, so endeared by its associations with the softest and deepest of our human sympathies, that the mind has never wearied of its repetition, nor the eye become satiated with its beauty. Those who refuse to give it the honor due to a religious representation, yet regard it with a tender, half-unwilling homage; and when the glorified type of what is purest, loftiest, holiest in womanhood, stands before us, arrayed in all the majesty and beauty that accomplished Art, inspired by faith and love, could lend her, and bearing her Divine Son, rather enthroned than sustained on her maternal bosom, 'we look, and the heart is in Heaven!' and it is difficult to refrain from an *ora pro nobis*."

**Introduction to the Ave Maria by the Most Rev.
Archbishop of Baltimore.**

We are delighted to present our readers with the exquisite INTRODUCTION to the AVE MARIA, from the master pen of the erudite and eloquent Archbishop Spalding; and we congratulate our subscribers on the reception of this beautiful *symphony*, as we must call it, to the Angel Gabriel's salutation. We send it in time to be bound with the First Volume. We are sure that all will agree with us in saying that the INTRODUCTION doubles the value of the work. We only regret that we could not print it in larger type; but it would have delayed its publication, and we knew that there was a general anxiety to see it.

Weekly Chronicle.

Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell—Mr. Foos—Diocese of Fort Wayne—Dedication—Obituaries:

The Cincinnati correspondent of the *New York Tablet* pays the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell the following handsome and well-deserved compliment: "The Most Rev. Archbishop is on a pastoral visit. The weight of years does not prevent him from exercising his wonted vigilance. He is loved by his clergy and flock, and deservedly, for he is every thing that constitutes a good shepherd. He asks his clergy to do nothing that he does not do himself. Untiring in the confessional, pulpit, and in going to see the sick, with an ear ever open to hear the tale of woe, and a smile to give sunshine to those beshrouded with gloom, he is indeed a father, and one loved, truly loved, by his people."

From the same correspondent, we learn that the able editorial corps of the *Telegraph* has received a valuable acquisition in Mr. Foos, a convert who has the convert's warm love.

In a former number of the *Telegraph*, we were particularly pleased with an article headed, "Here she goes and there she goes," which had reference to the splits constantly occurring in the Protestant world. This, we have since learned, is from the able pen of the talented young editor. We hope soon to see some beautiful article from his pen on our Blessed Mother, to which we promise in advance a conspicuous place in the AVE MARIA.

In the Diocese of Fort Wayne, Rev. P. W. Siegelback was elevated to the Holy Order of Priesthood, on the 17th ultimo.

On the 26th of November, Bishop Luers consecrated the Altar of the beautiful church of Saint Boniface, lately erected at Piqua, Ohio.

On the 19th ultimo, a church was dedicated at Doe Run, Pa., by Right Rev. Bishop Wood.

OBITUARIES.—Nov. 8th, at the Convent of the Visitation, Washington, D. C., Sister M. Angela, daughter of Dr. McManus of Baltimore. In the same convent, on the 22d, Sister M. Emmanuel Stubbs. In the same city, at St. Ann's Infant Asylum, Sister M. Antoine.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, a Journal of
THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Friends of the Heart of Jesus—The Venerable Anna Maria Taigi.

God is admirable in His saints! And in this age of incredulity, in the face of those proud *savans* who deny even the possibility of a miracle, He selects a poor female—born in an humble sphere, the wife of a laborer, and herself engaged in obscure duties; on this woman He bestows the most miraculous gifts, and invests her with a power of which the ages most fruitful in prodigies scarce offer us a parallel.

During more than forty years Anna Maria Taigi knew with certainty, and clearly revealed, not only the secret thoughts of those who consulted her, but the most important events, of which she could not have acquired a knowledge by any human means. She detailed day by day the incidents of the war in Russia; in Rome she foretold the French revolution of 1850 at the very moment it took place in Paris; she saw Alexander and Napoleon die; astonished diplomatists by the clearness with which she exposed the politics of their cabinets and their most secret intrigues. Future events were as plain to her as those which were past; she announced the elections and deaths of the Popes; predicted, with a certainty that never failed, the restoration to health of those most dangerously ill, or the approaching death of those in good health.

To her Pius VII was indebted for the favor of having received the last Sacraments; his attendants and physicians did not think he was in danger, but at her earnest request he prepared for death, and a few hours after breathed his last. She was frequently the means of saving Leo XII from the snares that were laid for him, and many less important persons owed to her the preservation of their lives and the salvation of their souls.

What makes her life still more remarkable is the form in which the gift of prophecy was given to her. It was not an interrupted gift, as we find it in the case of the greater number of prophets; but it was constant. There was continually before her eyes a sun, image of the divine luminary, and in this sun she saw all that she wished to know. Obligated to reveal all to a holy priest, she daily furnished, by the manifestation of future, or of contemporary events transpiring at a distance, a thousand proofs of this continual vision. Never was she found to be in the slightest degree incorrect in her revelations.

But it is not to excite admiration for the prodigies of divine power in this humble woman that we have introduced Anna Maria Taigi to the readers of the AVE MARIA: she has a special right to their veneration on account of the mission she received from God, which she so heroically accomplished. Her existence was but a long apostolate, and the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer could not propose to themselves a more perfect model.

When God, by a true prodigy of mercy, tore

her from the vanities of the world and the dissipation which surrounded her youth, He made known to her that henceforth she must no longer live for herself, but must sacrifice herself entirely for the salvation of souls and the triumph of the Church; and from that time, so to speak, she was identified with the mystic body of Jesus Christ. She felt all its pains in a more sensible manner than she did those of her own body; she offered herself as a holocaust to avert the scourges which she saw were about to fall upon the Christian world.

It was in connection with this truly apostolic mission, that the wonderful gift, of which we have spoken, was granted to her. This mysterious sun exhibited to her all the happy and unhappy events which interested the Church, and more than once she succeeded, by her sufferings, in averting or diminishing the strokes of Divine Justice. God Himself incited her to this immolation, for the salvation of His people. During her entire life He held her bound to the Cross.

This is a slight sketch of her forty years' martyrdom, which has been developed at length by her confessor, in the life he has written of this venerable servant of God.

She suffered continually from an excruciating pain in her head, whose intensity was augmented every Friday, particularly during the hours of our Saviour's Passion. Then they were so violent that she was obliged to go to bed, and when her domestic affairs forced her to continue her employment, the pain was so great that, notwithstanding her virtue and natural energy, her tears flowed in torrents. Her eyes seemed as though they had been pierced with thorns, and could not support, without great pain, the light of day. Her ears suffered continually from an acute rheumatism; and the poor woman was obliged to have her head almost always covered and bound up. Besides the voluntary mortifications she imposed upon herself in eating, she had constantly an insupportably bitter taste in her mouth. Her sense of smell was likewise affected, as though she had a sensible perception of the horrible stench or infection of all the sins which deluged the world. This was an intolerable torment. Her feet and hands, (particularly the hand that had the power of curing sickness,) suffered the most violent and acute pains; in fine, all her body seemed equally tortured. The poor woman was afflicted with a complication of maladies, such as gout, asthma, and hernia, particularly during the last years of her life. Her confessor, who is my penitent, assured me that during her torturing agonies, when he visited her and inquired how she was feeling, her reply was: "Suffering unto death;" he added: "Let us do God's will and say, *Fiat voluntas tua;*" these words seemed to reanimate her, and with a gay and serene air, and with all the energy of which she was capable, she replied: *Sicut in celo et in terra.*

Tortured on her bed of suffering, she was the joy and consolation of others, the peace and happiness of those who saw her, and the strength and courage of the afflicted. She took the most

affectionate interest in every one around her, forgetting her own sufferings in order to assist others; ever tranquil, gay and courageous; always resigned in all things to the will of her Divine Spouse.

Her sufferings continually augmented, but the abundant waters of bitter tribulation, which were poured upon her head, could never extinguish the fire which burned in her heart. In order to prolong her painful existence, God sometimes deigned to indicate to her what would alleviate or cure her.

To these bodily pains was often joined the most intolerable mental anguish; horrible temptations of the devil, unjust persecutions on the part of men, severe agonies, during which God seemed to abandon her. Anna Maria endured these sufferings with joy, and even added to them a great many that were voluntary, in order to obtain the triumph of the Church, and the conversion of her enemies.

She particularly opposed her zeal and the fervor of her prayers to the infernal activity of the secret societies, whose dark plots God revealed to her.

From the time of the return of Pius VII, she saw, in this mysterious light, the homicidal plans of the secret societies against Rome, particularly against the superior clergy, and she frequently repaired to Saint Paul's to pour out her soul, on this subject, before God. Then it was particularly that her ardent charity induced her to intercede by fervent and continual prayers, and to offer herself to Divine Justice as the victim of its good pleasure. Her prayers in these cases were so fervent and persevering, that God expressly promised her that the plans of the impious should never succeed in Rome; that if He permitted them to act freely for a while, He would always stop them at the moment when they believed themselves on the point of triumphing; but that she, on her part, must be prepared to satisfy His justice in compensation for such signal graces; consequently, every time the plots of these Masonic lodges were defeated, the servant of God was stricken with mortal maladies, persecutions, miseries, calumnies, and terrible anguish of mind. But this heroic soul was never discouraged. As soon as she saw, in this mysterious light, these plots reappear, or heard of the massacre of priests or high dignitaries in the Church, she reminded the Lord of His promise and prepared herself for new sufferings, which she offered Him for these additional graces. This phenomenon continued during her whole life. How much does not the Church owe to the prayers of this pious woman! Particularly does the city of Rome owe her a large debt of gratitude.

She saw the burning of the Basilica of Saint Paul some months before it happened. Being in prayer before the holy crucifix, it was revealed to her that God would permit this misfortune in punishment of the profanations committed in that place. He said to her: "I will lay it in ruins!"

Anna Maria also predicted the election of Pius IX, and the trials through which this admirable Pontiff would have to pass; and announced, in

the most distinct and positive manner, that these tribulations would be followed by a grand triumph.

She frequently spoke to her confessor of the persecution that would befall the Church, and of the unhappy epoch, wherein a multitude of people, supposed to be estimable, would be unmasked. She sometimes asked God who would be able to resist this terrible trial; He answered: "Those to whom I shall grant humility."

Anna Maria established in her family the custom of reciting, after the evening rosary, three times *Pater* and *Ave* and *Gloria Patri*, to the Holy Trinity, to obtain, through the infinite mercy and goodness, a mitigation of the scourge which His Justice had reserved for these unhappy times. This scourge had been revealed to her several times in this mysterious sun. It pleased God also to reveal to her that the Church, after having passed through many most severe trials, would obtain so brilliant a triumph that mankind would be astounded by it; that entire nations would return to the Unity of the Church, and the face of the earth be entirely changed.

Our Associates will doubtless find, as we have done, in such consoling and well-authenticated promises, a powerful motive to reanimate their zeal and increase their confidence. We wish we could offer them, in the English language, a full life of this holy soul; but as yet our literature is poor in the lives of saints.

A most interesting history has lately appeared, in French, by Father Bouffier, of this perfect model of the Apostleship of Prayer and of Suffering.

Graces Obtained by the Apostleship of Prayer.

The following trait of the mercies of the Heart of Jesus, we received from one of our Associates in the south of France.

"One of my old friends, mother of one of our pupils, recently wrote requesting our prayers for her husband who was seriously ill; we immediately placed his name in the intention of the Apostleship. Two days afterward we received a second letter stating that the sick man had willingly consented to see a priest, and make his confession, the first in thirty-five years. In 1830, he went to Paris to read law; there he contracted the infidel principles of the day, and seemed to have completely lost his faith. But his conversion was as sudden and complete, as his perversion had been long and thorough. From the moment of his return to the faith of his youthful days, and his reconciliation to God, he never for a moment faltered in his courage and resignation, during three long weeks he suffered a martyrdom from his intense pain, yet he never evinced the slightest movement of impatience.

"Frequently he spoke of the Sacred Heart in a manner that astonished those who surrounded his bed of suffering. His last words were: 'I die without anxiety, for I leave my wife and children in the Heart of Jesus.'"

In the Apostleship of Prayer our good works acquire a greater merit and a truly apostolic efficacy.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

JEWEL BROOK COTTAGE.

Our spirits rejoice within our bosoms as we start out from the city. At the first station come the little flower-boys with newly plucked lilies. You see the dear lilies, don't you? I want one; you want one; see, everybody wants one. It seems that every one wishes to buy them. They are all gone; but there comes another troop of lily-sellers, arms full, "only two cents a-piece." "Two for a cent," from behind. "Two for a cent, then," from before. Quite a competition among our young flower-peddlers. The lily-sales run brisk, we never saw so many ready purchasers for any thing in the cars before, and how could one procure so much happiness for two cents any other way? I never bought a flower before: I grew up among flowers, you know, that is in the country; but I never bought any thing, I think, which I enjoyed so much; and for two *sous*! How happy these lilies make us, my little darlings! How happy they seem to make the whole car-full of people.

They remind me, too, of those whole fields of delicious white lilies along the shores of Lake Michigan, as I came up from Notre Dame to Chicago. Only I wanted some of them so much; but there was no way to reach them; no little boys to pick them before we came along, and meet us at the stations with hands filled—so fragrantly filled. That was the first day's journey after we left Indiana; this is our last, and the lilies are given to us. May we be as happy on that last day of our earthly journey; may the lily of life, for which now we vain long, be given us then; it will be enough! O blessedly enough!

We have started for another station. Our iron-horse-drawn carriage presses forward more and more speedily, quite out of the city now, springing swiftly along the destined lines, through the pleasant suburbs, up the gentle grade; ever and anon over bridges, along rivers, through villages; up higher grades, through rural districts; fruitful farms; and then by solitary houses, through sandy banks and tunneled rocks, and now we are entering Vermont; we touch Vermont soil: I think, yes, we are slowly but surely running up the Green Mountains. This is my State, dear children, and about thirty miles more distant is the village we seek, where, in Jewel Brook Cottage, a good mother waits to welcome us. Are you not glad, little children, that I am going home to see my mother?—and she will be your mother too, while you remain with me at the Cottage—and this makes us think too, how sweet it will be when we may be so happy as to go home to see our beautiful Mother Mary in Heaven. May we all be there too, beloved little children. Yes, in little more than an hour we shall arrive at L——.

You are too tired, the day having been so warm, especially for the last two hours or so, to enjoy the arrival beforehand, are you not? Thirty miles still seems a long way to a tired child, I know; and our lily-blossoms are wilted too, those dainty white petals are all dust-soiled and droop-

ing now, and all their whiteness, beauty and fragrance; unlike my little childrens' heads, drooped indeed now almost as much as the wilted flower-buds, but which rest and refreshment will so soon again restore. Unlike even their little bodies when the green grave claims them back to dust, but which precious dust Christ shall gather back and raise up more beautiful than they now are.

These poor, frail lilies, so delicious to us this morning, like all other enjoyments of this world, have soon passed away; so also will our earthly life pass away after a short time, as our Lord tells us in His Gospel. Of how little worth to us, little children, would be our life, frail as a flower almost, did not Jesus offer us a better one, and nourish and prepare us for it, in His Holy Church, and did not the Blessed Virgin help us to secure it.

But, weary little ones, do you know we are at home? Every little face looks gladly up already! Look down into that charming plain, to the right, below us; that little village, surrounded by mountains, that lies like a nest among the hills, is my dear native L——, said to be the prettiest village on the railroad, from Burlington to Boston, or for some two hundred miles around. "Are we going to take a carriage?" We will leave our baggage to be brought up by a carriage, but we prefer to walk so short a distance, just down the foot of this little hill, a few paces only, where we turn off into a short street running east and west, and shaded by trees; we go through a lane which is named Pleasant Street, and following this for a few rods, we come to a junction with Jewel Brook Street, where, in front of a pretty water-fall, in the shadow of maples and elms, stands a brown-colored cottage with a little portico. The little green blinds closed against the hot summer noon sun, invite us in. Let us enter, and I will introduce you to Jewel Brook Cottage. But, softly, darlings; young Alvaretta, named from the song,

"Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata,
Wild roved an Indian girl, fair Alvaretta,"—

coming to kiss her aunt at the gate, says, "Grandma is sick." Leaving you to the politeness of my young niece, Nettie, who is always very fond of little guests, and if she has any preference among them, it is always for the littlest, she may take you to the parlor while I pass to my mother's room, just off the little sitting room. She has arisen up in her bed to welcome me. Dear mother! She puts her arms around my neck. "My dear child; I had like to die, and you not here! Thank God! for bringing you back to me!" Dear mother, she wanted her Catholic child by, in the hour of danger. Too tired for other exertions, but rested by the precious things my dear, dear mother had to say, O how preciouslly wears on the afternoon! How delightfully succeed several more days, my precious mother growing better, through joy at my arrival; soon she is well as usual. So I begin to long to go up to dear Burlington again, the blessed place to me of my Catholic birth. In my next letter I think I will tell you a little about that dear place, which gave the first American nun to the Church. But adieu for the present, my dear children.

The Pifferari.

"Uncle, may we come in?" asked a sweet, childish voice at the door of the cosy little room dignified by the name of "Uncle's Study," a place of intense interest for all my little nieces and nephews,—and they number several score,—for all the little acquaintances of Eddie and Ella insist upon calling me their uncle; so of course they must be my nephews and nieces also.

"Certainly, certainly," I replied; and with that in tripped little Miss Ella, followed by Charlie.

"Now uncle," said the little lady, "we are going to be just as good as we can be; we'll not open your drawers to look at the beads and medals you brought from Baltimore; we will not climb upon the chairs to see the dear Blessed Mother and kiss the feet of the dear little Infant Jesus; but we just want you to tell us a nice story; don't we, Eddie?"

"Yes, uncle, that's what we come for," said master Eddie, as he threw himself on the rug before the blazing fire and began to pull Ponto's ears; while Ella gave a little spring and nestled herself quite comfortably upon my knee, and in a coaxing voice continued: "Come now, uncle, begin."

"Well," said I, meditatively, "what shall my story be about?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Eddie, "let it be about grizzly bears, and alligators, and rhinoceroses—"

"No, no," said Ella, "please don't, uncle; tell us something nice and true."

"Well I am sure," continued Eddie, "that grizzly bears and alligators are true."

"Oh, yes; but they are not pretty. Tell us about birds, uncle."

Now as there was a decided diversity of taste in my audience—and as the standard of taste has never been defined, judging from the amount of praise and blame bestowed on the aspirant for literary fame—I concluded to tell a story, and a true one at that, according to my own taste, and bring my audience up to my standard. So I commenced: "If I tell you a story to-day, it must be about something I saw in Rome during the Christmas times last year. It will be about the Pifferari and their music."

"Pifferari," said Eddie; "why, what sort of music is that? We haven't got any thing like it in this country."

"No, of course you have not. Such music and musicians belong to Rome as much as the *Miserere* does—of which I have before told you; but now let me finish about the Pifferari. This is an Italian word, and means a pastor or shepherd. Our Pifferari pass their lives among the beautiful hills that surround Rome, where they guard their flocks, just like those shepherds of the olden time of whom we read in the Gospel of Christmas midnight Mass. Some day or other I'll show you an engraving of these Pifferari, with their short red, green or yellow breeches, their long waistcoats as variegated in their color as their nether garments, their sandals, laced and banded in the old romantic style, and their queer caps or hats, which take us back to the costumes of the middle age—such as

I showed you yesterday in my album of curiosities. Sometimes you see them pointed, sometimes round, and sometimes cocked, and ornamented with a rosette or long streamers of yellow or scarlet ribbons. Their cloaks present an equally strange appearance: they are as different in style as their hats, and as varied in color as their vests; some are blue, some green, some yellow and some red—the last are ordinarily the remains of the wardrobe of one of the Cardinals whose charity had clothed the shoulders of some of those good Pifferari. While speaking of their quaint costume I must not forget to tell you about their long black hair, floating over their gay-colored cloaks, and their quick bright eyes.

"Every year, at the commencement of Advent, the Pifferari descend from their mountains, to announce in the streets of Rome, with their music, the approach of Christmas. What could be more appropriate than to announce by shepherds the Feast of the Crib, since the shepherds were the first ambassadors at the birth of the Royal Infant King? The most thoughtless are reminded of the approach of Christmas by the arrival of the Pifferari and the sound of their seraphic, plaintive melodies. They usually go in groups of three persons: an old man, another in the prime of life, and a youth; they recall the ancient tradition of their being only three shepherds at the Crib of Bethlehem on that first glorious Christmas night.

"Erect, with their heads uncovered, you will see them standing before the Madonnas which ornament the front of the houses, or the beautiful Roman court-yards, where they salute with their joyous symphonies the happy Mother of the Infant Saviour.

"The instruments of the Pifferari consist of a hautboy, played by the old shepherd; a sort of a flute, called a *musette*, by the second; and the youth presides over a triangle. Such is the simple orchestra of these mountain musicians. The *canzonetta* which they repeat before the Queen of Heaven, is no elaborate piece of music, like those Miss Ella plays over some morning when she is preparing for her music lesson; but its great simplicity constitutes its charm, for it admirably reminds one of the humble mystery of the Crib of Bethlehem.

"Rome gives a cordial welcome to the Pifferari; for every thing that recalls a religious *souvenir* is well received in this city so essentially Christian. The Romans love them, and greet them with smiles of joy. The little Roman children, in particular, clap their hands and shout with glee at the sight of the good Pifferari, who enter the houses of the poor, and the palaces of the rich, asking those who dwell within if they want a novena for their Madonna. Whether accepted or not, they come during the nine days to entertain the family with their simple concerts. They generally receive a few cents, and I know not which is the happiest, those who receive or those who give. (To be continued.)

It is by resisting our passions that we are to find true peace of heart, and not by being slaves to them.

AVE MARIA.

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CHRISTMAS EVE.

Throughout our land busy preparations are making for the morrow. All look forward to "A Merry Christmas;" and yet of all who use these words, how few, alas! comprehend their immense import! How few will recognize the divine mystery that hallows the day! "A Merry Christmas" will be heard from many, even those wending their way to houses of worship where, alas! there is no altar, no priest, no *Christ-Mass*. But to the children of Mary, oh! how truly is it a day of rejoicing; and on this its Eve, what deep unutterable joy fills all their hearts.

Saint Peter Damian, preaching on Christmas Eve, says: "We come from the high seas to the port, from despair to hope, from labor to rest, from a long and dreary journey to Bethlehem, or the House of Bread. The messengers of the divine promise succeeded one another, but they brought nothing save the renewal of the same promise. Therefore our psalmist had fallen asleep, and the last accents of his harp seemed to die away in plaintive reproaches for the delays of the Lord 'Thou hast rejected and despised.'"

Isaiah in his turn cried out, in the burning desire of his heart, "O that thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down." Thus, one after another, wearied by their endless expectation, they made the same complaints, and colored them with the same holy impatience.

But listen! What do we hear? *Sanctify yourselves, O children of Israel, and be prepared; for to-morrow the Lord will come down!* The remainder of this day, and scarcely one-half of a night separate us from that glorious interview, and conceal from us the Infant God in His wonderful birth. Fly swiftly, ye light hours; run, run your course, that we may see the Son of God in His crib, and pay our homage to that Nativity,—the salvation of the world.

Dom Gueranger, in his admirable "Christmas Times," and his "Grand Cycle of Christmas Saints," displays with his almost magical words the full splendor of these golden forty days. We wish this work could be in the hands of all Christians, to awaken, by its thrilling notes, the piety of all hearts; but, even without it, we can enter into the true spirit of a merry, happy Christmas, beginning with those first glorious, joyful vespers with which the Church breaks her silence on Christmas Eve.

Following the spirit of the Church, all Christians should, on this Eve, prepare themselves, in

the gladness of their hearts, to meet the Infant Saviour-King coming to them.

By the fast she prescribes, she intends to render their steps light and swift. From the very dawn of this day she wishes them to learn that they shall not lie down again before they have seen the One who comes into the world to enlighten all creatures. She exhorts all her children to keep this blessed night, through which the Christian world, though much relaxed from its primitive piety, still watches, in commemoration of the coming of the Saviour.

How wonderfully beautiful is the solemn office of Christmas Eve! Take, for instance, the hour of Prime, when the solemn announcement of Christmas is made with extraordinary pomp. The Reader, who is ordinarily a dignitary of the Sanctuary, sings, with all possible gravity, that glorious lesson from the Martyrology. All the assistants stand until the name of Bethlehem is pronounced. At that name they all kneel down until the great event is fully announced.

It is in this manner the Church recalls those long years of expectation. All the past generations appear before us. Interrogate them! ask them if they saw what we celebrate, and they are silent; and until the name of Mary was heard, none had seen the Desired of all Nations. The long ages before the Deluge were passed in anxious watching, yet He came not. The sons of Noah again peopled the earth, but they looked in vain for the Saviour, and died without seeing Him. Abraham, seated under his vine, or fig-tree, sighed for His coming, and still He delayed. The children of Israel reached the Promised Land, yet the promised Messiah was not there. David thrilled the strings of his royal harp with eloquent pleadings and supplications, yet still He came not. But when all the world was at peace, and the Cæsar on his imperial throne resolved to gratify the pride of his heart by proclaiming throughout the Empire the vast multitudes who paid him tribute, then it was that the most pure Virgin, accompanied by her faithful spouse, St. Joseph, entered Bethlehem. In obedience to the imperial edict, they have been enrolled. On the public register is written, "*Joseph, carpenter of Nazareth of Galilee,*" and they have added the name of Mary, his spouse, who accompanied him on the journey; perhaps she was qualified as a pregnant woman, in her ninth month, and that is all! O, Word Incarnate! Thou dost visit the earth, and Thy creatures know Thee not! Nevertheless all this movement, all this agitation, all this confusion

caused by the numbering of the citizens of the Empire, was but to bring Mary, Thy august Mother, to Bethlehem, in order that this little town should give Thee birth according to prophecy.

O ineffable Mystery! What grandeur in this obscurity; what power in this weakness! Nevertheless, the Most High has not yet descended low enough. He has knocked at the dwellings of men, and they have turned Him away. Now He goes to seek a cradle in a stable. There, while waiting the hymns of the Angels, the homage of the Shepherds, and the adoration of the Magi, He finds the *ox who knows his master, and the ass that rests near the crib of his Lord*. Oh, Saviour of Men! we also will go to the stable this Christmas Eve! We cannot consent to see Thee left in such solitude and poverty. At the doors of Bethlehem Thy sweet voice was heard on that wonderful Christmas Eve: "*Οπου, my sister, my friend, for my head is covered with dew, and my hair damp with the night rain.*" But they heard Thee not! O Divine Babe! we beseech Thee, enter into our dwellings; we are watching on this Christmas Eve, with the doors wide open, waiting Thy coming. "*Come, then, sweet Jesus, come.*"

THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS TIMES.

Dom Gueranger tells us that "all is mysterious in the days through which we are now passing;" an Infant is God, a Virgin becomes a Mother and yet remains a Virgin. Divine things mix with human, and the sublime and ineffable antithesis expressed by the beloved Disciple, in his Gospel, "*AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH,*" *et verbum caro factum est*, is repeated in every church.

O, Mystery incomprehensible to the mind, yet sweet to the heart of the faithful! The consummation of the designs of God in time; the astonishment and admiration of the Saints and Angels in their eternity, and at the same time the principle of their beatitude.

After four weeks of waiting and preparation, symbol of the four thousand years of the expectation, before the coming, we have reached the twenty-fifth day of December, as the long looked for station, the *one* day that ever guards and preserves its prerogative, although it comes with a mysterious signification on the different days of the week in succession, to purify them all, as it were, and disengage them in turn from the malediction which Adam's sin had brought on every one.

And there is still another more sublime mystery in the choice of the day for this Divine Birth. Jesus Christ, *the Light of the world*, is born at the time when the night of idolatry and crime rested heavily upon the world, and the day of this Nativity, twenty-fifth of December, corresponds with the moment when the material sun, whose strength has been growing weaker and weaker, renews its force by a new birth, as it were, and prepares for its triumph. At the very time of the winter solstice, famous for the terrors and rejoicings of the ancient world, we receive simultaneously material light—and light to our hearts and minds.

Now let us notice the deep signification attached to the place of this Birth.

From Bethlehem was to come the Chief of Israel. So had the Prophet predicted and the Jewish Priests declared. But why select so obscure and insignificant a village for the theater of so magnificent an event? Because, mark it well, the name of this city of David signifies *House of Bread*, therefore the *Living Bread coming down from Heaven* selected it for its birth-place.

Before that time God was at a distance from man—henceforth they will be united. The incomparable Virgin here gave us the *Bread of Angels*, which transforms man into God; for Christ says, *he who eats my flesh abides in Me and I in him*.

It is no rare thing to meet persons, even among those who pass for learned men, who pay but little attention to what is called Revelations. Yet when we consider attentively the gravity, science and sanctity of those who receive them with delight, we cannot feel disposed to sanction such a sweeping condemnation. Had they no other advantage, no other importance, at least they show with what purity of style, what chastity of language, those pious souls knew how to describe and relate facts and circumstances of the most exquisite delicacy, and likewise other things of the most common order. As an evidence of this charming delicacy, we may quote, among thousands of others, the words of Saint Bridget, in relation to the temporal birth of the Eternal Word. She almost copies the Fathers, but see with what exquisiteness of touch she describes the event: "On the 25th of December, while all things were held in profound silence in the dead of night, toward 12 o'clock, Mary knelt down, her soul was rapt in ecstasy in order to enter into God's glorious designs, and behold clearly His Divine Essence, and in a moment returning from her sublime vision, as brief as it was unspeakably sweet, she saw before herself her first born, without any consciousness of the way it had come to pass, except that it seemed to her, that divine love had separated one half of her body from herself."

We have in former numbers mentioned Mary d'Aggreda, and now we cannot resist the desire to present our readers with a few samples of that extraordinary work, "*La Cité Mystique*," which has been the subject of so many examinations since its appearance, a little more than two centuries ago. At some future day, we intend to devote several articles to Mary d'Aggreda. For the present, we shall be satisfied with the description she has traced of the mystery now at hand, namely: the Nativity of the Saviour.

"The palace which the Sovereign King of Kings and Lord of Lords had prepared in the world for the lodging of His Eternal Son, incarnate for man, was the poor and humble cabin or grotto into which the most pure Mary and Joseph had retired after having been repulsed by men without having been able to obtain the slightest mark of natural compassion. This place was so miserable, that not one of that vast crowd thronging the streets of Jerusalem, where there were scarcely hotels suffi-

cient to receive them, would have deigned to enter it; it could only be the lodging of the masters of of humility and poverty, our Lord Jesus Christ and His most holy Mother. The wisdom of the Eternal Father had reserved it for them, sanctifying it with the ornaments of solitude and poverty, as the first temple of the Light and the first house of the true Sun of Justice, who was born for those of upright heart, and of Mary, resplendent aurora in the midst of the darkness of night, that symbol of the shades of sin which covered the whole world.

"The august Mary and Joseph entered this asylum, which had been prepared for them; and by the light of the ten thousand angels that accompanied them, they easily recognized, with great consolation and tears of joy, that it was poor and solitary, as they wished it to be. Immediately the two travelers knelt down, to praise the Lord and return Him thanks for this favor; for they knew that it had been destined for them by the secret judgments of Eternal Wisdom. Our divine Princess was the most deeply penetrated with this great mystery, and in sanctifying this little grotto by her sacred presence she felt a plenitude of interior joy which elevated and vivified her entire being. She besought the Lord to recompense with liberality all the inhabitants of the city who, in refusing them shelter, had procured for her the great happiness that awaited her in this poor cabin or grotto, formed from the rugged natural rock, where art had made no improvements, so that men considered it only fit to lodge their cattle; but the Eternal Father had selected it as a shelter and a dwelling for His only Son.

"After their repast, Mary and Joseph returned thanks, and then employed a few minutes in conversing on the mystery of the Word Incarnate; but the most prudent Virgin soon understood that the hour of her most happy delivery was at hand. She persuaded Joseph to take some repose, for the night was already far advanced. The man of God obeyed his Spouse, and besought her to do the same, and for this purpose he adjusted the scanty clothing they had brought with them, in a manger, large enough for a couch; it was formed on the floor of the cave, for the use of the animals that were sheltered there. Leaving this little bed for the august Mary, he retired to the farther end of the grotto and composed himself for meditation. He was immediately visited by the Divine Spirit, and he felt a sweet and extraordinary strength which ravished him into an ecstasy wherein he beheld all that happened that night, in that fortunate cave; for he remained in this ravishment without the use of any of his senses until the moment his divine spouse called him. And this mysterious sleep sent to Saint Joseph was infinitely more sublime and happy, than the one sent to Adam at the beginning of the world.

"The Holy Virgin being now prepared to take her night's rest in the grotto, felt herself sweetly and irresistibly moved by the Spirit of God, by whom she was raised in the mind above all that is created. This ecstasy was one of the most sublime in her saintly life.

"Soon after she was rapt up higher yet to the clear vision of the Divinity, through special properties which God bestowed on her, and as if a veil were removed, she beheld God intuitively, with such a fullness of knowledge and glory, that neither men nor angels could express or even understand it.

"For more than an hour the most pure Mary enjoyed that beatific vision with which God was pleased to favor her, immediately before her Divine delivery. As she was returning to herself she felt the holy body of the Divine Babe move within her virginal womb, preparing as it were to leave the sacred tabernacle in which He had rested with delight for nine months. This movement of the Child not only caused no pain to the Virgin Mother, as it happens to the rest of the daughters of Eve, when they bring forth; but, on the contrary, it exalted her whole being into transports of unspeakable joy, and thus her holy soul and most chaste body experienced effects so sublime, so divine, that they far exceed all that created understanding can conceive. Her body, now shining with a heavenly beauty, transformed itself into the spiritual, to such a marvelous extent, that she no longer appeared a human and terrestrial being. From her countenance darted rays of light, as from a full, dazzling sun; a most admirable majesty spread over her whole person, while her heart was melted in the most intense love of God. She was on her knees, with her eyes raised to Heaven, her hands clasped on her breast, her spirit wholly absorbed in the Divinity transforming her.

"In this state it was that our most august Princess gave to the world the only Son of God, now equally her own, our Saviour, Jesus, true God and true man, at midnight on a Sunday; or, in other words, the Virgin Mother had scarcely come to herself from her long and sublime ecstasy, when the Sun of Justice, the Son of the Eternal Father, and her Son, was born of her in the effulgence of beauty and purity, leaving in her the most perfect virginal integrity, now more completely consecrated and more deified; for without the slightest shadow of alteration He came forth from His immaculate tabernacle, as the rays of light passing through a pure glass without making a fissure in the crystal, but on the contrary rendering it more beautiful by making it all radiant."

Such is the mystery of Christmas! Oh how great is the glory of Bethlehem—that is to say, of the Holy Church, the true *House of Bread*, which is now spread over all the earth! O, perpetuity of our mysteries, which nothing can exhaust! *The Lamb*, immolated from the commencement, and born once of the Virgin Mary, wishes to be continually born in our hearts. And all who apply themselves to conceive spiritually this same Word, by obedience, faith and the practice of good works, will give Him birth in their own hearts and those of others.

SUAREZ, during his life time, was called by the Pope, "Doctor Eximius!" In after times he has been called the more modern St. Thomas of Aquin.

THE NATIVITY.

Before the Christmas bells ring out their midnight chimes, let us go in spirit to the poor manger in the cave.

"The sun sets on the twenty-fourth of December on the low roofs of Bethlehem, and gleams with wan gold on the steep of its stony ridge. The stars come out one by one. Heaven is empty of angels, but they show not their bright presences up among the stars. Rude men are jostling God in the alleys of that Oriental village, and shutting their doors in His Mother's face. Time itself, as if it were sentient, seems to get tremulous and eager, as though the hand of its angel shook as it draws on toward midnight. Bethlehem is at that moment the veritable centre of God's creation. Still the minutes pass. The plumage of night grows deeper and darker. How purple is the dome of heaven above those pastoral slopes duskily spotted with recumbent sheep, and how silently the stars drift down the southern steep of the midnight sky! Yet a few moments, and the Eternal Word will come!

"The twilight deepens. Mary and Joseph descend the hill. They find the cave,—a stable cave,—a sort of grotto, with an erection before it, so common in those lands, by which depth and coolness are both attained. The Arab builds by preference in front of a cave, because half his dwelling is thus built for him from the first. The cavern seems to draw them, like a spell. Souls are strangely drawn, and to strangest things and places, when once they are within the vortex of a divine vocation. There are the lights and songs and music of the crowded village above them, turning into festival the civil obligation which has brought such unwonted numbers thither. Beneath that gay street the poor couple from Nazareth have sought refuge with the ox and ass in the stable. What is about to happen there! It must be differently described according to the points of view from which we consider it. Angels would say that some of God's eternal decrees were on the eve of being accomplished in the most divine and beautiful of ways, and that the invisible King was about to come forth and take visible possession of a kingdom not narrower than a universe, with such pomp as the spiritual and god-like angels most affect. The magistrate in Bethlehem would say that, at the time of the census, a pauper child had been added to the population by a houseless couple who had come from Nazareth,—noting, perhaps, that the couple were of good family but fallen into poverty. This would be the way in which the world would register the advent of its Maker. It is a consistent world,—only an unteachable one. It has learned nothing by experience. It registers Him in the same manner this very day."

How beautifully and how touchingly does Faber describe the couch of the Royal Infant King.

"The rough straw is the quilting of His crib; and the refuse of an oriental threshing floor is not like the carefully-husbanded straw of our own land. Men made Him as a worm, and no man, in the onslaughts of His Passion. He Himself,

in His first infancy, makes His bed as though He were a beast of burden, a beast tamed and domesticated for the use of men. The vilest things in creation are good enough for the Creator. He even exhibits a predilection for them. The refuse of men,—that is the portion of God. The beasts, the manger, the straw, the darkness, and the cold! Such were the preparations which God made for Himself.

"But what is the joy of that Virgin Mother! Mary has looked upon the face of the Incarnate God. In one glance she has read there voluminous wonders of Heaven, and yet sees that its loveliness is inexhaustable. The Vision has surpassed all expectations, even such expectations as hers. Truly can we then exclaim: "O happy Mother, happy beyond all thought! she has seen the face of Jesus, and He smiled into her face." Was it through tears? What significance was there not in that celestial human smile! He smiled as a son smiles to a doting mother. He smiled as the victorious Saviour who had redeemed her by the Immaculate Conception. He smiled as the Creator who complacently regards the most lovely of His works. He smiled as the Last End and Beatitude of her whom He rejoiced to glorify and to have with Him for all eternity. He smiled as God, smiling unutterable and unimaginable things. Of a surety there was some special expression in that first look, in that many-meaning smile, which reminded her of the Immaculate Conception as distinctly as if He had spoken. Nor was the joy of that smile less to her than its significance. But she alone can tell it. It makes us tremble with expectation to think that that same smile will one day be a joy to us, and a joy which will not pass away! But, like all the aspects of God, that smile brought with it a world of grace. It was substantial, as God's visitations ever are, substantially effecting that which it expressed. How, therefore, must it have lifted her in sanctity, and been to her almost like a new creation! A look at His converted Peter: what must a smile do! and a smile into His sinless Mother's face! O sweet Babe of Bethlehem! when shall we too kneel before Thy face? When shall we see Thee smile, smile on us our welcome into Heaven, smile on us with that smile which will sit upon Thy lips as our glory and possession for evermore."

WHO EATS MEAT ON FRIDAY.—"Anne, come and take this plate right away from me," said Charlie, a bright lad of four years old, the son of one of our most distinguished men. "Don't you know," he continued, solemnly shaking his golden curls as he handed back to his nurse the savory morsel she had arranged for his breakfast, "that no one but father and the dogs eat meat on Friday, the day on which our dear Lord died for us?"

Master Charlie meant not the slightest disrespect toward the father he dearly loved, but he merely stated the result of his own observation in the house of a non-Catholic where the good mother labored, and most successfully, to educate her children in the bosom of the Church. We vouch for the authenticity of the above.

Christmas Flowers.

The earth is so bleak and deserted,
So cold the winds blow,
That no bud or no blossom will venture
To peep from below;
But longing for Spring-time, they nestle
Deep under the snow.

O, in May how we honored Our Lady,
Her own month of flowers!
How happy we were with our garlands
Through all the spring hours!
All her shrines, in the church or the way-side,
Were made into bowers.

And in August—her glorious Assumption;
What feast was so bright!
What clusters of virginal lilies,
So pure and so white!
Why, the incense could scarce overpower
Their perfume that night.

And through her dear feasts of October
The roses bloomed still;
Our baskets were laden with flowers,
Her vases to fill:
Oleanders, geraniums, and myrtles,
We chose at our will.

And we know when the Purification,
Her first feast, comes round,
The early spring flowers, to greet it,
Just opening are found;
And pure, white, and spotless, the snowdrop
Will pierce the dark gound.

And now, in this dreary December,
Our glad hearts are fain
To see if earth comes not to help us;
We seek all in vain:
Not the tiniest blossom is coming
Till Spring breathes again.

And the bright feast of Christmas is dawning,
And Mary is blest;
For now she will give us her Jesus,
Our dearest, our best,
And see where she stands, the Maid-Mother,
Her Babe on her breast!

And not one poor garland to give her,
And yet now, behold, [incense,
How the kings bring their gifts—myrrh, and
And bars of pure gold:
And the Shepherds have brought for the Baby
Some lambs from their folds.

He stretches His tiny hands toward us,—
He brings us all grace;
And look at His Mother who holds Him,
The smile on her face
Says they welcome the humblest gifts
In the manger we place.

Where love takes, let love give: and so doubt
Love counts but the will, [not:
And the heart has its flowers of devotion
No Winter can chill; [Christmas
They who cared for "good will" that first
Will care for it still.

In the chaplet on Jesus and Mary,
From our hearts let us call;

At each *Ave Maria* we whisper
A rosebud shall fall,
And at each *Gloria Patri* a lily,
The crown of them all!

WOMAN; AND HER ERA.

A WORK BY MRS. E. W. FARNHAM.

Outside of the Catholic Church, in all civilized countries, the relations of woman to the family and to the state is a constantly agitated question. Much of the literature of the day is devoted to the investigation of her true position—her abstract rights. It is a subject of so much importance that the first minds of the age have not disdained to study it. Michelet, the French infidel, nay infamous historian, has written two books upon this subject, drawn principally from the results of the science of physiology, brought to eminent perfection by Bichat, Majendie and others. His arguments were so purely materialistic, took so little into account the intellectual and spiritual elements of her nature, as to displease, for the most part, those whom he wished to defend. John Stuart Mill, the profound philosopher and political economist, has also written, in his celebrated essay upon "Liberty," the most eloquent appeal for the political enfranchisement of woman. He has recently been elected a member of the British Parliament, where, no doubt, he will press in a more practical manner his earnest views upon this subject. The learned and brilliant Buckle has also, in another masterly essay, portrayed the influence of the deductive mind of women upon the development of knowledge. These are the standard-bearers only for a host of lesser lights, who have treated the same subject in all its multifarious social aspects. This incessant agitation shows a settled unrest, a chronic dissatisfaction.

It is evident that while strides have been made in Science, in Government, in physical well being, there is, notwithstanding this apparent social improvement, a fundamental flaw. Protestants are never weary of vaunting their superior enlightenment, and of asserting that knowledge will in time adjust all relations, correct all social defects and bring society to a state of comparative perfection. The fact that the best minds and hearts are puzzled and pained by the unsatisfactory condition of woman, is proof enough that there is something to be remedied. But it is significant that this state of things is confined to Protestant and infidel societies.

It is embodied, not only in their philosophical treatises, but it is the burden of their poetry. The two leading English poets, Tennyson and Browning, have sung this in their longest and most elaborate poems. The "Princess," by the former, professes to give a solution; but it is certainly a hard one. The exquisite rhythm conveys pictures of marvelous beauty; songs scattered here and there arrest one by the way, and when we reach the conclusion of the matter, it amounts to about this: "She must trust to man;" and hints of a more perfect future. Mrs. Browning, in "Aurora Leigh," goes over many social evils; this, however, most

prominently; and she, in conclusion, simply prophesies the coming Era, with more of hope and exaltation than her brother poet.

Woman has been trusting man a long time, with very poor results; if both would trust God and His Church there would be an end to this portion of our literature and the cause of it. Outside of an authoritative revelation, unsheltered by the Church, what *rights* has woman? In a sordid materialistic age "might makes right," and power physical or mental will be the gauge of individuals and nations. "But," says the hopeful reformer, "knowledge and culture will yet so elevate the people that woman will be placed on the high pedestal of sentiment and religion; and become what her Creator intended her to be, the ideal and spiritual element of the world." Alas! for the vain hopes of these reformers; the history of the past shows us that learning and culture, and even Art in its highest manifestations of beauty, never ameliorated essentially the condition of woman.

We shrink from wading through the profligate annals of Greece and Rome, or in later times, the infidel societies of our European capitals. In her best estate she was but a toy, a luxury or an ornament—never the Christian wife and mother, or consecrated maiden. Where was she the intelligent companion, save in those rare instances where transcendent genius raised her from the surrounding gloom to an unenviable notoriety? It is not necessary to go over, even in the most cursory manner, what Christianity has done for woman; whatever rights she now enjoys are her Christian heritage. In the so much belabored dark ages, woman under the aegis of the Church, occupied positions now unknown amid the boasted liberty of our modern world. Who has not heard of the beautiful Renée, daughter of Louis XII and Duchess of Ferrara? She was well versed in Mathematics, and conversed with ease upon the profoundest topics of Philosophy and Divinity.

The University of Bologna was specially famous for its schools of Law and Medicine. It had from eight to ten thousand students. It was also celebrated for its magnificent collection in natural history and its school in painting. But the University of Bologna has acquired a yet greater distinction from the large number of its Female Professors: Novella d'Andrea, daughter of the celebrated Canonist, frequently occupied her father's chair; Laura Bassi, in more recent times, was Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. She had conferred upon her the Doctorate of Laws, and her lectures were frequently attended by many learned ladies of France and Germany. Madonna Manzolina, a still more singular instance was celebrated for her attainments in Surgery; the Greek chair was filled by Matilda Tambroni, who preceded the extraordinary Mezzofanti, the greatest linguist in the world; Vittoria Colonna was the friend and inspirer of Michael Angelo; Olympia Morata could read the Greek language at an early age, and composed graceful poems in that classic tongue. She was also well versed in Philosophy

and Theology, declaimed in Latin, and wrote odes in Greek. At the age of sixteen she had attained such celebrity that she was requested to assume the professional habit, and actually delivered lectures in the Academy at Ferrara. Here are but a few names, well known and prominent, belonging to Italy, the nursery of the Church.

In what first class University have Protestants any Female Professors? But recently much excitement was created in England, because of the admission of a lady to the profession of an apothecary, in London. In Catholic France, women find employment to a greater extent than in any other country, as artists, designers, and as proprietors in all sorts of commercial and industrial establishments. Now, it is not a question, whether it is *best* for woman to do these things; but these instances have been recounted in order to show that the Church never repressed the intellectual or industrial energies of woman.

This rather long preface has been called forth as a general criticism upon the work whose name heads this article. It is a large work, and gives evidence of careful reading and much thought, and is the product of a life-long reform. The organic argument she has quite exhausted. She starts out from the physiologic axiom that "superiority consists in a greater variety of organs and a higher complexity of nervous power." This is easily demonstrated from Science, and requires no argument. She then advances the esthetic and historic proofs of the spiritual superiority of woman. In her wide survey of all the influences for good or evil, bearing upon the well being of woman, she has completely ignored the Christian Church. This is either the learned ignorance so common upon this subject, or a systematic hostility beyond the hope of enlightenment. Points of Theology she dismisses with a sneer, and rests the whole of her appeal upon a purely natural basis. It is, however, singular that it never once occurred to her that the high position she claims for woman as the ideal and religious element of society, never was, and never will be found outside of Christianity. The broad generalizations she has made, with great faithfulness, from Science and Art, accord exactly with the position in which the Church places woman.

How full and satisfactory her work would have been if, after completing her analysis in the natural order, she had run the parallel and shown, as she could have done, how grace, to a certain point, corresponds with, completes and finally transcends nature. It is not surprising that cultivated minds, born and reared in dissent, should incessantly study this problem, which has no solution from their stand-point. No one can doubt that Mrs. Farnham has correctly read nature and drawn the right conclusion; but where is the authority to enforce it—and from what source the *influence* to make woman the ideal and spiritual element of the world? With the gift of Faith she would have found her ideal woman; that nature had incessantly hinted and prefigured, reaching her apotheosis of glory and dignity in the Church.

So far as any writer is true to the results of

Science, to the facts of history, to the symbolism of Art, he but erects the scaffold that nature always prepares to uphold the lofty superstructure of grace. To the thoughtful mind this book can do no harm, but rather a negative good; so far as the natural order is concerned, the conclusions are legitimately drawn. But, instead of looking forward for the true era of woman, let them recognize it in the person of the Blessed Virgin. There is the fountain-head, the ideal enshrined for all ages.

Revolving around Mary, the central sun, the pathway of the Church is luminous with the glory of the Saints. Amid that army of martyrs, among that galaxy of Saints, you will find the perfection of womanhood; characters combining the firmness of the stoic with childlike innocence and candor, all aglow with the passionate *love* of a Seraphim. If a tree is known by its fruits, a religion by those it has wrought and formed—where, under what influence of race, culture philosophic or artistic but above all religious, can you find one female character to compare with the least of these? This problem has long since been solved by a mightier than man; neither Science nor history, nor the subtle inspirations of Art have ever contradicted, or impaired in the slightest degree, the “era of woman supernaturally established” in the Immaculate Conception of Mary.

SERAPHINE.

[Concluded.]

The maiden turned on the boy her gaze.
Ah! startling aspect of change and amaze!
She sees no boy, but a monarch tall,
In imperial purple, and diadem
Be-starred with the splendor of many a gem,
And radiant in beauty above them all!
Her lips sought to shriek, but gasped in vain;
She strove to pray, but could utter no word, [brain,
Save the thought of a prayer that chimed in her
Which belike the Queen of the Angels heard!
And now, with insidious wile he seeks
To woo and win her to be his bride;
Though never the tone of a sound he speaks,
For, to all in that palace the gift is denied.
But he urges the eloquent language of eyes,
And she in the same must make replies!
He tells her the vastness of his domains, [plains,
The peaks of their mountains, the pride of their
Over how many realms of the land he reigns,
Over how many kingdoms under the sea;
And proffers that all these riches shall be
Her dower forever—if only she
Will remain with him, and her purpose resign
To visit the place of the holiest shrine!
But failing in every device of his skill,
To warp her wishes unto his will,
He calls with his eyes to a lady fine,
Who quits her march in the brilliant line,
And brings him a beaker of crimson wine,
Beaded with bubbles that sing like flame,
But in brightness all earthly fires eclipse;
And then, oh! deed of sorrow and shame!
He raises the wine to the maiden's lips!
She feels that she quivers on the brink

Of the Gulf; yet cannot refuse to drink!
For though his power may not bend her mind,
Her bodily acts to the spell are resigned;
She is his to command
By the burning hand,
And though she may strive, she cannot withstand!
So in mute despair
She prays her last prayer,
And looks for the doom that awaits her there!
Suddenly a hand from the ceiling slides,
Though no arm or body behind it glides—
A beautiful hand, so frail and so fair,
It seems but a shadow of shining air!
See! the hand holds a ring with a ruby boss
Curiously carved with a double cross!
How gently it glides with its jewel of red,
Till it hovers just over the maiden's head;
Then swift as a sunbeam, the ring with its sign
Drops down in the beaker of beaded wine!
The spell is no more!—And the palace proud
Flits away in the form of a flying cloud,
As if it were made of moon-mist alone!
And every shape in the spectral crowd
Of kings and queens that so gaudily shone
With the semblance of life, but an instant ago,
Appears but a white wisp of vapor blown
On the wind, as it utters its nightly moan
To the jackal's wail in the waste below!
A Christian knight that traveled that way,
On the following morn at the break of day,
Found the maiden swooning alone on the sand—
On the desert sand of Arabia's land!
When roused from her trance, she told him her tale,
Which caused, I trow, even his brow to pale;
Since there were signs to confirm what she said,
For about her lay strewed the bones of the dead!
And when first beheld lying low on the sand,
Her chill hand was clasped by a skeleton's hand!
By a skeleton's jeweled hand whose stones
Were rich as the gems that flash round thrones!
While on her own finger the ruby ring
Seemed to glitter and glow like a living thing;
And beneath the rim of its beaming boss
So curiously carved with the double cross,
There were tokens in hieroglyph and sign
To tell it had been at the holiest shrine!
But whence came that wilderness of bones,
With the showered sheen of its costly stones?
Perchance some gayly be-jeweled throng,
The pilgrims of pride to Mahomet's tomb,
In the day of their revelry and song,
Had been stricken there by the dread simoom!
It boots not to show how the knight and the maid,
Still leaning on the Queen of the Angels for aid,
Pursued their journey to the holiest shrine;
Nor yet, how enlightened by visions divine,
The sinless nuns had learned her story;
And raised her at once, the meek Seraphine,
To the unsought hight of Christian glory,
As a saintly abbess in Palestine!
Nor may I tell how for fifty years,
She soothed earth's mourners, and dried their tears,
By calling them to bliss in the brighter spheres!
But this, it may profit much to show,
That through all her days of weal and woe,

She ever still, at least once in the year,
 With many a moan, and many a tear,
 The claws of that iron scourge would apply
 To her bosom, until it was tinged with the dye
 Of her veins; thus praying the Lord for the sin
 Of a mother, and the angels to let her in!
 Did they hear? Ah! these secrets of death are so deep!
 And the doom of the living is to wait and weep!
 But yet, by a hoary legend, 'tis said,
 That when the saint lay on her dying bed,
 A halo from Heaven hung over her head;
 And she felt that the soul of her mother was there,
 Shining by with the bevy of angels fair
 In the rays of the glory that rained round her hair!
 And she whispered the words with her latest breath,
 In a pean of victory defiant of death,—
 "I knew it! I knew it! O mother dear,
 That the Queen of the Angels at last would hear!"

CONCLUSION.

"Ah, age of superstition fell!"
 Methinks I hear the critic sneer;
 "Ah age, when man made earth a hell
 Haunted with fiends of his own fear!
 When the baleful bell, with its moaning knell,
 Caused pleasure to seem the only sin,
 And pain the pathway to the skies—
 Whose portals none might hope to win,
 Save the fools that walked with hooded eyes,
 In the leading-strings of priestly lies!
 Thank science, that we are wiser now;
 For, we found our faith alone in sight,
 And scorn to stoop the radiant brow
 To phantoms which elude the light—
 The bodiless brood of a monkish night!
 The worship of the day is quite
 The synonyme for a sensual ease;
 And the golden rule of modern right
 Is to do what the natural passions please:
 Since God would never have given us these,
 Unless with the purpose to employ
 Them in their functions fraught with joy.
 Is not such a creed far more divine
 Than that which bids us pale and pine?"
 Surely—if man is but a swine
 That liveth alone to love and dine,
 Imprisoned in the sty of sense
 With a mesh of atonies so dark and dense,
 That he hath no power to pierce his fence,
 Or catch one beam of the lights that lie
 Beyond the sweep of a carnal eye.
 But if there be a brighter sphere,
 Where souls survive when bodies die;
 Perchance the sweets we relish here,
 To the nerves of sense so passing dear,
 May unfit the wings of the soul to fly
 In the purer airs of the upper sky!

THE DISCREET DOG.—An infidel, in a large company of ladies and gentlemen, expressed his surprise that he was the only one present who was free from the popular superstition of believing in God. The lady of the house answered: "Pardon me, sir, you are not entirely alone; my little dog there does not believe any more than you do, but he has the good sense not to tell any body."—*Almanac of the Ave Maria.*

THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST; Or, The New Month of Mary.

CHAPTER VI.

Personages of the Old Testament that have typified Mary and the Priest.

The heroines of Israel form for Mary a brilliant crown, which would seem to us to detract somewhat from her glory, if we neglect to mention them all. We will, then, gather together these scattered lineaments of the beauty of our Mother, and see in the light of faith how they are reflected over the grand figure of the Priest in his virtues and in his mission.

As is known, Moses, the leader of Israel into the promised land, is the image of the Son of God descended from Heaven in order to place Himself at the head of nations and conduct them into His celestial country, the land promised to virtue.

Consequently, we should not be surprised that the mother of Moses recalls to mind the Mother of Jesus, and that certain details of the one may with propriety be applied to the other. There is one circumstance especially which so fittingly interweaves itself with the existence of Mary that it seems to reveal a preconceived design of Eternal Wisdom. Moses, cast upon the Nile, floated at the will of the winds, when the daughter of Pharaoh, having come to the river to bathe, perceived the precious basket and sent one of her maids to take it and carry it to her. On seeing the infant within it crying, she took compassion on it, and said: "This is one of the babes of the Hebrews." Then the child's sister, who, afar off, took notice of what was taking place, approached and said: "Shall I go, and call to thee a Hebrew woman, to nurse the babe?" She answered: Go. The maid went, and called her mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said to her: *Take this child, and nurse him for me: I will give thee thy wages.* The woman took, and nursed the child: and when he was grown up, she delivered him to Pharaoh's daughter." (Ex. ii.)

Nearly all the commentators have seen in all this an image of that which was to be effected mystically in the Incarnation of the Saviour of the world. According to some, the daughter of Pharaoh was the figure of the Eternal delivering His Son to Mary, and saying to her: "Take this child, and nurse him for Me; I will give thee thy wages." According to some others, she typified the human race; all agree upon one point, namely, that Mary did not conceive, and give birth to Jesus, and nourish Him for herself.

And, in fact, when we examine this fact of the Incarnation of the Word, when we search into the purpose of this divine event, good sense as well as theologic reason and the authority of the Scriptures teach us that God had another intention than that of honoring a simple woman. It is for Himself that He did it; it is His own glory He sought. *Omnia propter se operatus est Deus.* But it is also for others, IMMEDIATELY FOR OTHERS, finally for *Himself*. The deplorable situation of Israel, at the birth of Mary, was only a feeble image of the degradation of the human race at the birth of Jesus Christ, and in the same manner as the daughter of Pharaoh, in saying to the mother of Moses:

"Nurse this child for me," prepared the liberator of Israel, so the Holy Trinity, in addressing the same words to Mary, prepared the Liberator of the human race. Saint Paul, and after him the whole Church, has proclaimed this truth divine: *Semetipsum exinanivit, pro nobis formam servi accipiens.* (He debased Himself for us, taking the form of a servant.) (Philip. ii, 7.) "If He had not been man," says Saint Augustin, "man would not have been delivered, *Sed si ille non esset homo non liberaretur homo.*" (Sup. Psalm. iii, 7.) It is, then, for us that Christ was born, that He lived, that He died; it is for us that the Virgin nurtured Him, *nutri mihi* (nurse for me), and it will be, even to the consummation of ages, the subject of hymns of grateful acknowledgment which all humanity entire will chant forever to the Mother divine and her Divine Son.

Substituting now for the name of Mary the name of the Priest, the difference of persons by no means alters the truth of the words and the identity of the relations; for every Priest is placed among men and appointed for men in the things that appertain to God, that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins; that he may have compassion on them who are ignorant, and err: because he himself also is encompassed with infirmity. (To the Hebrews, v, 1, 2.) When, then, at the day of his ordination, he receives, as Mary at the day of her annunciation, the commission to conceive God and bring Him forth in souls, it is not for himself, but indeed for others that he is elevated to the sacerdotal dignity, *pro hominibus constituitur* (he is appointed for men.)

And, in truth, what is the life of the Priest? A perpetual act of abnegation. From the moment that he crosses the steps of the sanctuary, he no longer is for himself, he is all for God and for His people. If he prays, he prays for His people: *parce, Domine, parce populo tuo!* (Spare, O Lord, spare Thy people!) if he celebrates the Holy Sacrifice, it is for the people: *ut offerat dona et sacrificia pro peccatis* (that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins;) if he administers the sacraments, it is always for the people. At every hour of the day or of the night, when any one comes to find or call him, he is to be able to respond with the Prophet: *Paratum cor meum.* (Lord, my heart is in readiness.) That Priest errs very much who should believe that he has been elevated from the dust of the earth to the almost unapproachable summit of the Priesthood in order to enjoy his own glory, and to contemplate himself in his splendor; who should accept the divine fecundity that he alone may profit by its fruit. God, the Church, the poor, the ignorant, entire nature, cry out from every direction to him: "*Nutri mihi* (Nurse for me.) Take this child, and nurse him for us. Take Christ Jesus, not that you alone may enjoy His caresses and the glory that there is in carrying Him in your hands, but to deliver Him to us, to communicate His grace to us, to ingraft His life into ours and to deliver us from sin." O Priest! reflect upon this personification of Mary, in the mother of Moses. She is also for you an image of your grandeur,

but still more the remembrancer of a grand duty: *Tolle et lege* (Take and read.)

Abigail, so highly extolled in the Bible for her wisdom, her prudence and her tender-heartedness, is also a type of the Mother of God. In fact, David in his indignation, threatening to destroy "the fool" Nabal (1 Kings xxv, 25) [the name Nabal in Hebrew signifies a fool], this prudent and wise woman applied herself to appeasing the king, and was so successful that David said: "Blessed be thy speech; and blessed be thou, who hast kept me to-day from coming to blood." Nabal, says Saint Bonaventure, represents the sinner. He is called *fool*, precisely because he is the emblem of those who sin, according to this expression: *Stultorum numerus infinitus est*—The number of fools is infinite. David irritated represents the Lord detesting crime, and Abigail typifies the sweet and indulgent Virgin interposing herself close by her Son, in order to stay His arm ready to strike.

This quality of mediatrix is so far the characteristic of Mary that, in her anticipated and figurative history, it seems to occupy the principal rank; for none of her prerogatives, natural or supernatural, has had emblems or personifications so multiplied. Saint Bonaventure discerned her in Abigail; Albert the Great finds her in the woman of Thecua, who went to ask David to protect her son against the people, and to pardon the people: "They seek to quench my spark which is left, said she," and the king said to her: "As the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of thy son fall to the earth." (2 Kings xxiv.) The same Doctor finds her also in Resfa.

This intrepid mother having seen her sons crucified by the Gibeonites, with the prohibition of burying them, took hair-cloth, and spread it under her upon a rock at the side of their dead bodies, till water dropped upon them out of Heaven; and suffered neither the birds to tear them by day, nor the beasts by night. (2 Kings xxi.) Touched by the fond love of Resfa, David concluded by granting burial to the dead.

How is it possible not to perceive Mary in these tender and devoted mothers? Placed on the steps of the throne of the Great King, she does not cease from interceding by her tears and sobs in favor of the guilty, and from exercising an agreeable coercion over the heart of her Son. Sinners are the dead bodies which God, in His anger, seemingly wishes to deprive of sepulture. But Mary is there, keeping sentry in order to prevent the infernal vulture from making them his prey—that is to say, that she raises them up to divine Mercy; and, by means of supplication, overcomes justice by the constancy of her compassionate prayer. She obtains not only an honorable sepulture for her unfortunate children, but also resurrection, a full life, an exuberant life which glorifies God anew.

After Jacuit, after Resfa, all the women of the Bible who had a name or a particular mission, as Abisag, the Shunammite, Bersabee, the mother of Solomon, Judith, Esther, foreshadowed to nations the exceeding great gift that God would one day bestow upon men in giving to them as a Mother her who called Him her Son. Therefore, we can

say of the Virgin that which Saint Paul said of Christ: "Virgin yesterday, Virgin to-day, Virgin for ever and ever." For this mission which the august Mary fulfilled during her terrestrial existence, and which she still continues from Heaven above by her sweet influence, she continues to visibly exercise upon earth through the ministration of the Priest.

The Priest is created exclusively for man, *pro hominibus constituitur* (he is appointed for man.) He weeps between the vestibule and the altar for so many souls which are lost; he weeps in order to appease the anger of Heaven and obtain for his spiritual children a holy death, an honorable burial; and by his supplications and sobs he often disarms justice, he brings back to the banquet of life divine the unfortunate wrecked in the foot-path of death.

Therefore it is with good reason that the Christian family hails him with the salutation "triumpher," and recognizes what Israel addressed to her heroines, and the entire earth addresses to Mary: "You are the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, the honor of our people." (Albert the Great concerning Judith.) (To be continued.)

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 12.—The Original Stain.

The same curious gaze followed the procession as it emerged from the church, and the populace escorted the newly married couple as far as the house of Ocimon. Whilst the guests entered and took their places at the banquet prepared for them, slaves moved about through the crowd, distributing small pieces of coin. They were not long emptying their bags. Some of the men, to whom they refused to give any thing, snatched the bags from them and pillaged them amid shouts of laughter. Nevertheless, the slaves continued to proclaim to the people that Lord Ocimon had prepared in his gardens a great feast, and that he invited the poor to partake of it. They did not fail to do this. They made haste to the entrance of the gardens and besieged the gates, clamoring for them to be opened. When they were opened, the throng precipitated themselves in with the impatience of hunger, pushing against and falling over each other in their hurry to be the first.

Four ranges of tables were set out, covered with viands of every description, on a broad spreading lawn, between wooden benches. All the places were occupied instantly. Then the slaves shut the gates, in spite of the murmurs spreading on all sides.

"See how mean that is," said the poor people, "to be invited to supper, and then sent away fasting. We ought to have known that nothing good could come of it. Such folks are only made to increase the misfortune of others. Let us burst the door and rush in, that it may not be said we were promised a good supper and disappointed."

The proposal was agreeable to the prevailing spirit. Some of the men pressed their shoulders against the gates and burst them open. Another

inroad of famished people flooded the garden. They seized upon the tables and carried off the dishes placed upon them; those sitting at them, who had already begun to eat, seeing their food carried away, rose with fury and repulsed the new-comers. Injuries and insults led to blows, and a tumultuous and sanguinary conflict ensued.

The slaves, powerless to maintain order, ran to tell their master. He left the banquet hall, and descended into the garden. The sight of him did not disarm their fury. He strove to obtain a hearing. They would not listen to him; but some of the women approached him with menacing cries and gestures. He recoiled, and could only order his servants to tell what was passing to the mayor of the city, and summon the soldiers.

"Get out," cried a beggar woman, "old crocodile. We know how thou becomest rich. But wait awhile. Stolen money brings no profit. Thou wilt live long enough to vomit forth what thou hast gorged, and return to thy former misery."

Three months, or thereabouts, after the marriage of his daughter, Ocimon, one fine morning, came to his son-in-law, and said:

"Well, Ulysses, have you begun to become accustomed to domestic life? Bachelor habits, of course, must be broken through a little, but the change is generally for the better. When you are tired of your life of ease, you may come down with me and look at my warehouses."

"I shall never be tired," answered Ulysses, "in the company of my dear Anthemis; still, if I can be of any service to you, she will allow me, I hope, to place myself at your disposal."

"Yes; come down with me as far as the port. It will make a little variety for you, and it is advisable, in case any thing should happen to me, that you should know what your property will be. Anthemis, I take your husband from you, but I will bring him back at the dinner-hour."

They took their departure.

Ocimon went first to his warehouses, cast a glance over them, settled some business which his slaves were not competent to manage, gave a few orders, and then left with his son-in-law.

"You see," resumed he, "that I take my occupation easy; I come down here once or twice a day, and then I need not trouble myself further. I have very intelligent slaves to supply my place. I have had some difficulty in training them, but at last I have succeeded. They are more capable, each in his own office, of conducting my affairs, than I am myself. I am none the less watchful over them, however. It is never good to put absolute confidence in any one, without taking care of the use he makes of it, because it is only tempting him to abuse it. While they are watched, their fidelity may be counted upon. A little application is necessary in the beginning, but when their habits are formed, it is well repaid."

"Is there no one among all these slaves in whom you can trust implicitly?"

"No; the heart of man is a profound abyss: it is impossible to penetrate its depths; I have seen nothing distinctly there as yet except selfishness: perhaps there are other sentiments, but

this is the most lively and powerful, and all others are in subjection to it."

"There are, however, honorable men, who sacrifice their interests to honesty."

"I do not deny it; but I think, rare as they are, that even in these probity is prompted by motives of self-interest."

"They say that virtue brings its own reward."

"They speak thus the more easily to deceive. Can you understand what recompense can be found in it? No, honesty is a bad speculation, and cunning is far more lucrative. When one is rich already, as we are, business is no more than a distraction and a pastime, and then only have we the means to be honest; until this is arrived at, I do not say that every man is a knave, but I say it is very difficult not to be one."

They arrived at the port. The noise, the constant motion, the tumult which reigned on all sides, interrupted their conversation. Ocimon led the way to a place where two ships were moored, of which one, ready to start, was only waiting for a favorable wind to set sail, and the other, having arrived only the evening before, was still laden with her merchandise. Ocimon showed Ulysses over it, told him the country from which each article came, and the profits expected from it. He painted to him the operations of commerce in the most attractive colors, in the hope of inspiring him with a taste for it.

On arriving at home again, Ocimon continued:

"See, my business day is finished. I am but little fatigued, and still I shall dine with the best of appetites. If I had not this work to do, the time would appear horribly long to me. There are no days so sad to me as days of festival. I feel listless, lassitude falls upon me, my existence is incomplete, and I am only half alive."

"In fact, your activity has not its ordinary aliment."

"Yes; commerce has a peculiar charm, which captivates you and becomes a passion. I could have given it up—I have for a long time been able to retire and take my ease, but I cannot be happy in idleness. And, in a certain point of view, there is a striking grandeur and majesty about commerce."

"I have always regarded it, on the contrary, as the opposite of poetic, in any sense."

"The commerce of the shop, where you must drive a hard bargain with every haggler, indeed is so. But what is my occupation? I convey to every nation the riches it requires; to those of the north, I bring the fruits of the south; to those of the desert, the products of fertile shores; to savage tribes, the works of art and civilization. Thus I unite countries the most remote, and everywhere upon my steps follow benefits, which I spread without neglecting my own interests, and without forgetting to levy upon the wealth that passes through my hands a tribute that makes me the richest citizen of Alexandria."

"We are envied a little."

"Doubtless. Success always attracts envy. The prosperity which has attended on all my speculations has given umbrage to my fellow-citizens. But I am none the less above them."

Ulysses allowed himself thus to be amused by his father-in-law several times. He was not sorry for a little change, and to have a legitimate pretext for leaving his wife. Draco, his father, was ever a victim to melancholy, and his company was not very attractive. Ocimon made himself young again for Ulysses, entered into all his views, flattered him, obtained his confidence, and took every means to gain his object. He accustomed him to manage the warehouses so well, that very soon he contented himself with accompanying him, letting him decide matters and give orders as if the whole belonged to him already. Ulysses was at first flattered with the authority given him. He took such a taste for business that he wished the house to be committed to his sole charge, before Ocimon even made him the offer.

Draco, when he was made acquainted with his son's intention, did not like it. He foresaw all sorts of misfortunes.

"You are tired of being rich," said he often to his son. "I see the truth of what has been foretold me: What I have heaped up with so much trouble, you will scatter, and with the same trouble."

"But," put in Ocimon, "how do you imagine he will scatter our wealth? He does not enter a strange house, to try his chance of success. I know what my commerce produces. I have proved it by the experience of twenty years. I am sure that with his intelligence and the activity of youth, he will double the profits, and it is impossible for him to suffer loss."

"Impossible for another. You will see what he will lose."

"At the worst, he will make little if he be negligent. But he is too interested not to give his whole mind to it."

"Neither application nor talent will avail against an evil destiny. I predict it. We shall see him fall into indigence."

"Would you make me believe that my son-in-law is cursed?"

"It is not he who is cursed."

"Who then? I do not think that I am."

"Nor I either; but there is a curse upon our gold."

"Wherefore? We have earned it; it is our own."

"We have earned it! How? In honestly selling merchandises at their legitimate value? We should not, then, have both become so rich. We made it by speculating on the necessities, the caprices, the taste of our purchasers. We made it by circumventing and cheating all that we could. And money earned in this manner cannot be blest. I remembered this too late."

"What we have done is perfectly allowable in commerce, and my conscience is quite easy in that respect."

"Mine would be if I had undergone the expiation. But since I am running no risk, the vengeance will fall upon my son."

"Do not fear. I will answer for all."

The apprehensions of Draco made little impression, because it was known that his disease had filled his mind with melancholy images. Excited and encouraged by his father-in-law, Ulysses

braved these sad forebodings, and allowed himself to be placed at the head of affairs.

"Be honest, at least," said Draco. "Do not follow my example; you are rich enough, do not stoop to meanness to become richer."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Weekly Chronicle.

Increase in Seminarians—Interview of French Soldiers with Pius IX—Mgr. Ségur's Letter.

In a late circular from the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, we learn that the number of candidates for the holy ministry in the Archdiocese of Baltimore, has nearly doubled within the last year. Saint Charles' contains forty-five seminarians, and eighteen are pursuing their studies at Saint Sulpice, Paris.

Recently, six soldiers of Vincennes and a corporal, who were to leave that very night, having seen Pius IX cross the hall, and call one of the guards, approached him. "Whence do you come, my children," said the Holy Father, interrupting his conversation with the Prelate in attendance.

The corporal in the name of all replied: "Holy Father, from the Department of Indre et Loire."

A moment's silence ensued: the Pope was no doubt thinking of the division of France into Dioceses. The corporal guessed it, and replied: "Chief city Tours."

"Tours! Well, my children, do you know the history of Saint Martin, whose feast the Church will celebrate in a few days?"

As the soldiers made no reply, the Holy Father continued: "Saint Martin was a soldier like yourselves. One day he met a poor man, and did for him what your noble country has done for me during sixteen years; he covered him with his own cloak. God rewarded his charity. Martin is honored throughout the Church, as no Sovereign will ever be here below.

Monsignor Ségur thus speaks of that excellent journal, *The Echo of Purgatory*, which we take pleasure in making known to our readers:

"REV. FATHER: Your excellent publication, *The Echo of Purgatory*, is a work of such pure, practical Christian charity, that I cannot refrain from congratulating you with all my heart. Several persons of my acquaintance have been much touched by it, and I shall be most happy to contribute to its extension.

"It would be well that those good little publications of true charity, of pure faith, of affective and effective Christianity, were known to all the souls devoted to the interests of God. Unfortunately there are too many *mediocre* books of piety which smother and conceal, as it were, good and excellent ones. Your *Echo of Purgatory*, rests on such an important basis, that I do not hesitate to place it among the latter. Whatever can recall the thought of eternity, of the judgments of God, the necessity of penance and sanctity; whatever is directly opposed to indifference, naturalism, sensuality, pride, egotism, is wonderfully adapted to the wants of the present age.

Now the single word *Purgatory* is a remedy to all these evils. Moreover, mercy toward those poor souls who expiate their faults before entering Heaven, according to Saint Francis of Sales, is the most perfect and best placed charity.

"I wish you, Rev. Father, all the success that a generous heart like yours, can desire for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

"Pray do not forget me at the foot of the altar, and believe me ever, in Jesus and Mary, your servant, most humbly and affectionately devoted."

"Paris, October 23rd, 1865, } L. DE SEGUR.
"Feast the Holy Redeemer." }

[A few copies of Father Felix's Sermon on Purgatory, still on hand at this office.]

Ave Maria from the Catholic Garden of our Land.

To the Angel of the Ave Maria.

Fair Angel! Earth hath waited thee,
And in thy holy name,
Bright with eternal fame,
Her sweetest hope through time shall be.
AVE MARIA! Wide and clear,
Publish the sound, so rich, so dear!

Just Angel! Nature all pervert
Breeds envy everywhere,
To blast whate'er is fair,
Whate'er is true to disconcert.
AVE MARIA! Angel just,
Show us where we may place our trust.

Pure Angel! Turgid is the lake,
Bitter the science cold,
Making young spirits old,
Where many seek their thirst to slake.
AVE MARIA! Angel pure,
Young souls from this dark pond allure.

O loving Angel! Hearts are dead;
We know not of the prize
Sent down to make us wise;
Sent down the joys of Heaven to shed.
AVE MARIA! Angel! teach
Our souls blest Mary's zeal to reach.

Strong Angel! Vice, with fiendish skill,
In ambush near our path,
Hiding his envious wrath,
Would make us creatures of his will.
AVE MARIA! Angel bright,
O welcome! Put the fiend to flight.

Angel of Faith! Speed on! speed on!
Joy, light is on thy wings,
Borne from celestial springs;
Proclaim the Pagan midnight gone
AVE MARIA! Land and sea
Shall thrill with thy grand melody!

Fair Angel! Earth hath waited thee,
And in thy holy name,
Bright with eternal fame,
Her sweetest hope through time shall be!
AVE MARIA! Wide and clear,
Publish the sound, so rich, so dear!

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

As Christmas is in such a special manner the festival of little children, we have taken the liberty of encroaching on the department of the Apostleship of Prayer, in order to give our children an extra story as a Christmas gift; but they must repay it by saying a Hail Mary on Christmas morning for the *conversion* of sinners.

And now a Merry Christmas, one and all. This day will bring you great blessings, dear children. On Christmas you learn that Jesus was once a little babe, and a little child like you; you no longer feel that God is too great to notice you; your hearts, I am sure, are full of love for the little Saviour, and you kneel before the Crib and look at Him, and feel sure He knows you and loves you. Look at Him well, dear children; note His sweet face, His hands and curly hair; then think that those clear eyes never looked cross or angry; those smiling lips never uttered an unbecoming or wicked word; those outstretched hands were never raised in anger. Then look at yourselves, and see the difference. You sometimes get cross and angry, and speak disrespectfully to your parents, and mockingly to your play-fellows. But now that the feast of the Divine Infant Jesus has come again, I think you will all make a resolution to be like your Holy Model, the Divine Child. He has given you His dear Mother to be your mother also; and while your good mothers on earth are providing so many beautiful Christmas gifts for you, your Mother in Heaven is showering down graces in abundance on all of you, sufficient to make you all saints.

Yes, Christmas is a glorious time for little children; every one is so kind, and they get so many nice presents, and mothers make *such nice cakes and mince pies*. And the church looks so beautiful, you like to be there. The snow lies on the ground, and you have fine fun snow-balling. There is no school—a long holiday, and nearly all play. But I am going to tell you about a little boy that had no mother to give him pretty presents and make him warm clothes. He had no home, no playthings, no bright fire to make him warm, no loving little brothers and sisters; yet he once possessed all these precious gifts.

Read this pretty story in verse, and let it teach you to be kind and generous to the poor,—particularly on Christmas Day,—in memory of your Infant King, born in a manger; strive to make one little shivering body warm, and one little sad heart happy:

The Christmas Tree---A German Legend.

'Twas on the night the Lord was born,

When, through the glad some town

A little stranger-child, forlorn,

Sad, wandered up and down.

At every house he stopped to gaze,

Where hung, with stars of light,

The Christmas Tree, that sent forth rays

Unutterably bright.

Then wept the child: "Alas for me!

To-night each little one

Will have his glittering Christmas Tree;

But I—poor I—have none.
I, too, have played 'round *such* at home,

With brothers, hand in hand;

But all deserted now I roam,

Here in this stranger-land.

Father nor mother have I now!

O Holy Infant, dear,

Unless Thou love me,—only Thou,

I am forgotten here.

O, Holy Mother, come to me,

For I am poor and lone;

'Tis Christmas night—O let me see

Thee and thy Blessed Son.

I'll die with cold, this night so bleak,

For closed is every door;

The tears are freezing on my cheek,—

My feet can move no more."

Then sank he on the icy ground,

Before the marble dome.

Within, while all breathed comfort round,

For him there was no home.

He rubbed his little hands, all blue

And stiffened with the cold;

And, shivering, closer round him drew

His garment's scanty fold.

When lo! with wand of wavy light,

And voice so heavenly sweet,

A Lady and a Child, in white,

Came gliding up the street.

"My child," the Lady kindly said,

Here at thy call I come;

Come, rest thy weary little head

In my bright heavenly home."

Then spoke the Child: "Jesus am I;

Once, too, a child like thee;

Tho' all forget and pass thee by,

Thou wilt be loved by Me.

Myself for thee, dear child, will raise

A Tree so full of light,

That those in yonder halls that blaze

Can never shine so bright."

He spoke,—and straight from earth to sky

A Tree before them sprung,

And stars in clustering radiancy

Amid its branches hung:

How near and yet how far it seemed!

How bathed in floods of light!

Entranced the child—and thought he dreamed,

So rapturous was the sight;

While hovering o'er him from above,

Angels sweet welcome smiled,

And gently stretched their arms in love

To embrace the lonely child.

They raised him from the icy ground,

Up thro' the shining space,

And now that blessed one has found,

With Christ his resting place.

And now my gentle little friend,

Whoever you may be,

A happy Christmas would you spend,

Beneath your laden tree?

A lone, deserted child, go find,

And seat him at your side,

To him be generous, loving, kind,

With him your sweets divide.

If you for little Jesus' love,

Will share your Christmas tree,

He'll plant a golden tree above,
Its fruits *all* yours will be.

The Pifferari.

[Concluded.]

"In the house where I resided while in Rome, little Carlos, the errand boy, never failed to light his two small wax tapers and place them at the foot of his dear Madonna, in the court-yard, around which our three Pifferari came regularly to sing their simple hymns.

"Although their music was not the most elaborate or finished, yet I dearly loved to listen to it, for it spoke to the soul and the heart. One of their most plaintive and tender hymns was as follows. I give you a faithful translation, although it loses all of its beauty when transferred from its sweet Italian tones:

"Sweet Virgin, daughter of Saint Anne,
Mother of our Infant King,
We come with band of angels,
To kneel at the Crib and sing.
Let us hasten to adore Him;
To the stable come one and all:
On the cold, rough straw He is lying,
With the ox and the ass in the stall.
In the holy night that approaches,
Immaculate Queen of the sky,
Be our advocate with Jesus,
Who came to us from on high.
We sing the praise of thine Infant,
His praises as best we may;
O bear them, Madonna, to Heaven
On this His natal day."

As Christmas approaches, the number of the shepherds increases so much that I was tempted to believe that the mountains about Rome were deserted, and the sheep left entirely to the care of the dogs. I met them everywhere, the very air echoed with the sounds of their Christmas hymns. But when Christmas Eve arrives, the mission of the Pifferari seems accomplished. The sound of their rural music is lost in the thousand other Christmas sounds and sights that meet the ear and eye at every turn.

Every street and every store is illuminated; Christmas presents are displayed in the most tempting style. You see them in the center of all the stores, arranged on graded steps or shelves, with the pretty Madonna crowning the whole. Ordinarily a single lamp burns before this statue, but this evening the Madonna is ornamented with flowers, and a thousand lights burn around her. It is in this manner that they love in Rome to offer the anticipated homage of Christmas to Mary.

Ah, my little niece and nephew, but your eyes would sparkle if you could see these wonderful Roman toy-shops, in Christmas week! But amid all the beautiful toys, one thing particularly attracts the attention of the little buying people, on this day, in Rome; they seem to disdain playthings and sugar candies, while they beg their nurses and parents for one especial Christmas gift, which they tenderly kiss as soon as they receive it, and joyfully carry it home in triumph. This precious object the little Roman boys and girls call *Præsepia*—quite as strange a name to your

American ears as Pifferari. Well, the *Præsepia* is a little waxen cradle-crib, where you see the little Infant Jesus resting on the straw.

"In Rome you can buy the *Præsepia* of every size, and for every price. The prettiest are covered with a glass globe, or inclosed in a glass box; beside the little Infant you see Mary and Joseph, and the ox and the ass, all beautifully made of wax. With these the Roman children ornament their rooms, sometimes the rooms of their parents; the cook buys a *Præsepia* and Natié, the little stable-boy manages to find a few cents to adorn his manger, and in every shop and store you will find that the owner has placed his *Præsepia* near his Madonna.

Every evening during the Christmas times the children assemble with their parents around their *Præsepia*, which is brilliantly lit up with wax candles; there they offer up their prayers in common and sing a Christmas hymn."

"O uncle," broke in little Nell, whose eyes had been sparkling for some time as I told them of the Roman children, "couldn't we get a *Præsepia* for Christmas?"

"Yes," interrupted Eddie in his turn, "and let us have a *Piffendary* too."

"Pifferari you mean, Eddie," I said; but how will you manage that?"

"Well, uncle, you can be the old shepherd." (It was evident Eddie meant no disparagement on my years, about which I confess I am a *little sensitive*.) "I'll be the middle-aged shepherd," here the youngster tip-toed to make himself taller, "and Nellie will be the shepherd-boy—the red streamers on her hat are just the thing; and I will get the straw hats we wore last summer, and mother will loop them up with ribbon for you and me, and I guess sisters Mary and Annie will lend us their cloaks; then we can get our Jemmy from the stable to come and light a candle before your statue of the Blessed Virgin, and wont it look fine when we all come in like the Pifferdees, and sing our Christmas hymn?"

I looked down at the little rogue, partly suspecting he was quizzing his bachelor uncle, for Eddie is full of mischief; but no, although his eyes danced merrily and joyously, and his voice was full of glee, yet it was with the simplicity and joy of childlike love of God, which the poet meant when he said: "Heaven is around us in our infancy," and then little Nell, clapping her hands, exclaimed, "Oh uncle, won't *that* be lovely?" I yielded to the influence of the youngsters, and quietly resolving to dispense with the toilette proposed by master Eddie, I replied:

"It is indeed a very good idea my children, so if you run down into the garden and gather those last bright chrysanthemums before they are carried off by Jack Frost, I will try and compose a Pifferari hymn."

"Have you almost finished your hymn, uncle?" came from my two bright little Pifferari, as they returned with the last rich-colored autumn flowers, "see, we are going to arrange our bouquets for the Blessed Virgin, and Jimmy says he'll come and light the candles just as soon as we are ready."

After a few bright suggestions from Eddie, we concluded that we would have our hymn and prayer as a daily preparation for Christmas, but in the mean time we must learn our hymn.

"Uncle," said Eddie, who is never at a loss for an idea, "wouldn't it be a good thing if you would write a piece for our Department in the AVE MARIA, and ask all the fathers and mothers of all the children, to buy them a—a—well, I mean a little Infant Jesus, in a little wax crib, with straw on it. Oh, I am sure it would please all the children better than toys, and it would make them all think, a great deal oftener than they do, about the dear Infant God, who was born in a poor stable for us."

"Yes," chimed in little Nellie, "and please ask all the fathers and mothers to let their little children be a—be a—oh you know, uncle, what I mean,—be shepherds, and sing Christmas hymns; and may be, if they have not got any hymns ready, you might send them a copy of ours."

As usual, I yielded to the children's wishes, and this accounts for my name being in the AVE MARIA. The little youngsters concluded to leave me alone while I wrote to the editor; but just as I got to this point, Eddie appeared at the door with another of his ideas.

"Uncle, would it not be better not to put those two big Roman names? because I don't believe the children will be able to pronounce them. Just call them the shepherds, and the crib of the Little Infant Jesus."

"Too late, my boy, too late; I have already written Pifferari and Presepia, and I think the printers of the AVE MARIA do not like erasures and corrections in the manuscripts they receive; so it will have to go, and these two words may be the first lesson in the beautiful Italian language for all the children who read it."

If they have not the Pifferari to sing for them, I trust they will use well their own sweet voices in singing the praises of the Infant, so that their hearts, filled with virtues and love of Jesus and His Mother, will be the Christmas gift they offer at the Crib, in return for the many they will receive, for our present we send them this little

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

With angelic singing the sky and air ringing,
The organ's sweet pealing most sweet joy imparts;
The church bells are chiming, the stars brightly shining,
And we come, Infant Jesus, to give Thee our hearts.

CHORUS.—Yes, sweet Infant Jesus! our dear Infant Jesus!
Our loved Infant Jesus, we give Thee our hearts!

While shepherds adoring and angels imploring,
We, little ones hasten, our tribute to bring
To Jesus so Holy, so meek and so lowly,
The sweet Son of Mary, our own Infant King! [Chorus.

O yes, lovely Stranger, in cold humble manger,
Thy sweet Holy Presence most sweet joy imparts!
We have come now before Thee, to love and adore Thee,
To give Thee our souls and to give Thee our hearts. [Chor.

The north winds are blowing, the midnight stars glowing,
The pale moon is shining in peace overhead;
The cold world is sleeping, while angels are keeping
With Mary and Joseph their watch round Thy bed. [Chor.

Round the crib each one lingers, to gaze on those fingers,
So tiny and weak, yet with power to bless;
We watch with devotion ev'ry look, smile and motion,
Our hearts long with fervor those hands to caress. [Chorus.

For Mary's our Mother and Thou art our Brother,
And the least little children Thou lovest to see;
While Mary's caressing, please give us Thy Blessing—
While kneeling, sweet Jesus, and singing to Thee. [Chor.

A Christmas Story.

Willie Taylor had just returned home for the Christmas holidays. The evening before, he had rushed into the comfortable room and nearly upset the tea-table in his eagerness to embrace his dear mother and sister Mary. The next morning was very stormy, and heavy showers of sleet and rain fell steadily upon the splashy streets. And notwithstanding Willie's delight to find himself once more at home, we are obliged to confess that this weather had some influence over him; for he had expected to have a glorious day for skating. Now, in such a rainy, sloppy time, he seemed to have nothing better to do than lounge from room to room, with his hands in his pockets, and to give occasional half-resigned, half-impatient glances out of the windows.

On one of these occasions his eye rested upon a mean-looking house, which had escaped, for a time, being pulled down to make way for its betters. It stood nearly opposite to a corner window, and Willie thought it was looking quite ashamed of itself in the presence of its grand neighbors. It seemed to have no business there, nor no fellow feeling with the grand buildings around it. Poor old house! Willie began to feel quite sorry for the old house; it looked so woe-begone; its roof was quite out of repair; the half-loosened boards rattled in the gust of wind that every now and then came sweeping round the corner. The rain poured down its front in two streams, for all the world as if the old house was crying. Poor old house!

Willie continued to gaze at it and wonder if it was true that it was really haunted, as he had sometimes heard. It looked so dark and dismal, he almost believed the stories must be true; when suddenly his attention was directed from it by the appearance of two ragged little boys who came along the street, with a hop, skip and a jump. They were laughing heartily, it must have been to keep themselves warm. They were so cold and hungry, they could not have laughed for any other reason. They were pretty little fellows, and could not have been more than six and eight years old.

As Willie kept watching the boys, where should they go but straight into the old house. No wonder Willie was astonished; how could such hearty laughter gain admittance there?

At this moment his sister Mary entered, and he hastened to ask her who lived in the old house. Mary did not know; they had so lately come, there had been no time to inquire. Willie declared he must find out, and he would send over old Joe to learn all about it. And the two young people began to talk, and got more and more interested as they talked;—but I will not tell you what they said, for it was a secret at that moment. I only know that their guardian angels smiled and gently shook their wings, diffusing a balmy odor, and that their Mother Mary looked down from Heaven and blessed her little children.

Willie ran down stairs to find Joe, who was busy making a fresh bed of straw for the horse in the stable.

"Joe," said Willie, "I want you to find out for me all about the family that lives in that old house round the corner. I am sure they must be very poor, and *nobody* should be poor at Christmas, Joe."

The old man understood all that was in the boy's heart; he was used to it; for he had seen the same in his father and grandfather.

Next morning, after breakfast, old Joe beckoned Willy out of the room; and Mary, thinking she would like to hear what he had to say, followed immediately. Joe told how, when his work was done the evening before, he thought he would take a look at the folks in the old house. The outside looked very dark and grim at first, because the moon was behind a cloud; but when it shone out again, and cast a ray of light on the building, it put him in mind of the smile with which the Blessed Virgin would regard an old grey-headed sinner who intended to reform; so he formed a good opinion of the old house and all its inmates.

He stopped at the threshold, as he fancied he heard low, wailing sounds, and then a soft gentle voice speaking words of comfort. As he listened, he could distinguish the words of a prayer he knew right well: "Remember, O most holy Mother, that no one ever applied to thee without obtaining relief!" Then he felt like an old friend, as he knocked at the door, which one of the little boys came and opened. When he went in, he found the father with a high fever, lying on a poor cot-bed, and the mother, with a little babe only a day old, lying on another poor bed. She had been teaching the two little boys their prayers when Joe knocked. She told him that they had been living in New York, where her husband and all the family fell sick. Five of the children died; and as her husband continued sick for more than a year, they were in great distress, when her brother wrote for them to come to Kansas, promising to help them; but when they got so far on their way, Dennis grew worse, and as she was also taken ill they were obliged to stop. The good Sisters, to whom they applied, had got them that house; but as she knew they had so many to care for, she did not like to tell them how very poor they were.

Joe saw it all at a glance; so he took them over plenty of wood and a good supper. So much for old Joe's report.

After much deliberation between the three, it was concluded that at an old clothes shop the boys might be rigged out for a small amount, and Willie could *afford it*, for he had saved his pocket-money, and was rich that Christmas, and they would send them some wood and some blankets.

All this while Mary was thinking that what they were doing gave them so much pleasure that it was no sacrifice, and she knew the Catholic religion was the religion of sacrifice, and that Jesus and His Blessed Mother teach us this lesson in an especial manner on Christmas night. Just then something came into her head. You must know that Mary had a very large doll, quite as large as a real baby, and she had supplied this doll with a most abundant wardrobe, for day and night, till her mother thought her rather foolish and extravagant; but, like a good and wise mother, she

waited her time for convincing Mary that her money and labor could be better applied.

Mary had some suspicions that her mother doubted the propriety of the attentions she lavished on her doll, but she was very fond of it—it was her pet, so she shut her eyes, or winked very hard not to see what her mother thought. Now everybody knows—that is, every Catholic—that there are certain seasons in which God sends down from Heaven more especial graces on His children than at others, and Christmas is, of course, one of the greatest; and our guardian angels, flying about, catch those graces and shed them over our souls, warming them up with the heavenly light of faith and the fire of charity.

Mary's guardian angel had not been idle; he whispered to her that the doll's clothes would keep that little baby in the old house so nice and warm. One moment, one moment only she hesitated, and then the sacrifice was made.

Some grown up young ladies may think it a very trifling sacrifice, but they will please remember the "long, long ago," when they played with dolls.

It was Christmas morning. Willie and Mary were waiting for their parents to accompany them to Mass. They were not speaking to each other, for their hearts were full of the Sacrament they were to receive, full of the thought that they were soon to be one with the Infant God, born on that day. They prayed the Blessed Virgin that she would herself give them her Son, by the hands of the priest.

When they entered the church they saw two little boys kneeling before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. They looked toward the brother and sister and smiled, then the youngest one approaching and pointing to the statue said, "She will reward you." They were the little children from the old house. They had come to thank the Infant Jesus and the Blessed Mother for all the good things they had received the day before, and when they saw their benefactors they asked their Mother in Heaven to bless them, and they knew that their prayers would be heard.

In a beautiful town in the State of New York, lived an old man whose life seemed very mysterious to all the inhabitants of the place. He was very poor, and afflicted with disease to such an extent that he could neither labor nor enjoy the ordinary pleasures of life. Yet he was always cheerful and never gave way to the slightest movement of impatience under his severe sufferings. Various conjectures were formed and expressed respecting its cause, but no one could guess the *real* one, till an acquaintance of his took the liberty to ask him one day, how it was that he was always so cheerful, notwithstanding his suffering. The old man replied: "When I was a child, my mother often told me how patiently our Blessed Lady bore her intense sufferings, and encouraged me to imitate her example. I tried to follow her advice, and by long exertion I have gained such command over myself in this respect, that I find no difficulty in receiving these little trials as coming from the loving hand of God.

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SAINT-WORSHIP. FAITH ARTICLE.

I have wished from first to last in these articles to show that the order of nature and the order of grace are both based on the same fundamental principles, and are in reality two distinct parts of one complete plan in the Divine decree, rather than two separate and unrelated orders. In my view, the order of Regeneration is the complement or completion of the order of generation, and hence I follow, for myself, the theological opinion that God would have become incarnate even if man had not sinned, though assuredly, in such case, He could not have come to suffer and die for man's redemption. But be this as it may, it is certain that the order of Regeneration is teleological and does complete the order of generation; and since man has actually sinned, grace can complete nature only by redeeming it, and redemption and regeneration are, in relation to the individual, simultaneous, whether really distinguishable or not.

Now we know by supernatural Revelation that God is three really distinct persons in one essence. The three persons are related to each other in the Divine Being operating *ad extra* as principle, medium, and end; the Father is principle, the Son is medium, and the Holy Ghost is end, and therefore proceeds from both the Father and the Son; from the Father as principle, and the Son as medium, and thus, so to speak, completes the Divine *pleroma*, or consummates *ad intra* the Divine Being.

God operating *ad extra* after His own idea, which is His essence, is one and indivisible, and therefore in all operations *ad extra* the three persons necessarily concur, but in diverse respects, the Father as principle, the Son as medium, the Holy Ghost as end or consummation. The Son or Word is the medium of creation, "and all things were made by Him, and without Him nothing was made that was made." As essentially God, He is the Creator; as distinctly Son, He is the medium of creation. Hence the Apostle says *by or through Him* all things were made. Our Lord Himself says the Father doeth nothing without Him.

We know, again, from Revelation, that in fullness of time, the Son as the medium of all the Divine operations, to complete the creative act and to raise man to union with God in Heaven, or to redeem fallen man and in doing it secure him a supernatural beatitude, assumed flesh in the womb of the Virgin Mary, took upon Him human nature, and raised it to be truly and in-

dissolubly the nature of God. As God incarnate becomes the Founder of the teleological order, or as Saint Paul calls it, "the new creation," but a creation having relation to the end or fulfillment of what is only initial and inchoate in Adam, in the first order, or the order of generation, there must subsist in this new order between the Incarnate Creator and the new creature, the same relation that I labored in my second article to show subsists between Him and the creature in the first or initial creation. From this we obtain a new ground for Saint-Worship, and may learn that Saint-Worship is the best safeguard against that form of naturalism which denies the Incarnation, and with it the whole order of grace, and man's supernatural destiny.

In the Incarnation God abases Himself to become man that man may become God. In it God takes upon Him our nature, and makes it His own nature. Since the Incarnation, human nature is the nature of God; not His Divine nature, but His human nature, yet as truly and as indissolubly His nature as the Divine nature itself. This is the mystery of the Incarnation—the mystery of God manifest in the flesh, which no created intellect can comprehend, and which, if I may so speak, exhausts the creative power of God, which infinite as it is can go no further. Hence as our nature is become the nature of God, the nature of the Founder of the new creation, the Saints are related to God, not only in the way explained, but also by identity of nature.

By the Incarnation, then, human nature becomes an object of supreme worship. As Christians we honor the Son as we honor the Father, the Son of Man as we honor the Son of God, for the Son of Man and the Son of God are henceforth one, and the same God is present in His Saints not only by His creative act, and by the gifts of His grace, but by identity of nature. They have a natural relation to Him. This nature, human nature itself, in the language of Pope Saint Leo Magnus, has been deified—*deificata*, and therefore in the order of Regeneration, I almost fear to write it, is to be worshiped as the nature of God. Tremendous thought! What meaning does it not give to the injunction: "Honor all men," and how forcibly it brings home to us the fact that "if any man says he loves God and hateth his brother, he is a liar and the truth is not in him!"

It is, however, human nature that is deified, not the individuals of the race. Individually it is hypostatically united to God only in the man

Christ Jesus Himself. As individuals, the Saints are Sons of God only by adoption, and while their nature is deificated and worshiped as the nature of God, and therefore with divine honors, they as individuals can be honored only with a relative or secondary worship, not as God, but as related to Him through His human nature, nevertheless, this relation itself deserves to be recognized and honored, in them as well as in Him.

The itinerary of the soul is from God as First Cause, through Regeneration in Christ, to glorification, or supernatural union with God as Final Cause. The Saints are those who by their concurrence with the gifts and graces of God have completed this journey, finished their course, and attained to their supreme beatitude, their crown of glory. They are united to God by identity of nature, by spiritual conformity, and the closest union possible, short of that of personal identity, and to refuse to recognize and honor it were a gross indignity to the Word made flesh, and to the whole principle of the new creation or order of Regeneration. The chief ground of our Saint-Worship, after all, is in the relation of the Saints in their nature to the nature of God, a relation initial indeed in all men, since human nature is one and the same in all, but consummated, completed, or perfected only in the Saints, who are individually conformed to and united with God and made "partakers of His divine nature," so that they are really, in a secondary or imitative sense, Christs, and Sons of God, as Christ is the Son of God.

It is now easy to understand the hyperdulia or superior worship which we render to Mary. It is not solely because through the gifts and graces of God her personal merits are greater, but because her relation to the human nature of God is closer and more intimate, and therefore entitled to a larger share in the honor we give and are required to give to that nature as assumed by the Word. It was from her that God took His human nature, and in doing so, since He took that nature to be His own nature, He raised her to the dignity of Mother of God. The closest relation save the hypostatic, possible, is that between mother and son, and therefore Mary by her natural relation to the human nature of God deserves a higher honor than any other Saint, and the highest below that given to God Himself. We, then, in our hyperdulia, on the strictest philosophical and theological principles, give Mary only the honor that is her due, and with our best efforts we cannot so highly honor her as God honors her.

Saint-Worship, the worship of the Saints in general and of our Lady in particular, being based on the Incarnation which is teleological, or effective in relation to man's final end or supernatural beatitude, has a real religious character, and differs from the civil worship of great men and heroes as the medium differs from the end. Being based on the Incarnation its practice tends to keep living and active in us the great fact of our religion,—“The Word was made flesh,” on which our redemption, our salvation, and all our hopes of final beatitude depend, and almost universally the neglect of Saint-Worship is followed by loss

of faith in the Incarnation. The sects that reject Saint-Worship, hardly in a single instance remain orthodox on this capital point of our faith.

THE NEW YEAR, 1866.

With the Feast of the Circumcision and of the Holy Name of Jesus, the Church opens the civil year; and by our devotion to His Blessed Mother we may all confidently hope to close it happily in His holy name and love.

At the commencement of the New Year, the prayer of the child naturally ascends for its parents; the friend prays for his friend, and the parent for his child; the pastor offers sacrifice to the Good Shepherd for the sheep confided to his care. And we also, at this auspicious epoch, renew our prayers and good wishes for you, our friends of the AVE MARIA. May your years be long and prosperous, blessed with the full enjoyment of that peace with which our Lord saluted His disciples: “Peace be with you,” ever and always; and may the love of our Mother be your daily shield.

For you, our zealous contributors, we offer our prayers in a special manner; may the Blessed Virgin inspire your lines and give unction to your words.

We are far from being ungrateful for the many encouraging letters we have received from every side. Thanks, a thousand thanks, dear readers, for the generous sympathy we have found in your devoted hearts. Thanks for your cheering missives; they were indeed a consolation at the commencement of a work which many feared could not succeed in our country. But we were confident that there was deep love for our Blessed Mother throughout our vast Republic, and although many learned and pious pens had written burning and eloquent pages upon the Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God, yet our heart told us that Christians would hail with delight an AVE MARIA entering their doors every Saturday evening. Your cordial welcome to our little messenger proves that we were not mistaken.

May we not hope for a continuation of your confidence in the AVE MARIA, and affection for it? We shall not spare ourself in the work we have begun; nevertheless we do not forget, nor do we wish you to forget, that of ourself we can do but very little toward realizing the object proposed: all its glory and success consists in its having been a thought from Heaven which found an echo in your hearts. Your cordial co-operation makes it your work; we are but the sentinel, placed to guard the “house of gold,” the laborer, cultivating the “inclosed garden,” whose fruits and flowers you distribute. The work of propagating this Messenger of Mary, this means of making God better known and served, is your own.

To the best of our feeble ability, we have been earnest and devoted in our labor of love; how far we have met the expectations of Mary's friends is for them to decide, not for us. We must be content with the consciousness of having done our best. To our heavenly Patroness we return the glory of our success, and if *she* is pleased with

our efforts we feel more than repaid for our little trouble.

We beg our readers to mark a conviction which grows daily stronger throughout Europe, viz: that devotion to Mary, the august Mother of God, is destined to have, in our own times, an unprecedented development. The signs of this blessed phenomenon are already manifest, we may say, all over the globe; and while strangers see them plain and unmistakable in this New World itself, it would not do for us to close our eyes to the clear evidence of a fact which we hail with unspeakable joy.

Before many years shall have rolled away, we venture to say, the same shall be, throughout our own beautiful land, *un fait accompli*, as undeniable as consoling to all, but especially to those who dared a few months ago to encourage us in an undertaking "so new in this country, and so far in advance of what many might believe to be the religious sentiment of our Catholic people." We shall ever remember with pleasure those who trusted us with their money, and most especially those who became Life Subscribers to a Journal "visibly destined soon to die away," according to the prevision of worldly wisdom; to their confidence and zeal we are greatly indebted. May they all live long enough to see the happy results of their generous exertions.

The destinies of the AVE MARIA are now in the hands of its readers. If they find it beneficial to themselves, if they believe it calculated to do some good in the cause of the Holy Mother of God, we beg of them, in the name of her we wish to praise and make known, to lend us a helping hand to place her Journal in every Catholic family.

To develop and strengthen the love of Mary in all hearts shall be the object of our unceasing efforts during the coming year. This devotion is undoubtedly one of the strongest hopes of this age, when the very earth seems parched and dried up by the fiery simoon of licentious doctrines. Let Mary be better known, and she will become the model of the family. The imitation of her purity will purify all ranks of society; her charity will become a barrier against the waves of egotism and selfishness, her humility will crush the pride that dares even to deny its Creator, and her blessed name, as a celestial incense, will dispel all the noxious fumes of earth.

Dear Readers of 1866, be zealous imitators of Mary's virtues, and propagators of love for the Mother of God, (the sure means of establishing the reign of her Son), and this new year will most assuredly draw upon you the choicest blessings of Heaven.

ANECDOTE OF BENEDICT XII.—Some wretched poetaster had published an ill-natured satire against the worthy Archbishop of Bologna, afterward Pope Benedict XII, who desired to see it, and read it with much attention. Without modifying, in the least, the insults intended for himself, he retouched many of the lines with his own hand, and then returned the piece to the author, with the remark: "I think that it will sell the better for these emendations."—*Ave Maria Almanac*.

SAINT THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

Of the four brilliant stars in the galaxy of saints, whose rays are lost in effulgent beams of the Christmas Sun, three are martyrs. The joys of the Nativity of our Lord mingle with the sorrows of the first martyr's triumph, and Saint Stephen shines by his bright name, signifying *crown*, in the very blaze of the Christmas beams. For his glorious confession of the faith, he has merited the post of honor next to the Crib of Bethlehem. Saint John, the beloved, follows; and as one is the type of martyrs, so is the other the type of virgins. The proto-martyr shines by the purple of his blood, and the adopted son of the Blessed Mother, by the dazzling whiteness of his virginity. And with the pure white shining lily of Saint John, twine the palms and vermillion roses of the martyred Innocents:

"First to die for Christ, sweet lambs,
At the altar ye,
Sport in your simplicity."

That charming group of lovely children form the court as it were of their Infant King, uniting their innocence to the strength of Saint John.

And these fair flowers of the martyrs pass on, to give place to another of the martyr band, whose name is not written in the book of the New Testament. This fourth guard at the Crib did not shed his blood for the faith at the tribunal of Pagan justice. He was immolated by Christian hands, a Catholic king pronounced his sentence; he was abandoned by his own brethren, and murdered in his own country. But he merited the palm of Stephen, because he was a martyr for the liberty of the Church.

It was in 1161 that Henry II, who wore the British crown, called to him his High Chancellor, Thomas à Becket, and told him that he should become Archbishop of Canterbury. The minister pointed to his rich worldly adornments, and in the pleasant tones of a privileged intimate, replied: "Truly has your Majesty selected a religious and saintly personage to preside over that Holy See and that community of monks, so famed for piety." Then, changing to a tone of prophetic solemnity: "But I know most certainly that should God permit it, you would speedily withdraw your favor, and that great affection that now exists between us, would, on your part, be changed to deadly hatred; for I know that you have already made encroachments upon the liberties of the Church, which I could not permit, and therefore the envious would seize occasion to transform our friendship into enmity." These were words of true heroism, than which none more heroic have ever been uttered. But the King refused belief to such forebodings, and in a few days Thomas received the archiepiscopal robes and was consecrated Archbishop. He had trembled before the heavy responsibility; but now he was fully resolved to fulfill its every obligation.

This event caused much excitement; and every one sought, in the antecedents of the Archbishop, a favorable or unfavorable presage of his future conduct. Animated groups collected in the streets of Canterbury. The old Saxons told of his birth,

and the wonderful circumstances attending it: how a citizen of London, named Gilbert Becket, had combated in Syria, under the standard of the Cross, and having been taken prisoner by the infidels, his virtue touched the heart of the daughter of the Emir to whom he had been sold; and when the valiant crusader had been finally ransomed by his Christian friends, the faithful Moorish maiden fled from her father's castle, and traversed the seas in search of baptism and a Christian spouse; how Providence had conducted her, not only to London but to the very house of the very one she loved; and how after being duly instructed in the mysteries of faith, she became his wife.

Another related the prophetic dreams of this valiant woman before the birth of Thomas, her only child. Another told of his ardent devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and as an evidence of this love and of his innocent youth, he related wonderful things of which he had been a witness, when they were youths together at the Universities of Oxford and Paris [We give in the Children's Department, the youth of Saint Thomas, a legend.] Another praised his administration, and the courage he had shown, in resisting the avarice of the monarch and the rapacity of the courtiers. Nevertheless, among the crowd there were many uneasy and misgiving hearts, who shared not in the hopes of their fellow-citizens; they had known Thomas in his public life as ardent, impetuous, a lover of pleasure and renown. These last knew nothing of the innocence of his morals, nor of the silent tears he shed, when his heart was suffocated under the insignia of riches and power; they knew not how deep was his love of holy purity, and his great devotion to the Mother of God and confidence in her.

They had only known him while Archdeacon, when he displayed an almost royal magnificence in his sumptuous palace, where he was surrounded by men-at-arms, and received the homage even of noble vassals. When ambassador at the court of Saint Denis, he astonished all statesmen by his extraordinary powers of mind. The people he equally dazzled by the sumptuousness of his retinue. His march through France had been like a triumphal pageant, and the people cried out: "What then must be the King of England, if his Chancellor travels in such state." What wonder then that those who saw but these exterior things grew sad and murmured, "How can a man of such tastes, and on whom the king has showered so many favors, resist the encroachments of his royal master upon the liberties of the Church."

But from the days of his consecration, Thomas laid aside his sumptuous apparel and retinue. He spent most of his time in the monastery of the Canons attached to his cathedral, engaged in plans for the good of his Diocese. There, in the silence of his cell and the obscurity of the night, he devoted himself to prayer and the reading of the Holy Scriptures. In this sublime gymnasium, the athlete of God prepared himself for the approaching combats, which from his knowledge of the

king, he knew *must come*. His exterior life, without betraying the secret of his austerity, was full of modesty. In his residence was no other magnificence than that of alms-deeds and hospitality. His Diocese was full of the poor, and for these he cherished a most tender affection. Every day, at the dawn of morning, he washed the feet of twelve poor men and served them at table. By his orders, daily food was given to over one hundred of the destitute. And his hidden charities far surpassed his public alms. Thus the favorite of kings, the wealthy and pleasure loving man was forgotten; and in his place was found the humble and strong priest, the intrepid defender of liberty.

It was during those days that Saint Thomas was favored with the visible presence of the Mother of God. One of his daily practices was the recital of three Hail Marys, in commemoration of her seven earthly joys. On one occasion, while engaged in this devotion, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and said: "Thomas, your devotion is most acceptable to me; but why do you call to mind only the joys which I had on earth? Henceforth remember those also which I now enjoy in Heaven; for every one who honors both of these, I will console, strengthen and present to my most dear Son at the hour of his death."

Saint Thomas felt his soul filled with marvelous exultation, and he cried out: "And how, sweetest Lady, can I do this, when I do not so much as know what these joys are?"

She answered: "Say daily seven times Hail Mary; first, because the Most Holy Trinity honors me above all creatures; secondly, because my virginity has elevated me above all the angels and saints; thirdly, because the great light of my glory illuminates the Heavens; fourthly, because all the blessed honor me as Mother of God; fifthly, because my Son grants me whatever I ask; sixthly, for the grace bestowed on earth, and the glory prepared in Heaven for my clients; lastly, on account of my accidental glory, which will go on increasing until the day of doom."

It was after this vision that, it is said, Saint Thomas composed a sequence, *Gaude flore virginali*, on these joys.

But the evil days were not long in coming. The courage with which he attacked the vices of the powerful nobility gave them offence, and the steadfastness which marked his resistance to every effort of King Henry to exercise the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, which he had usurped, drew upon him the anger of the crown. The holy primate protested against the royal use of vacant benefices, and declared that he would never consent to have his clergy tried before any but the proper ecclesiastical tribunal. The king's anger was roused to the utmost. Thomas was summoned to his presence, and at the pressing solicitation of a host of friends he made some slight concessions to the royal power.

As with an aching heart he turned his way homeward, after this semblance of sanction to the wishes of his king, he overheard his cross-bearer give vent in unmeasured terms, to grief and in-

dignation. His censures touched Thomas to the very heart; he burst into tears and lamentations; confessed the enormity of his guilt, and in expiation of his momentary weakness interdicted himself from approaching the altar, until he received letters from the Pope, absolving him from his fault and encouraging him to future fidelity, even unto death.

The anger of the king then broke forth afresh. He threatened the primate with death if he did not yield to his demands, and finding him inflexible, declared all his revenues and possessions confiscated to the crown. Thomas then left England, and after making a full statement to the Pope, who applauded all he had done, he retired to a Cistercian monastery, in France, where he passed his time in fervent application to prayer and mortification, preparing for the struggles which he felt were yet to come. Henry's anger against him knew no bounds, and he wreaked vengeance upon all his friends, banishing no less than four hundred of his relations, friends, and servants.

The king, feeling that he was opposed by one who was as firm as he was holy, threatened to destroy the Cistercian Order, in England, if the Abbot of Pontigny, in France, continued to allow the Archbishop a refuge in his monastery. To spare his friends, the Saint left the house, followed by the prayers of the weeping Community.

For a time the king of France protected him, but the hypocritical Henry won over by his fair speeches the French sovereign, who forsook the cause of the holy prelate, and even went so far as to accuse him of pride; but afterward, reflecting upon the matter, he saw the holiness of the actions of Saint Thomas, and threw himself at his feet to implore pardon for the wrong he had done him.

At last it seemed as if the heart of Henry was touched; he expressed a wish for a reconciliation, and invited our Saint to return to England; but Saint Thomas was not deceived by this appearance of sunshine: before leaving France he told the French monarch that he was going to England to die. The king replied that he feared as much, and begged him to remain with him; but Thomas answered that he must accomplish the will of God, and when an opening was made for him to return to his flock he must do it at any sacrifice. He sent the sentence of suspension and interdict which the Pope had pronounced against those who had violated the liberties of the Church in England, to that realm. On his own arrival, he was received by the people with exclamations of joy, and his journey to Canterbury was like a conqueror's triumph. But he was scarcely reinstated in his See, when those who had incurred the displeasure of the Sovereign Pontiff slandered him anew to the king, who several times cried out in anger: "Have I not one friend? Is there no one who will rid me of this troublesome prelate?"

Four knights, flatterers of the king, resolved to execute his wish. It was Christmas day, 1170, that the Saint preached his last sermon in the Cathedral of Canterbury. His text was: *And on earth peace to men of good will.* He then foretold

his death and took leave of his people, amid sobs of heart-rending sorrow.

On the 29th of December the assassins, followed by a crowd of desperadoes, like themselves, went to the saintly Archbishop and insolently demanded that he should absolve all who were interdicted, or pay for his refusal with his life. Thomas calmly told them that was impossible, since the power of doing so belonged not to him but to the Pope. They withdrew, and returned tumultuously, just as the Saint was preparing to sing Vespers in his cathedral. In loud tones they called out: "Where is the traitor? Where is the Archbishop?" Becket arose, saying: "Here am I, the Archbishop, but no traitor." Many crowded around him, beseeching him to fly; but he refused. As one of the assassins approached, with his drawn sword, he exclaimed: "What! Reginald? I have done thee many favors; and comest thou, armed, against me in the church?" Then he spoke aloud, saying that he was ready to die for justice and the liberty of God's Church, but forbade them to harm, in any way, his innocent clergy and people. Kneeling down, he added: "To God, to the Blessed Mary, to the holy patrons of the cathedral, and to the martyr Dionysius, I commend myself and the cause of the Church." He was answered by a furious blow, followed by a stroke from a second ruffian, which stretched him prostrate. The third laid open the skull; and the fourth, upbraided by the others for cowardice, struck the mangled head and shivered his sword against the pavement.

So died this holy victim, for the liberties of the Church! The great Bossuet, in a transport of love and admiration, exclaimed, eulogizing this heroism: "Never did a martyrdom so completely resemble a sacrifice!"

But it was in his tomb that the saintly Pontiff shone in his greatest splendor. Numberless miracles were daily wrought there, from the moment of his interment. The murderers fled in terror, and died most horrible deaths. Henry, surrounded by treason and treachery, mourned his crime, and went in penitential garb to offer expiation at the tomb of the saint. The miraculous victory that crowned his arms, at the instant he was rising from his penitential prayers; the wonders that continued to be wrought at the martyr's shrine; the piety that for ages heaped it with rich and grateful offerings, until it attracted the avaricious eye of that enemy of God and man, Henry VIII, whose minion, Cromwell, burned and scattered to the winds those relics which shall shine forever in the Kingdom of Heaven, are all well attested points in English history.

The name of Saint Thomas should be particularly dear to our hearts. He was in a special manner "freedom's champion." He shed his blood for the sacred liberties of the Church.

And now, in these latter days, the Church for which you died, O great prelate! still honors and will ever continue to honor you. She has placed you with Stephen, John and the Holy Innocents, as guards around the Crib of Bethlehem. Your place in the bloody arena was taken at the

eleventh hour; yet you are united with those of the first age. You are all powerful over the heart of the Divine Babe who is born in these days, to become the king of martyrs. May we, O great Saint! imitate thy love of the Church, and thy devotion to the Blessed Mother of God.

Missionaries of Indiana.--2d, Rev. B. M. Petit.
[Concluded.]

All agree in saying that an indefatigable and burning zeal never was seen under more amiable and graceful form, than in Rev. Father Petit. We never knew him; but after repeatedly visiting his admirable, mother and brothers, in Rennes, we readily formed an idea of the lovely and winning qualities of the dear departed missionary.

He had literally become a sort of idol among his beloved savages, whose frankness and child-like simplicity delighted him. In writing of them, his style reveals a freshness of sentiment, of gladness and love, almost without parallel. In 1838, he writes as follows:

"Here I am in my Indian church of Chichipe Outipe. How I love my children, and delight in being among them! The fervor and simplicity that reigns among them is most touching and admirable. On New Year's Eve, I was asleep on my mat, when the loud report of musketry made me spring up, wide awake; it is easy to make one's toilet when one sleeps on a mat. I ran to my door, when in rushed a troop of Indians, men, women and children, who, kneeling around me, begged my blessing for the New Year. Then with happy smiles they all came forward to shake hands. It was truly a family festival.

"Now my cherished place of residence is in my Indian village; here I have a grand habitation, built of entire logs, placed one above the other; in more than one place, we can see daylight through the walls. My fire-place is large enough to contain a quarter of a cord of wood. I have no carpet, and the boards of my floor are so slightly fastened, that they yield to the pressure of the foot, like the keys of the piano to the musician's fingers."

Again he writes: "The nomadic life of the missionary is calculated to disengage his affections from the earth. In going so constantly from place to place, one feels that life is but a passing journey. Never before did I feel such entire liberty of heart. I think I can say with truth that I desire to die, if it pleases the Lord, without, however, experiencing any of the fatigues of life. It seems to me, that in the midst of these labors, my health grows stronger. So be it, perhaps forty years of missionary duties and then Heaven! perhaps not forty days and then Heaven! It matters but little. I am satisfied with either, provided I am well with God."

But he had soon the sad prospect of seeing his Indian mission destroyed. About this time the authorities at Washington City were making arrangements to transfer the Indians of Indiana to the other side of the Mississippi River. On this occasion he writes:

"If my poor congregations must go into exile, I shall have to destroy the altar and church, and

take the crosses from their graves, in order that they may not be desecrated by heretical hands. What will these Christian souls do, in the far West, without the aid of the Sacraments? I, their Father, in all probability will not be able to accompany them, although I shall do all in my power not to abandon them."

—, May 31st.
"It is long since I have written to you, but during the Easter times the poor missionary is overwhelmed with work. I had to give the Paschal exercises at Bertrand, Michigan, then at South Bend, then to my Indian congregation at Chichipe Outipe, twenty-five miles distant, where for five weeks I heard confessions from morning until night without any repose, except two visits to the sick, who lived forty miles apart. From Chichipe I had to carry the consolations of religion to the chief, Pokegan, who lived at a distance of sixty miles. You may perhaps think that missionaries are saints, but I must tell you that during all that time I was unable to pray to God; for as soon as the confessions were finished, and my breviary said, I fell asleep upon my mat. My sleep at least is always good; calm, gentle, and undisturbed as an infant's. It is true, and this thought consoles me, the labor and fatigue of the day were all for the glory of the Good Master, to whom I give myself without reserve. May He accept it as a continual prayer: it is, for those who know how to offer it, a continual sacrifice. Nevertheless there are moments when the heart seems ready to burst with joy, and the eyes overflow with sweet tears. Oh, it is so good to "I that one has nothing to do in the world": out work for God! Thanks, thanks, my God!"

About this time the Government sent officers to arrange for the departure of the Indians. Father Petit writes:

"One morning I said Mass, and immediately afterward we commenced removing all the ornaments from my dear little church. At the moment of my departure I assembled all my children to speak to them for the last time. I wept, and my auditors sobbed aloud—it was indeed a heart-rending sight, and over our dying mission we prayed for the success of those they would establish in their new hunting grounds. We then, with one voice, sang—

'O Virgin, we place our confidence in thee!'

It was often interrupted by sobs, and but few voices were able to finish it. I then left them. Oh! it was indeed sad for a missionary to see a work so young and vigorous expire in his arms. Some days afterward I learned that the Indians, notwithstanding their peaceable dispositions, had been surprised and made prisoners of war: under pretence of a council, they were all reunited, when the military force secured four hundred. The Government sent, at the same time, to invite me to accompany them to their new destination. It seems that their separation from their pastor was one of the motives which prevented the Indians from consenting quietly to their exile. I replied that I could take no steps without the permission of my Bishop."

The venerable Bishop Bruté and his zealous young priest, were in Logansport for the purpose of consecrating a church, as the remnant of the Pottowatomies passed there, under military escort, on their way to exile. They were deeply affected by the melancholy condition of the poor natives of the soil, many of whom, on account of the haste with which they were hurried away from their loved homes, at the point of the bayonet, had sickened and died before they reached Logansport; and the Bishop consented to his dear young priest's accompanying the emigrants, on condition that he would return as soon as another missionary could be found to replace him.

The officers gave him a cordial welcome, saying: "You have more power here than we have." His presence completely changed the appearance of the exiles; their dusky faces lit up with bright smiles as they crowded around their dear Black-Gown, to receive his blessing; and we may imagine the joy of Father Petit when he was again able to console his poor Indians. The journey was long and painful, and completely undermined his feeble health. We give extracts from his own account of the journey, regretting that space will not permit us to insert the entire letter:

"OSAGE RIVER, November 13th, '38.

"MY LORD: After leaving you in Logansport, I started for South Bend to pack up my little baggage. The day I reached the town I consecrated part of the evening to hearing the confessions of some sick persons. Among them was the old mother of *Black Wolf*, one of the chiefs. The poor creature had been so frightened at the discharge of musketry, ordered by General Tipton, when he made prisoners of the Indians united in council, that she ran to the woods, where she hid herself for six days, without having any nourishment during all that time. She had wounded her foot, and could not walk. Happily, an Indian who was looking for his horses found the poor fugitive, and placing her on one of the horses brought her to a French family near South Bend, where I heard her confession."

After three days' hard and weary traveling he overlooked the emigrants. We shall let him describe the meeting:

"On Sunday, September 16th, I came in sight of my poor Christians, marching in a line, and guarded on both sides by soldiers who hastened their steps. A burning sun poured its beams upon them, and they were enveloped in a thick cloud of dust. After them came the baggage-wagons, into which were crowded the many sick, the women and children who were too feeble to walk.

"They camped about half a mile from Perrysville, where I joined them. I found the camp, such as you saw it, my Lord, at Logansport, a scene of desolation; on all sides were the sick and the dying. Almost all the babes, exhausted by the heat, were dead or dying. I baptized several newly born happy little ones, whose first step was from the land of exile to Heaven. * * *

"The next day, Judge Polk, commander of the expedition, presented me with a horse, which the Government had hired of an Indian for my use

during the journey. The latter at the same time approached and said to me, 'Father, me him give to you; all saddle and all bridle me you give too.' At my request they released the six chiefs, who had up to this time been treated as prisoners of war, and I was gratified to see them enjoying as much liberty as the rest of the poor exiles. * *

* Near Danville we were obliged to rest for two days, and this afforded me the consolation of saying Mass, both mornings, for my Christians. I administered the last rites to several, and baptized those who had come into the world since we left Perrysville. Here we left six graves, under the shadow of the Cross.

"When we reached Quincy the inhabitants could not help expressing their surprise at the marked contrast between our modest and tranquil Christians, and those that preceded them. * * * A Catholic lady, accompanied by a Protestant friend, visited the camp. The former, as a sign of religious fraternity, made the sign of the Cross. Immediately the Indian women pressed around her, with smiling faces, and warmly shook her hand. The Protestant lady also attempted to make the sign; but the practiced eye of the Indian marked the failure, and one of them, who knew a little English, went up to her and said: '*You nothing*,' which was true."

After a journey of two months the Indians reached their destination, on the Osage River. Thirty had died on the way. Here Father Petit had the consolation of finding Father Hoëken waiting for the exiles. Fatigue and fever had greatly weakened the young missionary, and for six weeks he remained in a state of great suffering. His only comfort was a rude mat, under the shelter of a tent; yet he had the most attentive care from Father Hoëken, who was physician as well as priest; but out in the wilds of Missouri, in those days, there was no opportunity of procuring remedies for the sick.

The first of January he thought he was strong enough to return to his Bishop. The following is an extract from the last letter he ever wrote. It was to Bishop Bruté, dated St. Louis, January 13th: "After a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, on horseback, I find it impossible to go any farther. Here I have been received with the greatest kindness by the Jesuits; and under their unceasing care and attention, I hope to be able to take the steamboat, and in this manner reach you."

Bishop Bruté entertained the hope of soon clasping his young missionary in his arms, when, three weeks from the date of his last letter, his heart was pierced by the following, from the Rector of the Jesuits of St. Louis: "What a great loss has your Diocese sustained in Father Petit! He arrived here on the 15th, reduced to a most pitiable state by the fever, eleven running sores on different parts of his body, his person covered with the tint of the jaundice, and in the last stage of debility. God certainly gave him strength which his body did not possess, in order to reach St. Louis, and finish his days in the midst of his confreres, and give us the happiness of being edified by his virtues. Oh! what patience, resigna-

tion and lively gratitude toward those who waited on him! But above all, what tender devotion for the Mother of the Saviour! The eve of the Purification he begged permission to celebrate the Holy Mass in honor of this good Mother, who had protected him from his tenderest years; his desire was so great that, notwithstanding his extreme weakness, I granted his request, and had an altar placed in the adjoining room, where he said his last Mass.

"On the night of the 10th, they came to tell me that he was near his end. As I entered he raised his head, and inclined it, saluting me with a smile upon his dying lips. I asked him if he suffered much. He answered, by casting an expressive glance at the crucifix. "You wish to say," I replied, "that He suffered much more for you." "Oh yes," he answered. I placed the crucifix on his lips, and he kissed it twice with great tenderness; during his agony, we recited the prayers for the dying, which he followed, his eyes constantly fixed upon us. He sweetly expired about midnight, aged twenty-seven years and ten months."

In 1856 we went to St. Louis, and by leave of the Most Rev. Archbishop, and the kind assistance of our worthy and most dear friend, Rev. Father De Smet, succeeded in finding the spot where our lamented missionary had been buried, and the dear remains were carefully disinterred and brought to Notre Dame to rest by the side of his saintly predecessor. No earthly treasure could inspire us with as much complacency and confidence as this. We consider these two precious mortal remains a double source of blessings for the ground they sanctify.* It does us good to kneel between those two revered tombs, so eloquent in their silence. May they remain undisturbed and honored till the day when, reunited to their immortal souls, they will be admitted to share their unfading glory. We feel very little inclined at any time to pray for them, but we love to recommend ourself to their intercession. Between them reposes, also, the Rev. Francis Cointet, who zealously labored here during eleven years, and whose memory is equally as edifying as the two we have mentioned; but he was one of our own family, and it is not our privilege to praise him.

*As Bishop Bayley remarks in his memoirs of Dr. Brute, it seems to be an authentic fact that the saintly Bishop of Vincennes had intimated that this spot of Notre Dame might become something for religion.

Saint Vincent of Paul, was once in his room, when the porter announced to him that there was a countryman below, who called himself his nephew, and desired to speak with him. Nature suffered a little at this moment. Vincent at first begged one of his companions to go and receive this relative; but he overcame himself on the spot; he even went into the street where his nephew had remained; embraced him affectionately, took him by the hand, and having introduced him into the house, called all his priests and told them that he was the best man of his family. He did still more: he presented this poor relative to all the respectable persons who came to visit him.—*Ave Maria Almanac.*

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 12.—The Original Stain.

At first every thing went on well. Ulysses brought into the business a new activity. Ocimon, rich and weary for many years, had relaxed his former ardor. His house, solidly established, sustained itself without any effort. He had striven no longer to aggrandize it.

Now, such is the nature of commerce that prosperity is never stationary. Without unceasing labor for its increase it diminishes. Competition follows you, prompt to profit by your ignorance and by your faults, and eager to supplant you. Moreover, by a natural propensity, man is prone to change and to novelty. So soon as he is not satisfied, he goes away. Ocimon did not acknowledge it; he did not believe it; but his custom had much decreased. It did not matter to him. He had need of no one. He only worked for his own amusement, and thought himself very industrious to bear the yoke at all.

To this first cause of his decline were added many others. Formerly his warehouses had been the best furnished in the city. Although he might desire it, the purchaser, once entered, had no cause to leave unsatisfied. But latterly, the assortments often remained incomplete. The choice was restricted; some kinds of goods were altogether wanting. Formerly, those which were found imperfect or damaged were sold off first, almost without loss. At present, they were allowed to accumulate and spoil. As long as he superintended the sale in person, his presence stimulated the zeal of his slaves. They dreaded his frown, and he frowned whenever any of them did not succeed in selling whatever a customer was in quest of.

From the day when he left the supervision to his steward, and when the master's eye no longer marked what was going on, each one felt himself at liberty. The slaves, no longer excited to action, remained lukewarm. The sales languished. The throng left by degrees, and sought houses where anxiety was manifested to satisfy them. They would rather take inferior merchandise, if it were accompanied by flattering speeches, and each day robbed Ocimon of some one of his customers.

Ulysses introduced new elements of success: a great love of lucre, the spirit of order and economy, and the perspicuity of a youthful maturity. He animated all with his ardor, attended to every thing, and breathed everywhere what his father-in-law called the sacred fire of commerce. The result was not unworthy of his efforts. The customers, who were wavering and hesitating to choose another store, remained constant. Many came back who had already abandoned the house. The novelty attracted others, and in a few months Ulysses recovered all the prosperity that his father-in-law had in his best days. He did not neglect exterior work for the warehouse. He directed with intelligent prudence his vessels to the most profitable markets. He disencumbered, by this means, his stores from all the unsaleable merchandise that filled them. He gave his captains detailed and precise instructions, foreseeing all that

could happen, and tracing their voyage in advance. The profits began to come in rapidly, and Oeimon showed them with a triumphant air to the father of Ulysses.

"Well," said he, "what has become of your sinister predictions? Will not your son double his fortune?"

"Providence uses us gently at the beginning, that the chastisement may take us by surprise, and be more severe."

"What a man!"

"I tell you that misfortune will overtake him, and come upon him suddenly, when he least dreams of it. Justice must be satisfied; and since it is not exercised upon us, it will fall upon our children."

"It would not be justice then. For if your son is straightforward and honest, he ought not to suffer the punishment of your sins."

"He is marked with an original stain. God will pardon him, perhaps, when it shall be effaced; but it will be washed out, I assure you again."

"I predict nothing, myself. I simply say that he is intelligent and active, that he is right to turn his attention to business, and that he will succeed."

In proportion to his success, the desire of possessing more increased in the heart of Ulysses. He resolved to visit in person the distant ports to which the winds of heaven wafted the sails of his merchantmen, to make, if possible more, advantageous contracts.

In vain his father sought to dissuade him from this undertaking, protesting vehemently that the voyage would be his ruin. Ulysses had so long been used to his gloomy moods that his forebodings on the present occasion produced no effect upon his heart, that, in its best dispositions, possessed but little affection save for gold.

A sudden change in the commerce of the city, which pressed heavily upon his houses, determined him to start without further delay.

The first days of the voyage were most auspicious. The winds from the deserts of Arabia swelled the sails, and the vessel passed like a bird over the glassy sea. The Egyptian shores had long since disappeared in the distant horizon.

Ulysses thought neither of his wife nor his country; the interests of commerce alone occupied his soul, and he determined to spare no means not only to re-establish his houses, but even to double his profits. His merchandise he would himself exchange for the fruits, ivory, and gold-dust of Africa; and from the ignorance of the half-civilized nations with whom he would deal he resolved to realize immense profits.

The second week a change came over the heretofore auspicious weather; to the favorable breeze succeeded a dead calm. In vain the sailors spread the sails; their vessel rested idly on the waters, in the midst of an immobile and dead sea.

The next day, and the following one, not a breath of wind. The sun rose and set in the blue, cloudless sky; and all around was quiet and silent as "a painted ship, upon a painted ocean."

Vainly did Ulysses question the sailors one after

the other; not one could point out a remedy for this dead calm. The old tars shook their heads, and their replies presaged no good.

They must wait for the wind. Twenty times a day Ulysses in his impatience cursed the sea, that had thrown such obstacles in the way of his designs.

Their provisions were almost consumed, and the young merchant was silently calculating the additional expenses of this unlucky calm, which he had not foreseen. He impatiently counted the lost days, and wished, even at the expense of life, to escape from this expensive inaction.

Heaven, as if importuned by the obstinacy of his desires, heard them. The sky lost its brilliancy, and without the appearance of the slightest cloud, the deep blue firmament changed to a dull leaden hue. The waves still seemed to sleep, but from the mighty deep, heavy sullen sounds like submarine thunder arose, and those plants which only grow upon the slimy rocks in the bottom of the sea, arose to the surface with shells and bubbles of foam.

The sailors, idly lounging on the deck, now arose, and in silence anxiously regarded the horizon; occasionally the most lawless exchanged with one another terrible jests, and their laughter resembled the "gnashing of teeth." Nevertheless the day closed peacefully.

But scarcely had the sun disappeared when the sea became agitated, and mountains of vapor arose slowly to the heavens; the horizon was girdled with a broad band of scarlet, which remained until the middle of the night. At day-break a brisk breeze sprung up, which drove the vessel to the north, and Ulysses, whose fears of a tempest were excited, gave orders to steer for the nearest land.

The next day they cast anchor at the extremity of Peloponnesus. The same night the storm burst forth and lasted several days. He congratulated himself upon having escaped it, and this thought consoled him for the new delay.

The tempest brought adverse winds, and again was Ulysses obliged to rest inactive. He tried to sell his merchandise, but the merchants were already well provided, and to his great chagrin he found no opportunity to make an advantageous trade.

Nevertheless the summer was fast passing away. Ulysses sighed heavily to see the weeks gliding past without the slightest prospect of a favorable change.

His impatience finally caused him to put to sea before the winds had become favorable. His vessels sailed from the port, and plunged into the Illyrian Gulf.

Time and again, when he touched at different ports to obtain provisions and fresh water, he immediately hastened to the markets; but neither in the Ionian Isles, nor on the coast of Achaia, could he dispose of his merchandise, on the advantageous terms he desired.

The wearied sailors failed not to make sport of him, among themselves.

"Will he not soon get tired of sailing around in this style? It seems to me we could be better

employed than in promenading in this way from port to port."

"Keep your patience, my son. We have only commenced our Odyssey. We must expect to see a great many men and a great many cities before Ulysses brings us to the port of Ithaca."

"If we are seeking the shores of Ithaca, we may touch them perhaps much sooner than we wish."

"So much the better. Keep up your courage, companion of the brave Ulysses; dream of glory and forget your labors."

Ulysses could not shield himself from these jokes, and sometimes he would even unbend his brow at the laughter of the sailors. But as soon as he remembered his affairs and the heavy responsibility he had assumed, he resumed his sad and somber appearance.

Finally, after traversing the Ionian Sea and touching on the shores of southern Italy, he reached the coast of Spain. Here at length fortune seemed to favor him, and he exchanged the cargoes of his two vessels for other merchandise from which he hoped to realize immense profits.

When all was reloaded, he prepared himself to return to Egypt before the commencement of the equinoctial storms.

In the Mediterranean, near the Carthaginian coast, is a desert island, to which the ancients gave the name of Syrtis. The Greeks believed it had been formed by the tide which had ebbed, according to its caprice, until of the washings from the shore it had raised this isle, which it then left undisturbed, as a wearied child leaves its toy.

Be that as it may, it is certain that the sea had long since forgotten it, as a plaything. And, indeed, formed as it was of sand, its coast bristling with gigantic rocks, it seemed more like the formation of some submarine volcano than the alluvium of the waves.

On the side looking toward the sea, the rocks were piled one on another, like a mighty fortress. The side facing the African shore resembled a long chain of sand banks. It was only accessible by a narrow road, or sheltered creek, worn in the sand.

On the highest point of these rocks an old man was standing, attentively regarding two vessels, that seemed making their way toward the island.

After a moment of astonishment, (for navigators always avoided that island; since he dwelt upon it, no vessel had ever approached it,) he seemed to pity their embarrassment, and, raising on the branch of a tree his hat, made of woven reeds, he designated to them, by the aid of this signal, the course they should take.

Ulysses sent some sailors on shore. The old man spoke to them in Greek, and told them that he alone dwelt upon the island. A few trees grew upon it, of which they could make use to refit their vessel, that seemed shattered by the voyage; and they could also procure, from its pure springs, fresh water in abundance.

While the sailors were engaged in transporting the wood and water, the old man invited Ulysses to land and accept the hospitality of his grotto,—to which he conducted him, along a mossy path that wound along among the rocks until it termi-

nated in a little sheltered and well cultivated ravine. The rocks surrounded it like an amphitheater, to the height of more than a hundred feet above the level of the sea, defending it against the dry southren winds, and the cold breath of the north.

The soil of this little ravine, formed by the decaying moss and the dust that fell, grain by grain, from the rocks, under the influence of the rain of years, was covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. The lotus and wild vegetables grew there in abundance.

A stream of running water fell from the rocks, into a little basin made by the hand of man, and then its limpid transparent waters were conducted by a little canal among the herbs and trees which they watered, then with many copious windings fell into the sea.

A flock of aquatic birds,—the familiar guests of this ravine,—frightened at the appearance of Ulysses, flew around him, uttering loud cries, and then sought a refuge of safety on the summit of the rocks.

"Fear not, my little friends," said the old man to them, in a gentle voice. "Come back, and be at peace; no one will harm you."

Then, turning toward Ulysses, he said:

"These are my companions, and my nurses. Solitude is sad, and it is painful to be alone with lifeless objects. It is an amusement, even, to cultivate the earth; but my isolation has been less painful since I have been surrounded by my birds! I play with them, talk to them, and they understand me, obey my voice, and love me; so now I am no longer alone."

"You have succeeded in taming them?"

"Yes, I often remarked them flying around the rocks. I was then young and active, and easily scaled their heights, where I found the crevices filled with eggs and young birds. I took the strongest and reared them. At present they never leave this ravine and they eat from my hand."

"Have you not been able to raise any other animals?"

"This island produces no others. Except little serpents, which I had great difficulty in expelling from my ravine, there are no other living things around me. But enter my grotto, I beseech you, and if you do not disdain the wild food which my soil produces, I shall be most happy to offer you a collation." (To be continued.)

From the *Rosier de Marie*, we translate the following edifying anecdote of Mgr. De Merode, the late Minister of Military Affairs, in Rome. On his appointment as minister, he was particularly interested in the reorganization of the Military Hospitals. One day the Pope, on visiting a newly opened hospital, remarked: "What a pity this building does not belong to us." (It had been merely leased for its present purpose.) "Holy Father," said the zealous and generous Minister, bending his knee and presenting a parchment, "be pleased to accept from your faithful servant, this deed in fee simple for it." A few days before he had fallen heir to the sum of ten thousand dollars, with which he had purchased the building, which he then presented to His Holiness.

Weekly Chronicle.

A Letter from the Protestant Brother Ignatius.

We have on other occasions spoken of the active, and somewhat amusing efforts, of the Episcopalian Brother, Ignatius, to establish Religious Orders in the Church of England. He is evidently deeply in earnest and a man of superior abilities, and we cannot but respect his untiring perseverance; we trust, in the end, that he and his *brothers in religion* will be rewarded with the gift of faith. Yet we cannot but marvel and smile at his delusion in thinking true monks can exist in the piercing cold air of Protestantism! As well might we believe that roses were blooming the year round at the North Pole. We give the following extracts from a lengthy letter from him, published in our late files of English papers:

"Most persons regard monasticism as an anachronism now-a-days, simply because they do not stop to inquire what it really is. Their minds and memories are full of absurd stories respecting the Monks of the middle ages, immensely exaggerated accounts of the corruptions in our English monasteries; while the innumerable benefits conferred by the monasteries of England upon the kingdom at large, are devoutly kept in the background. Consequently, unless a person is impertinent enough to search into the truth and real facts in this case, he must fall in with the erroneous and popular belief respecting the Monks and Nuns of the English Church prior to the dissolution under Henry VIII.

"Monasticism is simply a state of life in which a Christian man voluntarily dedicates himself to the service of God, to prayer, self-denial, and works of charity, at the same time renouncing all worldly ties and pleasures, in order to render this dedication more complete.

"A Monk is simply a person who can in a most literal sense adopt the apostolic profession, and say to Christ, 'Behold we have left all and followed Thee.'

"No part of the Christian Church has been without these communities of devoted persons, from the earliest Christian times. In England, the Catholic Church has now a great many monasteries and convents, and by this means she is making great way among the people and winning many hearts. I myself have visited many religious houses of the Catholic Church in England, and can testify to their great utility.

"But the Church of England is behindhand in this respect. Her parochial system is proved, by an experience of 300 years, to be a dead failure; every one is beginning to confess it. A great stir is being made about establishing collegiate houses in our large towns, about the utilization of our cathedrals, and the residence of our cathedral clergy for Church work. Anxious thoughts are rising one upon another in earnest Christian hearts, how are we to reach the masses of our home heathen population? It is no use disguising the fact—the masses of our people in this nineteenth century are worse off than they were in the 'dark ages.' They are unreached by the Church's voice

or influence; Jesus is unknown to them. They are literally heathen, born and bred in sound of parish church bells. We must restore our monastic life; in plain English, the Monks are wanted in England, and in England's Church, and we must have them, as a powerful appendage to the parochial system, or our English heathen must remain heathen still.

"Lastly,—We are anxious to restore an old ruined monastery to its original purposes. Would any gentleman who owns such a thing kindly give it to me? By my late cousin Lyne Stephen's will I am to have some few thousands of pounds myself. I would give every penny toward the building up of an old desecrated monastery. Perhaps some rich people would help us. I would send some monks at once to live in the ruins, and begin mission work in the neighborhood, if any one would give us an old ruin, which at present is no good to them or any one else, but which is an eyesore to Jesus Christ and many of His faithful people. I can almost fancy some of the Monks rising up to encourage us as we take up our abode in their long desecrated and desolated home. There is much romance, as well as practical reality and loudly called for usefulness in all this idea.

"I should very much like to have Bolton Abbey, or Fountains, or Yirkstall in Yorkshire, to restore as missionary centers and retreats for the north, or Llantoney Abbey, in Monmouthshire, Wales, to stir up the sleepy Church there to zeal and energy and love. Or Vale Crucis Abbey, near Chester, or Furness in Lancashire, or Tintern-on-the-Wye, or Fort Abbey (now a secular house), not ruined, near Chard, in Dorsetshire. Saint Alban's Benedictine Abbey, near London, would be a glorious place to give back to the rightful owners, the Monks from whom it was stolen by Henry VIII, after he had murdered so many ladies allied to his most serene and religious self. As for Westminster Abbey, at present I am almost afraid we cannot obtain that; but the good Dean and Canons might perhaps by a little judicious management, be prevailed upon to turn Monks, and then the Abbey would tell a great deal more than it does at present upon the heathen masses around; for so few of the reverend gentlemen are resident at once now-a-days; and even the Dean (whom of course the Chapter would elect Abbot) is often away, or out at a dinner-party, etc. Sion House might be restored to the Bridgetine Nuns, and the wives of the Deans and Canons might retire there for charitable and devotional purposes, after selling their wardrobes to defray the expenses of carting away the images of sinners from the aisles of Westminster Abbey, and making it a little less like a statuary's work-shop.

Box Mor.—A gentleman, accustomed to swearing, having once said before many other persons that he wished the devil had him, Saint Vincent de Paul kindly embraced him, and said with a smile: "And I, sir, will keep you for God; it were a pity His enemy should have you."—*Ave Maria's Almanac.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Ave Maria.

Fair messenger of light! sweet guest
 Unto my humble dwelling;
 It gives my heart consoling rest,
 All gloomy thoughts dispelling.
 It comes to me from Notre Dame
 With news all fresh and airy,
 And tidings of my Mother's fame,—
 The Blessed Virgin Mary.
 That Virgin Queen who sits on high,
 The pride of all creation;
 Who once brought forth the world's true Joy,
 And Heaven's Admiration,
 The Bless'd Redeemer of mankind,
 In a stable lone and dreary.
 He must indeed be very blind,
 Who does not honor Mary.
 That Heavenly Prince of Peace she bore
 At Gabriel's salutation,
 Our fallen race to save, restore,
 And gain for us Salvation.
 On the final Judgment Day,
 When none can say contrary,
 I pity him who's gone astray
 From that sweet Virgin Mary.

Saint Thomas of Canterbury and his Jewel.

It was Sunday evening. Twelve young students were seated, care-free and joyful, around a well-served table, each one amusing himself after his own fashion, though in all propriety. Suddenly one of them, in a mysterious tone, announced that he had conceived a project for which he asked the concurrence of the company. Not one refused. Then he said:

"Let us return hither this day week, and we will tell stories, and sing merry songs; but especially each of us must bring some jewel or trinket from his betrothed, and he who brings the least beautiful shall pay for the supper of the whole party."

All applauded this singular proposition.

Among these students was one whose thoughts had never dwelt on any daughter of Eve. His young heart was absorbed in love for a Virgin whom he served in public or in private: this Virgin was none other than Mary. After his companions had left him, this good young man, who had no betrothed, as they had, seated himself upon the tender grass, and with folded hands, thought to himself: "Fool that I was, so lightly to have made a promise which will cost me so dear! The whole cost will fall to me, and I must spend in one day my whole year's income?" He commenced to weep bitterly; for he was not rich, and the loss which he feared would be a real misfortune to him. During the whole week he worried himself in endeavoring to hit upon some plan of escape, but in vain! and already it was Saturday, and then would come Sunday. What was he to do? Finally, in his secret desolation, he entered a church, and there heard Mass.

When the crowd had passed out, he approached the altar of the Virgin, to confide his trouble to her and to beseech her aid and assistance.

On his knees, profoundly absorbed in prayer, he reminded her with what fidelity he had served her from his infancy, without ever having wished to love any other woman than her, upon earth. In fine, he asked of her a jewel as a reward. In his simple and confiding piety, he also besought the Infant in the arms of His Mother to join with him in his prayer to obtain it. O power of faith and prayer! A voice spoke from the Virgin's image, and this voice said to him: "Arise, my faithful servant, and approach thy Lady!" The student, in an ecstasy of joy, arose and approached her statue, thanking her for the words she had vouchsafed him.

Very soon he remarked that the Divine Infant held in His hand a casket; His Mother desired Him to give it to him who had so often watered her feet with his tears of love. The Infant obeyed and Mary gave the casket to the student, who kissed it, with the warmest expressions of gratitude.

Toward mid-day the joyous company assembled at the rendezvous. Each displayed, with pride, the token he had received. The first had a ring of gold; the second, two silken suits; the third, an embroidered dressing-gown; the fourth, a magnificently adorned girdle; the fifth, a purse, embroidered in gold, and perfumed; the sixth, a silken cap; the seventh, a rich bracelet, etc. All these presents were most beautiful. At length comes the turn of the poor one, of the student whom each condemned in advance to pay the forfeit. He had even to sustain considerable railery, because they knew him to be one who had no lady-love. But he draws forth his casket, opens it, saying: "This is the bijou of my beloved." A celestial perfume exhaled from it. All uttered a cry of admiration when they saw him draw forth, first an amict, then an alb, a cincture—all the priestly vestments used at Mass. Truly a bijou, in gold and in precious stones of great price! The students unanimously declared that they were unparalleled in beauty. They pressed him with questions whence he had obtained so rich a gift; the pious youth assured them that it was the effect of his prayers to Jesus and His Mother. All fell at the knees of the Saint, begging pardon for their scoffs. They wished to carry this gift processionaly to the sanctuary where Thomas had received it. This event occurred at Rome, and the news was carried thence to every country. Very soon, following so clear an indication, the holy young man received minor orders. When he celebrated his first Mass, there was a crowd in the sanctuary, devoutly wishing to behold closely the gift of the Blessed Virgin.

Meanwhile a powerful Bishop died; the Pope on hearing of it, exclaimed: "To-morrow this miter shall rest upon the head of Thomas." And it so happened. The next day the virginal servitor of Mary was appointed to the Bishopric, and died a saint. May this touching legend teach us also to have recourse, in all our wants, to Jesus and Mary.

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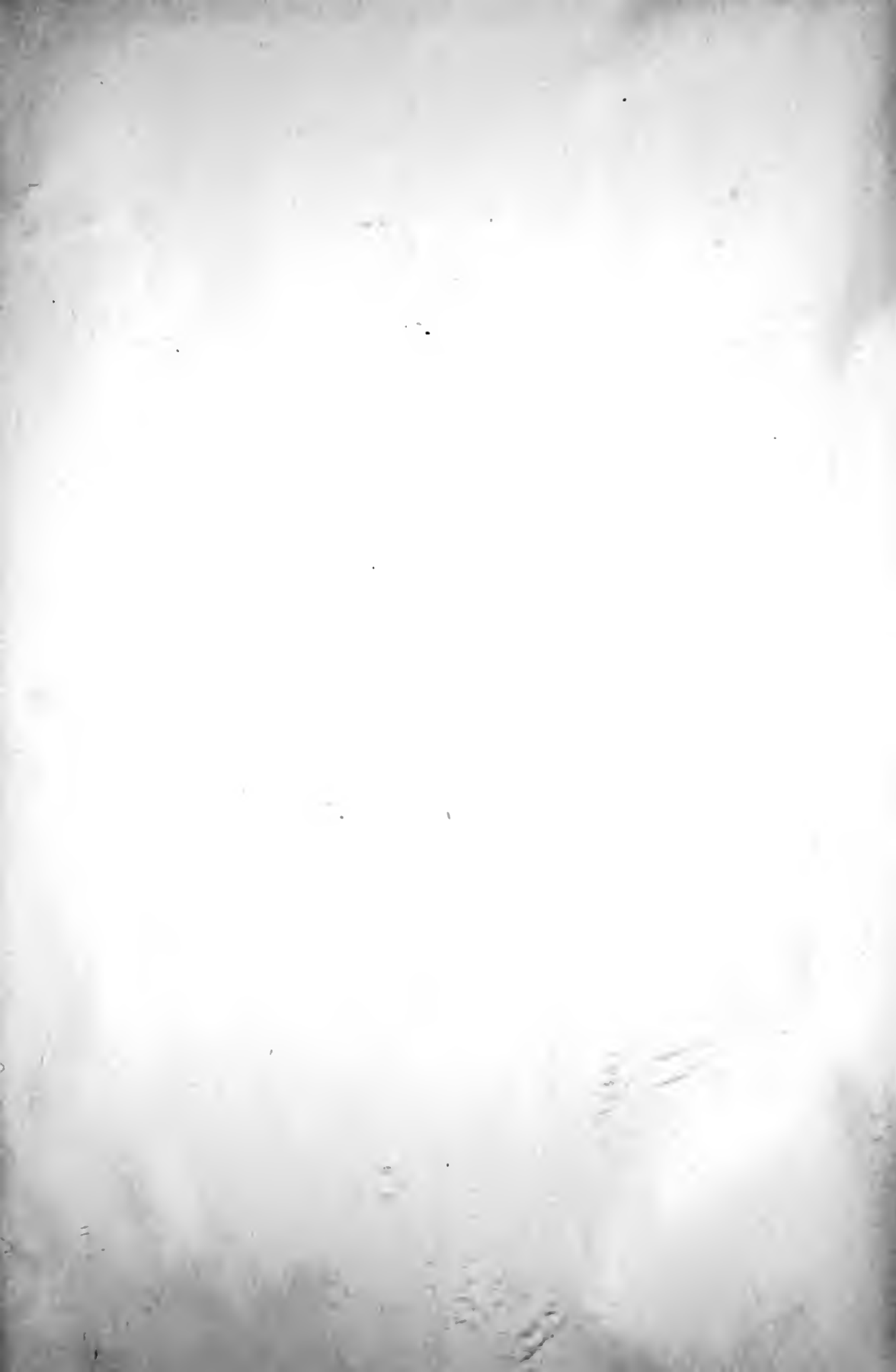
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